The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." BUCHANAN.

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TERMS.

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AMY WENTWORTH.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee:
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bidst the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He periled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smoothe for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing smack!
Fair toast of all the down!
The skippers jerkin ill bescems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame,
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery-floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet brier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
To see the white gulls fly,
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

A CHARGE OF TREASON.

A few weeks ago four Boston mechanics, named Gordon, doing business as silversmiths in that city, were arrested on a charge of treason. On Wednesday the 30th ult., they were examined before U. S. Commissioner MERWIN, when the case so clearly appeared to have grown out of personal and political hatred, that the District Attorney abandoned it. We copy from the Boston *Courier* a report of the proceedings:

R. H. Dana, Jr., District Attorney, appeared and said in substance that there was no statute of the United States under which the Gordons could be held merely for expressions of hostility to the Government, or for receiving intelligence from the South; that such things were not actually treason, there being no overt acts proved; that the line must be drawn somewhere, and that although the conduct of the Gordons was pretty close up to it, he must enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case.

H. M. Parker, Esq., replied that after what had been said by the Attorney, it was his duty to protest against any disposition of the case, except by hearing and determination by the Magistrate. He said that no one of the five Gordons had been guilty of improper talk, except Henry the youngest. He warned those self-constituted Committees that the community would not tolerate such interference as they had been guilty of. He thought the counsel for the defendants ought to have an opportunity to vindicate the character of these men. He had not himself preferred to argue this case, having from the beginning left that to the junior counsel, Mr. Sennot.

Mr. Dana said that an argument in the case after Government abandoned it would be useless, but if anything could be said in vindication of the Gordons, it would be quite fair to allow it.

Mr. Sennott was obliged to the District Attorney for that. He said that after what the Gordons had suffered, it would be no advantage for them to argue their case. What they wanted their counsel to do was to vindicate their character, and expose the meanness of their prosecutors. This he proposed to do now. He then addressed the Commissioner as follows:

Charles P. Gordon is sixty years of age. He has four sons. They are all natives of New England, and are silversmiths by trade. They reside in the suburbs, and do business here, in the building of Deacon Palmer in Washington street. They are men of respectable standing, and as to their political sentiments they voted the Douglas ticket. These are the parties prosecuted.

Mr. Peter Hobart, Jr., is a house builder and a deacon of Park street church. Mr. Hayes is Superintendent of the Tremont Temple, and was a member of the church of Mr. Kalloch. Mr. Thrasher is an acquaintance and associate of theirs. Mr. Palmer is another Deacon, in whose building a committee met to try the loyalty of the suspected citizens. Mr. William Washburn is an architect—formerly a member of the City Council. These persons are of Republican politics, and are the real prosecutors.

Mr. Thrasher complained to Mr. Hobart that the Gordons were disaffected people who sympathized with the South. Mr. Hobart acting on that information, wrote them a letter, which, with its answer from the Gordons, is in the case. The next day, by the advice of Deacon Palmer, the above named persons met by concert in the basement with a number of others, elected Deacon Palmer chairman of the meeting, and called the Gordons before them. The eldest son, being asked by Mr. Hobart, the letter writer, if he would satisfy them of his loyalty, by putting out a flag, replied in an outburst of passion that he would not be coerced, especially by men who were his enemies. Mr. Washburn having attempted to interfere was interrupted by Gordon to whom for some reason or other, Mr. Washburn is particularly offensive—and was informed that from him nothing would be heard. From this violent scene the son was drawn away by his father, and the strange committee dissolved and disappeared through Deacon Palmer's back door. The Assistant District Attorney was then informed that the Gordons had given aid and comfort to the enemy. This information he says upon his oath that he believes. In consequence they were arrested. Their friends and neighbors have been summoned to testify about them, and on the testimony so obtained we are to hold them, if it offers probable cause. Now, does it?

