

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it!"—A. LINCOLN.

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## Copperheadism vs Democracy.

Premising that Copperheadism is not Democracy, as its leaders have the audacity to claim, it would perhaps be profitable to inquire what Copperheadism means. The Democracy was the great war party in 1812 and again in 1847. It gained for us, whether rightfully or wrongfully, wisely or unwisely, the territory of Louisiana, and the control of the mouth of the Mississippi; as it was instrumental in acquiring Florida, Texas, California and New Mexico. Democracy has always looked to the extension and strengthening of the Union, while Copperheadism has a different record. Democracy has clung to the national honor and to the flag which is its representative; Copperheadism has assailed both, and has endeavored, and is still endeavoring, to bring both into disgrace. Democracy always held to the supremacy of the Federal laws and government; Copperheadism ridicules and sneers at both, and sets up state and local laws in opposition to them. Clement L. Vallandigham returns to his home from a momentary exile, for the scarcely concealed object of bringing about a distracting collision between the national government and the State of Ohio, just at the critical moment when the hugest efforts were put forth for the crushing of the rebellion; and Governor Seymour, of New York, resorts to the paltry tricks of the pettifogger in order to breed dissension between the Federal Government and New York, just at the moment when a band of rebel soldiers are threatening the border of the Free States and levying contributions in Maryland. Mayor Gunther throws obstacles in the way of aid for the invaded border, under the pretence that troops cannot be spared from the "commercial metropolis." The entire vile spawn of Copperhead journals now make no pretence of concealing their chagrin at Federal success or at rebel disasters, and we have yet to see in one of them a word of encouragement for our gallant army under Grant, now struggling for the Union before Richmond, or scarcely one word of honest exultation concerning the victory gained by the Kearsegar over the pirate Alabama. Copperheadism compares Jefferson Davis to George Washington; Floyd to John Hancock; Semmes to Paul Jones, and Harry Gilmor to Marion. It objects to calling Floyd a thief, Semmes a pirate, Gilmor a freebooter, or Stonewall Jackson anything but "a Christian gentleman." Copperheadism refuses to call treason by its right name, and discarding the use of the word "rebel," it always styles the followers of Jefferson Davis "Confederates." It is tender and respectful in speaking of the enemies of the Union, and coarse and abusive in referring to its friends, and the more earnest the latter, the coarser the abuse. Northern Copperheadism and Southern treason are synonymous terms, except that the Southern article is bold, insolent and defiant, while the Northern traitor, whether political, journalistic or social, is cold, sneaking and snaky. We have much the most patience with the Southern type of traitor.

While we denounce the Copperhead leaders with all the bitterness which they deserve, we are aware that there are numerous well-meaning people who cling fondly to the old name of Democracy, the last melancholy relics of the organization of which the Copperhead faction has usurped, and who fancy they are voting for the principles of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson when they support this viperish faction. Let these deluded people bear in mind these self-evident facts. The States in rebellion have declared their intention to dissolve the American Union, and to render themselves independent of it. To this end, after stealing Government property of every stealable description, they have waged bloody war upon the North, and upon all who hold to Union principles. At the outset of the struggle, when the traitors were flushed with victory over an unprepared handful of Union troops, the rebel Secretary of War declared his intention to seize the Federal capital and rule by force what they had failed to control at the ballot-box. The rebels have declared over and over again that there can be no peace except upon the basis of the recognition of the separate independence of their Confederacy; while the President of the United States, at the beginning of his administration, declared his intention to observe his inaugural oath to support the Constitution of the U. S. and maintain and defend the Federal Union. He can do no less than this without being received as a traitor, and for doing this he receives the vilest denunciation. The people of the loyal States went into the war upon this issue, a determination to follow out the old Jacksonian principle that the Union must and shall be preserved. Copperheadism goes for the recognition of State rights; in short, for peace, and for

