THE BEAVER WEEKLY ARGUS.

VOLUME XXXVIII--NO. 13. BEAVER, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1862. ESTABLISHED 1818

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

BEAVER, PA.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26th, 1862.

T. C. Nicholson & Co, Proprietors

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; otherwise Two Dollars will be charged. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are settled, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50 cts. per square, of twelve lines for one insertion—each subsequent insertion 25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

Letters and communications, by mail shall have prompt attention.

[Written for the Argus.]

Wave! Wave! O Starry Banner!

BY L. C. MALONE.

Air: *We'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.*

Wave! Wave! O Starry Banner!
A thousand happy years,
The glory of our country,
Spread by Yankee Volunteers.
Chorus—Volunteers! Volunteers!
Our gallant Volunteers,
Cheer! Cheer! Cheer the Banner
Of our gallant Volunteers.

Beneath thy folds, our fathers
Became of kings the peers;
While the world rang with the prowess
Of Yankee Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

No traitor's hand shall rend thee,
And fill the land with fears;
To keep thee and defend thee,
We've a million Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &ca

If from the clouds of battle
But a Star of thine out-peers,
We may know that Hope still marches,
With our gallant Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

When the Ensign wounded, lying,
Thy broad field no more uprears,
From the earth thou'lt nerve to vengeance
The undaunted Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

And when death's cold arms enfold him,
His last breath shall pass in cheers;
If thy stars are raised above him,
By his brother Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

Our Ship of State will surely
Make the port for which she steers,
If she bears thee, and is manned with
Sturdy Yankee Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

And when sleeping with our fathers,
We forget our hopes and fears,
May unnumbered millions hail thee,
Borne by Yankee Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

Our children ne'er shall falter,
Nor defeat or shame be theirs,
If still marshalled in thy shadow,
They are Freedom's Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers! &c.

Wave on flag of the "Peoples,"
Till their grandsons t'ro' all the years,
Would not be enough to number,
Thy guard of Volunteers.
Volunteers! Volunteers!
Let our chorus greet their ears
Cheer! Cheer! Cheer the Banner,
Of our gallant Volunteers.

THURLOW WEED'S BOYHOOD.—After over thirty years' editorship of the Albany *Evening Journal*, few readers need to be told who Thurlow Weed is. Of his boyhood an Albany correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat* writes:

It is more than forty years since a lad, wayworn and friendless, was trudging on the northern road, and seeking the way to Utica. He was a drummer by profession, and had just served out his time of enlistment, which had expired after the battle of Plattsburg. While the boy was wearily plodding along the regular stage coach passed him, and the driver, himself a youth, noticing him with sympathy, invited him to share his seat on the box. That poor drummer boy answered to the name of Thurlow Weed.—He arrived at Utica, and there, while learning the trade of a printer, he became the fast friend of the kind stage driver. Years afterwards, when the printer had become a rich and influential man, he remembered the kindness shown him on the road, as evidenced by the kind friendship ever existing between the two. Such was the history given us of the intimacy existing between Thurlow Weed and Theodore Faxon.

Some one gives this cogent advice to bachelors. "Be sure to annex a woman who will lift you, instead of pushing you down—in mercantile phrase, get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

A MAN who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the

The Cabin Boy.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY.

On my way across the Sound I fell in with two old sea captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Captain Streeter was about threescore, and had followed the sea most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience.— The subject of abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Captain Morton expressed himself decidedly in favor of that time-honored institution, the cat-o'-nine tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our man-of-wars-men will be in every case benefitted by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure it might be so. I mean that the officers have it in their power to do away with all kinds of punishment. I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on ship-board."

"For my part," said Morton, "I shouldn't care to take command of a ship, if the power of punishing refractory seamen as I thought most proper were taken from me."

"Well," said Captain Streeter, "I used to think just so. In fact there were but few masters more passionate and severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my life has been in danger from the violence of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how I had the luck to get such bad men in my employ.

"When I was about forty years of age, I took command of the ship Petersham. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety.— But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I wouldn't refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceburg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice were above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury for the shock was light; but I was very angry and gave the lookout a severe thrashing, without stopping to inquire whether he could [illegible] to escape it.

"My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind he had never been properly governed and resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-top gallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished it. I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge he was the smartest and most faithful lad I ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

"One day when it was very near noon, I spoke to him, and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I spoke. I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I would help him.

"'I did't hear ye,' he said, in an independent tone.

"'No words,' said I.

"'I s'pose I can speak,' he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

"His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"'Speak to me like that again and I'll flog you within an inch of your life,' said I.

"'You can flog away,' he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

"'And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him until my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.'

"'How's that?' said I.

