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## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

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## Select Poetry.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]  
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!  
We knew that it was the last.  
That the enemy's lines crept cautiously on,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,  
And the men and we all worked on;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Washed with dower and the sing,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
"When my father comes home from the plough," she said,  
"Oh! then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flicking of wood-pine shade,  
When the horse-dog sprays by the open door,  
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,  
And hopelessly waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream  
Of an English village lane  
And wall and garden—but one wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face, and she caught my hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—  
"The Highlanders! oh! dinna ye hear,  
The slogan far awa!  
The Highlanders! oh! dinna ye hear,  
The slogan far awa!  
It's the grandest of them!"

"God bless the bonny Highlanders!  
We've saved! we've saved!" she cried,  
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
Has fallen among the men,  
And they started back—they were there to die,  
But was life so near them then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire  
Far off and the far off roar,  
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done,  
But dinna ye hear it noo,  
The Campbell's are coming! It's no a dream,  
Our succors have broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war  
And knew that the end was near.

It was no longer ere it made its way—  
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
On the sappers' under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!  
And now they played *And Long Sings*;  
It came to our men like the voice of God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where he stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time; when we welcomed them,  
The men put Jessie first;  
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers  
Like a storm, from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,  
Marching round and round our line;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
As the pipe played *And Long Sings*.

## A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.

A southern gentleman owned a slave, a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist.

On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:

A certain slave had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he, "When God made Adam, He stooped down, scrape up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm it in His hands, and squeeze it in de right shape, and den He laid it up against de fence to dry—"

"Top dere!" said our Universalist darkey; "you say dat er deustus man eber made!"

"Sartin!" said the preacher.

"Den," said the other, "jes tell a feller whar dat er fence come from!"

"Hush," said the preacher; "two more questions like dat would spill all de theology in the world."

A question has been raised in one of our law courts, whether a blind man can be made liable for a bill payable at sight.

A *Merr*.—A thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.

## Miscellaneous.

### COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They have lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years; and from their first acquaintance, there has been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home, with his 'pocket full of rocks' from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful shot Col. Crickley's old roan is, over yonder?"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot!" suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Well, I won't shoot this time, any way, 'till no tell. The horse is too high. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

"The old man stammered out some words in confusion.

"That's you, Colonel! I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give you a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and it's a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan. "How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty dollars."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your 'X'!"

The Colonel took and pocketed the money, muttering, "changed if I thought you'd take me up."

With his hand under his hat, he drew a close sight at old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hands before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred.

"What's the matter with you, hey? Just time you ever saved me such a trick, I swan."

And Drake loaded the piece with great indignation and wrath.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot!"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," said the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he ran her like the lion.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake.

"The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goss's head at fifty rods, and I can do it again. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making a ten into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and loaded the rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later Drake was diving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of fire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill-humor, and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to assure his spirits with news, which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out!" growled the old man. "I don't want to hear any news; get away or I'll knock one of you down."

"But, father, it's such a trick played off on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel!" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played

the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick!"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter.

"Jed did you shoot the Colonel's old horse?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"And then," paused Jed, confident the part must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord and left him standing under the tree, just as he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho! ho! wa'nt it a joke?"

"Old Drake's head fell on his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boy:

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! I've been shooting at that deal horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter—Sam had laughed him self almost to death.

### AN UNLUCKY MUSICIAN.

John Phoenix recently saw on board a railroad train a boy with an accordion. Of this John thus speaks:

"It was after eleven o'clock; the train had passed New Brunswick, and the passengers were trying to sleep, (ha! ha!) when the boy entered. He was a sassy youth, with a seal skin cap, a singular dirty face, a gray jacket of the ventilating order, and a short but very remarkable broad pair of 'corduroys.' He wore an enormous bag or haversack about his neck, and in his hand that most infernal and detestable instrument, the accordion. I despise that instrument of music. They pull the music out of it, and it comes forth struggling and reluctant, like a cat drawn by the tail from an ash-hole, or a squirrel pulled shrieking from a hollow log with a ramrod. The unprincipled boy commenced pulling at this thing, and horrified us with the most awful version of 'Old Dog Tray' that I ever listened to. Then he walked round the car, and standing close to the stove, which was red hot—the night being cold—he essayed to pull out 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' when suddenly pop went the boy; he dropped the accordion, burst into tears, and clapping his hands behind him, executed a frantic dance, accompanied by yells of the most agonizing character. I saw it all, and felt grateful to a retributive Providence. He had stood too near the stove, and his corduroys were in a blaze, a few inches below the stove, and a sweet and ineffable calm came over me. I realized that 'whatever is, is right,' and fell into a deep and happy sleep."

