Meigs County Telegraph.

$2 per annum. A WEEKLY J URNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS. $1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing." T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 27. POMEROY, TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1858. WHOLE NUMBER 33

THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

T. A. Plants & Co.

Office in Third Story of Branch's Brick Building, near the Court-House.

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$1.50, in advance: $2.00, if paid within the year; or $2.50 if not paid until the year has expired.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PROFESSIONAL.—LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Pomeroy, O. Office in the Court House. 61

JOHN E. HANNA. JACOB S. KARHART.
HANNA & KARHART, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Nov. 3, '57—y35.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. R. G. WATERMAN offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutland and surrounding country. nov. 7—m3.

BANKERS.

DANIEL & BATHBYEN, Bankers, Bank Block, Court-street, Pomeroy, O. Collections made and promptly remitted. jan1

DRY GOODS CLOTHING.

O. BRANCH & Co., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. East side of Court street, three doors above the corner of Front, Pomeroy, O.

V. STIVERS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots, Hats and Caps, and Mens and Boy's Clothing. Corner of Front and Court Streets, Pomeroy, O

STOVES AND TINWARE.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer in every variety of Stoves, etc., opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy.

MILLS.

MIDDLEPORT SASH FACTORY AND PLANING MILL.—All orders in this line of business will be filled punctually, and at low rates, by addressing or applying to J. W. JONES, Middleport.

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroy, near Kerr's Run. Niel R. Nye, Proprietor. Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Plastering lath constantly on hand for sale. June 3, 1856.

COALRIDGE FLOURING MILL, Pomeroy, and Crystal Flouring Mill, Coalport. Mardis & Nye, Proprietors. Cash paid for Wheat at all times.

NYE'S VILLE STEAM GRIST MILL. Nathaniel Stewart, Proprietor. Has been recently rebuilt, and is now prepared to do good work on short notice.

JEWELRY

PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker, and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice and reasonable terms. June 23.

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweller, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., five doors above Merchants' Hotel, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. July4

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hardford, Connecticut, O. Branch, Agent, Court street, Pomeroy. Jan 30

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Stone bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

HOTELS.

U. S. HOTEL, AND STAGE OFFICE, four doors below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy, Meigs county, O. M. A. Webster, Proprietor. n37 1855.

TANNERS & CURRIERS

GEORGE McQUIGG & Co. Tanners and Currier Butternut street, (on Sugar Run,) Pomeroy, O.

MANUFACTURES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, have constantly on hand and make to order, a superior quality of Iron of all sizes. Orders promptly executed, by application to the Agent at the Mill, or to Jas. D. Cox.—1-15* L. P. POTTER, Cincinnati.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY. Office in Cooper's Building Coalport, O. Salt for Country trade Retail, Thirty-five cents per bushel.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy. Salt Twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy, O. Salt for sale at Thirty-five cents per bushel, for Country Trade.

DARNEY SALT COMPANY. Coalport. Salt for sale at 35 cents per bushel for country trade.

PLANING MACHINES, &C.

JOHN S. DAVIS, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, has his Planing Machine in good order and constant operation. Flooring, weather boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. n,20

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the bank building, Pomeroy, Ohio. Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. jan30.

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, west side Court street, fourth door above Court, Pomeroy, O.

SADDLERY.

JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle and Harness Maker, Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomeroy, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddles gotten up in the neatest style, and particular attention paid to Mounted and plain Harness. may28-1y

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker, Shop over Black and Rathburn's store, in Rutland, O.

WAGON MAKING.

PETER CROSBIE, wagon maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors from Back street, Pomeroy, O. Having had long experience in the business, he is tried to execute, in a neat and substantial manner, all orders for wagons, buggies, carriages &c., on short notice, and at reasonable terms.

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Hammer's building, 2nd Story, Rutland Street, Middleport, O. Attends will be paid to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired. Dec. 16.

Select Poetry.

Seed Time and Harvest.

BY JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie,
Beneath a coldly dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's recited snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow:

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast,
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to heat on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet, where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense,
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again,
And, early called, how blessed are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day!

Do You Believe in Fate?