"'There's a little more life in me you'd better flog out,' was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him until he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of my men for my quadrant. When it came and I had adjusted it for my observatoin, I found the sun was already past the miridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off.— I then thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool stern opposition. "But I will do it," said I to myself, "by the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway, and called to him, but he returned no answer; so I closed the hatch and went away. At 10 o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called out to him again. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times but he would not reply—and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. "He'll beg before he'll starve," I thought, and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the forecastle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from absolute starvation, it would go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down on the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hand and knees. I call out there but could get no answer. A little distance farther I saw a wide space which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would have left everything that might have been stowed there resting directly upon the thin planking of the ship.

To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a faint sound like the incoming of a tiny jet of stream. At first I saw nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance from me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes, help me! For Heaven's sake help me! Bring men and a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone:

"Make haste—I'll try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the very skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace [illegible] up against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks and spikes, and adzes, and with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger. The plank, which stove in was six feet long and eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could discover it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I know it must have been where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin where he managed to tell his story.— Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glitter that came from the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place to lie in, for his limbs were sore. He went to sleep, and when he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole, he went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and he was sure he saw a small jet of water springing up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few minutes found that the timbers had given wholly away, and the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was pressing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship would be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. He saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was so far away, so low down, with such a dense mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own.— Some men heard him but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four and twenty hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams drenching him to the skin.— He had thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel its heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he should not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could—and he saved us, surely saved us from a watery grave.

That boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him through all his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me that if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause for offence; and he added as he sat up again, "I am not a coward—I could not be a dog."

From that hour I never forgot those words, and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make them feel that they are men—that I regard them so, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man couldn't be hired to leave save for an officer's birth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of the foremast hands; my second mate; and all that time he sailed with me he [illegible] the command of a new [illegible] because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain [illegible] best this country ever afforded. Such, gentleman, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard."

MAKE FRIENDS.—Self-reliance and the haughty self-complacence which contemns the aid of others, are very different things. It is well to have confidence in one's own energies and to cultivate them; but no man can either fight his way to success or struggle out of difficulty utterly unsupported and alone. If we show no disposition to help ourselves, and that manfully, it is not probable that anybody will take the trouble of dragging us along; but on the other hand, if we are not wise enough to make friends as we pass through life, there is little likelihood that when we need them they will spring up around us spontaneously, what ever pluck we may have displayed in an isolated, single-handed struggle with fortune. It is bad policy, therefore, to be haughty, repellant, unsocial. The most resolute and determined aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was the old law in Judea; a lift for a lift is the business rule of to-day, and if sometimes broken by the ungrateful when there is most need of its observance, it certainly works better than the principle that a man should depend utterly upon himself, neither giving nor receiving assistance.

But it is not from prudential motives merely that the energetic and persevering assist each other. All men of vigorous minds and elastic temperaments sympathize with effort. They honor the individual who has fought gallantly the battle of life, though reverses may have overtaken him; they recognize him as a kindred spirit, though he lies on his back; they are willing to give him a "boost," because they feel that he needs but a new foothold to assure his ultimate success. These are among the reasons why men who are true to themselves are almost invariably true to each other, and why their friendship and sympathy mean something more than words.

Let no one, whatever his talents, his opportunities, or his confidence in his own powers, despise the alliance of such men. No human being ever was or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world without at least the indirect help of others. Therefore let all the young men who are entering business life labor in a manly and just way to make friends—and of the right sort.

HOLD on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Biblical Curiosity.

The first division of the Old Testament into chapters was made by Cardinal Hugo, who flourished A. D. 1240. He wrote a commentary on the Scriptures, and projected the first concordance, which is that of the vulgar (common) Latin Bible.

A famous Jewish Rabbi, named Mordecai Nathan, adopted in 1438, Hugo's chapters, and marked every fifth verse with a figure.

In 1661, Athiss, a learned Jew of Amsterdam, in his edition of the Hebrew old Testament, divided the sections of Hugo into verses as we now have them. Robert Stephens, a French Printer, had previously (1561) divided the New Testament into verses as they now are.

The above divisions of the Bible into chapters and verses, let it be noted, are of *human* authority, and were made for *convenience of reference to concordance*, regardless of sense and connection.

The Old Testament contains 36 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,430 words, 3,728,100 letters.

The New Testament contains 29 books, 260 chapters, 7,950 verses, 182,-253 words, 933,380 letters.

The name of Jehovah or Lord occurs 6,855 times in the Old Testament.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is the twenty-ninth of Job.

The middle verse is second Chronicles, 20th chapter 17th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is second Thessalonians.

The middle chapters are Romans xii and xiv.

