The Bedford Inquirer
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY
J. R. DURBORROW AND JOHN LUTZ,
ON
JULIANA St., opposite the Mengel House
BEDFORD, PENN'A

TERMS:

$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance.
If not paid within six months $2.50.
If not paid within the year $3.00.

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1867. VOLUME 40; NO. 24.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Professional & Business Cards

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAYES IRVINE,
ALTORNEY AT LAW,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 24:1y

J. T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [ap126]

S. L. RUSSELL.....J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April5:1yr.

R. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON
MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the *Gazette* office, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.
May 11, '66—1yr.

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on Julianna street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Filler & Keagy. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected.
Bedford, June 9, 1865.

J. M'D. SHARPE.....Z. F. KERR
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.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House" and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office. April 28, 1865:t.

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
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 Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengle House." Dec. 9, 1864-tf.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mengel House.
apr1, 1864—tf.

PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius.
April 1, 1864—tf.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864—tf.

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

DENTISTS.

DENTISTRY.
I. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBERRY, Pa., visits Bloody Run three days of each month, commencing with the second Tuesday of the month. Prepared to perform all Dental operations with which he may be favored. *Terms within the reach of all and strictly cash except by special contract.* Work to be sent by mail or otherwise, must be paid for when impressions are taken. aug5, '64:tf.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!
A Beautiful Set of Teeth for
TEN DOLLARS!
DR. H. VIRGIL PORTER,
(LATE OF NEW YORK CITY,)
DENTIST,
Would respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has located permanently in BLOODY RUN, where he may be found at all times prepared to insert from one tooth to a full set of his BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH on new and improved atmospheric principles.
The *TRIUMPH OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY RUBBER* for the basis of artificial teeth.
This discovery which has met with such universal approval throughout this and other countries, has seemingly placed *ARTIFICIAL TEETH* at the disposal of all who require them. *DR. PORTER* is now inserting the most *BEAUTIFUL* and *DURABLE* at prices ranging from
Ten to Eighteen Dollars
per set. Temporary sets inserted if desired. All operation warranted.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of *NITROUS OXIDE* or *LAUGHING GAS.*
This is no humbug, but a positive fact. Gas administered fresh every day. As the Gas administered by Dr. Porter is prepared in accordance with the purifying method of Dr. Strong, of New Haven, Ct., and Prof. Silliman (late Professor of Chemistry in Yale College) he has no hesitation in asserting that it is attended with no danger whatever. Persons desiring the services of a Dentist would promote their own interest by calling upon Dr. Porter, as he is determined to spare no effort to please the most fastidious. Dr. Porter's mode of operating will at all times be of the mildest character, avoiding the infliction of the slightest unnecessary pain, and carefully adapted to the age, constitution, health and nervous condition of the patient.
Special attention is invited to Dr. Porter's scientific method of preserving decayed and aching teeth. Teeth blackened and diseased, cleansed to appear beautiful and white.
H. VIRGIL PORTER,
Dentist.
Bloody Run, Penn'a., March 28, 1867.-1y.

Poetry.

THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea;
A rivulet then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Miscellaneous.

CURIOUS FACTS.

BISHOPS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH THIRTY YEARS AGO.—ENORMOUS INCOMES AND LIGHT LABORS.

The London *Review* is printing a history of the Church of England during the last century, from which we take the following:

"An Anglican prelate of the present day is, with the rarest exception, a man of irreproachable life. The majority of our bishops are eminent for their piety and learning. In the last generation, the chief claim to church preferment consisted in being allied either to some noble family or to a politician possessing influence in the government. Another sure road to preferment was to be the tutor of the son of some Minister or more distinguished personage. Dr. Markham was tutor to George IV., and as a reward for his success in teaching that most religious and gracious prince the way he should go, he was appointed the Archbishop of York. Pretyman was tutor to William Pitt, who was able, at the age of twenty-eight, to obtain his nomination, first to the see of Lincoln, and afterwards to the more lucrative bishopric of Winchester. The principal literary memorial left by that prelate to posterity is a life of his pupil, which Macaulay declares is only remarkable in being the worst biography of its size in the English language. Dr. Sparkes, Bishop of Ely, was tutor to the Duke of Rutland. Even the present Bishop of Winchester owed his elevation to his good fortune in having been tutor to the sons of the late Marchioness of Conyngham.