And here, how simple and how easy is the task of the mere lawyer—of the mere commissioner! But if I regard such a case as this is, or if you did, with the eyes of a mere lawyer, I should despise myself, and, sir, I would be astonished at you.—What would be the use, sir, of a liberal education outside of our profession, as well as of a severe training within it—what the benefit of active exertion in the political affairs of our country, beginning for each of us long before he could vote—what the value of the continued exercise of every manly and more than kingly prerogative which dignifies our existence as citizens of this Imperial Republic—if we should merely peep through the pin holes of evidence at a case which involves in its principles the Liberty of us all! I shall take leave, sir, not to do so. And while I shall take care not to present an un-lawyerlike view, or to say anything at all inconsistent with a legal analysis of the charge; while I shall even use the testimony faithfully, as the stimulus of reflection and the occasion of argument, I shall leave the law part where it should be left, in this stage of the case—to wit, in a subordinate relation—and speak of it briefly and in the conclusion of the matter.

Viewing the testimony, then, does it show any offence committed except by the conspirators—the spies—the informers—the cellar inquisition, who have borne false witness against their neighbor to destroy him? Suppose them to have acted against their nature and to have told the truth under oath. Then the Gordons, in various ways, have found fault with the Government. That is the essence, the spirit, and even the scope of the testimony. Is that treason? Is it treason here? This was the home of free speech—and all the colors of Republicanism, from black to billious, declared that speech should be free. The chief reason why I want to carry fire and sword into the South is because they refuse me my right of free speech, given to me by that Almighty God who was pleased to create me a free man. A right the creator and preserver of all my other rights. A right so much more important than the Constitution, that the Constitution was invented merely to assert and secure it, and is not worth the paper it blackens, unless it does assert it and secure it. I despise the Southern temper of mind, which allows them to part with that right for themselves, and I mean to do my utmost to destroy forever the power of any negro breeder to hinder its exercise.

I declare before God that as I understand that right, I value it more than I do my life! And I call this whole country to witness, if I have not before now proved the sincerity of this declaration by my actions! And the right I vindicated at the hazard of my life, before a Southern tyrant, I will not give up, for the sake of my business, to a Yankee sneak. Neither shall the Gordons. Their case is ours.—We are tried with them. And in defending them, we defend ourselves and our country from a gang compared with whom Colonel Leadbetter is humane, and Gen. Floyd respectable. Mr. Sumner was once the advocate of free speech. He claimed to be one of its martyrs. And in defence of it, or in consequence of it, he certainly was the victim of a cowardly assault, inflicted with a ferocity, and endured with a meekness unexampled in the annals of cudgeling! He now changes his opinion, or at least, his language. With that felicity of allusion, which belongs among the public writers of America, to him and to Governor Andrew alone, he advises his friends to put their 'heels' upon those who differ from them, and who dare to speak out. The advice is given in a letter to the late war meeting at New York. Is this prosecution an experiment made upon poor mechanics, by a few small conspirators, in pursuance of an agreement between the principal Thugs at Washington, in order, if it works well, to sacrifice more important victims to the Abolition Kalee? I do not know—I know that the gentlemen of the Republican party do not countenance it, and that it will fail here, because, to reach their political opponents, they must cut down their political and personal friends. If free speech is treason here, our excellent Governor would speedily be known as the late lamented John A. Andrew, for his speech is exceedingly free and easy—quite loose, as you may say.—Then, what would become of Mr. Phillips? Does he speak in favor of the Government? Has he ever said anything in favor of any Government, except that of Hayti? Did he not lately advise a large and patriotic assembly not to give a man or a dollar to the Government of the United States?—And did not that patriotic society applaud that liberal suggestion? Shall we prosecute Mr. Phillips, therefore? Not with my good will. Not without my active resistance. I should violate the very first principle of Democracy, which is greater to me than anything but the word of God himself, if I did not fight for Mr. Phillips' right to talk treason to any fool who wants to hear him. In a letter, the Governor refuses to supply troops to the President. In fact, he supplies many and urges more to go. Do we prosecute him? No, but a tempest of derision breaks over what he calls his head, from every part of the United States, and even from England.—To that, we can safely leave him.