a consequent dissolution of the great Union which democracy did so much towards the formation of, and for the destruction of our nationality. Now let these faint hearted patriots who are afraid of the conscription, who are alarmed at the high price of butter, and who would as lief see Satan himself as the tax collector,—stop to ponder upon what peace, such peace as copperheadism talks about, means. They cannot but admit that it means a dissolution of the Union, a recognition of the Southern confederacy, and an acknowledgment that the people are either not willing or not able to maintain the laws and to sustain their own chosen executive in his efforts to fulfil his constitutional oath of office. But peace on such terms means more than this. It means something even worse than a divided country, with an arbitrary dividing line, and eternal border wars, with struggle after struggle for the supremacy of the whole until we imitate South America or the Kilkenny cats, or both, and there will be nothing left to fight about. The South want no such divided country; their plan is not for a division, but for a consolidation of the whole, with themselves as "the master race that was born to govern;" with a subjugated people of "Northern mudsills, greasy mechanics, small fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists," as the inferior race that was "born to serve." But a Copperhead peace means something still more, and still worse; so far as the interests of mankind generally are concerned. It means the destruction of republicanism, and the establishment upon its ruins of a slave oligarchy which will know no law but its own will, which will disfranchise every toiling white man and establish a "strong government" to serve its own purposes and accomplish its own ends. The spirit which prompted this Southern revolt against the result of an election fairly held, will not run any risks of the results of any future elections, if their treason should become a final success, and the great experiment of free government which our fathers commenced will fail in the hands of their sons, and all though the high price of beef and butter, the fear of the conscription and the dread of raids and taxes. We can never be persuaded that the copperhead faction faithfully represents the genuine democracy; but if it does so, Heaven save the republic! Copperheadism is simply an enemy in the rear who is endeavoring to distract and ruin us while the more open foe is doing his work at the front. The election to be held next November will prove to the world that the representative copperheads have but a very contemptible constituency.

## Army Correspondence.

The following extract is from a letter written by Lieut. John Caldwell, of the 61st Pa. Regiment, to George W. Reed, Jr., of this place.

CONE HARBOR, VA.  
June 8, 1864.

FRIEND GEORGE:—I suppose you think strange I have not written to you sooner since the opening of the campaign. I assure you I was most anxious to do so, but circumstances over which I had no control, as the newspapers say, prevented me; and now that I am writing, I don't know when I can send the letter, as the mails are very irregular and uncertain. The army of the Potomac has so far gone through the most severe, as well as the most successful campaign in which it has ever been since it was an army. We are now only some eight miles from Richmond, and I think you will not have this letter many days until you hear of our being still closer. It would be superfluous in me giving you a history of the campaign as you will have read full accounts in the papers, so I will confine myself by telling you a little of my own adventures.

Our regiment left camp on the 4th of May and crossed the Rapidan river. The next day we met the "Johnnies" in the Wilderness, and about 11 o'clock, a. m., became engaged. This wilderness is a most abominable place to fight a battle. You cannot see a dozen of yards ahead for the brush, which is so dense you have great difficulty in forcing your way through it. Here the Rebels were posted behind breast works, and opened on us as we came up. Notwithstanding all this, we drove them a couple of miles the first day—until we came to a swamp, the other side of which, the rebels were strongly posted. Here we fought two nights and a day without making any progress whatever. We could not use our artillery, while the rebels played on us incessantly with theirs. They threw regular showers of canister and shrapnell into our ranks; you may imagine how heavy it was, when I tell you that on the morning of the 6th from half past 4 to 5, we lost in killed and wounded, more than one hundred men. Well, we could not stand