The middle verse is Acts xi 7.

The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is Pslam 17.

The middle verse in the Bible is Psalm cxviii, 3.

The middle line in the Bible is second Chronicles iv, 15.

The least verse in the Bible is John xi, 36.

The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and Isaiah xxxvii are the same.

In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra are the letters of the Alphabet, I and J considered as one.

The Apocrypha, (not inspired but sometimes bound between the Old Testament and the New) contains 14 books, 196 chapters, 16,681 verses, [illegible] words.

The preceding facts were ascertained by a gentlemen in 1781. Also by an Englishman residing at Amsterdam in 1722, and it is said to have taken each man three years in the investigation.

There is a Bible in the University written on 5,576 palm leaves.

A day's journey was 33¼ miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is 52 inches, nearly.

A finger breadth is equal to one inch.

A sheckel of silver was about 50 cents.

A sheckel of gold was $8,09.

A tallent of silver was $1,516,32,

A tallent of gold $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A Gerah was one cent.

A mite was one and a half cents.

A homer contained seventy-five gallons and five pints.

An Epha or Bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A Hin was one gallon and two pints.

An Omer was two pints.

A Cab was three pints.

A log was one half pint.

The old Testament has four divisions

1st The Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses.

2d The Historical books, comprising Joshua to Esther, inclusive.

3d Poetical or doctrinal books, from Job to Songs of Solomon, inclusive

4th Prophetical books, from Isaiah to Malachi.

The New Testament is usually divided into three parts.

1st Historical, containing the four Gospels and Acts.

2d Doctrinal, comprising all the Epistles from Romans to Jude.

3d Prophetical, being the book of Revelations of St. John.

The commemorative Ordinances of the Jews were:

The Passover, to commemorate the protection of the Israelites, when the first born of the Egyptians were destroyed.

Circumcision, the seal of the Covenant with Abraham.

The feast of Penticost, which was appointed fifty days after the Passover, to commemorate the delivery of the law from Mount Sinai.

The Feast of Tabernacles instituted to perpetuate the sojourning of the Israelites for forty years in the wilderness.

Feast of Purim, kept in memory of the delivery of the Jews from the wicked machination of Ham.

In the reign of Edward I. of England, 1250—it cost a laboring man fifteen years and three months's labor to purchase a bible, as his pay was three cents per day and the price of a Bible was thirty-seven pounds, or one hundred and sixty-four dollars. Now the entire Scriptures can be bought for thirty-seven and a half cents.

A Pagan Legend of Jesus.

Publius Lentulus, assumed by some to have been proconsul of Judea, prior to Herod, is reported to have seen the Saviour, and to have written the following letter to the Roman Senate:

"At this time appeared a man who is still living, and endowed with mighty power; his name is Jesus Christ. His disciples call him the son of God; others regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life, and heals the sick of every description of infirmity and disease.— This man is of lofty stature and well proportioned; his countenance severe and virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings both of fear and love.

The hair of his head is the color of wine, and from the top of his head to the ears, straight and without radiance, but it descends from the ears to the shoulders in shining curls.— From the shoulders the hair flows down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his forehead is clear and without wrinkle; his face free from blemish, and slightly tinged with red; his physiogomy noble and gracious. The nose and mouth are faultless. His beard is abundant, the same color as his hair, and forked. His eyes are blue and very brilliant. In reproving or censuring he is awe-inspiring; in exhorting and teaching his speech is gentle and caressing. His countenance is marvelous in seriousness and grace. He has never once been seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person; his hands are straigt and beautiful. Grave and solemn as his discouse, his language is simple and quiet. In appearance he is the most beautiful of the children of men."—*Church Monthly.*

THE SHODDY TRADE.—The following extract from an article on "Rags," in the London *Review*, gives us a peep into the mysteries of the Shoddy Trade:

What say you, oh, gentle lady! to the fact that that soft warm cloak, so smooth and glossy, that it were hard to distinguish it from relics of garments which have experienced all the vicissitudes to which garments are liable? Nor, my male friend, are you a bit better off with reference to that rough great coat, which you are [illegible] of Spring? It is a comfortable, and flatter yourself, a becoming garment. It has that combination of coarseness and neatness so dear to the Englishman of that period. Nevertheless, it is nothing, or nearly nothing, but old rags, of very much the same quality as the seal-skin just mentioned. About one-fifth of the new cloth now making in Great Britain will be composed of old cloth. No matter who your tailor may be, Poole or Moses, it must be so. They may call the material as they like, but still, twined insidiously with the fresh woven fleece of German or Australian sheep, there will surely lurk the thread of what once was rag. The men who not long since discovered that old materials are very good substitutes for new, have made immense fortunes. A ton of the best woolen rags—for there are qualities even in rags—is worth some forty-four sovereigns; their money value having increased twenty-fold in the last quarter of a century. The cloth which is annually manufactured from them will be paid for by some million and a half of money. Now, is there good in rags, think you? As long as one obstinate thread holds together the various parts, and gives it still a claim to be called a garment, it is comparatively worthless; the moment that gives way, and no longer maintains the vain pretense—presto! dismembered remnants acquire a money value, purse-strings are loosened, and from far German markets the agent of the rag-grinder transports them back to their own West Riding. There is something poetical in their returning to their native place in order to take a new lease of life. Like Maderia, to be worth much, they must cross and re-cross the sea.