"All the bishops were expected to support the government in every measure brought forward, no matter how wrong or unjust. It was their bounden duty to sanctify by their vote the Tory measures of the day, without the slightest regard to justice, and they certainly fulfilled this duty with wonderful fidelity. As long as the government opposed the abolition of the slave trade, the bishops voted with it unflinchingly that Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor, remarked that the consistent behavior of the right reverend prelates gave him great satisfaction, as he was now convinced there was nothing in the institution of slavery contrary to the principles of Christianity. They opposed all the attempts of Sir Samuel Romilly to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, then the most sanguinary in Europe. Belsham, in his history, mentions them, with one exception (Shipley), as being, with George the III. himself, the most inveterate upholders of the American war. They supported Pitt in his war against France, the policy of which is now doubted by some of the tories themselves. And, lastly, they were the strenuous opponents of the Reform bill.

ENORMOUS INCOMES.

"The selfish greed, the insolent nepotism and the unscrupulous jobbing of many of these holy men now almost surpass belief. Not only were their incomes enormous, but their patronage, which was immense, was dispensed with the grossest favoritism, without the slightest regard either to learning, piety or earnestness in the cause of Christianity. They set decency and public opinion at defiance when livings and pluralities could be heaped upon their children and relatives. The acknowledged income of Sparkes, Bishop of Ely, was £27,000, enough, it might be assumed, to have afforded a provision for his family, yet he gave his son, the Rev. H. Sparkes, three valuable livings and a prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral. He also made him steward of the Diocesan Manorial Courts, as well as Chancellor of the diocese. His income from these different sources exceeded £4,500 a year! To the Rev. G. Faidell, the bishop's son-in-law, he gave two livings and a prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral, the net income of the whole being £3,700. To his son, the Rev. Edward Sparkes, he gave three livings and a prebendal stall. He also appointed him his examining chaplain, and made him registrar of the diocese of Ely. His income somewhat exceeded £4,000. The total yearly amount clutched out of the church revenues by the Sparkes family exceeded £39,942.

"Let no one imagine, from the excessive remuneration paid to the Bishop of Ely and his family for their services, that this small diocese became a model of discipline and episcopal government. Nothing could surpass the negligence evinced in regard to the welfare of the Church during the time that the Rev. Dr. Sparkes enjoyed the episcopate.

ABUSES OF PATRONAGE.

"It might be thought impossible to find a parallel to the avarice and selfishness of Dr. Sparkes, yet Sparkes was not worthy to hold a candle to Dr. Pretyman. It is necessary to premise that this right reverend prelate changed his name to Tomline before he was nominated to the sea, in consequence of a large private fortune having been left him. The revenues of the diocese of Winchester were perhaps larger than those of any other see in England, having been estimated, at the time of his appointment, at £50,000 a year; yet Bishop Tomline contrived, notwithstanding, to place almost every one of the wealthier livings in his gift in the hands of his sons, relatives, and personal friends. He abused his patronage in a manner so monstrous and so wicked, that Englishmen of the present day cannot help feeling astonished that public opinion in the bishop's time, weak as he knew it was, did not make itself heard in condemnation of such enormities.

"Let us now see how Bishop Tomline, himself in receipt of a paltry pittance of £50,000 a year, administered his patronage, of course, with a single eye to the good of the church and the saving of souls. Take first the provision he made for his three elder sons. His eldest son, the Rev. G. T. Pretyman, he made chancellor and canon residentiary of Lincoln; prebendary of Winchester; rector of St. Giles, Chalfont; rector of Wheathampstead; and rector of Harpenden. His son, the Rev. Richard Pretyman, was precentor and canon residentiary of Lincoln; rector of Middleton Stony; rector of Walgrave; vicar of Hannington; and rector of Wroughton. His third son, the Rev. John Pretyman, he made prebendary of Lincoln; rector of Sherrington; and rector of Winwick. All the younger Pretymans were also provided for out of church or charity funds, especially out of the Mere and Spital charities, the wardenship of which the bishop had contrived to obtain in some incomprehensible manner. All these and ten thousand other episcopal jobs and abuses have been justified and defended on the strength of the text, 'He that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel.' Satan seems to have angled for episcopal souls with great success with this text for his bait.