this very long, so that evening we began throwing up breast works—a new Division in our corps, the 3d, while at work, were flanked by the rebels just at dusk, and Gen. Seymour and a great part of his brigade were captured, and the balance of the Division thrown into the most disgraceful confusion and completely routed. The 1st and 2d Division stood like a wall and saved the corps, as well as the army, from defeat and disgrace. George, I have seen a good many hard sights during this war, but such a one as these woods presented after this break, I never saw. You could not take a step without running against a dead or wounded man. Oh! it was dreadful to hear the poor wounded fellows crying for water—water, and none to help them; fighting is nothing compared to looking on such sights as these. It would be impossible for me to describe them, so I shall not try. Well, in two days our regiment was in five different engagements, when the army forced Lee back on Spotsylvania U. H.—we marched down there on Sunday, the 8th, and a little before dark our Regiment was posted in line in a ravine in Pine woods, so dense, it was dark as night. We were there only a few moments when the fighting commenced. The regiments in our front were soon cut to pieces, or left the ground—until it came to the regiment in our immediate front, the 16th Michigan, which somehow got frightened and came pouring back without firing a shot—here they were all mixed up—our regiment would not let them back, and they would not go forward. Their officers could do nothing with them—we could not fire, and they would not—so I thought I would see what I could do. I went out in front of them—told them I was a Penna. officer, and asked them if they would follow me. They said "yes, go on we'll follow you." So I started with about one hundred of them, and commenced forming a line—I didn't think this was far enough, and commenced forming a second line.—I saw some groups of men, whom I supposed were our skirmishers. I paid no attention to them at first—I could not see their clothes, and they were standing grimly looking at us; after a bit, I took a step or two towards them, and then, in an instant, I knew what was the matter—they were rebels. I turned round quietly to run back, but they were too fast. Three of them leveled their muskets at my breast and told me I was a prisoner, and I agreed with them—I did indeed. They took my sword, and told me to run to the rear—I ran to the rear a short distance, and then thought I could escape by running around their regiment, but when I had gone about twenty yards I ran against the 12th Georgia regiment, lying in the woods—no chance there.—Then I concluded to hide until our men would charge; I crawled into a Pine tree and hid there for about a quarter of an hour, when a couple of rebels came along and made me come out; they took me to Col. Willis of the 12th Georgia; he ordered me to be searched, and then commenced questioning me, but I refused to answer any questions whatever. I was then taken to Gen. Ewell's head quarters, and from there to Provost Guard head quarters, and the next morning, with 348 others, were started towards the Virginia Central Railroad; we marched all that day in the hot sun, some 30 miles; without anything to eat. Just as we got to the station, (Beaver Dam) and were getting ready to go on the cars, our Cavalry came charging along; the guards skedaddled, and we were free men. I could not describe our feelings—I don't know when I felt so happy. There was a million and a half rats at the station, which we burned—we then went with the Cavalry on their great raid, and were inside the outer line of fortifications at Richmond—fought there two hours—the Chickahomny; White Oak Swamps; crossed out at Malvern Hills; crossed the James river to Butler's Department; from there to Fort Monroe—then to Alexandria and to Belle Plain—then to Fredericksburg. I found the regiment at the N. Anna, and we have been fighting nearly ever since. We had a terrible fight on the 3d, and captured the rebel pits. We have commenced the siege of Richmond, and are working night and day digging rifle pits, and building forts; we are continually under fire, and have men killed and wounded every day. Our line is only two hundred yards from that of the Rebels, and we have a hot time of it.

There was a flag of truce in front of our regiment yesterday, for the purpose of burying the dead and taking off the wounded. It looked strange to see men who have been trying to kill each other all day, now shake hands and converse like friends. There has been no firing since, but I think there will be this evening; I think Gen. Grant is bound to have Richmond soon. The regiment has suffered very severely, 3 officers killed, and 15 wounded, and 376 men killed, wounded and missing—principally killed and wounded. Yours, from JOHN.

## GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER.

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky  
Was heavy with impending woes,  
When rattle rained the battle cry,  
When fear was in every eye,  
You rushed to meet our foe.

God bless you, soldier!—scarred and worn,  
Weary with marching, watchings, pain,  
All battle-stained and battle torn,  
Bravely have all your tasks borne:  
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air  
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,  
Sheltered beneath His love and care,  
May victory, with her garlands rare,  
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove  
Of peace the Eagle's nest will share,  
With home and hearth made warm with love,  
With joys below—with joys above,  
God bless you here and there!

## WIT AND WISDOM.

HOLD ON to your good character, for it is, and ever will be your best wealth.

WHY is an oyster like a horse? Because it can't climb a tree. Ah, hem!

A SLOW pulsation is the sign of long life, not only in individuals, but in lawsuits.

WHO was the first carpenter mentioned in the Bible? Pharaoh, when he made Joseph a ruler.

