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GOOD INVESTMENT.

“That’s a smart little fellow of yours,” said a gentleman named Winslow to a laboring man, who was called in occasionally to do work about his store. “Does he go to school?”

“Not now, sir,” replied the poor man. “Why not, Davis? He looks like a bright lad.”

“He’s got good parts, sir,” returned his father, “but—”

“But what?” asked the gentleman, seeing that the man hesitated.

“Times are rather hard now, sir, and I have a large family. It’s about as much as I can do to keep hunger and cold away. Ned reads very well, writes a tolerably fair hand, considering all things, and can figure a little. And that’s all I can do for him. The other children are coming forward, and I reckon he will have to go to a trades middle school.”

“How old is Ned?” inquired Mr. Winslow.

“He’s turned of eleven.”

“You won’t put him to a trade before he’s thirteen or fourteen?”

“Can’t keep him at home idling about all that time, Mr. Winslow. It would be his ruin. It’s young to go out from home to rough it among strangers—there was a slight unsteadiness in the poor man’s voice—but it’s better than doing nothing.”

“Ned ought to go to school a year or two longer, Davis,” said Mr. Winslow, with some interest in his manner. “And as you are not able to pay the quarter bills, I will have to do it. What say you? If I pay for Ned’s schooling can you keep him at home two or three years longer?”

“I didn’t expect that of you, Mr. Winslow,” said the poor man, and his voice now trembled. He uncovered his head as he spoke, almost reverently. “You ain’t bound to pay for schooling my boy, ah, sir?”

“But you haven’t answered my question, Davis. What say you?”

“Oh sir, if you are really in earnest?”

“I am in earnest. Ned ought to go to school.”

“If you can keep him home a few years longer I will pay for his education during the time,” Ned—Mr. Winslow spoke to the boy—“what say you? Would you like to go to school again?”

“Yes, indeed sir,” quickly answered the boy, while his bright young face was lit up with a gleam of intelligence.

“Then you shall go my fine fellow.—There’s the right kind of stuff in you or I’m mistaken. We’ll give you a trial at any rate.”

Mr. Winslow was as good as his word. Ned was immediately entered at an excellent school.—This boy, young as he was, appreciated the kind act of his benefactor, and resolved to profit by it to the full extent.

“I made an investment of ten dollars to day,” said Mr. Winslow, jestingly to a mercantile friend, some three months after the occurrence just related took place, “and here’s the certificate.”

He held up a small piece of paper as he spoke.

“Ten dollars? A large operation. In what fund?”

“A charity fund.”

“Oh!” and the friend shrugged his shoulders. “Don’t do much in that way myself. No great faith in the security. What dividend do you expect to receive?”

“An hundred per cent at least.”

“Better take some more of the stock if you think it is good. There is plenty in market to be bought at less than par.”

Mr. Winslow smiled and said that, in all probability he would invest a few more small sums in the same way and see how it would turn out. The little piece of paper which he called a certificate of stock, was the first quarter bill he had paid for Ned’s schooling. For four years these bills were regularly paid, and then Ned, who had well improved the opportunities so generously afforded him, was taken on the recommendation of Mr. Winslow, into a large importing house. He was at the time in his sixteenth year. Before the lad could enter upon this employment, however, Mr. Winslow had to make another investment in the charity fund. Ned’s father was too poor to give him an outfit of clothing such as was required in the new position to which he was to be elevated; knowing this, the generous merchant came forward again and furnished the needful supply.

As no wages were received by Ned for the first two years, Mr. Winslow continued to buy clothing, while his father still gave him his board. On reaching the age of eighteen, Ned’s employers, who were much pleased with his industry, intelligence, and attention to his business, put him on a salary of three hundred dollars. This made him at once independent. He could pay his own boarding and find his clothes, and proud did he feel on the day when advanced to so desirable a position.

“How comes on your investment?” asked Mr. Winslow’s mercantile friend about this time. He spoke jestingly.

“It promises very well,” was the smiling reply.

“It is rising in the market, then?”

“Yes.”

“Any dividends yet?”

“Oh, certainly. Large dividends.”

“Oh, you surprise me. What kind of dividends?”

“More than a hundred per cent.”

“Indeed! Not in money?”

“Oh, no. But something better than money. The satisfaction that flows from an act of benevolence wisely done.”