THE SEE OF CANTERBURY.

"The Rev. Dr. Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was another dignitary who did not fail to provide handsomely for his children and dependants out of the revenues of the church. To his seven sons he gave sixteen valuable livings. Hugh Percy, son of the Earl of Beverly, married his daughter. The archbishop, in consequence, gave him eight valuable livings and preferments, to the value of £10,000 a year. Four of these he received the year after his marriage. When made Bishop of Carlisle he refused to relinquish his stall in St. Paul's, worth some two thousand pounds annually, as well as the chancellorship of sarum. Another daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury married the Rev. James Crott, and brought her husband for dowry five livings of preferments. Several other members of the family were equally well provided for. Dr. Sutton had little to recommend him, either in his public or private capacity. In politics he was a sycophant of the minister of the day, and willing to support the government in everything. In one of his charges he regretted the change that had come over the laity in his generation. 'There was no longer,' he said, 'that prostration of the understanding which ought to be found among a pious people.' Grasping bishops and greedy pluralists found a 'prostrate understanding' a great help to them in their enjoyment of the good things of the church. In his private life Archbishop Sutton's pecuniary transactions are said very frequently to have bordered on dishonestly, if they did not even pass the line.

"Archbishop Markham did not administer his ecclesiastical patronage so unscrupulously as some of the bishops of his time; yet he did not omit to provide for his family out of church revenues. It is currently stated of him, and we believe on good authority, that some few years before his death he presented each one [illegible]

[illegible] ever offices can be held with bishopics are held with them; and as it would neither be polite, nor we believe just, to suppose these right reverned pluralists neglect the duties of any of their offices, we must conclude that a bishopric alone must be a very supportable burden.'

BISHOPS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

"A singular instance of the insatiability of the bishops of the last generation is related. In former days the great tithes of the village of Hillingden were given to the Bishop of Worcester to defray his travelling expenses to London and back. The smaller tithes were reserved for the vicar of the parish, who was to be appointed by the Bishop of London. Of late the tithes has increased enormously in value, and it was the custom to let those appertaining to the Bishop of Worcester by public auction to the highest bidder. They generally realized about £8,000. The last speculator in this spiritual security was Lord Boston. These tithes were generally let upon three lives, and when one fell, in the bishop considering that the sum he had already received was not sufficient, demanded £8,000 before consenting to put in another life. This sum Lord Boston refused to pay, and the bishop made over the tithes to his daughter, who used to give the receipts in her own name. All the service the bishop rendered for the amount he received was to preach one sermon a year! In the year 1812 an act of Parliament was passed abolishing the tithes, and setting apart instead seven hundred and fifty acres of land in compensation for the great and smaller tithes. The whole transaction contrasts singularly with the Rev. Dr. Cowe's theory of the original formation of tithes—that their institution was 'an unrecorded revelation made by God to Adam when in Paradise.'"

THE TWO PARTINGS.

The following instructive history is from the Philadelphia *National Baptist*. It should serve as an awful warning to those who place the intoxicating cup to the lips of others, or to their own: One winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come Emma," called her mother, at length, "I am afraid that you forget that Mr. B—is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy flush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass had been, "This is the color which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room, many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'll give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, toward its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B—was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house, with a smile, offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink it," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned. "No one has refused it this evering, and I won't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass, it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady; "I bet you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and, with a smile which few could have resisted, said. "Come, James. you will not refuse us, just this one glass?"

"No, Emma," he answered with a painful smile, "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home [illegible] that, Mr. B—," said Emma, with an [illegible] flash of her dark eye; "now take your [illegible]

[illegible] must bid you good-bye, Emma, if it come to that," he said sorrowfully; "I [illegible] gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B—was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man, with whom he was slightly acquainted, came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employment who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.—," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform,"

"Well," said Mr. B—, partially relenting, "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B—sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

Mr. B—'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room bare of furniture, while the children, sitting by the bedside, were crying for bread.

A few kind words and a promise of something to eat, soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O. Mr. B—, can't you forgive me?"

"Don't you remember Emma F—? Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and your refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before M. B—could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said, compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir, in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes sir," she answered sadly, "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B—; "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment, "good bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife.