I saw him as he pass'd
The Window where I stood
When I was peeping out
In half-playful mood;
His eye caught mine—he smiled,
I tried to look in state,
Yet could not for my life—
Do you believe in Fate?

I think I smiled again.
Yet this I truely know;
I wonder'd who he was
Who took my fancy so!
I met him once again,
And saw he seem'd to wait
To catch my every glance—
Do you believe in Fate?

I did not seem to heed,
Yet heeded all the while,
The one who once had won
My interest with a smile.
At length a mutual friend
Led him to where I sate;
My heart thrill'd at his voice—
Do you believe in Fate?

He led me forth to dance!
And with much graceful ease
We moved amid the maze,
Like through leafy trees;
His arm supported me,
His steps with mine did mate
As none had done before—
Do you believe in Fate

He sought me at my home,
And won me for his bride,
And now, that smiled to me
Is more than aught beside;
Without it I should be
Forlorn and desolate;
I am a happy wife—
Do you believe in Fate?

☞ A Teacher's Address to his class on their admiration of a Watch:

While this gay toy attracts your sight,
Your reason lets it warn;
And seize, my youths, that rapid time
That does not shall return.

If idly lost, no art or care,
Has blessing can restore;
And Heaven exacts a strict account
For every unspent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospects end;
Yet, on that day's uncertain date,
Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our being's aim,
The space to virtue given
And every minute well improved,
Secures an age in Heaven.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Peter Crandall was not an ill-natured, captious, or fault-finding man, and yet the home of Peter Crandall was not a happy home. Very little sunshine streamed in across the threshold. Was it his wife's fault? A visitor who saw her in her usual mood, might, if his conclusions were made from first impressions, learn to this opinion. She inclined to fretfulnes and impatience; and often scolded the children when her husband should see little in them to blame.

The Crandalls were poor. Mr. Crandall was a mechanic, and earned only mechanic's wages. Mrs. Crandall was the mother of five children, the oldest of them thirteen years old; but their narrow income left nothing to spar for the hire of a domestic, and so all the work fell upon her. She was sick and weary at the dying of each day; and the same, although not to an equal extent, might be said of her husband. He had more strength for his work, and, therefore, could endure greater fatigue. He had the advantage, too, which was a most important one—of freedom from causes of nervous excitement, and the inevitable exhaustion that followed. He labored on at one kind of work, uninterrupted, all day long; while she was subject to perpetual and annoying interruptions, incident to her position of mother and housekeeper,

Between Peter Crandall and his wife there did not seem to exist much affection. They never spoke loving words, nor manifested, except on rare occasions, any pleasure at meeting, or any mutual interest. The little courtesies of life were something unknown in their cheerless dwelling. Rude, boisterous, quarrlsome, the children grew up, bringing discord into the house that was uncomfortable enough without that disagreeable inmate. The mother scolded and punished in anger; but saw no good result of her discipline. The father sometimes scolded in concert; but always felt an unpleasant sensation afteward, as if he had doing something wrong.

And so the years went on, and the sunbeams came not across the threshold into their dwelling. Occasionally Mr. Crandall obtained a brief glance into some other homes; and as the pleasant vision passed, a sigh would disturb his bosom. Light and warmth were there.

Something was wrong in his own home; that he had felt for a greet while and he did not wholly blame his wife. But the exact location of the wrong he could never clearly perceive. In the beginning it was different. Then there was warmth, in the heart, and sunshine in the face of his wife. But it was in his memory, marked day day after day as a dial records the advancing shadow, how the brightness of her face diminished steadily, until all was eclipsed. Ah! If he had dreamed of the cause! But Mr. Crandall was yet a man who looked inward upon his own life—not a man who considered his actions in their effects upon others. He was, moreover, a silent, undemonstative man; rarely expressing his feelings. He gave few outward signs by which any one could read his heart. Here lay the orgin of the trouble at home—the beginning of the eclipse that left his little world in almost total darkness, when it should have been broad noonday. It was not enough for Mrs. Crandall, in the earlier years of their wedded life, to know that her husband loved her. Her heart asked for more. She wanted loving looks and loving words also; and for lack of these, its green things withered, and its blossoms faded. Having told her in the beginning that he loved her; having afterward married her in proof of his declaration; and having ever since worked daily for the sustaining of his home, and keeping her as far above want as it was possible for him to do, Mr. Crandall saw no reason why he should be all the time passing compliments. He couldn't do it. It wasn't in him. He would have felt ashamed of it as weakness!

