

VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

MY COUNTRY.
What shall I do for thee, my land;
In this thy hour of need?
Thy cry goes up unto the skies,
And shall I take no heed?

Shall all my nights be spent in rest,
And all my days in ease;
While thousands sleep in tented fields,
Beneath the wintry breeze?

And thousands more by silent hearth
Await the silent morrow;
And thousands more by silent hearth
Await the silent morrow;
Is not for those who die.

Oh, God! to think of all the woes
Beneath the mourner's roof,
The days of sickening, and suspense
That heralds in the truth!

Oh, God! to think of all the tears
That drench the hopeless land;
From Mississippi's winding course
To broad Atlantic's strand!

Ah, mothers, wives and sisters fond,
Who wait the tidings dread,
I would our country might be saved,
And you should weep no dead!

But did I count as many sons
As did Corinth hold,
I'd find myself their weapons on
And send them from my fold!

My eyes are full of gathering tears,
But not for those away;
It is that I've not one to send
To fight our cause to day!

I'll give my strength, my life, my all,
And may the offering be
As worthy in thy sight my land,
As if I died for thee!

LOVE.
BY MARY N. DEARBORN.
There is a word, all words beyond,
Transcended from a foreign tongue;
By ancient poets sought, and sung—
And binding with a sacred bond
The aged and the young.

There is a light, a flickering light,
Reflected by a watchful eye;
That o'er the broad, expansive sky
Hath marked the course of day and night,
By months and years to fly.

There is a trust, a sacred trust,
By childlike freedom first revealed,
With many a future promise sealed,
To which the sternest creature trusts,
The first affections yield.

There is a link that doth unite
The earthly with the pure;
Sending a ray along our shore,
That reaches own and angels wide,
Eternal and secure.

That word is Love, and heaven its home,
And saints receive its name;
It links the seraph to the throne,
And bids the wandering spirit come
And claim it for its own.

MISCELLANY.

Dull Scholars.
Much injury is often done to children of sluggish minds by the injudicious course of teachers. Many children are reputed dull, when it is nothing more or less than their mental processes are slow, though correct. Just so is the case in the physical system. A boy may be as strong to lift a weight as large as another who may be able to run faster than he.

There is a wide difference between a dull scholar and a dunce. The former has just described. The latter is a boy who is unable to learn by any means, books. The former, with suitable instruction, will often succeed beyond the expectations of his friends.

Teachers should be very careful not to press too much upon the minds of such children at once. Here is the poor teacher's greatest fault. Suppose you have a dull scholar. First secure his confidence by asking him such questions as you are pretty sure he can answer. By this means you secure his confidence. He not over scrupulous about it if an answer is not in the most elegant form of expression. Teach him how to use his tongue—in other words, how to talk. In the first lesson be very short. Let your own mind be slow for the time being, as well as that of your pupil. Remember the law that memory is strengthened by repetition, consequently, frequent reviewing is necessary. Let it all seem very simple to you, but to the child it is everything. If possible, find some active employment for his mind. Many a rugged road has been cut in the world by boys and girls who, but for the fact that they were diligent pupils, but the cure that he is familiar with the subject. He will be pleased to recall it, and will be encouraged when he can answer your questions. There is in this the spirit of pleasure, as that of the old soldier who said: "I will show how fields are won."

Never intimate to him that he is dull. If you do, you will soon make him act like a dunce. I know it is very pleasant to teach bright active children; but you have a duty as well as pleasure to teach after, and it is the true success in teaching that you must expect all classes of children. It is by no means certain that the petting young scholar, who sits with an "in" and is the head of the pack, and is the only one who has any respect for the teacher, will do better than the boy who is slow at first, but who, by the application of his own mind and industry, has made his teacher's life a pleasure.

The patient, then, follow the path of your dull pupils, and they will do just as well as you. —*Maine Teacher.*

A happy New Year to all.

A Brave Boy.

When I was a boy I lived among the Green Mountains of Vermont; in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountain after flowers of nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was then called Baxter's Prairie. The prairie was covered with flowers, and many clear lakes abound in fish and ducks; but our principle food was hoe-cake and salt-pork.