The mode in which newspapers are taxed is very novel and effective. In the first place there is a tax of three mills per pound, or about fifteen cents per ream, upon the white paper. Then there is a tax of five per cent. upon the annual receipt from advertisements. Thirdly, there is a stamp duty upon telegraphic messages; and, fourthly, comes a tax of three per cent. upon the aggregate income of the newspaper establishment. Altogether these taxes constitute a pretty heavy burden upon a newspaper.— The HERALD, for example, will pay from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars a year, in the form of taxes, for the support of the Government.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Julius, why did Gen. Grant rest uneasy de night 'fore he took Fort Donelson?"

"Dunno, Massa Johnson; 'spose he didn't feel sleepy."

"No, sah! 'Twas case he 'spected to git a *Pillow* and only got a *slip*."

A Nashville correspondent of the Memphis *Avalanche* says that the Union soldiers have the worst looking faces he ever saw in his life. We guess he will never be able to see how their backs look.—[Prentice.

The Chord of Sympathy.

"Who has not lost a friend?"

Our friends have been flitting away from earth to the echoless shore, and each bore "a thread" of the golden chord of sympathy that coils around our heart strings, as we parted with them down near the chilling surge that sweeps the soul away.

They bore them on—beyond the shores of time—they are but parted, and when the clouds all huddle together in some distinct corner of the horizon, "at night's lone hour," then, those suspended chords are paved with stars; and the angels ethorial forms glide down noislessly, and with bowed head and folded wing, listening to our heartthrobs around the sleeping couch.

And when morn with dewy fingers parts the sable curtain of night, and light gushes in like a flowing stream, then the stars are buried in the bright effulgence and lost to view, but still remain, and the golden chords of sympathy remain outstretched between us and heaven. To angel eyes they are visible, when darkness like an inky cloak wraps the earth, and when storms sweep the sky. They could trace them were they centered near the throne of God, by their vibrations back to our torn and bleeding hearts. Some tender chords yet twine on earth, but many are hulled in Heaven.

HOW IT MIGHT BE.—"When we think," says Dr. Channing, "that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in toombs, what a darkness gathers over society!" Well may the cloud of darkness deepen and enlarge, specially after so much boasting of ours, we are in the van of the nations of the world for intelligence and refinement and general culture. How many homes are really cheered and made perpetually happy by the introduction of books, of music, or even of the family paper? In how many homes might not an almost miraculous change be wrought, if only by the presence of a good newspaper! That presence gives birth to a brood of new thoughts, awakens a distinct class of domestic associations, stimulates the higher and warmer sentiments, opens the social faculties to the performance of a good and healthy work, and insensibly [illegible] all the members of a family together, making one whole and harmonious circle, where before was, perhaps, only discord.

The influences of these little things are far more potent and permanent, than people generally have an idea of; they work actively, even if they are not seen, in the very fact of their operation. We greatly err when we underrate these influences; for they take hold closely and powerfully on our lives and our happiness. A family in whose midst no radiance springs from the workings of affection, and the exchange of sweet and high and tender sentiment, is a dweller in regions of darkness indeed, and will never know their real capacity for enjoyment until they have come out of this valley of gloom and despair. What wonder that our public affairs are in such a state of publication, when private lives are so many of them unsatisfactory and in darkness?

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.—It seems scarcely credible that that wonderful far-seeing instrument, which brings the most distant worlds under our curious ken, should have had its origin in children's play; yet so it is. The children of a spectacle-maker in Middleburg were allowed at times—probably on wet days—to play in their father's workshop. On one of these occasions they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed *two* together, one before the other, and looked through them at the weathercock on a neighboring steeple. To the child's astonishment the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and, struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might have been brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be termed the first telescope. Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes.

A RATHER PLEASING INCIDENT.—A few days ago, as General Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag at him and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned towards the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity, for which he is remarkable, and, surveying the house from top to bottom with an eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours, every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W., was politely requested to take good care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.—*Louisville Journal.*