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Poetry.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die:
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night within the sky.
There were seven of us children—
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.
On my knee my little brother
Leaning his aching brow and wept,
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.
Oh! be kind to one another,
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snowflake
On the baby's golden hair.
Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.
Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler
In the baby's golden hair.

Miscellaneous.

From the Knoxville Courier.

Blue Ridge Road Again.

We have been placed in possession of some other and more definite information in regard to this road since our last issue. From it we learn that Anson Bangs, who gave notice to the Blue Ridge Company some time since, that the firm of A. Bangs & Co. was dissolved, and that he would sanction no payment thereafter made to the remaining Contractors, has since given the Company written authority to pay the estimates for sixty days from the date of his order; and that the last two months estimates have been paid accordingly. We believe this information is reliable, and that the work is going on and paid for as usual. But, whether any of the questions heretofore in dispute between the Company and the contractors have been definitely settled or not, we are not prepared to say, though negotiations are said to be pending. The sub-contractors, we learn, are receiving nine cents for earth. The rock has heretofore been paid for according to the estimates of the Engineer of the Company, though we do not believe that any of the estimates have been regarded as final, but subject to future measurement and calculation after the completion of the grading. We learn further that bonds of the Company have been issued in sums of five hundred and one thousand dollars; but at our last advices had not been called for by the contractors.

Bangs was bought out by his copartners, or by other Northern men—we are not certain which. He was the original contractor, and brought with him the highest recommendations as to experience and capacity, as well as responsibility from men high in office in New York. We are not prepared to say that he humbugged the Blue Ridge Company by this means. If he did, it seems that others have not been wise. He has now a contract for a road in Florida, we understand, and a very advantageous one. His recommendation, and the agreement to take one-half cash and the other in bonds and stock, was certainly a great inducement to the Blue Ridge Company, in the state of their finances at that time, to conclude the bargain with him.

From all we can learn we are confirmed in the belief that the work will go on successfully. We have not the most remote idea that the State will lose a dollar by it. If there are difficulties between the company and the contractors, we hope they will soon be adjusted. Or at all events if the final completion is delayed thereby its ultimate success will not be jeopardized.

With the arrangement between the contractors and sub-contractors, we understand that the Blue Ridge Company disclaims all interference. It is known that Bangs, when he first came on, advertised for three thousand hands at high wages, imported companies of Germans, etc. That turned out to be a flourish. The contractors now do not pretend to do anything themselves. The work is let out to sub-contractors, and is performed generally by the labor of the country, which we have no doubt is all the better.

REV. DR. MANLY.—We learn with pleasure that this eminent divine and scholar has yielded to the earnest desire of his friends in this city, and has accepted the pastoral charge of the Forsyth street Baptist Church. Dr. Manly has, for many years past, presided over the University of Alabama. He has finally determined to relinquish this eminent position, and to return to the city where he won his first reputation as a divine, a scholar, and a man capable of directing the highest intelligence towards its best objects. Dr. Manly has had many inducements to carry his shining talents elsewhere; but being in heart and soul a Southerner, he has felt no inclination to make his home anywhere than in his native South. He comes back to us with a reputation adorned by his services to the general cause of learning, and with no diminution of that just fame as a pulpit orator, which made him, twenty years ago, the most honored among the clergy of the Baptist Church.—*Charleston Mercury*.

The Board of Commissioners appointed by the Texas Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have fixed upon Chapel Hill, as the place for the location of the University of Texas. The citizens of Chapel Hill subscribed \$50,000, as an inducement for the location at that place.

The more a man is envied, the less he is spared.

The Little Compliments of Life.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Life is made up of trifles—bows, and smiles, And little kindnesses are, like the air, Essential to our being."

The little compliments of life and society are more potent than most persons are apt to imagine. We have more than once seen a smile of pleasure pass over a countenance that is ordinarily rugged and stern at some kindly demonstration intended to convey good-will, and to manifest respect. And with the gentler sex, such demonstrations are almost irresistible. Who has not seen some bright eye kindle, and some full cheek glow at little attentions of this kind—attentions that cannot be paid too frequently and that rarely fail to have some effect?