“Oh, that’s all.” The friend spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

“Don’t you call that something?” asked Mr. Winslow.

“It’s entirely too unsubstantial for me,” replied the other. “I go in for returns of

a more tangible character. Those you speak of won’t pay any notes.”

Mr. Winslow smiled and bade his friend good morning.

“He knows nothing,” said he to himself, as he mused on the subject, “of the pleasure of doing good; and the loss is also on his side. If we have the ability to secure investments of this kind, they are among the best we can make, and all are able to put at least some money in the fund of good works, let it be ever so small an amount. Have I suffered the abridgement of a single comfort by what I have done? No. Have I gained in pleasant thoughts and feelings by the act? Largely. It has been a source of perennial enjoyment. I would not have believed that, at so small a cost, I could have secured so much pleasure. And how great the good that may flow from what I have done! Instead of a mere day laborer whose work in the world goes not beyond the handling of boxes, sales and barrels, or the manufacture of some article in common use, Edward Davis, advanced by education, takes a position of more extended usefulness and by his higher ability and more intelligent action in society, will be able if he rightly use the power in his hands, to advance the world’s onward movement in a most important degree.”

Thus thought Mr. Winslow, and his heart grew warm within him. Time proved that he had not erred in affording the lad an opportunity for obtaining a good education. His quick mind acquired in the position, in which he was placed, accurate ideas of business, and industry and force of character made these ideas thoroughly practical. Every year his employers advanced in his wages, and on attaining his majority, it was farther advanced to the sum of one thousand dollars per annum. With every increase the young man had devoted a larger and larger proportion of his income to improve the condition of his father’s family, and when it was raised to the sum last mentioned, he took a neat, comfortable house, much larger than the family had before lived in, and paid the whole rent himself. Moreover through his acquaintance and influence, he was able to get a place for his father at lighter employment than he had heretofore been engaged in, and at a higher rate of compensation.

“Any more dividends on your charity investment?” said Mr. Winslow’s friend about this time. He spoke with the old manner, and from the old feelings.

“Yes. Got a dividend to day the largest yet received,” replied the merchant smiling.

“Did you? Hope it does you a great deal of good.”

“I realize your wish my friend. It is doing me a great deal of good,” returned Mr. Winslow.

“No cash I presume?”

“Something far better. Let me explain.”

“Do so if you please.”

“You know the particulars of this investment?” said Mr. Winslow.

“His friend shook his head and replied. “No. The fact is I never felt interested enough in the matter to enquire the particulars.”

“Oh, well. Then I must give you a little history.”

“You know old Davis, who has been working about our store for the last ten or fifteen years?”

“Yes.”

“My investment was in the education of his son.”

“Indeed!”

“His father took him from school when he was only eleven years old, because he could not afford to send him any longer and was about putting him out to learn a trade. Something interested me in the child, who was a bright lad, and acting from a good impulse that came over me at the moment, I proposed to his father to send him to school for three or four years, if he would board and clothe him during the time. To this he readily agreed. So I paid for Ned’s schooling until he was in his sixteenth year and then got him into Webb & Waldron’s store, where he has been ever since.”

“Webb & Waldron’s!” said the friend evincing some surprise. “I know all their clerks very well for we do a great deal of business with them. Which is the son of old Mr. Davis?”

“The one they call Edward.”

“Not that tall fine looking young man; their leading salesman?”

“The same.”

“Is it possible? Why he is worth any two clerks in the store.”

“I know he is.”

“For his age there is not a better salesman in the city.”

“So I believe,” said Mr. Winslow, “nor,” he added, “a better man.”

“I know little of his personal character, but unless his face deceives me, it cannot be too good.”

“It is good. Let me say a word about him. The moment his salary increased beyond what was absolutely required to pay his board and find such clothing as his position made it necessary for him to

wear, he devoted the entire surplus to rendering his family more comfortable.”

“Highly praiseworthy,” said the friend. “I had received already, many dividends on my investment,” continued Mr. Winslow, “but when that came to my knowledge, my dividend exceeded all the other dividends put together.”

The mercantile friend was silent. If over in his life he had envied the reward of a good deed it was at that moment.

