

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office on Main Street, East and West of the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863--13.

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Physician & Surgeon,
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.

Office and residence on MAIN STREET.
Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS

Would very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, in the practice of the several branches of human life and health, and ardent attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Boot and Shoe maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Druggist's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass, all sizes, and Salt Moulding and Looking Glass Plates.
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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Maps, Magazines and Periodicals, and all the latest and most popular works.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF LORD LYNDBURST.

The last steamer from Europe brings intelligence of the death of John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, the distinguished jurist and statesman. A son of the famous self-educated artist Copley, he was born in Boston, Mass., in 1772, and in his third year moved to England. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and received the highest honors of the University. Soon after he revisited America, returning to England in 1798, to prepare for the practice of the law, which he commenced in 1804, and slowly but surely toiled his way up to eminence in his profession, leaving his name upon the records of several of the most important state trials.

His success was from this time continuous, and he successively filled some of the highest offices of the State, being solicitor general, attorney general, master of the rolls, and finally, in 1827, chancellor, under the title of Baron Lyndhurst. Originally a liberal, he entered Parliament in 1818 a Tory, but afterward accepted the great seal under the liberal cabinet of Canning, and retained it through three administrations, in the last favoring the Catholic emancipation scheme, which he had opposed two years before.

Under the administration of Earl Grey he was appointed lord chief baron of the exchequer, and on the nomination of the Peel cabinet of 1834, was restored to the chancellorship, but resigned soon after, and became an active leader of the opposition.

By his first wife, the widow of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Thomas, he had three children, and three years after her death he married at the age of sixty-five a young Jewish beauty, Miss Goldsmith, and by her he had a daughter. His power as a speaker was very great, and his opinions carried the greatest weight. A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who saw him in Parliament in 1855, says: "It was singular and somewhat touching to mark the deference paid by the peers to him, as he spoke upon that occasion."

PLANTING APPLE ORCHARDS.

We have long been under the impression, brought to us merely by observation, that as a rule the trees in our apple orchards are planted too distantly apart. Many farmers look upon the space usually occupied by orchards as almost so much waste. They say, we get so little fruit from the ground taken up by the trees, and we cannot cultivate the orchards as we should like, from injury to the roots, etc., so that we are forced, on the score of economy, to abandon apple raising. Now, practically, an orchard should be an orchard only.

Except grass it should be uncultivated, after the trees have reached about four inches in diameter. We can see no reason why a good crop of grass should not be continuously produced for a quarter or third of a century without disturbance. A top dressing of manure once in two or three years we know has produced fine fields of grass annually two crops. The trees have little or no influence upon the crops of grass, indeed, if they possess any, it is in affording a heavier swath under the trees.

Hence, instead of setting out young orchards thirty and thirty-five feet apart, reduce the distance to about twenty feet in the quincunx form, and if at any time the trees should become a little crowded, prevent it by additional pruning. This is our theory.

The leading purpose of an orchard should be to obtain fruit; next the crop that will do the least damage to the trees. This is grass. Grass, however, will not only do no damage to the apple trees, but the contrary. It keeps the soil moist and of a uniform temperature--protecting the roots in summer against heat and drought, and in winter against the severe effects of alternate thawing and freezing.

THE PRINTER.

B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, a writer whose every word is a poetic thought, thus speaks of the Printer, truly, and prettily. In those pretty pictures of language what painter so artistic, so exquisite as he? Read it, think of it, and say, for you can't help it, "it is so."

The Printer is the Adjutant of thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful words that can kindle a home as no words can; that warm a heart as no hope can; that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and Printers are Engineers together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Orléans at the distance of five miles it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this whereby they bombard the ages yet to be.

There he stands at the eye and

marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and in English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon--Saxon with the ring of spear or shield therein, and that commissioned it when we are dead, to move gradually on to "the last syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The Printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus "sights," the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles ever before described--flings it into the bosom of ages yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but we wonder the rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered to the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear; but the Printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the Ark that he preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

TATTLING.