And so, almost from the beginning, he failed to give those little outward signs of affection—those pleasant tokens of kindness so grateful to all. When his wife said, as was often the case, during the first year that succeeded their marriag, "Thank you, Peter," and smiled gratefully in return for some little act of kindness—or expressed pleasure when he came home from his work at evening, drawing her arm around his neck and kissing him—or told him how lonesome she felt all day, and what a light his coming brought into their little home—Peter Crandall felt a glow of pleasure in his heart. But it did not come within the range of his imagination—dull at best—to conceive that like words from him would be to the spirit of his wife like dew tho the thirsty ground.

And so he never expressed pleasure at meeting; but rather affected, from a kind of false pride, a certain coldness, as though it were a lack of manliness to act differently. No matter how many little attentions his wife might show him—no matter what she prepared for his return, nor with what dainty skill she cooked the evening and noonday meals, he never praised; and rarely gave even the meagre reward of expressed gratification. But if things went wrong—if the coffee was bad or the bread sour, or the meat burnt in cooking, he was sure to speak out; and not always in over choice words.

As Mrs. Crandall began to fail in outward signs of affection, Peter perceived their withdrawal as the gradual failing of sunshine, when clouds gather over the sky in filmy nerves that deepen into obscuring curtains. But the cause was to him a mystery. He felt as of old to his wife; and worked for her as cheerfully as in the beginning. The home feeling was as strong as ever; and, after withdrawing from the outer world, when the night shadows fell, he had not the beginning of a desire to go abroad from his humble sanctuary, shorn as it was of a chief attraction—the smiles and loving tones, and words of his changing wife.

From this inauspicious beginning went on, steadly, the unhappy change. The coming of children, which, on their advent, was like the falling down upon them of sunbeams through suddenly rifted clouds, raiber increased instead of diminishing the unpleasant aspect of things in the house of Peter Crandall. If the mother's heart had been cheerful and strong—if her husband had not shut out the light it needed to keep its green thing unwithered and its flowers in bloom—this would not have been so. The cheerful spirit would have given life to the body—would have filled every nerve with vital force, and every muscle with strength for daily toil. But the children proved more a burden than a comfort. There was, in their home, so little sunshine, that few green things flourished in their hearts; and the opening of a flower was a rare occurrence. But thorns to wound and weeds to offend were there and hourly they seemed to gain a ranker growth.

How it was in the home of Peter Crandall will be clear to every one now. There are, around us, thousands and thousands of such homes, all the chambers of which are made dark and cheerless, for lack of the "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect.

One day, Peter Crandall was sent by his employer to do some work in the house of a customer. This work happened to be in the family sitting-room, in which were four children with their mother. The lady spoke to him politely when he came in, and the children treated him respectfully. He had been at work only a little while, when his attention was attracted by a request from the mother to one of the children, to go up stairs and bring her some article she named. We say request, for this was the form of words uttered. The child went instantly, and was back in a few moments.

"Thank you, dear," said the mother.

Crandall turned and looked at the child. Her countenance was tranquil and happy.

"Jane, I will take those scissors, if you please."

Crandall looked again. It was the mother who had spoken. One of the children was sitting on the floor, busily engaged in cutting out pictures. But she started up instantly and brought the scissors to her mother.

"Thank you, dear," was the mother's acknowledgment of the service, as in the former case.

"Will you want them long?" asked the child.

"No, dear! only a few minutes. Then you shall have them again."

The child stood patiently by her mother's side until the scissors were out of service, and then received them.

"Thank you," she said, as she took them from her mother's hand, and then danced back, singing, to her place on the floor where the pictures lay.

All this struck Crandall as beautiful, and he sighed as the harsher image of his own home intruded itself. While yet as work, the husband and father came home. His presence was hailed with delight. Every child had something to show or tell him, and he entered into the feelings of each, praising their little achievements, and approving whatever there seemed a chance for words of approbation. It was the same toward his wife. She spoke of some direction she had given to Crandall.