“To-day,” went on Mr. Winslow, “I have received a still larger dividend. I was passing along Buttonwood street when I met old Mr. Davis coming out of a house, the rent of which, from its appearance, was not less than two hundred and twenty-five dollars. “You don’t live here, of course,” said I, for I knew the old man’s income to be small—not over six or seven dollars a week. “O, yes I do,” he made answer, with a smile. I turned and looked at the house again. “How comes this,” I asked. “You must be getting better off in the world.” “So I am,” was his reply. “Has any body left you a little fortune?” I inquired. “No, but you have helped me to one,” said he. “I don’t understand you, Mr. Davis,” I made answer. “Edward rents the house for us,” said the old man. “Do you understand now?”

“I understood him perfectly. It was then that I received the largest dividend on my investment, which has yet come into my hands. If they go on increasing at this rate I shall soon be rich.”

“Rather unsubstantial kind of riches,” was remarked by the friend.

“That which elevates and delights the mind can hardly be called unsubstantial,” replied Mr. Winslow. “Gold will not always do this.”

The friend sighed involuntarily. The remarks of Mr. Winslow caused thoughts to flit over his mind that were far from being agreeable.

A year or two more went by, and then an addition was made to the firm of Webb & Waldron. Edward Davis received the offer of an interest in the business, which he unhesitatingly accepted. From that day he was in the road to fortune. Three years afterwards one of the partners died, when his interest was increased.

Twenty-five years from the time Mr. Winslow, acting from a benevolent impulse proposed to send young Davis to school, have passed.

One day, about this period, Mr. Winslow, who had met with a number of reverses in business, was sitting in his counting room, with a troubled look on his face, when the mercantile friend, before mentioned, came in. His countenance was pale and disturbed.

“We are ruined,” said he with much agitation.

Mr. Winslow started to his feet.

“Speak!” he exclaimed. “What new disaster is about to sweep over me?”

“The house of Toledo & Co., in Rio, has suspended.”

Mr. Winslow struck his hands together, and he sunk down into the chair from which he had risen.

“Then it is all over,” he murmured.—“All over!”

“It is all over with me,” said the other. “A long struggle would be fruitless. But for this I might have weathered the storm. Twenty thousand dollars of drafts drawn against my last shipment are back protested, and will be presented to-morrow. I cannot lift them. So ends this matter. So closes a business life of nearly forty years, in commercial dishonor and ruin.”

“Are you certain that they have failed?” asked Mr. Winslow, with something like hope in the tone of his voice.

“It is true,” was answered. “The Colette arrived this morning and her mail-bag was delivered at the post office half an hour ago. Have you received nothing by her?”

“It was not aware of her arrival. But I will send immediately for my letter.”

Too true was the information communicated by the friend. The large commission house of Toledo & Co. had failed, and his voice slightly trembled, “sure you did not think it possible for me to forget the past! Do I not owe you everything? and would I not be one of the basest of men if I forgot my obligation? If your need were twice fifteen thousand, and it required the division of my last dollar with you, not a hair of your head should be injured. I did not know it was possible for you to get into such an extremity until I heard it whispered a little while ago.”

So unexpected a turn in his affairs completely unmanned Mr. Winslow. He covered his face and wept for some time, with the uncontrollable passion of a child.

“Ah! sir,” said he at last, in a broken voice, “I did not expect that Mr. Davis.”

“You had a right to expect it,” replied the young man. “Were I to do less than sustain you in any extremity not too great for my ability, I would be unworthy the name of a man. And now, Winslow, let your heart be at rest. You need not fall under the blow. Your drafts will probably come back to you to-morrow?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. I will see that you are provided with the means to lift them. In the mean time, if you are in want of any sum towards your payments to-day, just let me know.”

“I can probably get through to-day by my own efforts,” said Mr. Winslow.

“Probably? How much do you want,” asked Mr. Davis.

“In the neighborhood of three thousand dollars.”

“I will send you round a check for that sum immediately,” promptly returned the young man, rising as he spoke and drawing forth his watch.

“It is nearly two o’clock now,” he added, “so I will bid you good day. In fifteen minutes you will find a check at your store.”

And with this Davis retired.

All this, which passed in a brief space of time, seemed like a dream to Mr. Wins-

low. He could hardly realize its truth. But it was a reality, and he comprehended it more fully on reaching his store. He found there the promised check for three thousand dollars.

On the next day the protested drafts came in, but thanks to the grateful kindness of Mr. Davis, now a merchant with the command of large money facilities, he was able to take them up. The friend, before introduced, was less fortunate. There was no one to step forward and save him from ruin, and he sunk under the sudden pressure that came upon him.