When the regiment of the late Colonel Cass went off, without an escort even of the Second Battalion, it was not actually hissed in State street, as was the Massachusetts regiment on its return from Mexico, but the agreeable remark was made and heard, that the departure of the Irish would be a great relief to our poor-houses and jail! The Governor or his friends may say so about Col. Cass's countrymen—the Irish—without committing treason, or even giving offence. We are not accused of talking so badly, even about Mr. Andrew's countrymen—the negroes—yet are we prosecuted! In South Carolina, where speech was never free, they settled its limits before Judge Lynch. Let us not desecrate this Court with what belongs to him, or we will sink below the level even of South Carolina.

Much has been said as to finding fault with the Government, as if there was some peculiar sanctity in it.

Have we arrived at such a state that no one must find fault with any action or omission of the Government or any member of it, without having treason imputed to him? Can not you, sir? Can not I? I, for example, have the misfortune to think, that Mr. Seward, our present Secretary of State, is not fit, as a statesman, to index the papers of the late Silas Wright. However little he may be affected by my thoughts, I do think, his want of sense—sober sense—has made him the laughing stock of Europe! I think that he is a small ward and country politician, who writes like a sophomore and acts like a stockjobber. Every time he speaks about what will happen in sixty days, in ninety days! he puts me in mind of a curb-stone broker, chattering over the approaching maturity of a dubious note! I think such men have been advanced to important places in this country about as often as they will be, and cannot help rejoicing to think that Mr. Seward will probably be the last of the Lilliputians. May I not say so? Has Mr. Phillips taken out a patent for the application of first rate abuse to second-rate men? And must I be tried for treason if I ever so unsuccessfully attempt to infringe it? Again I do not worship Mr. Sumner. I cannot admire a person who is so simple as to think it a finer thing to pretend to be a frantic, than to be a dull but honest man. There is a fine old German story called 'The Adventures of Reynard the Fox,' in the illustrations of which, animals of different countries are represented in the attitudes and with the expressions of men. The illustrations are very good, and from the well known fact that men often resemble certain animals in a most curious and unaccountable manner, their effect is highly amusing. It is particularly so, if you happen by any chance to be reminded by them of any particular person. Now, must I suffer death if I say that I never looked at those pictures without thinking of Mr. Seward and of Mr. Sumner? and that I never hear the names of Mr. Seward or of Mr. Sumner without thinking of the picture of the Fox and of the picture of the Gander?

And what if I am frank enough to say that I am sick of the swaggering imbecility with which the Government have managed this war of life and death? Is that treasonable? Shall my Government—that is to say, my servant, my creature—waste my money, and even let it be stolen, and stop my paper, and interrupt my business, and violate my Constitution, and starve and kill my soldiers out of pure neglect, and gain only disaster and defeat for me by all this folly? And shall I say nothing? If I am to put up with this, and more, and say nothing, or else, be shut up by order of Wm. H. Seward, I want to know, seriously and calmly, what shall I fight Jeff. Davis for? What shall I fight Jeff. Davis for? What worse can he do to me than Seward or Stanton have done already?—What, indeed—when their want of energy have made him everything that he is!—Lost money may be regained, lost armies may be replaced out of our swarms of men; but who shall give us back the time we have 'fooled away' before the dirt heaps of Manassas? Expose a cup of clear water to the frost. Observe it, and even when the cold begins to fill its transparent substance with beautiful spicula of ice, if you agitate the mass it will not immediately freeze. But give it in that condition a very short period of rest and it becomes a rock, hardly yielding to the energies of gunpowder and fire! So have we found the South. They were once undecided. Time and the stupidity of Government have consolidated a hesitating into a hostile people. Yet Mr. Gordon is a traitor if he calls a fool a fool.