### A FEW THOUGHTS FOR INFIDELS.

Infidels inform us that the Bible is a bundle of inconsistencies, fabricated by men. Admitting this to be true, the Bible was certainly written by men who were endowed with great wisdom and righteousness, whose inconsistencies of men in general, have in all ages of the Christian era, tended to promote peace on earth and good will toward men.

There is nothing in the commands and precepts of the Bible, which if carefully observed and obeyed, would conflict in the least, with man's highest good in the things of this world. Then why should the Bible, which is so friendly to man in its spirit and teachings, be trampled under foot and discarded? It was the spirit of the Bible that fired the hearts and strung the nerves of our Revolutionary fathers, and made them successful in hurling from them the yoke of British tyranny, and in planting on American soil the standard of civil and religious liberty. And it was by the spirit of the Bible that they were guided in framing our national constitution, in which instrument is guaranteed to us the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—a right which is indispensable to the prosperity of nations as well as individuals. Yet, could infidels persuade all men to believe as they believe, that the Scriptures are not inspired, and deny the divine origin of Christianity, and thus remove from the public mind all fear of a future retribution for sin, it would not be long until the flag of freedom would cease to wave over America, and be trampled in blood beneath the feet of hellish, civil war reigning throughout our new lands, sweeping away all traces of a republican government, leaving no standard of justice and mercy. Go back, if you please, to the time when infidelity reigned over France, if you wish to know what men will do when there is no fear of God before their minds—no faith in the Bible—no dread of future punishment for sin.

If what I have said be true, the infidel should be regarded as the worst enemy to our government and free institutions and unworthy of the name of an American citizen. Whether the Bible be of God or man, it is our only safe guide to lasting prosperity and happiness, and this fact is the strongest evidence that the Bible is really the word of God.—*Connorsville Times*.

**ADOPTED CITIZENS.**—John Mitchell, in his lecture on "The Duties of European Refugees," held distinctly that, unless adopted as citizens, refugees have no right to involve or imperil their asylum or refuge-land, and that if adopted as citizens their duties are precisely the same—neither more nor less—as those of citizens native born; and that all acts or manifestations unbecoming the citizen, in regard to domestic affairs or foreign relations, are equally unbecoming the adopted citizen. This is sound and timely doctrine, and we regard it as a good omen that its utterance was warmly cheered.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND ORNAMENTAL LEARNING** are sometimes acquired at the expense of usefulness.—The tree which grows the tallest, and is most thickly clothed with leaves, is not the bearer, but rather the contrary.

### SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM HOPKINS, In the Democratic State Convention.

Hon. Wm. Hopkins, of Washington county, rose to address the convention, saying:

Mr. President—As I do not intend to participate in the discussion of these resolutions I desire to make a few remarks explanatory of my position in this convention. The Democratic convention of my county passed a resolution disapproving of the President's Kansas policy; they afterwards appointed me one of the delegates to this convention with a full knowledge of my sentiments. I stated to that convention that if I would be expected to vote in a majority of censure on Mr. Buchanan in regard to any portion of his policy, they had better select another agent. A resolution was then offered to instruct the delegates to carry out in the State Convention the sentiments expressed in the resolution of disapproval.

I then stated to the convention that if the resolution should be adopted, I would resign upon the spot, for I would suffer political martyrdom before I would unite in a vote of censure upon a man to whom I had been devoted all my life, when I believed that in all his acts he was governed by the purest motives—and as I desire to promote the best interests of the country.

