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Bedford Inquirer

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.
BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1867.
DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.

Poetry.

SPIRIT VISITANTS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fifth fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true hearted,
Comes to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them, the being beatitudes,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all those else that love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine—
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer:
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside;
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life.

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs recede,
That till the trembling flesh be pieced apart,
This alone can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;

But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Miscellaneous.

THE CALEDONIA TROUT POND.

One of the greatest curiosities of Western New York—we may almost say one of the greatest in the world—is the trout breeding establishment of Seth Green, in Caledonia, in Livingston county, to which we paid a brief visit last week. His house and ponds are on the border of the stream called the Caledonia Springs, which flow in a vast volume of pure water from a spring in the low in the village of Caledonia, and after a course of a mile unites in the village of Mumfords with Allen's creek, one of the tributaries of the Genesee. The country through which it flows is thickly settled, and one of the richest and best farming in the State. The surface of the land is quite level, with banks but little above the surface of the water. The stream, some places, is very rapid, and in others has a gentle current of a mile or more per hour.

The Springs, as now situated, cover about six acres, being dammed slightly for mining purposes. They afford about eighty barrels of water per second, and make a creek from three to four rods wide, and from eighteen inches to six feet deep, according to the current. The bottom was covered with small white shells and gravel. The water is clear, pure and perfectly transparent, so that any object can be seen for three or four rods in the distance. Its temperature at the Springs is forty-eight degrees the whole year round, but down the creek, three-quarters of a mile, it rises in the hottest days in summer to fifty-eight degrees by night, but it is down in the morning to fifty-two degrees. In winter it settles at times to forty-three degrees, but generally keeps up to forty-five or forty-six degrees. The temperature of the water to Allen's creek is summer even the year round, but very cold in summer and quite warm in the winter, never freezing in the coldest weather.

The water through the whole length of the creek, as well as along the banks, is covered with grass, and is literally covered with numerous insects and larvae of flies, summer and winter, so that the trout, however numerous they are, easily obtain all the food they want at all times of the year. There is but very little surface water that makes into the creek, hence the volume of water is very even. The first settlers of the country found the creek literally filled with trout of great size and beauty, and it has remained so to this day, notwithstanding it has been almost constantly fished, night

CHILDREN AND WEALTH.

Many are deterred from marriage for the fear of the expense of supporting a family. Each year, however, a single man marries more in supper and cigars than would support a wife. Women lay by much until they have attained the object to lay by for, and thus it comes to pass that a family is now, as anciently, the best of hostages to fortune; and none are so much to be trusted as those who have large families. Still, as a family increases around a man, he is very apt to feel as five or six children were a constant drain upon his efforts at accumulation, and that children were poverty in wait. But it is not so, at least in every respect, or even on the largest and broadest sort of scale.

Thus for instance, in a national point of view, our first method of estimating the greatness of States, is by the number and rapid increase of its inhabitants. Every child born in the United States makes the nation so much the more respected abroad and powerful at home, so much the more likely to be able to stand up to any man, each citizen produces more of wealth than he consumes, and in some department or other adds to the accumulating stock of wisdom and experience. Now a nation is by a great family, so may we best test our views of what is best for a family by what is good for a nation.

Children are weak, and need support when the parents are strong to support them, in order that they may be strong when parents are weak, and be able to support them; and thus it is made up that bundle of strength which a large family ever generates. It enters under a wheel which is so exactly fitted to its place that the smallest fish can escape, and maintains a regular motion. This pond is seventy-five feet long, twelve feet wide and four or five feet deep. Mr. Green's dwelling is over the lower end of this pond, which affords shade and a hiding place for the trout when they choose to retire from view.

There are from eight to ten thousand fish in this pond, and water enough for fifty times that number. A great deal of food passes through to them from the stream, but they are fed every day with beef liver chopped, to which they rush in the most excited manner, leaping out of the water, and trying to catch it. Green has another creek, which is fifty by thirty feet, which contains about 20,000 two year old trout and still another, filled with countless multitudes of yearlings, and lastly, a long pond or brook, in which are hundreds of thousands of this year's hatchlings.