One of our neighbors had no meat for some time, and getting out of powder, they had no game. So one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homeward and going through a piece of woods by Silver Lake, he heard the rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward; again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; every thing was still, except the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and dared not stay for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the sound of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear, and stealthily catamount come out of their dens. So, picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and savage wolf creeping after him, and, as he hurried on, still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy, though he trembled in every limb, he did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal, and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around and faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards toward his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker and the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back. The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork, he was safe, and could run home unmolested; but he knew that there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backwards he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when, with an angry yell, the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were answering howls, and hearing none, took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again was the contest renewed. Many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing sound, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying: "Mother I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

The Poor.

It should never be forgotten that "the Poor always have with you," but especially should we be mindful of this truth when the bleak winter, with his inhospitable snows, lays relentless siege alike to the opulent and the lowly. Then should those who are blessed with comfort and plenty, remember that every hoarse sound of winter's tempest carries sorrow and suffering to the homeless, and we should spare no reasonable efforts or sacrifices to make glad the many children of want around us.

There is not a book of inspired teaching that does not remind us of our duty to the Poor; and in the terrible judgment given as the final condemnation of the wicked, is found the burning words—"I was an hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was naked and ye clothed me not." It is taught as one of the highest of Christian duties, and none will deny that it is one of the holiest offices of humanity. Let us all be watchful that in this great duty we fail not.

The coming winter will be one of unusual severity to the Poor. "Labor will be scarce and every article of necessity unprecedentedly high." There must be some uncommon degree of suffering unless these shall be prompt and generous aid requested, cannot be doubted. And yet never before, within our recollection, has a generous Creator so lavishly bestowed his gifts upon our people.

On no country more than our own have the charms of nature been so prodigally lavished; her mighty lakes like oceans of liquid silver—her mountains with their bright floral tints—her valleys teeming with fertility—her tremendous cataracts thundering in their gorges—her boundless plains waving with spind (antony) verdure—her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean—her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all her magnificence—her skies kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glories of sunshine—no wonder that an American boy, beyond his own country, for the sublime and beautiful natural scenery. Campton keeps a nice pin alley, and one day he was leaning up against the outside walling as his heart would break.

What's the matter? inquired one of his friends who was passing. "Matter enough," he said. "I'm clean done for; say boy, Charley is dead; the mighty mountains with valleys, just as quick as they get his own wings, set up the pias they die. And poor Campton sobbed on.

The Unknown Painter.

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found upon the canvas of some one of his pupils, sketches or specimens of drawing, imperfect and unfinished, but bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was unable to conjecture the author. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of delighted surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if they could lay claim to the choice but mysterious production; but they returned a sorrowful negative.

"He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all," Sebastian, said he to a youthful slave who stood trembling before him, "who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, Senor."

"Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant of this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow."

He bowed in quiet submission, and retired. That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch, and exclaimed: "Three hours are my own; the rest are my master's!"

He then seized a palette and took his seat at the frame to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand to make the oblivious stroke, he paused. "Oh, those eyes," he said, "they pierce me through; that blood will run from those purple veins—I cannot, I cannot erase it, rather let me finish it."

He went to work; and soon the slave—the darkened brow—the child of toil and suffering—was merged into the youthful spirit, rising from the impetus of his own double energies, into a gorgeous sphere of liberty and brightest beauty.

A little coloring here, and a touch there—a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by.

"Oh, those beaming eyes; those lips—thy will speak and bless me! My beautiful—Oh, my beautiful!"

A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo, with his pupils, stood around the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement; while yet the unextinguished taper burned. Again he was a slave, and the spirit's folded wing seemed to flutter. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, Senor."

"Your drawing master, I mean?"

"Yours, Senor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No; but you have given them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, you have done better—you have punished or rewarded, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, Senor—reward," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes—another a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said: "The master feels kindly to-day—ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees, and a groan of anguish burst from him. He lifted his burning eyes to his master's face; "the freedom of my father!"

The death-chill passed from his heart, and he breathed. Murillo folded him to his bosom.

