

# The Manchester Journal.

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## The Manchester Journal.

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## RAMS.

BY FRANCIS DE HAAS JANVIER.

Who, indeed, would have thought that it  
could chance.  
That degenerate England and complacent  
France,  
Who have always known everything under the  
sun—  
Who have always thought first of whatever  
we've done—  
Who have scarce designed our Eagle the slight-  
est salute—  
Should fall flat, to adore an American Ram.  
There have always been Rams! Father Adam,  
we know,  
Found some Rams in his garden a long time  
ago!  
In the raising of Rams Abel took much de-  
light:  
And a ram was concerned in the very first  
fight—  
And the first ram adored, we would further re-  
mark,  
Was the Ram which old Noah took into the  
ark!

Then, it seems, there were Rams which were  
tied up in stalls,  
Driven out to do battle by buffing down walls,  
Alexander, Marcellus, and Scylla, we  
Had a great many Rams of this desperate  
kind!  
And when Titus encamped 'mid Jerusalem's  
palms,  
It is said that the Hebrews saw nothing but  
Rams!

After these, there came Rams not inclining to  
fight—  
Rams resembling good Joshua's Gibbees—  
Which were "drawers of water"—Hydraulic  
Rams,  
Quite domestic, and commonly found with  
their Dams!  
My such Rams still continue to thrive and  
increase  
With the limitless Ram-fications of peace!

Thus we Ram-ble along, through the cycles of  
Time,  
Finding History's Ram-page is rather sub-  
lime!  
But the Ram of all Rams, is the Ram of our  
day,  
Which is shaking the world with a Ram-pant  
die may!  
Iron harnessed, steam driven it sweeps o'er  
the sea,  
Our American Ram-part! the shield of the  
Free!

### Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—Once more in  
this eventful epoch, will I, with your  
permission, address a few lines to  
you, and your readers. From my  
present stand point, I am not vain  
enough to suppose that anything from  
my poor pen will be of much interest  
to friends at home; but nevertheless,  
a communication from even a poor  
soldier may partially interest some.

Some may query as to why my  
communication is dated at this dis-  
tance from my regiment, and to all  
such I will say that I am here in  
common with many other soldiers for  
the purpose of recruiting my poor  
health.

Since being here what strength I  
have had to spare has been devoted  
to visiting the numerous hospitals in  
the city and vicinity. And perhaps a  
word in regard to them may not be  
void of interest. In perambulating  
the streets of Washington one can  
hardly go amiss of a hospital. Very  
many of the churches and public  
buildings are now used for hospital  
purposes, and upon every vacant  
square or plot of ground within the  
city is being, or is already erected  
substantial barracks for the same pur-  
pose—the number in each varying  
all the way from one hundred to  
twenty-five hundred. I find the con-  
dition of the inmates as good as I ex-  
pected, although there are now many  
faults and errors that should be cor-  
rected.

I think the government is doing all  
it can for the hospital department, but  
it is a large machine to run, and the  
consequence is that errors will exist.  
I think there is too little attention by  
the surgeons in charge, paid to the  
selection of ward masters and nurses.  
In many of the hospitals there are no  
female nurses at all, and I am satis-  
fied that but a very small share of the  
soldier nurses are properly qualified  
to administer to the wants of their  
more unfortunate comrades.

It is a satisfaction, although not a  
very pleasant one, to go among our  
sick and wounded and either by word  
or deed to conduct to their comfort.

In looking after the welfare of  
those of my own company who are  
in hospital, I have come in contact  
with many others from our own State  
who are in like condition. In con-  
versation with different ones, some  
thoughts have arisen in my mind,  
which I would like to suggest to our  
friends at home. I am well aware  
that the people of Vermont have been  
quite liberal in contributing to the  
wants and comforts of their invalid  
soldiers but I am afraid many of their  
contributions have taken a wrong  
course; at least, I am convinced that  
but a small portion of them have

been received by those for which they  
were intended. I do not know where  
the sanitary stores from our State  
have been sent; but of this I am con-  
vinced, that but a portion of them  
have gone into the hands of our Ver-  
mont committee.

I would say that in future all con-  
tributions whose donors are desirous  
that they go direct to the needs of  
our own men, should be directed to  
Stephen Prentice or W. F. Hall,  
they being the more active members  
of our committee here.