A few days after his failure, he met Mr. Winslow.

“How is this?” said he. “How do you weather the storm that drove me under? I thought your condition was as hopeless as mine.”

“So did I,” answered Mr. Winslow.—“But I had forgotten a small investment made years ago. I have spoken of it to you before.”

The other looked slightly puzzled.

“Have you forgotten that investment in the charity fund, which you thought money thrown away?”

“Oh!” Light broke in upon his mind. “You educated Davis; I remember now.”

“And Davis, hearing of my extremity, stepped forward and saved me. That was the best investment I ever made.”

The friend dropped his eyes to the pavement, stood for a moment without speaking, sighed, and then moved on. How many opportunities for similar investments had he neglected!

From the Baltimore Price Current.

The Lumber Points of the Susquehanna.

The principal lumber points of the Susquehanna river are Harrisburg, Middletown, Marietta, Columbia and Wrightsville, in Pennsylvania and Port Deposit, in Maryland. About 200,000,000 feet of the manufactured article, as an average pass down the Susquehanna to these points every year, besides a large quantity which comes via the Canals. Of this quantity it is estimated that about 70,000,000 feet will arrive at Baltimore during the current year. It is not easy to get at the exact amount of business done in this rapidly increasing article of trade, in consequence of the imperfect data required by law to be kept, but it is generally conceded that the receipts of the year ending on the 30th of April last reached very nearly 250,000,000 feet, which is but little more than one-half the total number of feet which arrived at Albany N. Y., (one of the greatest lumber markets in the United States) during the year 1851, which amounted to not less than 400,000,000 feet, a large portion of which, however, came from Canada, whilst all that is brought down the Susquehanna is from Southern New York and Pennsylvania.

At Harrisburg the lumber is purchased to supply that city and the adjacent country, embracing the Cumberland Valley.—A large portion is also purchased at the other points mentioned. The towns of Columbia and Wrightsville, opposite, are depots for purchasing and piling lumber to season for the Baltimore and Philadelphia markets, as well as for the supply of all the manufacturing towns along the lines of the railroads thence to both cities, whilst Port Deposit, being at the head of tide water affords facilities for shipping to all markets southward, as well as those on the Delaware, and many buyers and manufacturers meet here—a large quantity of lumber consequently changes hands at this point. The following is an approximation to the quantity sold in each market which we have enumerated.—Harrisburg, 5,000,000 feet; Middletown, 25,000,000 feet; Marietta, 10,000,000 feet; Columbia, 50,000,000 feet; Wrightsville, 10,000,000 feet; Port Deposit, 50,000,000 feet; total, 150,000,000 feet. Besides which 50,000,000 feet are shipped from Columbia and Port Deposit for Baltimore and Philadelphia. All this amount is exclusive of an average of 1200 rafts of square timber, the greatest portion of which goes to Philadelphia and New York.

A SUBLIME INCIDENT.—When the late well known Dr. Barth, preached for the first time in his native city, Leipzig, he disdained the usual precaution of having his sermon placed in his bible before him, to refer to in case of need. A violent thunder storm suddenly arising, just as he was in the middle of his discourse, and a tremendous peal of thunder causing him to lose the thread of his argument, with great composure and dignity he shut the Bible, saying with strong emphasis, “When God speaks, man must hold his peace.”

He then descended from the pulpit, while the whole congregation looked on him with admiration and wonder.

PERSISTENCE.—A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus:—“With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there at which man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of a mulberry?”

—He who oppresses honesty never had any himself.

There is a class of young men in every village whose principle ambition is to make themselves agreeable in society, and it is often quite amusing to watch the various “figures they cut” in trying to accomplish this end. What system of means, think you, they uniformly adopt? Why, first of all, they take care to be always genteelly and fashionably dressed. The coat is in the latest cut, the pants exhibit the perfection of the tailor’s art, the well brushed hat is in the tip-top of the newest style, and the delicately pointed boot shines with the lustre of Day & Martin like a polished mirror, without a wrinkle. Next to the care of adorning their persons, is that of embracing every opportunity of being attentive and polite—especially to the ladies. They mingle much in genteel society, go to all balls and parties, attend every pleasure excursion, and are punctiliously regular in morning calls. They attend young ladies in their morning walks, help them into and out of carriages, accompany them home from church and parties, and are ready to wait upon them to any place where they may choose to go.