"Your pencil shows that you have talent—your request, that you have a heart; you are no longer a slave, but my son. Happy Murillo, I have not only painted, but made a painter."

There are still to be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens, from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

Is there not a voice's fraught with sweet eloquence from this little story, penetrating to the sanctuary of the heart and awakening its holiest sensibilities? Is there not between the circumstances and trials of our little hero and "the events" that sometimes occur in the career of a Christian, an impressive and truthful analogy?

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the Savings' bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance, that you are, in earnest, with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his repolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose; by tortinate speculations and splendid enterprises; but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy. He who relies upon those means will rarely be found destitute and whose ever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—Take a common loaf of bread and put enough warm water in it to cover nearly half the legs to the knees, put a good handful of table salt and a tablespoonful of mustard into the loaf, and then let it dissolve in the water. Dip your feet into the water, keep your knees well wrapped up to the chest, the steam arising will loosen your limbs and keep the water from running down your feet. You can bear it for fifteen or twenty minutes.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

The wheels of time are rolling swiftly round,
And it would seem as if the arrow found
Were far too short,
Days, months, and years, with hurried pace they move,
And as they pass, they bear to heaven above
As sad reports.

Short-ighted mortals see, how little think
That what we stand on, is the changing brink;
But for a day,
We mark the things that pass, we tell the hours,
And mark the things that pass, the things that pass,
All pass away.

Warnings we have, but seem to heed them not,
And borne along, impatient with our lot,
Forgot the past,
As if we were an off-shoot from the stream,
Of life's bright flow, rushing on the stream,
That dies at last.

Now at this closing year, when we behold
On all things stamped the letters dark and cold,
"Passing away!"
Lord make us feel that soon will be our end,
And fit us by thy grace with thee to spend
An endless day.

Dr. Ashbel Green and Miss Linnard.
Twenty-five years ago the name of Miss Linnard, whose memoir has since been published, was familiar to the pious female circles of Philadelphia. She shone conspicuously among them for her fine sense, great activity, and deep piety. A minister still living preached a preparatory lecture in the church in Spruce-street, of which she was a member, on the text, "Lovest thou me?" which cast her into the deepest gloom. Such were the strong and vivid representations which he made as to the necessary preparations for the right partaking of the Lord's supper, that conscious of not possessing them, she resolved not to commune. Her sense of duty and her deep depression of feeling came into conflict, and greatly excited her soul. In this state she had recourse to Dr. Green, who had heard the lecture.

"My dear child," said he, "our excellent brother seemed to forget that the Lord's table is spread not for angels, but for sinners. He has come, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. It is the weary and heavy-laden he invites to himself and to the privileges of his house."

It was enough. She left his study rejoicing in the Lord; and a more joyful communion season she had never spent on earth. I heard the lecture, and the incident here related I have had from both parties. And this, I feel persuaded, is a fair illustration of his skill and success as a comforter of the Lord's people, and as a director of the inquiring to the cross of Jesus Christ.—*Rev. Dr. Murray.*

Keep an Eye on the Neighbors.

Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore do not relax your effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing something, some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else that you can see; and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circumscribe such things, though it may not benefit yourself any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like heaven for the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they had not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, and then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after a while; then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.—*Examiner.*

Counsels to Youth.
Yet youth ever remember that the journey of life presents fewer, if any, obstacles in its path which perseverance will not overcome.

No talents, however great, will be of much value to their possessor without careful using; many a youth has failed of being any benefit to himself or others, solely because he made no effort to improve the talents God had given him; and others have ruined themselves by too great efforts, while a third class, possessing talents that might have enabled them to become blessings to others, have turned their course downward, and sunk in everlasting night. Youthful readers, remember that it is in your power to belong to either of these classes, and on yourself rests the happiness or misery consequent upon the decision you make.

The virtues of high standing of parents of wealth may, for a time, shield you from the faults and follies of youth; but sooner or later, each must stand on his own merits.