"It is a great thing to mind one's own business," said a certain philosopher; and he was right. It is a "great thing" to let other people's business alone, and this much is implied by the maxim above quoted. In fact, there is hardly a class of pests in modern society--and they are numerous--so superlatively contemptible as that class known as tattlers, or meddlers in other people's business. We don't admire a thief; we have no affinity for gamblers; we abominate drunkards, and have no respect for misers; but either of these are first class gentlemen in comparison with the inquisitive, jealous-minded tattler, who goes mousing about in a garb of social respectability, poking his nose or fingers into the affairs of his neighbors, and seizing upon every trifling circumstance that comes within the wide sweep of his remorseless curiosity for the purpose of making capital against those whose character he cannot understand because it is pure and above impeachment. These mischief-making busy-bodies are simply an unmitigated nuisance, and should be frowned upon by all sincere lovers of social peace and happiness.

The man or woman who can find no better employment than tattling, had better jump into the nearest body of water, and become food for respectable fishes. In that way the finny tribe would gain a little in their commissary department, and society above water would be immensely purified.

THE GREAT ENGLISH HARVESTS.

All the English papers and circulars agree that the crops of all kinds just successfully secured in that kingdom, have not been surpassed in quality, in a long series of years, if ever. The yield of wheat in some portions of England is enormous. The people are congratulating themselves upon the fact that the importation of the necessities of life will be far below the average. The London Spectator says:

Instead of importing this year much more wheat than we produce, as we usually do, we shall certainly produce much more than we import. The whole crop will not be less than 8,000,000 quarters, instead of 6,500,000, which is perhaps an average yield. The average weight of a bushel has been usually supposed to be 61½ lbs, but this year it will be at least 67 lbs. The potatoes are universally quite free from disease, and very good though somewhat small. In Scotland the harvest will only be a full average one; in Ireland, perhaps at best only an average, but on the whole we could never say with more literal truth, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness."

The London News says: "Owing to the large increase in the yield, the harvest is estimated to be worth £20,000,000 to £30,000,000 more than that of last year, and there will consequently be no necessity for the importation of large supplies of breadstuffs from abroad."

KEEPING GRAPES.

We are in the habit of keeping grapes for common use during the winter in the following manner: Take clean, small boxes, pick off the bunches of grapes carefully and pack them in dry leaves. Keep the boxes in a dry, cool place, being careful not to let them freeze. We generally have grapes till May.

Cut the bunches carefully off the vines, dip the stem when cut into melted wax, then wrap with paper or cloth. Put a layer of cotton in the bottom of your box, then a layer of grapes and cotton, and so on. Put the box where the grapes will not freeze, and they may be kept good till spring.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.

Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and responsible being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiosyncrasy."

Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and are all misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

EFFECTS OF ONE GLASS.

On passing through one of the wards of the--Prison, I accosted an elderly looking convict. He held down his head as though ashamed to look me in the face. On handing him a tract, he said, "I knew your voice as soon as I heard you, sir; I have heard you before to-day, sir." After a few words of explanation, I found that we had been at one time members of the same congregation, and sat under the same faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison.

"A glass of ale, sir, was my ruin," he replied.

"How could that be?" I asked. "I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drinking entirely, although I did not sign any pledge, which I now lament. I became a regular attendant at a place of worship, and joined the congregation. I went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from--when I met with some friends from Hull. They prevailed upon me to go to the public house to have but 'one glass.' Conscience reproved me, but having entered upon the uncharted ground, I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became overcome by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left--for Leeds. My old appetite for drink had been rekindled. I became reckless and joined a set of counterfeits. We were discovered, convicted, and now I am to be transported. Oh! that I had never touched that ONE GLASS!"--Band of Hope Review.

BIG LIFTING.

Dr. George Winship, the strong man of Boston, now raises daily the extraordinary weight of two thousand six hundred pounds. The weight he raises upon a platform suspended from his shoulders by means of a shoulder bar and a quantity of leather straps. The Doctor thinks he shall continue his experiments until he can raise 3,000 pounds. This, he believes, is the practical limit for one of his organization and constitution. He was not originally of a robust frame, and was a weak and sickly youth when he first began his lifting experiments. He is a small man now, not weighing quite 140 pounds. He is of opinion that men superior to him in point of physical endowment may be trained to raise far greater weights.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

"FATHER WALDO."