NOTE.—The above sketch is no imaginary picture, but one drawn from real life. Any one wishing to verify the facts of the case can obtain the name and residence of the gentleman referred to by calling at the office of the *National Baptist*, No. 640 Arch street.

THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

Fancy, says the Glasgow (Scotland) *Herald*, the thrilling effect of the Scriptures if read as Kean reads Shakspeare, or recites Macaulay. And why should we not have it so? Is it right and proper that every book for public reading should have justice done to it except the Bible? And that, while every other subject is allowed the advantage of a natural and impressive delivery, religion which is the most important of all, should be denied by all? The monstrous fallacy with which well meaning but obtuse people have been beguiled or have beguiled themselves, is that such reading and reciting would be "theatrical," and that theatrical exhibitions are not becoming in the house of God. To this hollow and ridiculous fallacy may be traced most of the execrable pulpit reading and delivery that rob the Scriptures of half their power, and have often made the dullness of a sermon proverbial. Set Kean to read the song of Miriam or the fight of David with Goliah, or the story of the prodigal son, or Christ's denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees, or to recite one of Chambers' sermons, and you will see people who had begun to adjust themselves in the corner of their seats for their accustomed snooze sit up and listen to him very close, with eager eyes and bated breath. And all this simply because Kean would do the piece justice, that is, read it naturally, and as it ought to be read. On what possible ground either of common sense or good taste, can objection be taken to the natural delivery of at least the sermon? If Garrick could set even the grim soldier, who was on duty at the corner of the street blubbering like a child, and if Mrs. Siddons could so overpower the eminent tragedian, Young, that he could not refrain from sobbing aloud though he was himself on the stage acting the villain of the piece—and all this while merely uttering the words of a fictitious character—what overwhelming affects in the way of awakening sinners and pressing home the message of the Gospel might not be introduced by men who are giving utterance in their own character, to the most sublime and soul stirring truths?

GROW IN GRACE.

"You must hold intercourse with God or your soul will die; you must grow in grace or you will lose it."

This inculcates the necessity of the Christian having free intercourse with God, by a closeness in him, through the ministry of suffering, bereavement or the daily refinement of our nature; through trials, care, buffetings, casting all behind him, and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, trusting in him entirely; and taking his Bible he sits down to examing some passage in the light of the Holy Spirit, and to hold communion with God, examine his present condition, talks with him about his wants, his troubles, his hopes and fears, and he replies by sending the comforting portion of the Holy Spirit to fill his heart and be his guide and monitor. The evidence of this communion is seen in the life of the believer, by his attention to minor and great duties, his care in the use of language in converse with sinners or saints, reading the Bible carefully, ever seeking to learn its truths, with much prayer; seeking to win souls to Jesus, not from the furtherance of any sect, but to help on the glorious unity of all in Christ Jesus, who believe in him, and his connection with his fellow men, he shows by his honest dealing that his actions proceed from the depths of a heart full of the love of God. The last clause of this sentence is one worthy the attention of all those who have made a profession of religion once, but who are now living in the world, one of his boldest advocates of all kinds of pleasure, but who know nothing of the calm, quiet growth of spirituality, in the soul of the *live* believer; nor will they ever know it unless they abandon the world, deny themselves, take up their crosses and follow Jesus. It is the recorded testimony of all spiritual persons, that all who live for pleasure neither grow in grace nor win souls to Jesus.

"Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness!
They shall be well supplied and fed,—
With living streams and living bread."

THE BEST INHERITANCE.—The following paragraph we clip from one of Henry Ward Beecher's recently published sermons:

"Not money, not honor, not even a good name is the best inheritance of a child. Far above all secular gifts is a parent's good name; but there are some good things that are better than that, namely, those transmissable moral qualities which put the soul, from the first, under the dominion of the higher instinct. From my mother I had a legacy which I would not be able to thank God enough for in this world, if I was to live for long ages. Have you not reason to thank God that you sprang from such parents as yours were? And do you not know that the nature which they handed down to you was one that represented, as it were, in our journal, the point at which they left the conflict having gained victory upon victory, that your warfare might be less and your victories easier? And that which you have inherited of tendencies toward things noble and true, and away from things selfish and false, you may transmit with argumenting power. Here is a great lesson of life.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ever can, and common sufferings are far stronge, than common joys.

A DANGEROUS INSECT.