After considerable discussion, a motion to adjourn was carried by a large majority for the avowed purpose of defeating the resolution of instruction. And now, Mr. President, I trust that I will be pardoned for making an allusion to the distinguished statesman who now occupies the Presidential chair. In view of the relations which have subsisted between us, it seems to me, that it would not be improper that I should do so. Almost a quarter of a century ago, in this very hall, I voted for James Buchanan for United States Senator. It was in 1834, the first time he was elected. I also voted for him subsequently for the same position. My native county instructed for him every time his name was mentioned in connection with the office he now holds with so much honor to himself as well as to his country. I voted for him in two State and two National Conventions, and there has never been an hour since the first suggestion of his name in that connection, that I would not rather have seen him President than any other living man. These are my feelings to-day. Is it any wonder then, that I found myself in a position of antagonism with one to whom I had been so long devoted, and in whose patriotism and statesmanship I had such unbounded confidence, that I should pause before taking ground against any leading measure which was first presented, I cannot see, eye to eye with the President, as his annual message was interpreted by the central organ, the Washington Union. I am free to confess, that I have always believed, and do now believe, that the whole constitution ought to have been submitted to the people of Kansas, for their approval or rejection. I admit, however, the correctness of the President's position, when he says, that the convention was not bound by the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, to submit to an election, the whole constitution. But, still, I maintain that they ought, in obedience to public sentiment, as well as to the President's expressed desire, to have submitted the constitution to a popular vote of those to be governed by it. This, I think, would have been in consonance with the spirit of the organic act. The President clearly indicated a desire and belief that this submission should be made, when he told Gov. Walker, in his instructions, that when the constitution should be submitted, the people must be protected in the right to vote, unimpeded by fraud or violence. Did he not also fully endorse the doctrine of submission in his annual message? What else can be inferred from his language?—I trust, however, the example set by the last Congress, requiring the constitution of Minnesota should be subject to the proposed new State, may be followed on future occasions. And again: "I look for it granted, that the convention of Kansas would act in accordance with this example, founded as it is, upon correct principles, and hence my instructions to Gov. Walker in favor of submitting the constitution to the people were expressed in general and unqualified terms." What more could the President have done to have secured a fair expression of the people of Kansas upon their constitution? But the convention refused to be guided by the wise and patriotic counsel of the President; and I knew of no power under the convention, possessed by the President to compel obedience to his wishes in this respect, and the constitution sent the constitution to Washington without submitting it to a vote of the people, and we are now brought to the question what had best be done? The President after having exhausted all his power—which was but advisory—to have the people of Kansas afforded a fair opportunity of voting upon their constitution, and failing to accomplish that object, now recommends the immediate admission of the State, accompanied with the suggestion that Congress should recognize in the act of admission the right of the people at any and all times to alter, amend or abolish their constitution, if a majority be opposed to it as it is.—This, he thinks, will rid Congress of the agitation; and that if a majority of the people of that Territory be opposed to slavery, they can relieve themselves from it as readily, if not more so, in that way than in any other mode. In arriving at this conclusion, the President has doubtless looked over the whole ground, at the persistent obstinacy of the one party in refusing to vote at the June election for delegates to the constitutional convention, and the repeated acts of rebellion against the laws by the same party, as well as the frauds and acts of violence that have been perpetrated by the other party. His policy is to localize the controversy, and thus leave the people of the State perfectly free to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. Cannot this suggestion of the President be adopted as a basis of compromise, without any sacrifice of honor

on either side? If it be admitted (and for myself I do not doubt it,) that the moment Kansas becomes a State, it will be competent for her people to alter the constitution, then what practical difference can it make to the people there, whether they be admitted with the Le-compton or Topeka constitution? If a majority are opposed to slavery—as is doubtless the case—all they have to do is to order a convention through the legislature, and in ninety days they can have just such a constitution as a majority desire. What evil then can result from adopting the policy recommended by the President in his special message? Can we not all unite in this, and thus put a stop to discord in our own ranks, and at the same time blast the hopes of the opposition? It is, perhaps, not all that some could wish; but can any other mode of adjustment be devised that promises to satisfy all or even as many as are prepared to sustain the plan suggested? If so, what is it? Is there not something due to majorities in this case? That great and good man, that venerable statesman, whose whole life has been one of devotion to his country's best interests, recommends that Kansas be admitted at once. In this he is sustained by that monument of wisdom, patriotism, and incorruptible integrity, Gen. Cass, as well as every other of the distinguished gentlemen who are officially associated with him, together with an overwhelming majority of the Democratic members of Congress of both branches. Then let us rally around the President of our choice, who is thus supported. Let any diversity of opinion that may have existed among Democrats, which may have led to crimination and recrimination, be forgotten. Let the latitude of discussion which has hitherto characterized our great party, be now indulged. Let all remember that we are one common brotherhood, and that upon our unity of action depends our success, and that upon the success of the Democratic party depend the peace, prosperity and glory of our beloved country, if not indeed the perpetuity of the Union.

Mr. President, whatever others may do, I have resolved to stand by the old ship Democracy, guided by its experienced commander, James Buchanan. Yes, sir, like the tempest tossed mariner, when he finds the billows dashing against the vessel which has carried him so often safely and triumphantly through the storm and when, perchance, the raging elements may have rent her sails, shattered her arms, and riven her mast to its very base, he clings to the hull as his last hope of safety. So now, sir, when danger threatens and the storm rages, I will cling to the President, who has served his country with the best of his power.

**SENATORIAL SKETCHES.**

The lively Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives us the following sketch of distinguished Senators:

Senator Davis, by the way, is generally supposed, I find to be a rough back-woods-man—a stump speaker of the Cullum calibre; but all on his re-appearance in the Senate, were agreeably surprised. He is tall, spare, thin, well dressed in neatly fitted black clothes, is closely shaven, and appears gentlemanly. When he addresses the Senate, it is in a low, well pitched voice, modulated tone, which often seems musical, and in a slow, but flowing manner, the words distinct, but seeming to melt in each other, and in language bearing signs of great effort at a good choice; sometimes of a want of taste, but never of a want of pains in their selection. His gestures are easy, though sometimes rather awkward, as he is so tall. In speaking, his manners are unembarrassed, and though sometimes full of enthusiasm, are never violent. He feigns to aim at logic rather than eloquence. He is considered as the ablest debater on the Administration side; in the absence of Douglas, Lord Napier, at the last session of the President, gave his opinion of several Senators in the following words, which are valuable as characteristic of his lordship, as well as conveying the general opinion of the public in regard to the men he mentioned. He said:

"Of the Senate, Mr. Seward is the most able politician—Mr. Hunter the profoundest thinker, Mr. Davis the ablest debater, and Mr. Sumner the deepest scholar."