A writer in the New York Observer gives the following account of this most venerable patriarch:

"While at the Synod I learned that Father Waldo was in the city, and that it was his birthday--one hundred and one years old. I could not resist the desire to see this wonderful 'old man.' Calling with a friend, we expected to see bowed and decrepid age, a slow and feeble step, a trembling voice, and a dim eye. None of that at all. At once, an elastic step descended from the chamber, and a form straight as an arrow was before us--a well-formed, fresh and vigorous man, we should have said, of about sixty: cheerful, loquacious, ready-witted, facetious, full of anecdote and recollections of men and events of our earliest youth: an astonishing memory. He said: 'I have just come from Oswego, where I have been to help organize a new association, and I have written to Dr. Sprague that I could ride five hundred miles further. I will show you my letter.' At once, with a firm step, this centenarian and more went to his chamber and back again as quick as a youth, and read us his epistle. It was well written and peculiar."

We inquired into the habits of our venerable father and of his family. He had always enjoyed good health and great equanimity of mind. He said: "When I was a boy I quarreled with my breakfast, and my father took me to the shed and gave me an appetite in a moment, and I have had no trouble with a stubborn will since. I hardly know what anger is." He added: "I have known little domestic comfort. My wife was deranged forty years, and my son died in the Insane Asylum." I said to him: "Do you know how he died?" "No," he replied. I gave him a detailed account of the sad end of his promising son, his escape from the Asylum, and entanglement in the salt marshes of Cambridge, and the cold he there contracted, which ended in death. All this, with the last weeks of his raving at Andover were new to the father, and he, with wonderful vivacity, said: "How did you know all this?" I was in the Seminary with this lovely young man, and among the mourners of his early and sad dissolution. Father Waldo inquired, "How old are you?" I replied, "Sixty-four." Ah, you are only a boy." With such a specimen of graceful age, vigor of years, and promise of usefulness for time to come, we concluded to be young; work on, and pray for life and vigor in the cause of our Saviour. From this scene, we would say: Of all things, study to maintain vigor of health, equanimity of temper, cheerfulness, and trust in God."

ADVICE RESPECTING THE EYE-SIGHT.

Too strong a light in a sleeping room is bad; especially if the bed is opposite the window; for to wake suddenly out of sleep, with a strong glaring light on the eyes, cannot but eventually injure the strongest and most healthy sight; and where it is naturally weak, or there be any hereditary disposition towards a debility in the organs, this custom must of course exercise very pernicious effects. Persons waking from sleep should have the eyes prepared by a subdued light first, and if the sight be good, the time occupied in partially dressing will be quite sufficient to prepare the organs for meeting a stronger body of light. This is especially to be remembered in summer time, where the chamber has an eastern aspect. Whatever work you are engaged in, let the light fall on it, and always keep yourself in the shade. Place your back, then to the window, if reading by daylight when the light will of course fall upon the object. When writing get a side light if possible; but if you have a front light, as under a window, shade it a little, bringing only its rays on the paper, or let the top of the head form the shade. In the same way, with a candle or lamp, throw the light upon the paper, and do not let the glare of light go direct to your eyes. If the light be above as from a chandelier, so much the better. If in the habit of using the telescope, try, if possible, to keep both eyes open; for by shutting the opposite one to that used with the glass, the sight is strained, and ultimately weakened.--Dr. Ridge's Health and Disease.

Petroleum Beneficial to Health.

The Transcript says it is a fact well established that petroleum has a beneficial effect on health. It has been remarked that no case of sickness has ever been known to originate from the use of, or a proximity to the product, notwithstanding its offensive odor. No district of country can be found where the children are so uniformly ruddy-faced and healthy-looking, as they are in the Pennsylvania oil region; nor can a class of people be found who enjoy more physical vigor and good health than those who are constantly exposed to the noxious smell of the compound.

The Family Circle.

EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN ENGLISH FACTORIES.

Ten thousand children are employed in the manufacture of machine lace. Eighteen hundred more make lucifer matches. Sixteen hundred others work fourteen hours a day as fustian-makers. Eleven hundred boys and girls are paper-stainers, and eleven thousand work in the potteries. The statistics are part of a remarkable statement recently made in Parliament by Lord Shaftesbury, who produced evidence to show--first, that nineteenth-twentieths of these children work in ill ventilated factories; secondly, that the mortality among them is frightful, in consequence of the poisonous airs they are compelled to breathe; thirdly, that the young people of the laboring classes are alike corrupted in mind and enfeebled in body by evil associations, overwork and a total want of educational advantages.