A few years since a gentleman of a neighboring city became utterly devoted to a young and accomplished beauty, with whom he had been on terms of friendly intimacy from childhood. He, however, although highly educated, graceful and courteous was remarkably homely. Fully aware of this he supposed, and rightly, that the task of conquest would be one of great difficulty. But he was devoted to the fair object of his regard, and she, although she always respected and esteemed him, could not believe it possible for her ever to cherish a more tender emotion. Nevertheless, the suitor persevered. He did so, too, not rashly and impetuously, but by paying the most delicate attentions at all proper times and seasons, and by consulting her wishes her tastes and her feelings, at every fitting opportunity. He was untiring and although she was capricious, vain and somewhat coquettish, she possessed a noble and generous heart and one that was full of the warmest sympathies.

Year after year passed by, and still the suitor persevered. Others stepped in meanwhile but they could not appreciate her butterfly character, and would not conciliate the many whims of the beauty and the belle and hence they made but a momentary impression. Not so, however with the other. He had studied her nature thoroughly, and had discovered that he was gradually overcoming the prejudice that at first prevailed, and accomplishing the realization of his warmest hopes. At last, too, he was successful. He not only won the hand, but he secured the heart of the fair enchantress and all, in a measure, by such delicate, kind and complimentary attentions, as are at the command of almost any one who studies human nature, has the patience to practice the philosophy of perseverance, of self-denial and of courtesy.

And so in every condition of life. It is almost impossible for any one to think unkindly of another, who, on every occasion, exhibits the warmest regard, and seeks for opportunities to extend courtesy, manifest friendship and indicate feeling. On the other hand, those who neglect the little compliments of life, who fancy that they may trample upon this point of etiquette, and that feature of courtesy, that their business is to receive and not to extend favors—that they may be selfish and indifferent, and insulting, and all with impunity, will, in the end, discover that they have committed a fearful and egregious mistake.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—On Thursday afternoon last, between the hours of three and four o'clock, a very destructive fire occurred in Henrico county, along the line of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, by which about 2000 cords of wood were destroyed, and a large amount of fencing burned. The fire was first discovered near the Hermitage, about one mile from this city, and the general impression is, that it was caused by sparks from the "down train locomotive."

The same morning the sparks from the down train cars, from Aquia Creek to this city, set the woods on fire between Fredericksburg and Guinea Station, and the wind blowing a perfect gale at the time, the flames soon spread to the railroad and burned one hundred of the sills before the fire could be extinguished. Between "Polecat" and "Chesterfield" Stations, the woods were again fired from the same cause, and a wooden culvert burned; and at the Junction the woods were also fired, but the track was not injured. Indeed, throughout the run from Aquia Creek to this city, the woods seem to have been regularly fired, at various places, by sparks from the engine.

How far the fire has extended into the country, has not been ascertained.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

THE FIRST DUEL IN THE U. S.—Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the first duel in the now United States was fought at Plymouth in 1621, the year succeeding the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Sabine in his Notes says: "The parties were Edward Doty, and Edward Leister, servants of Stephen Hopkins, and having a dispute, they settled it gentleman-like—with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. Without a statute law on the subject the whole company of Puritans assembled to consider and punish the offence. The decision was the wisest that could have been made. Doty and Leister were ordered to be tied together, heads and feet for twenty four hours, without food or drink, but the intercession of their master, their own humility and promises procured a speedy release."

FIRE.—We regret to learn that fire was blown from Colonel J. T. Sloan's plantation, lying on Twelve Mile River, on Thursday last, setting fire to the woods, which burned with great fury, consuming Mr. Martin's barn and fence, together with one to two thousand panels of fencing in the neighborhood. The wind was blowing hard at the time, we understand, and all efforts to extinguish the flames proved fruitless. The furniture was removed from several dwellings, they being given up as lost; all, fortunately, were saved.

Heavy losses have been sustained by fire in other portions of the District this week, but we have not been able to gather the particulars. [Pickens Courier.]

It is a very true remark, that praise of the dead is often intended as censure of the living.

The Love of Nature.

How many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the sky, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous; and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom—could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexatious and wranglings of a card-table! But some minds there are of a different make, who even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature, a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim—

"I care not Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve."