Du Chaillu, the celebrated traveler in a lectue on Africa, gives the following description of the black Bashikonay ant.

These black Bashikonay may be well called the lords of the forest. It is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. It is their habits to march through the forest in a long regular line, a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length; all along this line are larger ants, who act as officers—stand outside the ranks and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build an underground tunnel, through which the whole army pass in columns to the forest beyond.

When they grow hungry, as by a sudden command, the long file spreads itself through the forest, advancing forward, attacking and devouring all living things with a fury quite irresistable. The elephant and the gorilla fly before them, the black men run away; every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. In an incredibly short space of time those that are caught are overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and only the bare skeleton remains. They seem to travel day and night. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep and obliged to rush into the water to save myself from them. When they enter a house they clear it of every living thing. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant; rats and mice spring around the room in vain. They will not touch vegetable matter thus they are very useful, clearing the country of many insects. When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a Bashikonary arm heralded to me by this means.

Wherever they go they make a clean sweep even ascending to the top of the trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such a time this little insect seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety. The negroes relate that criminals, by which they generally mean wizzards, have sometimes been exposed to Bashikony ants, tied to a tree so they may not escape, and then been devoured to the bones. They are larger than any ants we have in America. The number of one of their armies is so great that one does not like to enter into calculations, but I have seen a continuous line passing at a good speed a particular place for twelve hours. So you may imagine how many millions there have been.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.

The Hon Joseph Howe, the eminent Nova Scotian, has been making a speech, in which, after paying his respects to the recent act of confederation, he thus speaks of the cession of Russian America:

Hardly was the measure passed when England got a diplomatic slap in the face by the purchase of Russian America without notice or the slightest warning, and even an effort to adjust the Alabama claims appears to be but coldly entertained. What next we may get nobody can tell, *but this is certain, that by that purchase the hold of Great Britain upon this continent is made more precarious*, while the difficulties of the confederacy are proportionably increased. By that purchase the United States, have acquired a country as large as Canada; they have increased their land frontier from which they can annoy us by nine hundred miles and their coast line upon the Pacific by fifteen hundred. In fact, they sandwich British Columbia between California on the one side and this new purchase on the other, in which there are seventy thousand Indians, so that the defense of our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains is almost impossible. The English newspapers try to comfort themselves with the idea that this country is all ice and snow. *That is not the case*—the worst of it abounds with fur-bearing animals, and the value of the mines and of the rich valleys in the interior is but little known. The coast, for a thousand miles, enjoys a moist but not very severe climate. It abounds with lumber, fish, and water-power. Into this region the young men from Maine and Massachusetts will rush, and in five years the whole coast will be enlivened with saw mills, fishing craft, and active deep sea navigation. Even the ice will be turned to account, and will soon employ a large amount of tonnage, conveying it to the East Indies, China and Japan. Columbia, thus environed, is to come into the Confederation. and we are to defend it. By what means we have yet to learn. But the worst feature of this transaction is the internal evidence it bears of the intimate relations between Russia and the United States, out of which may grow political enterprises that no man can foresee.

SANDS OF GOLD.

There's a secret drawer in every heart as in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

Dispose of the time past for observation and reflection; time present to duty; and time to come, to Providence.

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

It is no wonder if he who reads, converses and meditates, improves in knowledge. By the first, a man converses with the dead, by the second, with the living, and by the third, with himself. So that he appropriates to himself all the knowledge which can be got from those who have lived and those now alive.

When the world crowds Christ out of the heart, duty becomes simply cold, irksome, hard duty, and the worship of God a bore.

A business that does not challenge the scrutiny of God, and the approval of a good conscience, cannot be consistent and proper.

Cherish your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action.

Tear Drops! Resting like pearls upon the red cheek of childhood in its first grief; swelling into young eyes in bursts of merry laughter; falling like summer showers upon the new-made graves of loved ones; wrung from the heart, scalding hot, upon the bier of youth's blighted flowers and coffined hopes; pouring tempest like, from the eyes of a strong man in his agony, or slowly trickling over the furrowed cheek of age. Ever are ye sacred, Tear Drops, for *Jesus wept!*

HEART RELIGION.—Religion is in an eminent degree, the science of the heart, and he who does not receive it into his heart studies it to very little purpose. Every Christian ought, therefore, to study with the heart as well as with the head; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other.