Now all this is very well of itself, gentle youth, and may occasionally win you the praise of being a “nice young man,” but a great deal more is necessary before you can be looked upon by sensible ladies as an agreeable man. Perhaps you have given no time to mental cultivation—you have never stored your mind with the treasures of knowledge, but go into the evening circle without having gained a stock of ideas. In your scrupulous attention to dress and manners, you have overlooked the necessity of reading and thinking, and when the common trifles of conversation cease to engross the attention of the assembly, and you are expected to speak with pungency and point on some topic of moment, you find yourself nonplussed for want of something sensible to say. The pretty girl to whom you are repeating the same soft nothings you poured into the ear of another pretty girl, four years ago, can hardly refrain from yawning while she listens to your chaffy small-talk, and turns her eyes to that plain-dressed and slightly awakened gentleman, standing near her, whose mind having been long employed in study and reflection, is full of original ideas, and now excited by the brilliancy and animation of the scene around him, rises to an unwanted pitch of liveliness, and overflows in a stream of eloquent, sparkling, and witty conversation.

Strike out a new course, then, and take this man as your guide. Cultivate your brains and let your whiskers and curls alone. Let mental improvement, instead of elegance of dress, be the object of your solicitude, and this whether you have natural talent or not. Remember it is education that gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, that decorates common things in conversation, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. A mind, full of ideas, and possessed of that elastic spring which only the love of knowledge conveys, is a perpetual source of exhilaration & amusement to all that come within its reach.—The young and beautiful will cluster around an eloquent talker, when Apollo himself, if lacking in conversational talent, will be left to admire his own face in the glass.—Get learning, then, by all means, even if you have to lock yourself up in your room all day—and let the girls find their way home alone. Depend upon it, this is the wisest course you can pursue, and you will never repent of following it. To converse with brilliancy and good sense for a single evening, will win you more sincere applause, even from the most worldly and fashionable woman that ever twirled in a waltz, than decking your person and dancing attendance upon the sex will gain in a life time.

THE WHEAT CROP.—A correspondent writes to the Baltimore Price Current as follows:—“We have made particular inquiry about the growing crop of wheat, and the result is that we believe there will be nearly, if not quite an average crop; in our own state we find very few farms that are extensively injured; farmers generally say that their neighbor’s crops are very much injured, but that their own will be a fair crop. An experienced gentleman, just from Kent, says he made diligent inquiry, and judging from his own observation, there will be a good crop—this county was pronounced as scarcely worth cutting. A Virginian at our side, says a number of farmers commenced cutting their early wheat last Monday, and that by next Monday the harvest will be general. In Albermarle and Orange counties, Va., they complain loudly of Green, Madison and Louisa, they say, are much injured, yet in those very counties there is a great deal of prime wheat, and the balance of the State will make more than an average crop.”

The Richmond Whig has the following:—“Accounts from all quarters of our broad Union concur in representing the wheat crop of 1852 as the largest as well as the most promising ever grown in the United States.”

The following question was recently put by a knot of gents to a newly imported son of the Emerald Isle:—

“If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?”

“Why, me to be sure!” responded Pat.

“And why so?”

“Faith he knows he could get either of you any time.”

The gents were satisfied and adjourned.

—The story of the man who had a nose so large that he could not blow it without the use of gunpowder, has turned out to be a hoax.

—Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

“DOING THE AGREEABLE.”

There is a class of young men in every village whose principle ambition is to make themselves agreeable in society, and it is often quite amusing to watch the various “figures they cut” in trying to accomplish this end. What system of means, think you, they uniformly adopt? Why, first of all, they take care to be always genteelly and fashionably dressed. The coat is in the latest cut, the pants exhibit the perfection of the tailor’s art, the well brushed hat is in the tip-top of the newest style, and the delicately pointed boot shines with the lustre of Day & Martin like a polished mirror, without a wrinkle. Next to the care of adorning their persons, is that of embracing every opportunity of being attentive and polite—especially to the ladies. They mingle much in genteel society, go to all balls and parties, attend every pleasure excursion, and are punctiliously regular in morning calls. They attend young ladies in their morning walks, help them into and out of carriages, accompany them home from church and parties, and are ready to wait upon them to any place where they may choose to go.

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