THE fellow who carried a bottle of "old rye" in his pocket, was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.

"I CAME off with flying colors," as the painter said when he fell from the ladder with a palette on his thumb.

THERE are over two hundred varieties of birds, American and foreign, in the Central Park at New York.

WE are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

"Go to bed, sir," said an indignant parent to an offending son, "go to bed—go lock yourself in and bring me the key."

If you and your sweet-hart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

"SIR," said a young wife to her husband a few days after their marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

AVOID argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself sound up.

MANY persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the "seat of war." Fubs says that he found it last summer without a map. He discovered it by sitting down upon a wasp's nest in a hay-field.

It is an actual fact, that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful young lady named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should he squeeze a lemon unless he wants a punch?

COUNT TRACY complained to Foote that a man had ruined his character.—"So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a very bad one, and the sooner it is destroyed the more to your advantage."

An enthusiastic admirer of the Czar was repeatedly saying to a stranger, "The Czar is great." "Yes," was the reply, "but God is greater." "Ah," exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is younger yet."

FOOTE one day dined at Richmond.—When the landlord produced his bill Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked his name. "Partridge, an't please you," replied the host. "Partridge" said Foote, "it should be woodcock by the length of your bill."

BROKE THE PLEDGE.—A man living in Orange county was found one night climbing an overshoot wheel in a falling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was trying to get up to bed, but some how or other the stairs wouldn't hold still.

An Irish physician who was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

"MARY, my dear," said a dotting husband to the lady that owned him, "if ever I turn Mormon, and marry another help-mate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake." "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a super-nu-mary!"

A CONFEDERATE surgeon who was beauly drunk when our forces captured Little Rock, Arkansas, found himself among the Yankees when he got himself, and remarked that it beat Rip Van Winkle that a man couldn't go to sleep in the Confederate States without waking up in the United States.

## Educational Department.

### Object Lessons.

BUT FEW years have elapsed since object lessons were the grand hobby of our fellow teachers in New York and other States. So much at the time was said and written upon the subject, that for a time nothing else seemed to claim the attention of the energetic members of the profession but this. Pennsylvania, more steady and more practical in her habits, was not so enthusiastic as some of her sisters, and hence did not run wild over this new theory. Seeing, with her, is believing, and the mass of her teachers waited patiently to see what the ultimate results of this system would be, before they made any effort to adopt it.

At the present time the subject claims some attention of the thinking portions of the profession. As at present pursued in the primary schools of Oswego, N. Y., which may justly be regarded as the head of the system in this country, we think the system carried to an extent which would in a great measure be objectionable in our graded and ungraded schools of the State, with, perhaps, the exception of those in the larger towns and cities; and even here we doubt the expediency of carrying the experiment too far. But pursued in moderation, there are few exercises or lessons, aside from the daily and necessary studies of the school room, of so much importance. Independent of the value of these lessons in arousing an interest which may flag in exercises of a less interesting character, there may be inculcated a great amount of practical and useful knowledge, so as to prepare the child for the duties incumbent on him in future as a member of society and as a citizen, as well as for his self-preservation, either directly or indirectly. Practical knowledge, we think, should always precede the esthetic. The gardener, in order to obtain a model specimen of a fruit or flower, attends carefully to the whole plant; he regards the remaining parts of the plant as of very great importance, but only because through their instrumentality is the fruit or flower perfected! While the particular aim is to secure a perfect fruit, he well knows that if he neglects the leaves, the stem, or the root, his labor is wholly in vain. Without a root, a stem, or the necessary leaves, his efforts to obtain a perfect or even ordinary specimen are entirely futile. Such must also be our educational system. We must not in our anxiety to secure the beautiful flower or delicious fruit, neglect the plant, but on a sound practical education base the esthetic. As far, then, as may be, these "object lessons" should aim at increasing the fund of general information, as well as a practical knowledge of the underlying principles of some of the leading avocations of life.