If then, who takes his future well being in his own hands, the highest aims and purest principles of morality and truth, is like the man who built his house upon the sand, and will build when it is too late, that the strong current of the flood of evil will sweep away his frail foundation, and leave him a wrecked and ruined outcast from society, or at least an enemy to himself and his kind.—*Boston Cultivator.*

REPORT OF GEN. HALLECK.

The report of Major General Halleck gives a summary of the military operations during the past year. Referring to Gen. Lee's invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, he says: "To Gen. Meade belongs the honor of a well earned victory in one of the greatest and best fought battles of the war. When the rebel army was about to move on these States, Gen. Dix sent all his available force from Norfolk and Fortress Monroe up York river for the purpose of cutting off Gen. Lee's communications with Richmond, and of attacking the place, which was known to be at that time defended by only a handful of militia. The expedition failed to accomplish the single object for which it had been fitted out. The failure resulted, it was alleged, from the inefficiency of one of the generals commanding."

In speaking of the attack on Fort Sumpter on the 7th of April, he says: "It being unsuccessful, nothing apparently remained to be done by the land forces. A siege of Charleston and its defenses by land had never been contemplated, and therefore was no part of the plan."

Referring to events in connection with Vicksburg, he says: "No more brilliant exploit than that of Gen. Grant can be found in military history. It having been alleged and extensively published that Gen. Grant had positively disobeyed the instructions of his superior, Gen. Halleck says that Gen. Grant never disobeyed an order or instruction, but always carried out to the best of his ability every measure or suggestion made to him by the government; nor did he ever complain that the government did not furnish him all the means and assistance in its power to facilitate the execution of any plan which he saw fit to adopt."

While Gen. Grant was operating before Vicksburg, information deemed reliable, was received that large detachments were being drawn from Bragg's army to reinforce Johnson in Mississippi, and accordingly General Rosecrans was required to advance from Murfreesboro' in order to take advantage of Bragg's demoralized numbers, and drive him back into Georgia, and thus free loyal East Tennessee from the rebels, but Gen. Rosecrans, in a dispatch, counselled caution and patience at headquarters. Gen. Halleck plainly told him that by five or six months of inactivity of his army, it was not to be supposed that his patience was not pretty well exhausted. Several communications passed on this subject, and finally, on the 25th of June, Gen. Rosecrans commenced his movement.

Gen. Halleck says that as three separate armies were to operate in the same field, it seemed necessary to have a single commander in order to secure a more perfect co-operation than had been obtained with the separate commands of Burnside and Rosecrans. Gen. Grant by his distinguished services and superior rank to all the others at that time in the West, seemed entitled to this general command, and therefore it was conferred upon him.

Gen. Halleck concludes by saying: "It is seen from the foregoing summary of operations during the past year that we have repelled every attempt of the enemy to invade the loyal States, and have recovered from his domination Kentucky and Tennessee, a portion of Alabama and Mississippi, and the greater part of Arkansas and Louisiana, and restored the free navigation of the Mississippi river. Heretofore the enemy has enjoyed great advantages over us in the character of his theatre of war. He has operated on short and safe interior lines, while our forces have been compelled to occupy circuits of immense length. The reopening of the Mississippi river to our commerce, has been the result of our operations on the river, and has done more for us than all our other successes. Although our victories since the beginning of the war may not have equalled the expectation of the more sanguine, we have every reason to be grateful to Divine Providence for the steady progress of our arms. In a little more than two years we have recaptured nearly every important point held by the rebels on the seaboard, and we have reconquered and now hold military possession of more than 250,000 square miles of territory held at one time by the rebel army and claimed by them as a constituent part of their Confederacy. The extent of country thus recaptured and occupied by our armies is as large as France or Austria; or the entire peninsula of Spain and Portugal, and twice as large as Great Britain, Prussia or Italy."

Considering what we have already accomplished, the present condition of the enemy, and the immense and still unimpairing military resources of the loyal States, we may reasonably hope, with the same measure of success as heretofore, to bring this rebellion to a speedy and final termination."

NEWSPAPER READERS.—If subscribers to journals, like church members, in stopping their paper, were required to produce an editorial certificate before they could subscribe for another, there would be some serious developments. For example—We certify that A. B. wishes to transfer his patronage to another paper, because having kept his paper for six years without paying a cent, he felt insulted by having a bill sent to him by way of reminder.