All packages or boxes had, for  
economy's sake, better be forwarded  
from New York here through the  
Hope Government Dispatch Ex-  
press Company, and to all that  
wish to pay the bill through, I would  
say that seventy cents per hundred  
pounds defray all expenses from New  
York here.

The articles most needed are shirts,  
drawers, towels, handkerchiefs, socks,  
either woolen or cotton, and slippers  
if possible with leather soles. In  
point of eatables nothing is more pal-  
atable than preserved or dried fruits  
of the various kinds. Apple jelly  
or sauce in connection with hospital  
fare is considered quite a luxury, and  
if properly put up in kegs or tin  
cans, can be very safely sent hither.  
If it may not be considered amiss,  
let me here drop a hint in behalf of  
our more fortunate soldiers who have  
thus far withstood the shock of dis-  
ease and "rebel lead."

Inasmuch as dame nature has  
bounteously supplied our State with  
fruit, if you should, after remember-  
ing the more needy, chance to find a  
surplus of the dried article on hand  
a package of a few pounds to a com-  
pany donated by a town or neighbor-  
hood, would be most gratefully re-  
ceived and the donors kindly remem-  
bered.

Since being here it has been my  
good fortune to frequently meet my  
friend the former editor of the *Journal*,  
and it does me good to know that  
one of his unflinching loyalty has  
been favored with the pleasant posi-  
tion which he occupies; and it is my  
heartfelt wish that more of his stamp  
might occupy the places of those who  
I have reason to believe at heart are  
in rebellion against the very govern-  
ment that gives them their daily  
bread.

Since being in the army it has been  
my fortune to be isolated from the  
body of the soldiers from our State;  
but of late I have been gladdened by  
seeing three thousand patriotic Green  
Mountain Boys, and amongst them  
were a goodly number of my own  
personal friends.

When looked upon by an impartial  
eye I am sure they suffer nothing  
when compared with the best regiments  
from any other state. Fearing my  
communication is now altogether  
too long when compared with the  
quality, I will close here.

Yours, G. H.

[For the Manchester Journal.]

It may be a proper and even re-  
quisite enquiry for every one to make,  
what is, or rather what ought to be  
the object and aim of life? The an-  
swer of all would undoubtedly be the  
pursuit, or rather the acquisition of  
happiness. But the result of that en-  
quiry would doubtless be very vari-  
ant by various and different individ-  
uals, according to their different esti-  
mates of what constitutes that great  
desideratum, and how it is to be at-  
tained. Some seem to consider that  
it consists, and is to be attained only  
in the gratification of the various an-  
imal appetites and passions. Some  
in the acquirement and possession of  
wealth, and large landed and personal  
estates. Others in family distinc-  
tions, titles and worldly honors. And  
others again in show, parade and  
fashionable etiquette, &c. As to the  
first named, the gratification of the  
appetites and passions, the enjoyment  
is but momentary, and is soon passed  
away; and besides they are enjoyed  
but in common with the brute crea-  
tion, and some probably in a less de-  
gree; as for instance, the swine, al-  
though they partake of almost all  
kinds of food, with apparently a great  
relish, yet some kinds they devour  
more voraciously and with keener ap-  
petites. So also of other animals;  
and besides, the indulgence and grati-  
fication of the other corporeal senses,  
appetites and passions. As to the ac-  
quisition and possession of wealth and  
large estates, I would merely remark  
that they can be enjoyed but for a