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets—Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but above all with the divine George—joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

The Little Courtesies of Life.

RECIPROCITY.
"Ill seems, said he, if he so valiant be,
That he should be so stern to stranger weight;
For seldom yet did living creatures see
That courtesy and kindness ever disagree!"

SPENCER.

The little things of life have far more effect upon character, reputation, friendship and fortune, than the heartless and superficial are apt to imagine. There are few indeed, however rough by nature, who are not touched and softened by kindness and courtesy. A civil word, a friendly remark, a generous compliment, an affable bow of recognition—all have an influence—while cynicism, incivility, harshness and ill temper, naturally enough, produce an effect exactly the reverse. They are so actively engaged in the bustle of life, in the onward movements with commerce and trade, that they have little leisure to cultivate and practice those polished refinements, which are the result of education, of travel, and of enlarged intercourse with society. Nevertheless, we are not a discourteous people, and in the great cities the proprieties of manners and the civilities of form, are attended to with a commendable degree of exactness.

THE PRESENT AGE.—In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movement! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolution!

In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible.—*Channing*.

CUBA.—The Captain General of Cuba seems to be gradually enlarging his force of black troops. A proclamation has just been issued for their organization, in which it is stated that there will be sixteen companies of "disciplined militia," of free mulattoes and blacks, each company numbering one hundred and twenty five men, or in all two thousand men. They are to be officered by the white officers of the regular army, which latter force they are to join as soon as formed, so that, in effect, they will not be militia, but something more advanced. The companies are to be organized in different parts of the Island. An intimation to them that they were fighting for their freedom, would give the filibusters something to do whenever they attempt to land upon the Island.

It is useless to recommend to people a course which they have not judgment enough to pursue.

How ignoble most men's lives would appear to themselves, if described as the lives of others!

Every day well spent, lessens the task that God has set us.

Woman Not Inferior.

No Sir. Woman was not created subordinate to man, nor is she inferior to him. Her strength is a different strength from that of the other sex, but it is not less. If, in some particulars she is the weaker, in other particulars she is the stronger; and those in which she is stronger are more important and more noble than those in which she is weaker.

Woman cannot lift as many pounds avoirdupois, nor strike as hard a blow as man. But in her own sphere, she can work as hard, as long, as loyally, as efficiently as man can in his. Her share of the world's existence is as man's share. She can endure anguish better than man, and she has more of it to endure. She can die in the most appalling circumstances, with a placid dignity which man can seldom equal—never surpass. If she reasons less, she perceives more, and more truly than man—O, who has ever heard eloquence equal to that with which his mother warned, taught and inspired him? The beaming eyes, the transfigured countenance, the penetrating tones, the attitude, the gesture—no orator in his highest flights, has ever approached them.

Subordinate! Never! Woman occupies, and rightfully occupies in every enlightened community, the FIRST PLACE. She is the household's queen, not the household's drudge. She is the queen of hearts. She is the mother of the race.

Woman owes her pre-eminence of social rank, not to man's magnanimity. It is not because she is the weaker sex, that men assign her the best and the choice of everything; for she is not the weaker sex. It is because Woman is the Mother of Man. It is because every woman, whether she be mother or not, belongs to the Order of Mothers; and, sharing in that high dignity, every son owes her reverence. The mother is in the very nature of things, the social superior of the son. A husband, too, when the raptures of his early love has subsided, reveres his wife, not so much because she is his wife, as because she is the mother of their children.

With regard to the vexed question of woman's voting—it will be time to consider that when the accursed alliance between politics and rum is dissolved, when persons are nominated for office for whom man need not be ashamed to invite woman's vote—when the polls become clean enough for woman's delicate foot to tread—when political measures will bear the scrutiny of woman's intuition. At present, woman may well disdain to mingle in the vulgar brawl for the spoils of glorious victory.—*Life Illustrated*.

Editors.

An editor cannot step, without he treads on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without giving any comment, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he confidently refuses to advocate claims of an individual to office he is accused of personal hostility. If a chap who measures off words in verses, as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hands him a mess of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet and if the editor be fool enough to print the nonsense, stop my paper. I will not patronize a man who is no better judge of poetry.