No sir—freedom of speech is not quite gone. It 'still lives' in Boston. This mean prosecution is not to affect it. The respectable members of the Republican party think, and say plainly what they think about. Those that I happen to know of them are gentlemen. They did not agree with me in politics, when politics existed, but they agree with me now in despising that petty persecution of laborers and mechanics for their opinions, which was the reproach of the old Whig party, and which was one of the causes of its fall, as great and respectable as that party was. They say with perfect truth that the whole moral effect of our unanimity depends upon its notorious freedom from constraint, and that it would not only be lost to us, but would be used against us with tremendous power, if it could be shown for one moment to be produced by fear or by force. And I agree with them most fully. If we cannot hold our own against one or two secessionists in a whole State here without force, what are we to do with the armies of Stonewall Jackson?

If the leading Republicans, however, abandon their own principles to take vengeance for opinion's sake, I can tell you that they will not leave so great a matter in the hands of any such persons as the prosecutors in this case. They will not condescend to shrink from the Court of Judge Lynch, to whom the jurisdiction of such cases properly belongs, to whine over us in the cellar of Deacon Palmer. They will not attempt to watch us in our entry ways, like Mr. Phineas Stone—or advertise us in Sunday papers, as were the Gordons. Nor, if we happen to be so situated, will they sneak round to master builders or other employers, and threaten them with loss of business if we are not dismissed, as is the high-toned and magnanimous practice of Mr. William Washburn. This petty business never sprung from them. They are a great party, and I believe an honest one. They are not to be measured with the measure of Mr. Sumner, or of Peter Hobart. If they utter sneers in their temper, they empty their pockets in their generosity to heal the sick and feed the widow and the orphan. And when they do that, sir, they never ask what party the husband or the father belonged to. No, sir! The bulk of the Republicans love their country and help their countrymen. They leave the mean business of spy and informer, of alarmist and corruptionist to renegade Democrats of the Washburn kind, who abandon their party without serving their country. They leave that to them and the remnants of the meddling disposition, which has been the torment and reproach of Massachusetts, and the sorrow of its most Christian characters, whether they rejoiced in or mourned over its churches.

The man who attends to every other man's affairs, whether his own are attended to or not, is almost exclusively a Massachusetts nuisance. To Massachusetts society meddling is, indeed, a scourge so great, that it may be doubted whether it does not fully counterbalance every comfort and blessing concentrated in this favored country. Puritanism, which exalted the manly English spirit to fanaticism on the one hand, degraded it on the other hand to espionage. Its churches were mutual assurance societies for the morality of their members. Its doctrines are forgotten. But the evil which the Puritans unconsciously did, lives after them, and churches which detest their memory and deny their teachings, are managed on their principles. New England to-day is covered with societies, in which the best of men and women conscientiously, but reluctantly, and the worst of men and women, eagerly and with a devilish delight, perform the part of spies and informers upon each other. To say that such a gigantic system of mutual espionage does not tend to degrade character, is simply to say that eaves-dropping and tale-bearing are not low and mean occupations. Under its influence, nothing is known of a man's real character or disposition. Habitual watchfulness upon the one side awakens habitual hypocrisy on the other. And it is only when the little saint of Boston expands into the gigantic villain of New Orleans or San Francisco, that you can tell how vast a benefit you derived from his emigration. The wickedness looked little here, because we saw but little of it. The enormous pressure of universal listening and peeping had driven it deep into the innermost fibres of our society. So pressed, it produces Smelling Committees—it elects Hiss Legislatures; it brings such men as Deacon Palmer to associate, out of fear, with men like Mr. Washburn, whom they receive into their cellars, and dismiss through back doors. Nobody will deny the fact or its application here, who is not prepared to deny the existence of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, or his church member, Mr. Hayes, who peeped after him, and black-mailed him and then exposed him. It is Mr. Hayes' turn to-day. It may be Mr. Kalloch's turn to-morrow. It is Mr. Washburn's now. It may be the Gordons' turn by and by. But be the turn whose it may, the system of a barbarous age and people applied to the control of civilized mankind awakens the fiercest resentment. Men have put up with the savagest task-masters. They have endured the bloodiest tyrants without resistance for many years. They have submitted to the King of Prussia—to the Czars—to the House of Austria—and even to the Turks. But a government of meddling philanthropists they cannot bear. It resembles the government of vermin more than any human despotism. Individuals vile and odious, but quite insignificant, when collected, they are all-prevading, all-devouring, appalling, loathsome to every sense, and intolerable to the strongest body and firmest mind! Thus the government of the Robespierres, the Marats, the Washburns, the Hobarts and the Hayes, is the oppression which makes the wise man mad! It made the Gordons mad when it was first applied to them, and what they uttered under its influence was temper—not treason. Yet was there sense as well as temper—if they preferred Jeff. Davis to an abolition government. As I understand an abolition government, a man might endure it. A man might endure the government of Mr. Phillips, for he is a gentleman,—or of Mr. Garrison, for whatever may have been thought of his sanity, his integrity was never questioned; but the abolition government which they understood was the Inquisitorial—the cellar—the sink and cess-pool committee which stood before them, ordering them to put out a flag, and I think there is no man of spirit with that in his mind who would not prefer the wolfishness of a Davis to the ridiculousness of a Washburn.