short period here, and we can carry  
none of it with us into our future  
life, and whilst here, in time, it is so  
encumbered with care, perplexity and  
anxiety, that it can afford but lit-  
tle enjoyment. The same can be  
said also of the honors, titles and fam-  
ily distinctions, and besides of what  
worth or value are they, for this life  
only, compared to the honors and dis-  
tinctions which are to be bestowed  
and enjoyed more equitably, as well  
as enduringly through the long ages  
of eternity, in the life to come here-  
after. As to the gratification of  
pride, in show, dress and fashionable  
parade, I may merely suggest that  
none can equal in gaudiness and dis-  
play the insensible flowers of the  
field, or even the peacock, and other  
birds of the air. I might also speak  
of other sources of sensual and tem-  
poral enjoyment, but I deem it whol-  
ly unnecessary, as my object and de-  
sign is, to point out and refer to what  
I consider as the only source or  
means of enjoying true happiness in  
this life, and the preparation therefor  
in the life hereafter. In the first  
place I would observe that no happi-  
ness can be enjoyed except in com-  
munion or community; so it has been  
decreed and pronounced by the Al-  
mighty, who brought us into being,  
who said when man was first created  
upon the earth, "that it is not good  
that man should be alone." That by  
the reciprocating influences of society  
we enjoy all the happiness of which  
we are capable, and I may add not  
only in this life, but also in the life  
hereafter. But now the question re-  
curs, how are we to comport ourselves  
in society, and in our intercourse with  
each other, so as to be productive of  
the greatest amount of social happi-  
ness and enjoyment? The answer  
evidently is, that it must be in such  
manner as to elicit mutual friend-  
ship and esteem, and that by contrib-  
uting to each others' welfare, so far  
as in their power, by acts of kindness,  
gentleness and charity, that the wants  
of the one may be supplied by the  
abundance of the other, and at all  
times and on all occasions, to speak  
kindly, as well as to deal kindly with  
each other. We have at longest but  
a little while to remain in this life,  
and our wants are limited to our  
necessary comfortable subsistence and  
support, and the surplus of what we  
acquire or possess beyond our actual  
needs, we ought freely to dispense to  
him who wants or is destitute of the  
same, and thereby cause a double  
blessing to descend upon him who  
gives and him who receives, and in  
all our intercourse with others in this  
life, to follow the directions and in-  
junctions of our Savior, when upon  
the earth, that is to love one another,  
and to do good to each other as we  
may have occasion, and we shall not  
only promote our happiness here but  
secure it hereafter.

SENEX.

### HUMOR OF SOLDIER LIFE.—A

private soldier by the name of Rich-  
ard Lee, was taken before the magis-  
trate of Glasgow for playing cards  
during divine service. The account  
of it is thus given in the English jour-  
nals:

"A sergeant commanded the sol-  
diers at the church, and when the  
parson had read the prayers he took the  
text. Those who had a Bible took it  
out, but this soldier had neither Bible  
nor common prayer book; but pulling  
out a pack of cards, he spread them  
out before him. He first looked at  
one card and then at another. The  
sergeant of the company saw him and  
said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this  
is no place for them."  
"Never mind that," said Richard.  
When the service was over, the  
constable took Richard a prisoner, and  
brought him before the mayor.

"Well," says the mayor, "what  
have you brought the soldier here  
for?"  
"For playing cards in church."  
"Well, soldier, what have you to  
say for yourself?"  
"Much, sir, I hope."  
"Very good; if not, I will punish  
you more than ever man was punish-  
ed."

"I have been," said the soldier,  
"about six weeks on the march. I  
have neither Bible nor common pray-  
er book. I have nothing but a pack  
of cards, and I hope to satisfy your  
worship of the purity of my inten-  
tions."

Then spreading the cards before  
the mayor he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me  
that there is but one God. When I  
see the deuce it reminds me of Father  
and Son. When I see the tray it re-  
minds me of Father, Son and Holy  
Ghost. When I see the four, it re-  
minds me of the four Evangelists that  
preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and  
John. When I see the five, it re-  
minds me of the five wise virgins that  
trimmed their lamps. There were  
ten, but five were wise and five were  
foolish and were shut out. When I  
see the six, it reminds me that in six  
days the Lord made heaven and earth.

When I see the seven, it reminds me  
that on the seventh day God rested  
from the great work he had made, and  
hallowed it. When I see the eight,  
it reminds me of the eight righteous  
persons that were saved when God  
destroyed the world, viz.—Noah and  
his wife, his three sons and their  
wives. When I see the nine, it re-  
minds me of the nine lepers that were  
cleansed by our Savior. When I see  
the ten, it reminds me of the ten com-  
mandments which God handed down  
to Moses on the tables of stone.

When I see the king, it reminds me  
of the great king of heaven, which is  
God Almighty. When I see the queen,  
it reminds me of the queen of Sheba  
who visited Solomon, for she was  
the wise woman, as he was a man.

She brought with her fifty boys and  
fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel,  
for king Solomon to tell which were  
boys and which were girls. King  
Solomon sent for water for them to  
wash; the girls washed to the elbows,  
and the boys to the wrists, so king  
Solomon told by that.