The principle of self-development must not be forgotten in these lessons. This seems to be the normal method of development. Up to the time a child is first sent to school, it is, to a great extent, its own teacher; and in no period of its life does it make more rapid advancement.—How eagerly it describes every novelty to its mother! Each new flower and every rounded pebble furnishes a subject and thought for its discourse. Following the course of nature, we should allow the child to tell all it knows, occasionally drawing its attention to some facts which it has not yet observed. Step by step new truths will be elicited and remembered. Each day will add to its store of knowledge, and if an ordinary amount of ingenuity be exercised by the teacher in conducting the lesson, the knowledge acquired in this way will be much more easily remembered, than when presented in any other form.

With small pupils, short talks about familiar things will be found advantageous. As a general rule, teachers of primary schools should talk with their pupils much more than they generally do. Were this principle more generally understood and put into practical operation, a much larger number of teachers would become successful, and those under their charge would make a much more rapid advancement, and manifest a livelier interest and greater pleasure in attending school. Pupils of all grades should be required to form sentences in regard to familiar objects; or, in the case of those more advanced, compositions on the subjects of the object lessons should be required in which there is as much re-production of the lesson as possible; thus not only would an interest be awakened, but the pupil would be acquiring much practical knowledge, and would be developing language.

With small pupils, it is best to dispense with as many difficult words and hard scientific terms as possible.

As pupils become advanced, subjects of a difficult nature may be selected. A short talk, or informal lecture, on some

scientific subject may prove of great benefit. Natural history teems with numbers of suitable subjects. Volcanoes, earthquakes, coral-lime islands, and of many others of a similar character will not fail to interest a school of advanced pupils for a quarter or a half hour.

Historical Geography in the shape of informal lectures may prove of much advantage to pupils of almost all grades.—Stories of the Esquimaux, their subterranean palaces and filthy habits; the Chinese, their labyrinthine gardens, floating towns, and peculiar fashions; the Ancient Egyptians, their catacombs, mummies, and pyramids,—these, with others of a similar nature, will not only awaken a transient interest and prevent disorder, but will create a desire in the pupil to know more of these nations through the media of Geography and History. The teacher should, of course, when opportunity occurs, introduce much of this into Geography lessons, but in many cases it will be impossible to weave these historical accounts into the fabric of the lesson, and when this is the case, they should be presented in the shape of object lessons.

Object lessons on the every-day affairs of life,—in Domestic Economy, on gaining wealth and the laws regulating success in business; in Physiology, in regard to the *modus operandi* of the physical organs, and the laws regulating health; in Agriculture, by entering into the scientific structure of plants, the application of manures, the rotation of crops, the art of draining, the adaptability of certain soils to particular crops, the erection of hot houses, &c., together with other practical subjects, will not only prove interesting, but of great value in future life.

A. N. RAUB.

Pottsville Dem. Standard.

### Position of the War.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

SIR: The census of 1860, with emigration and the annual increase of births, gives us a population of 37,000,000 in the summer of 1864.

Of this population 4,000,000 of whites and 3,000,000 of slaves exist in the Rebel districts; and 30,000,000 of free men are to be found in the Loyal districts.—The contest is now between forces standing in the ratio of 4 to 30; with 3 ready to aid the successful party.

In comparing more closely the relative strength of the two districts, we find that one half of the whites are males, one half of the males are under 16, and one half of the residue, from old age, youth, physical infirmity or sickness, unfit for service in the field. In this State we have never been able to bring more than 10 per cent of the people into the militia, and if we allow 12 per cent for the capacity of the Rebel districts, it is a liberal allowance. In the Southern districts which are still loyal or have been subdued, such as Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland and portions of other States, there is a white population of 4,000,000, and it is a fair presumption that four per cent of the population, or one-third of the fighting men of these regions, have joined the Rebel armies. We cannot allow more, as the Rebel conscription has operated but little if any on those districts.

The war has been in progress for three years, and an allowance of 30,000 a year for the excess of young men growing up over men becoming superannuated or dying by ordinary disease, is a very liberal allowance. Further, by the best information in our possession, the Rebels have lost in the last three years, down to the 6th of May last, by deaths in the field, camps and hospitals, by wounds and captures—and most of this conceded—120,000 a year, or 360,000 men.