The Gordons have done no wrong. They do not hate their native country, though they cannot like its imbecile Government. A Government which has everything given to it by a generous people, and which does nothing but waste time, make proclamations and feed contractors, cannot be liked or trusted until it alters its course. It must continue suspected and unpopular, if it is, with every advantage and opportunity, unable to secure peace or to make war! These sentiments I understand them to express. They have a right, moral as well as legal, to express such sentiments. They ought to express them; and woe to the fanatic who shall meddle with them, or with any one else in this way hereafter!

The Commissioner then delivered his opinion. He said there was no case proven, and dismissed the complaint. The crowd in the court room burst into applause which nobody checked, and many persons went up and shook hands with the Gordons.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANSWER.—There are few positions requiring more delicacy than interrogating Sabbath schools, especially young scholars. This is shown by the experience related of a clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any Sunday-school. He thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of children. He offered, however, to address the school, and show that they could be well entertained seriously. The following dialogue ensued:

'Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?'

No answer was made.

'Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?'

No answer.

'Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?'

'I can,' said a little fellow in the further corner.

'Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those girls who Peter was.

Jemmy did as he was bid, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated:

"Peter, Peter, punkin' eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem appreciated.

A Fortunate Kiss.

The following pretty little story is narrated by Frederika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth with great love for studies, but without the means of pursuing them. He was poor without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grim to him.

His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing on the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a young and beautiful lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, was walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Uysala, living in the city, and the lady was governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

'Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!'

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration—

'Well, I think I could have it!'

'What?' cried his friends in a chorus, 'are you crazy? Do you know her?'

'Not at all,' he answered, 'but I think she would kiss me now if I asked her.'

'What! in this place—before all our eyes?'

'In this place, before your eyes.'

'Freely?'

'Freely.'

'Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!' exclaimed one of the party.

'And I,'—'and I,' exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain: I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time,) immediately walked up to the young lady and said:

'Mine fraulien, my fortune is in your hands.'

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just now passed between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing but with great sweetness:

'If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;' and publicly in the open square she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the governor.

He became, after, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and as much respected for his acquirements as for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present time, and whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its wealth, goodness and love.

Success in Life.

That practical 'Brick' of the Lacrosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat*, who 'does up' practical philosophy in his lectures to 'Valter,' hits the nail on the head in the following logical directions how to succeed in life:

'Valter, my boy, do you realize that each year the grave is nearer you than ever before—that unless you are active, the season of life will close before even half your self-alloted contract will have been performed, unless, like too many people, you have no aim—no hope—no ambition beyond picking your teeth after dinner? Half of the world—yes, Valter, more than half go the reception room of eternity without any object in life—as drift-wood floats down stream, guided by the current and lodging against the first obstruction. And what is drift wood, my boy? Once in a while a good stick of timber is found therein, but is more work to haul it out, clean off the the sand and mud than it is worth, and more fine tools are spoiled in making it into what you wish than the stick will ever bring, even in an active market.