"Well," said the mayor, "you have  
given a description of all the cards in  
the pack except one."  
"What is that?"  
"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give you honor a descrip-  
tion of that, too, if you will not be an-  
gry."  
"I will not," said the mayor, "if  
you do not term me to be the knave."  
"Well," said the soldier, "the great-  
est knave that I know of is the con-  
stable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor,  
"if he is the greatest knave, but I  
know he is the greatest fool."  
"When I count how many spots in  
a pack of cards, I find three hundred  
and sixty-five—as many days as there  
are in a year. When I count the  
number of cards in a pack, I find  
there are fifty-two—the number of  
weeks there are in a year; and I find  
four suits—the number of weeks in a  
month. I find there are twelve pic-  
ture cards in a pack, representing the  
number of months in a year; and on  
counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the  
number of weeks in a quarter.

So you see, sir, a pack of cards  
serves for a bible, almanac, and com-  
mon prayer book.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The oddest  
case of absence of mind that has  
come to our knowledge for some time  
past occurred on Saturday at the  
postoffice. It was not quite equal to  
that of the gentlemen who, upon ask-  
ing for his letters, forgot his own  
name, and was obliged to start for his  
own store to ascertain it. It was,  
however, nearly as bad. A merchant  
who had lately commenced business  
in this city, upon a scale of consider-  
able magnitude, secured, after some  
delay, a private box at the postoffice.  
He paid the rental, and was furnished  
by the postmaster with the necessary  
ticket, upon the production of which  
his letters would be delivered. This,  
as everybody knows, is the custom at  
metropolitan postoffices. The mer-  
chant received his ticket and left the  
postoffice, extremely glad at having  
secured a private letter box.

Next day came a parcel of steamer  
letters, filling the box; the same even-  
ing there was another batch, and the  
next morning the box received such  
accessions that it could hold no more.  
By the end of the third day a basket,  
holding near a peck, was filled with  
letters for the same merchant. The  
clerk wondered that so much appar-  
ently important correspondence was  
not called for, but it was none of their  
business, and as each mail brought  
more and more, they were piled upon  
the basket.

On Saturday the merchant in per-  
son called upon the postmaster. He  
looked very rueful. By the failure  
of expected remittances he had been  
very much annoyed in his business  
affairs. He had telegraphed to other  
cities to inquire concerning his mis-

sing letters, and had received for an-  
swer that something was wrong in  
Philadelphia; that the letters were  
daily mailed, and if stolen, were sto-  
len from the Philadelphia postoffice.  
A brief inquiry soon set matters  
right. The merchant entirely forget-  
ting that he had secured a private  
letter box, had been inquiring three  
times a day at the general delivery  
there. When the merchant under-  
stood matters, and received his ac-  
cumulated bundle of correspondence, he  
freely acknowledged his singular in-  
advertence. The case would scarce-  
ly be credible were it not communi-  
cated by the parties concerned. In  
the present instance the merchant was  
seriously embarrassed in the trans-  
action of his business by the non-arrival of mercantile letters, and  
yet forgot that he had made special  
arrangement at the postoffice for a  
private letter box, and that no letters  
for him should be delivered to any  
one, except bearing the ticket ac-  
companying the transfer of the box.  
That ticket the merchant found pre-  
cisely where he had placed it at the  
time of making the forgotten arrange-  
ment.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

LESSONS OF WAR.—A people in ear-  
nest, smarting with the wounds of war  
and the deeper inflictions of treach-  
ery, is abroad seeking after a country.  
It has been repeating with annual con-  
gratulations for eighty years the self-  
evident truths of the documents which  
declared its independence; now it dis-  
covers that more evidence of it is need-  
ed than successful trading and build-  
ing can bring, and it sends it forth  
afresh, with half a million of glittering  
specialities to enforce its doctrines, while  
trade, and speculation, and all the am-  
bitions of prosperous men, and delicate-  
ly nurtured lives, and other lives as  
dearly cherished and nursed to matu-  
rity, are sent out with an imperative  
commission to buy, at all hazards, a  
real country, to exchange what is  
precious for the sake of having finally  
what we dreamed we had before—the  
most precious of all earthly things, a  
Commonwealth of God. Yes, our best  
things go, like wads for  
guns, to bid our purpose speak more  
emphatically, as it expresses the over-  
ruling inspiration of the hour.—*At-  
lantic Monthly.*

SECRET OF FREEMASONRY.—  
Freemasonry, said Benjamin Frank-  
lin, I admit has its secrets.