During the present campaign, since May 1, Lee is understood to have lost 70,000 men, and Johnson, Magruder, Forrest, and others, at least 30,000 more.

The following table gives the result:

Rebel force at the outset, 12 per cent of 4,000,000	400,000
White force at the outset, 12 per cent of 37,000,000	444,000
Four per cent of 4,000,000 whites in Southern Districts loyal	160,000
Young men growing up in three years in excess of deaths	90,000
Whole number of men able to fight from the start, 730,000	
Rebel losses in three years to May 1, lost in field and by sickness, at 120,000 a year	360,000
Rebel losses, East and West, in the present campaign	70,000
Owners of plantations, artificers, drivers, refugees, and men who will not or cannot fight, at least	75,000
Balance in field or hospitals	185,000
We thus have remaining as the whole Rebel force, either in the field or fit for service, and to be relied upon	730,000
From these we may deduct at least five per cent, or 10,000, for the sick in hospitals	10,000
And we have fighting men	720,000
Of these there are west of the Miss. at least 25,000	
With Johnston	25,000
With Forest and others	10,000
At Mobile and in the Carolinas	80,000
With Lee and at raids into Maryland	45,000
	185,000

To crush these we have at least 500,000 men and if we deduct for furloughs and hospitals ten per cent, we have 450,000

men in the field, and of those we have in front of Lee and Johnston at least twice the forces opposed to them, at least 800,000, the residue holding the Mississippi, the coast of Carolina, and the communications and depots in the rear of our main armies.

If our Government will but keep these armies up to their present strength, and keep down, as they can (below 200), the price of gold, the result is certain. For the last two months we have disposed of our oats at the rate of nearly fifty thousand per month. Should we continue to move with the same degree of dispatch, the present campaign of 1864, at its close, would have few foes in arms or able to renew the contest. MASSACHUSETTS.

### Gumption.

If there is any one quality which is absolutely necessary to success and happiness, that quality is gumption; and of all unfortunate and to be pitied, are those who lack this inestimable blessing. Not that there is anything very bad about such people. Indeed, they are generally well-meaning, but "they haven't any gumption." That is all one can say about it. No other expression, no elaborate description even, can convey to the mind the precise condition of the class referred to. It would be a hard matter, in fact, to define gumption, yet every one knows just what is lacking in those who do not possess it, yet every one is aware of the deficiency except the individuals themselves.

If we might venture into the domain of mental science, we would say that gumption is a faculty of the mind somewhat akin to original suggestion, a sort of instinct; in a sixth sense, it may be, inclining now to tact, now to common sense according as it is more or less symmetrically developed.

The unfortunate individuals who lack gumption seem to fall chiefly in a due appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. They have no proper sense of where things belong, no idea of the awkward and the ridiculous. They do the right things often enough, but always at the wrong time. They seem to have a genius for getting things by the wrong handle. They will bring you the sheep-shears to cut a piece of Forence silk, or a pair of embroidery scissors to cut a hemp rope. Invite them to call, and they will be sure to come in the morning—most likely on washing day. If they have an engagement, they will be prompt enough, unless the business is pressing, in which case it is as morally certain that they will be late as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

But we may as well be patient, and call it an infirmity of poor human nature. It seems to be the province of some people to get things bottom side up, wrong side out, and inside out. They are like a lathe out of order. When the power is applied, no one short of a genuine prophet can tell whether it will turn out a butter bowl or a broom handle. Of one thing, however, you may be reassured. If there is a chance to get out of place, they will find it; if it is possible to make an awkward blunder, they will demonstrate it, and if a thing can be misunderstood, or misinterpreted, they are just the ones to do it.

POWER OF A WORD.—Wendell Phillips, in his lecture last winter before the Parent Washington Society, told the following story:

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont stood at her garden-gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with love of sea. "Edward," said she "they tell me that the great temptation of seaman's life is drink." Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." Said she, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over, Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor my mother's form by the garden-gate, on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; "for," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No," said I. "I was brought on," said he to my informant, "drunk, into your presence, on ship-board; you were a passenger, the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day, twenty years later I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam—the mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.