Have a purpose, my boy. Live for something. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it, or die in the attempt. This is a land where there is no stint to ambition. All have an equal chance. Blood tells—pluck wins—honor and integrity well directed will scale the highest rock, and bear a big load. Don't start off in life as a sheep dog does, without knowing where you are going to. Load for the game you are hunting for. It is as easy to be a man as a mouse. It is as easy to have friends as enemies—it is easier to have both than to go through life like a tar-bucket under a wagon, bumping over stumps, or swinging right and left without a will of your own. Every one can be something. There is enough to do. There are forests to fell—rivers to explore—cities to build—railroads to construct—inventions to be studied—ideas to advance—men to convert—countries to conquer—women to love—offices to be filled—wealth and position to acquire—a name to win—a Heaven to reach. Yes, my boy, there is lots of work to do, and you and we must do our share.

The world is wide and its owner is God. If you wish to be somebody, pitch in. The brave always have friends. Where there is a will there is a way. Where others have gone, you can go. And Valter, my boy, if the old track don't suit, make a new one, somebody will walk it. Success is never obtained in a country like this without effort. If you fail once, try it again. If you fall down, get up again. If it is dark, strike a light. If you are in the shade move around, for if there is a shade on one side there is sunshine on the other.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, blast it or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it, my boy. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with doing what another has done—beat it. If an enemy gets in your way, knock him down or pitch him clear. Deserve success and it will come. The boy is not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bullet fired from a gun. Slowly but surely it makes its rounds, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse, and you are then always in town. If the job be long the pay will be greater—if the task be hard the more competent you must be to do it.

And then, my boy, always be honorable. Keep your word or give an excuse. If you owe a man, pay him, if it takes the last shirt—tail and all. If you can't pay you can say so at once. Do to others as you would be done by—after that, as they do by you. Punish enemies and reward friends. If you do not punish enemies, none will fear you—if you never reward friends, we pity the selfishness of your heart. If you make a promise, keep it.—Play your hand or leave the table. If others betray you, teach them better, but on no provocation betray others. If you have a secret, keep it closely—if you have the secret of another, watch it even more closely than your own. There can be no excuse for a betrayal of confidence—no apology that can be sufficient. If you are in hard luck, wear it out. If you can help a friend, always do it; if he is worthy—if you cannot, don't insult him in the style of refusal. A little act, word or look, when the heart is sore, lingers as does the fragrance of the rose long after the vase is broken. If you are right stick to it. If wrong, never be ashamed to own it. Keep your head above water, no matter how deep the stream or swift the current—somebody will help you. Don't grumble—don't fret—don't whine. Dogs whine. It is as easy to be cheerful as to snarl around, and good natured men always make the handsomest corpses.

Don't change your business every time you have the blues—change is not always beneficial. If you have been cheated, don't to get even cheat some one else. If you have made a bad bargain, don't stop trading, but try to make a better one next time. If you get in a scrape, get out, and look closer next time—never be caught twice in the same trap. People may forget errors, but they have no sympathy for fools. If you wish to be a leader—*always go ahead*—and remember that the smoother route you pick out the less complaining there will be among your followers; and above all, Valter, my boy, no matter what the circumstances, never be the first to go back on your friends. Be honest and faithful—God and good fortune will never desert you long.

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CHRISTIAN H. SIEGRIST.
July 15 4t* 27

CIRCULAR.—"Washington Pennsylvania Soldiers' Relief Association."—This Association having opened an office at No. 5 Washington Buildings, corner of 7th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, where will be found a register of all Pennsylvania soldiers in or around this city in hospitals, invite the friends of the same to call, assuring them that all possible aid will be extended in finding their sons.
Mr. Chas. L. Wells, the Register, will be found in the office.
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