It has secrets peculiar to itself,  
but of what does this principally  
consist? They consist of signs and  
tokens, which serve as testimonials of  
character and qualifications which are  
conferred after due course of instruc-  
tion and examination, they are of no  
small value; they speak a universal  
language, and are a passport to the  
support of the whole world. They  
cannot be lost so long as memory re-  
tains its power. Let the possessor  
of them be expatriated, shipwrecked  
or imprisoned, let him be stripped of  
everything he has in the world, still  
these credentials remain, and are  
available for us as circumstances may  
require. The good effects which they  
have produced are established by the  
incontestable facts of history. They  
have stayed the uplifted hands of the  
destroyer; they have subdued the  
rancor of malevolence, and broken down  
the barrier of political animosity and  
sectional alienation. On the field of  
battle, in the solitudes of the unculti-  
vated forest, or in the busy haunts of  
the crowded city, they have made  
men of most hostile feelings, and the  
most diversified conditions, rush to  
the aid of each other with special  
joy and satisfaction that they have  
been able to afford relief to a brother  
Mason.

AN OBSTINATE ORGAN.—In a  
small church at a little village near  
Brighton, where the congregation  
could not afford to pay an organist,  
they recently bought a self-acting or-  
gan, a compact instrument, well suited  
to the purpose, and constructed to  
play forty different tunes. The sexton  
had instructions how to set it go-  
ing and how to stop it; but unfortu-  
nately he forgot the latter part of his  
business, and after singing the first  
four verses of a hymn before the  
sermon, the organ could not be  
stopped, and it continued playing two  
verses more. Then, just as the cler-  
gyman completed the words, "Let us  
pray," the organ clicked, and started  
a fresh tune. The minister sat it out  
patiently, and then renewed his intro-  
ductory words, "Let us pray," when  
click went the organ again, and start-  
ed off on another tune. The sexton  
and others continued their exertions  
to find out the spring, but no man  
could put a stop to it; so they got  
four of the stoutest men in the church  
to shoulder the perverse instrument,  
and they carried it out down the cen-  
ter aisle of the church, playing away  
into the church yard, where it con-  
tinued clicking and playing away un-  
til the whole forty tunes were finished.

A NOVEL WAY OF CURING A  
BREACHY HORSE.—A correspond-  
ent of the Iowa Homestead was rid-  
ing the other day with a friend, and  
observed that one of the horses had a  
hole in each ear. On inquiring the  
cause, he learned that it was to keep  
the horse from jumping. "Why,"  
said he, "a horse don't jump with his  
ears." "You are mistaken," replied  
his friend; "a horse jumps as much  
with his ears as with his feet, and un-  
less he can have free use of his ears  
he cannot jump." He ties the two  
ears together, and has no more trou-  
ble with the horse. We give this for  
what it is worth.

A GOLDEN MOTTO.—*Hoc est non  
numero nisi serenas.*—"I count only  
the hours that are serene"—is the  
motto of a sun-dial near Venice.  
There is a softness and harmony in  
the words and in the thought unpar-  
alleled. Of all conceits, it is surely  
the most classical. "I count only the  
hours that are serene." What a  
bland and care dispelling feeling!  
How the shadows seem to fade on  
the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and  
time presents only a blank, unless as  
its progress is marked by what is joy-  
ous, all that is not happy sinks into  
oblivion! What a fine lesson is con-  
veyed to the mind—take no note of  
time but by its benefits, to watch only  
for the smiles and neglect the frowns  
of fate—to compose our lives of  
bright and gentle moments, turning  
always to the sunny side of things, and  
letting the rest slip from our imagina-  
tions, unheeded or forgotten.

By a steamboat explosion on a wes-  
tern river, a passenger was thrown  
unhurt into the water, and at once  
struck for the shore, blowing like a  
porpoise. He reached the bank al-  
most exhausted, and was caught by a  
bystander, and drawn out panting.  
"Well, old fellow," said his friend,  
"had a pretty hard time, eh?" "Ye  
yes, pretty hard, considerin'." Wasn't  
doing it for myself, though; was a  
workin' for one o' them insurance  
companies in New York. Got a pol-  
icy on my life, and wanted to save  
'em. I didn't care."