THE DUNDERBERG.—It appears to be the very general, although erroneous, impression that the Dunderberg is one of the most, if not *the* most, powerful war vessel now afloat, and that, therefore, our Government was very unwise to allow her to be sold to a foreign Government. The facts do not sustain this view of the case. The Dunderberg is by ordinary mensuration inferior in size to the Warrior, Black Prince, Northumberland, Agincourt, Minotaur, and other well-known English ships. The hull of the Dunderberg, below the angle of the casemates, is covered with iron but three and a half inches thick, and the plating surrounding her battery varies from four to four and a half inches in thickness. In point of armor, therefore, the Dunderberg is inferior to nearly every iron-clad in the British Navy. The class of monitors now being built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, though smaller than the Dundergerg, carry fourteen inches of iron all around the hull, to the three and a half inches of the Dunderberg, while they protect their batteries with fifteen inches of solid iron instead of four and a half inches, as is the case in the former vessel. Recent experiments in England have proved that the nine-inch gun, with chilled projectiles, would go through both sides of the casemate of the Dunderberg with case, while a monitor of the Kalamazoo class would send her to the bottom in a very short time. By the use of Ericssson's new gun-carriage the Dunderberg can mount a five-inch in broadside, and her battery, therefore, is more formidable than its protection is secure.—*New York Times.*

HUMANITY.—We clip the following from one of our exchanges. It will well repay persusal: "All striving, pushing, grasping after wealth, honor and power. The poor claiming wealth only that they may be above want; the rich seeking to add thousands to their millions, So we move. Not one appears to think how soon he must sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and Progress have through countless ages come marching hand in hand—the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no motion, and the work of destruction is as easily and silently accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fate! A hundred years hence, and much of that we now see around us will too pass away. It is but the simple repetition of life's story; we are born—we live—we die—and hence we will not grieve over those venerable piles finding the common level of their prototypes in nature—an ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day.
A hundred years to come.

ONE OF THE GENEROUS PUBLIC LAWS.—Among the general laws of last session is one which may justly be called a generous act, as well as a most just concession to disabled soldiers. It provides that every honorably discharged soldier who is a resident of Pennsylvania, and who, from wounds, or on account of disease contracted while in the military or naval service of the United States, and on account of such disability is unable to procure a livelihood by manual labor shall have the right to hawk, peddle and vend any wares, by procuring a license for that purpose to be issued without cost. All that is required, to insure a soldier the benefit of this act, is a certificate from a surgeon of the United States army that he is unfit to make his living by manual labor. The soldier must also procure a certificate from a prothonotary of any county in this State, that he is the bona fide owner of the goods he sells. No doubt the liberal provisions of this law will induce many disabled soldiers to adopt peddling as a means of making a living.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

AN AMERICAN TRIUMPH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—It will be a matter of congratulation to every American to learn that the United States has carried off the first and second prizes for pianos at the Paris Exposition, the first prize having been awarded to Steinway & Co., of New York, the second to Chickering & Co., of Boston, and the third or last prize to Broadwood, of London. The award is especially satisfactory when it is remembered that the jury was composed of some of the most eminent musical connoisseurs of England, France and Germany, among them M. Fetis, probably the greatest of living musical authorities, and that the United States is in its musical infancy, and regarded in Europe as a novice in everything pertaining to music.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother two magical words comprising the sweetest sources of man's felicity. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother, even long after she has ceased to live, and the idea which he has received from her become principles, stronger even than his passion.

THE world is full of trials and annoyances, and will be to the end. But a better world is coming, where there will be no more trials, no more sin for ever. If we would obtain an inheritance in that world, we must learn to bear meekly and patiently the trials, of this. That inheritance is promised only to the overcomer. Let us, then, try to pray, and keep trying and praying that God will help us to overcome.

NEVER make use of a woman's name in an improper place, or at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them, for they are lost to every sense of honor.

HE is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both. A truly learned man is liberal towards opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty and compassionate toward failure. Only the ignorant and half educated are dogmatical, illiberal and intolerant.

BEAUTY is never so lovely as when adorned with a smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a synphony of laughter which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.

A PART of goodness consists, perhaps, in esteeming and loving people more than they deserve; but then a part of prudence is to believe that people are not always worth what we rate them at.