Senator Hunter is well described by his lordship. At the head of the Finance Committee of the Senate for the last four years he has brought out measures and reports which exhibit a profundity of thought and research, which is of itself highly creditable, whatever may be said of their direction. In the general course of debate he takes but little part, but what he says is always to the point. As his attention is almost always centered on the dry detail of finance, he seldom gives the Senate an opportunity to witness his powers; but when he does, his speeches are received with the deepest attention. Few who heard his remarks on the death of Brooks will forget their solemn beauty, and their delicate, appropriate tribute to the merits even we allowed that he possessed, and the deprecating manner, rather than words, by which, while Senator Hunter was speaking, our thoughts were kept far from the one act by which all the good qualities of the deceased are now covered by the dark veil of obloquy.

**THE HAIR OF THE PRESIDENTS.**

In the Patent Office at Washington, there are many objects of interest connected with the government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity, when in Washington, in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair, taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame, and covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part of what once constituted the living and breathing bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President except Pierce, whose hair had undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and of a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.

### BOYS AND GIRLS.

We agree with *Lives Illustrated*, when it says, boys must have trades and professions. That is right. Every boy should understand that he is to learn well to do some kind of business; that he is to earn his living, and make himself useful in the world. That he has a rich father, is no reason why he should live in idleness. Train the boy to a useful occupation.

Yes, if you would make him happy and honored, if you would make him of the least consequence in the world, if you would save him from vice, misery, and ruin, train him to industry. No one should live in the world without sharing its common burdens and common joys—the responsibilities of reciprocal service and sympathy.

Boys are bred to business. Why are not girls? Are their minds in less danger of running four miles to the sea, than the boys' which is to learn well to do some kind of business; that he is to earn his living, and make himself useful in the world. That he has a rich father, is no reason why he should live in idleness. Train the boy to a useful occupation.

No; as the world is, girls can not be perfectly pure without occupation. The unemployed mind is not happy. Every girl should be taught some branch of industry, should become skillful in some kind of work, either mental or physical, by which she can support herself honorably. No healthy grown girl should be satisfied to remain a tax on her father. Her parents' means small? By the teaching and practice of some art, she can earn her money, and add much to the comfort and the charms of home. She will be proud to do this, if she has been trained to feel so. She owes it to her own soul, as means of its elevation and growth. Have the parents ample means? Still, she could not merely exist, of no more account than a china toy or a bit of gilding. She can share the mother's duties, becoming her right hand, and the light of the father's eyes. At the same time, she should be thoroughly versed in certain branches of either Art or Science, that in case of reverses, so common now-a-days, she can gain an honest, independent livelihood.

All girls should be thoroughly taught all the necessary details of house-keeping—else they shame their mothers, and they will bring misery on their own families. The needle, broom, and duster are not the sole implements of industry adapted to women. The pen she has taken. By the pencil she has surpassed her brother. The marble, beneath her fingers, gives birth to beauty so exquisite as to draw tears from the eyes of stern men.

Let her go on. She can, with perfect propriety, as she becomes conscious of inclination and capacity, become physician, merchant lecturer—anything good for which God has endowed her. But some steady occupation she should have.

Train girls to definite and useful employment, if you would render them good and happy. Familiarize them, early, with the idea that they are to become skillful in some art or profession—that they are to be adepts in some useful work. Thus, they will be helps meet for their brothers, and the blessing of humanity.

**OLD SCRATCH'S OPINION OF POLITICAL PREACHERS.**—"The devil," says Luther, held an anniversary, at which his emissaries were conveyed to report the result of their several missions.

"I let loose the wild beasts of the desert," said one, "on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now bleaching on the sand."

"Pshaw!" said the devil, "their souls were all saved."

"I drove the east wind," said another, "against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned."

"What of that? their souls were all saved."

"For three years," said the third, "I cultivated an acquaintance with an independent minister of the gospel; at last I became very intimate with him, and then I persuaded him to preach politics and throw away his Bible."

"Then," continued Luther, "the devil shouted, as the devil only can shout, and all the night stars sang for joy."

Bad luck is a man with his hands in his breeches pockets, and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come. Good luck is a man to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.