One man grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room: another complains that the paper is too large he cannot find time to read it. Another class finds fault because the paper is too small. They do not get the worth of their money: and we believe non-paying subscribers. One wants the type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family. Another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. An old lady actually offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such type as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation, when compared with that of the editor who undertakes to please everybody.

PLEASED OTHERS.—It should be the study of every one to make happy those with whom he associates—everybody—the rich and the poor, the elevated and the humble. We should never turn away from a person with a crabbed word and an indifferent air, because we are not favorably impressed with him on first sight; he may have rare jewels in his rough bosom. Looks are often deceptive. We have known persons, who, at first sight struck the beholder with disgust, but after an intimate acquaintance became the most precious friends. Scores of such instances occur in the lives of those who study to please. They have learned the fact that the outward appearance is not an index of the heart, and in striving to please they win many priceless jewels.

A pleasant agreeable disposition should be cultivated at all times. Be not cross or crabbed, give no coarse answer to any one; go a few steps out of your way to please others and you will receive your reward.—Study to please is a good motto.

LEISURE HOURS.—In what way can your leisure hour be filled up so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading? Young men do you know how much is depending on the manner in which you spend your leisure hours? Ask the confirmed inebriate where he first turned aside from the path of sobriety and if his memory be not gone with his reason, he will dwell with painful recollections upon the leisure hours he once enjoyed. Ask the victim of crime when he took his first step in his reckless career and you will probably remind him of the leisure hours he enjoyed in his youth. On the other hand do you see a man who was once in the humble walks of life now moving in a sphere of extended usefulness he has husbanded his leisure hours. Multitudes whose names look bright in the constellation of worthies owe their elevation to the assiduity with which they improved the intervals they enjoyed from the pursuits of the plow, the awl or the anvil. They substituted the study of useful books for those trifling amusements which insidiously lead the unwary in paths of profligacy and vice.

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.

Some Fish Story That.

Our neighbours of the Sumter Watchman are responsible for the following tradition. We have heard several fish romances before, but we believe this is the largest sized one that we ever heard. It would require something more elastic than a gutta percha throat to swallow this dish:

"We had quite a display of fish on our streets the other day, which were caught in the Pee Dee. Among them were several large sturgeon and the sight of them reminded our friends from Fulton of a local tradition which illustrates the history of Manchester. An old blacksmith once lived there named Horn—perhaps. He was long, lank and cadaverous, and it was said of himself and his wife that they were never known to have enough to eat. Indeed, Horn's neighbors were somewhat in the habit of boasting of his capacities; and upon one occasion, indulging a little amiable vanity on this score, they were inveigled into a bet. The opposition bet Horn's friends that he, Horn, could not eat a sturgeon five feet long—more or less. Horn's friends accepted the bet, on the condition that the fish should be cooked palatably. The condition was accepted, and an early date was fixed for the trial. It is not impossible, that after the heat of the controversy was over, Horn's friends became conscious that they had allowed themselves to be betrayed into a scrape by their neighborhood pride; for they were soon after heard enquiring of Horn, if he thought he could eat the fish.

He didn't know exactly. How big was it? Was it no bigger than that cat? and he pointed to an equine juvenile.

His friends didn't think it was. Well, he thought he could eat it, then. The day and the hour arrived; and the opposition to make sure of their wager, determined to concoct as large a dish as possible out of their five-footer. So the sturgeon was made into soup. Horn took his seat, and was supplied with fresh bowls of the fluid every few moments. You all know the size of a "soup-bowl." Well, he swallowed the contents of one a great many times; and the incredulity of the opposition gradually gave way to conviction, as they saw the liquidated fish rapidly disappearing down the mouth of the capacious Horn, till at last there was but one bowlful remaining. Up to this time Horn had been confident of success, but now he began to feel some misgivings. Perhaps there was no occasion for uneasiness; but then his friends had staked money upon him, and it was best to make sure. So when the last bowl was placed before him, he turned and remarked to the opposition:

"Look here boys! If you bring so much of this gravy, I don't reckon I can eat that fish! Was ever man more unconscious of the greatness of his achievements! The fish had been served up in the soup; and yet he verily believed that that dish was only a preliminary. It is needless to say, that the opposition caved in, and Horn's friends won the bet."