The fastidious editor of the Yankee Blade gives the following among other hints on matrimony: "Don't be surprised if, after you have talked smoothly eight or ten months, on the folly of matrimony you are suddenly overtaken by equals."

A bolt of cannon fell off the stern of a steamer, and a man jumped in after it, being in for a duck—he was bound to have the grass back.

Touching Scene in a Court Room.

One James Sutherland, who has been on trial at Indianapolis for several days, for killing Roddy A. Small, was acquitted on Thursday. His wife and three children were in court at the time. After the announcement of the verdict she showed a scene, says the Indianapolis Journal, not often witnessed in a Court room.

"The prisoner, it was—was a prisoner—now no longer—fell upon his knees, and lifting his eyes toward heaven uttered an earnest prayer of thanksgiving and praise to God whose justice and mercy have been so wonderfully manifested him. The prayer was irresistibly eloquent; and when it was pronounced, a woman came back in response from every part of the room; and there were tears in every eye. All raised to their feet; the acquitted man advanced, and took each jurymen by the hand with a fervent 'God bless you! You have saved an innocent man from shame and disgrace; you have taken a foul stamp from my wife; God bless you! And to the prosecutor whose conduct in the case commands admiration from all for fairness and honesty; he gave a cordial 'God bless you! The old white-haired father, whose firm trust had supported the son in the dark hours of trial, now melted in tears of joy that his boy was acquitted of guilt, and his own good name remained untarnished. The Judge, wiping his eyes of the tear that had come unbidden, ordered the Sheriff to adjourn the court."

THE CONTRABAND'S PROPHECY.—A correspondent informs us that there is an old female contraband following the army of the Potomac, who has the reputation of being a prophet. She repeats the following doggerel verse:

"In sixty-one, the war began;
In sixty-two, it was half through;
In sixty-three, the niggers were free;
In sixty-four, the war well nigh over.
It is more than probable that the darkey's prediction will prove correct."

A schoolmaster while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. , have you got furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am just making preparations."

The citizens of Princeton, Gibson co., Indiana, turned out last week and cut two hundred cords of wood for the families of the brave men who are away fighting the battles of our country. The wood was furnished by three benevolent farmers in the vicinity of that town.

TO CURIOSITY VENDERS.—Wanted, a key to open a lock of hair; a pin to fasten the tie of friendship; a cement for repairing broken vows; and a ladder for brightening clouded prospects!

Confederate currency has so depreciated that the Richmond people say "If you go to market you have to take your money in the basket, and carry your beef in the pocket book."

"Jim, why am one burgh in Pennsylvania, like the Fouché of July?"
"I gub that up fore you ax it."
"Hekase it am Hollidaysburg."

Why does a clock always look bashful?
Because it keeps its hands before its face.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's thoughts; as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

"Our Saviour called Judas a devil. Why a devil?" Because he was a traitor.

A Yankee has invented a machine to remove a boil from a tea kettle.

Artemus Ward thinks it is a hard thing not to have a wife—no gentle heart to get up in the morning and make the fire.

Prentice says there is a good deal of the devil in the rebels. They sometimes fight like him, frequently run like him, and always lie like him.

Repine not if you see others better fed than yourself. Perhaps they are fattened for destruction, and you dieted for health.

Women are very unworldly. Many a one, who sees her husband mourning, would gladly mourn for him.

Man who washes his dirty face, and then gets it dirty again, merely changes his ground.

Let no one abuse this world; it is the first act of a drama from the hand of God.

The best kind of persons to work the quartz rock of California are "kin plants."

There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is sold before it can be got ready for the market.

We don't always improve by practice; our second childhood is poorer than the first.

Pious poverty is better than poor piety.

Why is a Seceh house occupied by Union troops like the copyright of a book?
—Because it is entered according to the act of Congress.

Yet small courtesies of life, how smoothed, make the road of it. Like grass and beauty, which begot inclinations to love at first sight, they who open the door and let the stranger in.