The hatchling house is a simple, inexpensive structure of wood, forty by twenty feet high. It has three screened windows, admitting a soft light, and excluding the glare of the sun. Being roofed, the spawn and young trout are perfectly protected from storms or hail, which in shallow water might do a prodigious amount of damage. The spawn is put in a large tub, and the water is changed every day. The water is brought from the main stream through bored logs and received into a tank six feet long, two feet eight inches wide, and a foot and a half deep, from whence it passes through six strainers into a trough running entirely across the end of the house, and thence by a small pipe into a tank (which are regulated at pleasure to increase or diminish the flow of water) it passes into the several hatching troughs, &c. These troughs are subdivided, or rather two are placed together, and between them are passages for conveniently distributing the spawn, and for the purpose of feeding and hatching the young fish. By wooden bars the troughs are partitioned into small squares.

By this arrangement the force of the current is checked at each bar, and the front are prevented from huddling in a mass and becoming suffocated. The space on one side of the trough, having a bar, is used for the purpose of feeding, &c. At one end is a pond eighteen feet square, with about two feet depth of water. If by any means trout escape from the troughs, they cannot get beyond the pond, and the room is ample for holding millions until they are two or three weeks old. From this pond the water passes into the main stream. The hatching house and troughs, though not extensive, are fulfilling the highest anticipations of their persevering and enterprising proprietor. The bottom of the trough is covered with small, thin gravel, over which the water passes.

Thus prepared, they are ready for the reception of the impregnated spawn, which are spread evenly over the gravel by a dextrous movement of the water, the spawn not being touched or allowed to come in contact with anything but the water and gravel. Impregnated spawn is put in a small water running with considerable force, and will remain stationary, if undisturbed, until the young fish begin their efforts for a release from confinement. In from fifteen to twenty-six days after the spawn is deposited, the young fish is discernible with the naked eye. *Syngnathus armatus.*

THE SUNNY SIDE.

We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time should be on the side on which the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant that she will not set her plants, if she has taste enough to grow them, in the east window in the morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in the west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible, out of the rays of the sun. The plants in obedience to natural law, are kept healthy, while the children and mother, being kept in the shade, suffer in consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great curative agent. The chief advantage in going to the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desire merely to keep cool, we should stay in the shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements"; it is much hotter in the country, for the breezes that play there in midday only bring the heat down into the air in the city; the breeze brings and the lower rooms of a city house are much cooler in midday than the exposed houses of the country.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny, sickly boys than to put them on a farm for two or three summers, and let the sun bathe them the livelong day. They will, by such a law, grow rapidly, and become tough, brainy and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.

NIGHT WORK.

Many of the most brutal murders and greatest crimes committed in the city of New York, are perpetrated by persons under twenty-five years of age. This shows a very early corruption of morals, and as an eminent jurist once said, is easy traceable to the habit of being from home after dark. Lord Shaftesbury stated that in nearly all the cases of great crimes which came before the courts of evidence showed that the moral character became vitiated between the ages of eight and sixteen. These terrible facts put together should make every city parent, especially, tremble; and if it should lead to the adoption of the following suggestions, it would save many a heart from going down in sorrow to the grave, or from embittered old age.

Do not allow your children to form the habit of "going home" to spend the night with their companions—no, not once in a year.

Keep them off the streets after sun-down unless you are with them.

Do all that is possible to have a loving, cheerful and happy fireside, as a means of weaning them from the street. Much can be done in this direction by providing amusements, and having the children occupied in something interesting, profitable or new.

Keep the birthdays, let them be occasions of harmless festivities; arrange that all holidays, too, shall be observed appropriately.

Let the father and mother remember that the child is the child of a loving affectionate, and quiet deportment towards one another in the home circle is a powerful bond of union in a family; the very sight of it wakes affectionate sympathies in the hearts of children, and cherishes the same delightful feelings in themselves and soon the source becomes the home of love and affection. Within half a mile of us there are quite a number of families of this sort, some of them among the wealthiest in the city, but it is singular to observe that in almost every case it is in consequence of the mother's all pervading influence—mothers who are quiet, gentle, industrious, and who are able to govern their homes are made distasteful to children by innumerable restrictions and criticisms, by innumerable rules and regulations. A household is better regulated by an affectionate planity than by an inflexible rigidity; yielding in non-essentials, but firm as a rock in all questions of right and wrong.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.