"That was right," he answered; adding, "How thoughtful you are!"

A pleased smile went over the wife's countenance.

"You forgot your pocket-handkerchief this morning, said the latter, handing a white linen handkerchief to her husband.

"So I did. Thank you, dear!" And he received the handkerchief with as polite acknowledgement, in manner as in words.

Many other little instances of home courtesies were observed by Crandall, who left the house when his work was completed, with a new impression of life stamped upon his consciousness. The image of that pleasant home was fixed on his mind like a thing of beauty. He had dreamed, faintly, of such homes—or read of them in books; but the reality was now before him. The husband and father, whose presence had brightened that home, he knew, in a general way, as a thriving man of business, who came, frequently, to the establishment where he worked.

His face wore, generally, a grave aspect—a little sour he had thought. He had not given him credit for much kindliness of feeling: and was, therefore, the more impressed by what he had seen.

The sweet, musical way in which the words "Thank you, dear!" had been said, reciprocally, by mother and children, many times, and on all occasions of service rendered, no matter how small, had found an echo in his mind, where it was continually repeated, until, "Thank you, dear!" as he mused at his work, came almost to his his lips in vocal utterance.

When Crandall, went home at nightfall, he was still dreaming over the picture in his mind and the works, "Thank you, dear," were still echoing there in a kind of low music. He was very much subdued in feeling, almost sad; and there was an air of languor about him as he came into the room where his wife was at work getting supper ready, that she observed as something unusual.

"Jane take your father's coat and hang it up," said Mrs. Crandall to her eldest daughter.

The girl obeyed, but there was no affection in her manner, as she moved, in a listless sort of way, toward her father, and reached out her hand for his coat. Mr. Crandall gave her the garment saying—"Thank you dear."

The words were spontaneous not of design; and spoken with a tender utterance. He was but repeating the tones that were still sounding in his memory.

That instant life seemed the quicken throught the child's frame! She gave one glance of surprise into her father's face, and stepped away with the coat like one well pleased to render a service.

Mr. Crandall was suprised at himself; and for an instant, half ashamed of what he had done, as if it were a weakness.

"Will you have a glass of water?" asked Jane, coming back to her father.

"If you please."

Mr. Crandall wondered at his own reply almost as much as his wife and children wondered. A cold, abrupt "yes" or no," was his accustomed answer to nearly all questions.

With what light feet did Jane trip from the room. In a twinkling she was back, with a cool glass of water for her father, who, as he received it from her hand, said, "Thank you."

To the child, all unaccustomed to such an acknowledgement for any service, these two little words were felt to be a sweet reward.

The father's altered manner and way of speaking was perceived by the children as well as by their mother; and, as if music, the whole sphere of their lives seemed changed.

"Shall I bring down your slippers?" asked Jane returning to her father.

"Yes, that's a good girl," he answered, "my feet are aching in these heavy boots."

As Jane left the room with a springing step, Mr. Crandall commenced drawing off his boots. They were no sooner laid upon the floor, than two little fellows caught hold of them, each desirous of an approving word as a reward for service rendered their tired father.

"I'll put one in the closet, and John the other."

"What brave little men!" exclaimed Mr. Crandall, really pleased at heart, and manifested his pleasure in the tones of his voice. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Jane returned with the slippers in a few moments, and stooping down, drew them upon her father's feet. When she rose up, with cheeks glowing and eyes dancing in a new light, Mr. Crandall thought her face looked really beautiful.

"Thank you, dear." The words came, now, really from his heart.

Mrs. Crandall looked and listened, wonderingly, while a strange glow pervaded her bosom. What could be the meaning of all this? What new spirit had come over her husban? In a quiet, pleased way, the children gathered around their father, one climbing upon his knee.

"What have you been doing all day, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Crandall of the child.

"Playing," was the simple answer.

"Have you been a good boy?"

"Not all the time," answered the child.

"I'm sorry. Jimmy must try and be a good boy all the time. What have you been playing?"

"Oh, everything. Horses and dogs, and turning up Jack as mother says."

Mr. Crandall laughed out at the reply, saying.