Here are some additional facts likewise given on the authority of Lord Shaftesbury:

"In the pillow-making trade, the children suffered very much, especially in their eyesight from over-confinement in ill ventilated rooms. In many cases they had become irretrievably and hopelessly blind. He now came to the climbing-boys or chimney-sweepers. Although an act of Parliament has been passed for their protection, it had been in the country districts systematically, openly, and pertinaciously violated. The act was in itself imperfect, but it was rendered still more so by the magistrates neglecting to inflict the proper penalties when its provisions were violated. In London there were only one or two climbing-boys, but in the country there were 2,000, and the number was increasing from the fact that proprietors of houses and mills, in many cases, insisted on having a chimney-sweep instead of a machine. He must do justice to the master-sweepers, and say that they came forward generally to give evidence against the continuance of this abominable system. It seemed that these boys were subject to a frightful disease called the chimney-sweepers' cancer. Mr. Ruf. of Nottingham, a master-sweep, said: 'No one knew the cruelties which a boy had to undergo. The flesh must be hardened. And how was this done? By rubbing chiefly their elbows and knees with the strongest brine. The child had to be taken before a powerful fire, and so great was the agony of this operation that they had to be driven to the place by the blows of a cane. After this they were sent out to work. They often came back with their elbows and knees streaming with blood, and in this condition they were again held before the fire, and the brine was again rubbed in.' Such were the excruciating and torturing agonies which were inflicted on these miserable children. He asked were these things to go on? Were they to call themselves a free country, or a Christian country, where these things were perpetrated against persons who were every whit as good as themselves, except in their worldly condition?"

In the United States, with all the heinous faults laid at our door by the Tory Journals of England, there are no children of whom these things can be said. It has been left to the "guardians of civilization" to guard the entrance so well that civilization cannot enter.

THE WIFE.

The marriage state is the sphere in which we find women exerting the most important influence. There is not probably, in the whole life of woman an era so particularly interesting as that at which she assumes this high relation. Up to this period, she has been under the guidance and protection of those who felt the warmest interest in her welfare, and gratified her every wish so far as was consistent with circumstances. But now she feels that she is about to leave the dear friends of her youth, and to place her unlimited confidence in one who is to prove himself her best friend, and to supply the place, in point of friendly counsel and sincere affections of father, mother, sister and brother, or who may act the baser part of the cool, heartless villain. Oh, what an experiment! A dangerous experiment is this for the young lady of warm and generous feelings, surrounded by all the best comforts of life, to make. She may be deceived--thousands have been. She may be fortunate. Well may she rejoice if she is. But let her not forget that there is much depending on herself as regards this matter. In this exalted position, she has a weighty obligation to discharge. It is her peculiar duty in this sphere to make home happy. She will, indeed, be happy if she succeeds in this, and happier by far will be the man who holds her love.

Do we hear you ask, "How can woman do this?" Wherein consists this grand secret of making home happy? We believe that the first

great obstacle in the way of domestic happiness will be found, in the majority of the cases, to result from a spirit of discontent. The good wife must possess that best of all qualities--a cheerful and contented spirit. This, in itself, is a source of continual bliss, for it robs life of more than half its cares. It gives a gentleness of manner and a happiness of look to her who possesses it. It sheds a halo of brightness around the holy altar of home, and fans continually the pure and lovely flame of affection. Contentment is, indeed, the sunlight of the soul, inspiring with fresh life and beauty everything which may come in its way. It shows us how to be philosophers and teaches us how to make the best of life, raising us to tread lightly on the thorns that may beset our path. By all means, then, should the wife cultivate a spirit of contentment in its broadest sense, combined with Christian resignation, amidst the most trying scenes of life.--American Magazine.

HINTS TO MOTHERS--SPEAK LOW.

I knew some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life--an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrott has caught the tunes, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she is sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is much more mischievous. Where a mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bid; while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O mother, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help for you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them ten times heavier. For you own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice, which legacy will you leave to your children?--N. Y. Chron.

DUTY OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

Our highest standards of female culture convey the same idea, and tend to the same end. In an essay on the duties of American mothers our own Webster says: "Mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins the process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressive years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contest and tumultuous scenes of life armed by those good principles which her child has first received from maternal care and love. If we draw within the circle of our own contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers, working not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out the same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand."

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

How all of us would hate and despise the man who would mislead our gifts as we mislead those of Heaven.

Love the poor; hate pride; be not intimate with princes.