FRIEND WOOSTER—I herewith send thee my pocket clock which greatly stands in need of thy friendly correction; the last time he was at thy friend's school he was no way reformed, nor even in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his notions are wavering and irregular; that his pulse is sometimes quick, betokening not an even temper; at times he waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding his frequency of study; that he is a man of no great talents; that his name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping, or as the vanity of human reason phraseth it, I catch him napping. Hence I think he is not right, in the inward man. Examine him therefore, and prove him if he be honest, and if not, then may'st thou be being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw from him the error of his ways; and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon, I am verily of opinion that his body is foul, and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him therefore, with thy charming physic from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth. I will place him a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest it. I treat thee, friend Henry, to demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment according to the gift, which he hath bestowed on thee, that thou mayest that need not be ashamed. And when thou layest the correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come, by the motion of that light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest his motion from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, do thou send him home, with just bill of charges, drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and the root of evil shall be sent unto thee.

A CURSE TO THE COUNTRY.

Next to the inordinate use of intoxicating beverages we may probably class the haste to become rich as a desirable evil—the desire and expectation of getting something for nothing, or for a very inadequate equivalent, if we may use the word in such a sense—which led so many of our youth to abandon trades in order to swell the crowds of clerks, lawyers, doctors, &c., now and always so largely in excess of the demand for their services. A desire to be rich is not in itself wrong, but the tendency is not to scruple at the means, and to end in disgrace and ruin.

There are cases where a young man is justifiable in getting into debt—there are cases where a few years of a struggle with indebtedness may do him good—but these are the exceptions which prove the rule; the correct debt is incompatible with independence, and should be avoided. Borrowing money on interest is a curse to any young man, eating up his earnings and keeping him poor. The man who saves even a few dollars a year, and invests it at interest, will eventually become rich, whilst the one who borrows to make up the deficit occasioned by extravagance, or venturing beyond his means, will undoubtedly struggle all his life to keep his head above water.

Avoid "speculation," mistrust all schemes promising enormous returns, whether in stocks, raw lands, or more respectable modes of gambling, be assured that any gains that may accrue from them are more than lost by the taste they give for inordinate risks. If you call to mind the lucky individuals who have become wealthy in this way in the past twenty years, you will find nearly all of them poor now—their money has gone as rapidly as it came, and is teaching the same lesson to their present possessors. A dollar earned by honest industry, mental or physical, is worth more to the man who earns it than tenfold gained by speculation, and is not nearly so likely to be expended foolishly or risked recklessly. He who can save such a dollar will more probably accumulate wealth in life than the one without industry who makes more money with less work. It is deplorable how many of our young unmarried men waste their earnings in folly and dissipation, and are "too poor to get married"—or, if they marry, have no respect for their wives' habits as tend to render that relation anything but an agreeable one. There can be no good reason for a young lady and healthy single man, having no one dependent upon him, not saving something every year for investment, and it is to be regretted so few do so.

OVER WORKED WOMEN.

An over worked woman is always a sad sight—sadder, a great deal, than an over worked man, because she is much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces—sometimes tightening around the brows as if her cap band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her backaches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak lightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.—Dr. O. W. Holmes.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

We have heard of President Finney's sermon from the text, "Their feet shall slide," and how as he preached his peroration, people would clutch the seats to keep from going over into the pit of eternal darkness, while some would shriek, and others would cry "don't." We have heard also of Gough's wonderful power over audiences—raising them up from their seats, affecting them to tears, or compelling them to laugh at his will. But we have never heard of any speaker making the deception so perfect, or the matter so real, as in the recitation of the little poem, "Twenty years ago," by the cloutierist, Prof. Griffith. The poem introduces two friends and schoolmates, one of whom has been recently visiting the old homestead, school house and play ground—and he gives his impressions to his friend. We quote a few lines:

"I've wandered to the village, Tom, I sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house playing ground, which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom, bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spits and spoons;
But master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated 'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago."

When the cloutierist reached the stanza following, his utterance was slow and thoughtful, as if trying to recall the name of the old game:

"The boys were playing some old game—beneath I do—forget—the name—just now—you played the same with me
On that same spot—'Twas played with knives—by throwing—no—no—"

As the speaker made gestures and motions describing the game, an old gentleman in the back part of the house rose and said distinctly, "Amblety peg, sir, amblety peg." It was so real to the old man that he thought he would help the speaker out of his difficulty by suggesting the name. Of course it brought down the house.—Charlotte Republican.

UNFORTUNATE—VERY.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and who considered himself exceedingly good-looking and fascinating, made a deadly onslaught on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady in the same family with him. After a long siege the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday, in the morning. The same afternoon the young wife sent for her father, and the astonished student a "beautiful" little daughter aged three years and a half.