LYMAN BEECHER'S COURTSHIP.—An eminent divine, who is as well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for a man to be alone."

After considerable pondering he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain fair member of his flock.

No sooner was the resolution formed, than it was put into practice, and getting out his cane he speedily reached the dwelling of his mistress. It chanced to be Monday morning, a day which my New England readers need not be told is better known in the household as washing day. Unconscious of the honor which was intended her, the lady was standing behind a tub in the back kitchen, with her arms immersed in suds, busily engaged in an occupation, which, to say the least, is more useful than romance.

There was a loud knock heard. "Jane go to the door, and if it is anybody to see me, tell them that I am engaged and cannot see them."

The message was faithfully relayed. "Tell your mistress," said Parson B., "that it is very important that I should see her." "Tell him to call in the afternoon," said the lady, when this answer was returned, "and I will see him."

But it was unavailing. "I must see her now," said the minister; "tell me where she is."

So saying, he followed the servant into the kitchen, to the great surprise of her mistress. "Miss —, I have come to the conclusion to marry. Will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" replied the astonished lady. "This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be made a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray!" was Mr. B.'s response as he knelt down beside the tub, and prayed that a union might be formed to embrace the happiness of both parties.

His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed has sprung a family remarkable for talent.

DE QUINCY.—He is one of the smallest legged, smallest-bodied, most attenuated effigies of the human form divine, that one could meet in a crowded city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure, clothes neither fashionably nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerable idea of De Quincey's outer man. But his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back of his head, and his light grey eyes that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most abstruse logic, are something that you would search a week to find the mates to, and then you would be disappointed. De Quincey now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, where an affectionate child watches him, and where he is the wonder of the country for miles around.

If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

Varieties.

NOT QUALIFIED.—A young law student, who wrote a good, clear, and round hand and who was about finishing up his studies, one day handed an instrument which he had just written out to his uncle, a dry wag who had called in to see him, and to inquire of his progress in his profession. The uncle took the MS., and after reading a few lines gave it back to his nephew, stating with an arch, peculiar smile.

"You are not quite a lawyer yet, Janey." "What do you find out of the way in it?" queried the student in astonishment. "Why," returned the waggy old critic, anybody can read that writing."

SOME YEARS ago, a lady at the White Mountains, asked old Crawford if it was safe for ladies to ride up Mount Washington? "O, yes," said he, "the horses won't fall down, and the ladies dare n't fall off, for fear it should hurt 'em."

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor—nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others, extends by sympathy to itself.

Solitary thoughts corrode the mind, if it be not blended with social activity, and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement, if it be not blended with solitary thought.

As round the dial through the day
The shadow travels with the sun,
The shade of care across our way
Pursues its course till ours is run.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

A man who lives beyond the usual term of life, is like a boy who stays beyond the usual age at school. He becomes solitary, and the routine is tedious to him.

A writer of high reputation is often praised for his faults, because, in criticizing acknowledged genius, men think it safer to praise than censure.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

Hasty ebullitions are often best met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober, second thought, pierces deeper than rebuke.

They who excel in strength, are not most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

The following is a rendering of Martial's famous couplet:
An epigram is like a bee, a thing
Of little size, with honey and a sting.

We should walk through life as through the Swiss Mountains, where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

D'Aubigne, in his History of the Reformation, says: "The gospel triumphs by the blood of its confessors, not by the triumphs of its adversaries."

The ardent reformer moves the multitude, but the calm philosopher moves the ardent reformer.

The only praise that ought to be relied on, comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

Writers often multiply words in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not clear to themselves.

The men who jump at conclusions, seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.

Almost all knowledge is interesting, if presented in an interesting manner.

Many a great man resembles Herod in the theatre, shining and groaning at once.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as dear ones.

The man who does most, has the least time to talk about what he does.

We learn a little of God's ways, but very little of his purposes.

A Turkish proverb says—"The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil."

Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful spirit, like snow drifts before the sun.

The Italians say—"Time is a silent file."