"Good heavens!" then the student was widowed? exclaimed the student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow she goes home, and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word, his feeling were too deep for utterance. The "other little darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years, James nine, and Augustus was a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear they had a new papa, because they could now live at home, and have all the playthings they wanted. The "new papa," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother; "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, the color of hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astonished stepfather of four children.

But the fortune, thought he; that will make amends. He spoke of her fortune, as if she were a fortune teller. He is the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

TIME PASSING.

Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which are so full of pathos and grandeur, that they, through the lips, or through the hands, the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on, on, forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of our lives, never ceasing to run itself out, until it is the man, petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever.

It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late. And we are asking a sort of solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity, what has been our life and what do we intend it shall be? Yesterday, last week, last year—they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and obscurity it was a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice calling to us, of its own. Its own work, its own duties, what were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time in idleness and luxurious literature—not as life's relaxation but as its business; and the time of the day with the excitement of life? continuing now to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our duty? Sleep, brethren! all that is but sleep. And now let us remember that this, there is a day coming when that sleep will be rudely broken with a shock; and we are asked, how shall we spend our time when it will be wanted, not by years, but by months, not yet by hours, but by minutes, the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the messengers of death have come to us.—F. W. Robertson.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Many a premature death has occurred in consequence of giving up. The sick person has given up, and died. Friends think they have done all they could, death is inevitable, and let disease take its course. There can be no doubt but that in many such cases hope still cherished, and the persevering use of means, might have saved useful lives. So many of the most noble characters of the first speech of Deane in the House of Commons, was a complete failure, his speech is said to be still in the depository of the House. He thus closed: "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Numbers have sunk into insignificance under a less rebuke. Deane was made of sterner stuff. Though it took him seven years to recover from his disaster, he redeemed his promise, and on becoming chancellor of the exchequer, "led in the same garments he had worn at the time of his renewed failure, delivered a discourse, which was better than any he had ever given, and the ablest budget speech that had been heard there since the days of William Pitt."

Every one should feel that he is immortal till his work is done. "Try again," is a good word for the adult as for the child. If you give up your cause is wrong, the sooner it is renounced the better. Do not admit no defeat as final. We learn some times more from a failure than a success, and turn it to better account. Such should ever be our aim. Use all honest means, rely on the ultimate triumph of right, persevere in the effort to deserve success, and failure will never be inscribed on your life. The irresolute and half-hearted have no good to expect, for that would only be a premium of imbecility.

THE UNCHANGING FRIEND.

Is there a more frequent cause of complaint than the changes which come over our earthly affairs? Where is the being who, in the course of his life, has not found reason to reiterate the words, "Whom can we trust?" We know not, when we give our respect, our friendship, our confidence to a man, being as he may be, how long he will last for an hour. A change of fortune, a rise in rank, a slight fault, or even a whim, may send our affections back into our wounded hearts.

A concurrence of circumstances which could not have been foreseen by us is always to be met with. Use all honest means, reflection and sagacity, as we walked in the fond belief of having done well for ourselves. So that, though sorely needing a safe anchorage, frail and exposed beings as we are, we often find ourselves on shifting sands or precarious rocks.

To whom, then, shall we go, when our own resources fail to meet our necessities, and our friends sympathize, but are powerless to afford aid?

To whom, then, shall we go, but to him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who understands our sorrows, which which meets our helplessness, to the utmost; an unchanging and unchangeable friend—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day and forever?"

ZELL.

FROZEN KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the wood warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks on the top of the hill, where nobody can get them; these do not make any use of the wood, which is a waste of the plain sight of these trees, if you had not means of getting the wood and making a fire with it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if they were not any love among them; the heart will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

An exchange tells the following characteristic of the poet writer. On a recent occasion he was traveling with a friend over a New Hampshire Railroad, and during the conversation, Whittier's friend—who is also a member of the Society of Friends—told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used for building gunboats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistency with the peace doctrine of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two friends arrived at their parting place, when Whittier shaking his friend's hand, said: "Moses if thee does furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of, be sure that it is all sound."

A Louisville newspaper, in noticing the return of Humphrey Marshall to that place, adds that "the bar of Louisville is to be congratulated on the accession to its strength." The Chicago Times wants to know which bar?

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