"You turned up Jack mostly, I suppose."

"Well, I guess I did.'

Mr. Crandall laughed again. The spirit of good nature was transfused into every heart. Even Mrs. Crandall, usually in a fretted state of mind, felt its genial influence.

"Jimmy's been a right good by to day," said she in an approving voice.—"His turning up Jack hasn't amounted to much."

Mrs. Crandall was moving busily about, all this time, preparing supper. Jane, who never willingly gave her mother any assistance, and who was rarely called upon because she grumbled whenever asked to do anything, now said,

"Mother, can I help you?"

"Yes dear." That "dear" which had fallen so unexpectedly from the lips of her husband had been echoing in the mind of Mrs. Crandall ever since, and now it came into utterance quite as spontaneously as in the case of her husband. "Yes, dear, you may finish setting the table, while I dish up the supper.

Wondering almost as much at herself as at her husband, Mrs. Crandall, after seeing Jane move with a pleased alacrity about the table, went into the kitchen, and soon all was ready. Quite enough to satisfy the appetite had Mrs. Crandall prepared, but her thoughts turned upon something else—something that would give her the opportunity to ask him if she should not get it for his supper. "Yes, dear." How she war longing for the words uttered in the gentle, loving way they had a little while before been spoken—but for her ears alone. At last she turned from the fire, and going to the door of the room, said very kindly.

"Shall I boil you a couple of fresh eggs for your supper, Peter?"

"Yes, dear, if you please."

How the wife's poor heart, which for years had lain almost dead in her bosom, leaped with a joyful impulse! What a light flashed over her countenance, making it beautiful, as of old, in the face of her husband. "Yes, dear, if you please."—Not even in the voice of Grisi or Lind, would her ears have found such sweet music.

At the supper table, Peter Crandall praised the coffee, and the fried potatoes, and said the eggs were just what he wanted. Mrs. Crandall looked happy, and was happy. With the vanishing of their father's usual morose silence, and their mother's sour looks and fretful tones, the children's spirits, changing like a chameleon, and taking the hue of things around them rose into new, better and happier states. Contention ceased; and there was something like an emulation of kind offices among them, instead of a selfish grasping of whatever she heart desireth.

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Crandall opened. Even while he was pondering at the magical change produced by a few kind words, a full revelation of the truth came to his mind. A new leaf in the book of his life was turned.

Thought turned once in the right direction; Peter Crandall pondered this new fact in his inner life history—the magic of kind words—and going back to the very beginning, reviewed his conduct toward his wife and in his family, almost day by day, up to the evening when by the power almost of a singel word, the whole scene changed, and quite as suddenly as we see it, sometimes, in a pantomine. He saw his error—saw and felt how unjust he had been; how, cold and even cruel in his coldness. Very carefully did he guard himself afterward, and very prompt was he in observing all the little social courtesies toward his wife and children which are so beautiful to see, and so sweet in ortheir influences. The green things flourished again in the heart of his wife, and flowers, bloomed there as of old. The children learned to emulate the kind words, and courteous acknowledgments for all little services, that soon became a habit with their father and mother; and into the kind words spoken, kind feelings soon flowed. It was the beginning of a new order of things in the home of Peter Crandall; where, in good time, the desert blossomed as the rose.

Words appear as little things as themselves, but they have great power. The magic of kind words is wonderful! Try them, ye silent Peter Crandall, who have fretful wives and contentious children.—Try the effect of a little hopeful praise on your tired, unhappy, overworked companion, and see if it doesn't brighten her pale face as if a whole flood of sunbeams had been poured upon it. Try it with your children, and if you have in you the heart of a true man, you will be so pleased with the effect, that you will keep on trying, until you will scarely recognize your own household.

☞ A sleeping car has been put upon the Little Miami Railroad, the inventor furnishing the car to the Company gratis, and receiving his emoluments from the sleepers at so much per head. The other night the receipts amounted to $59.

Stop.

A little word, of familiar sound and use, sometimes most suggestive, and often startling. Ordinarily, it is a call to pause, to halt to stand still, to hold on—a signal for cessation and rest—but it has larger meaning when it rings out in notes of warning, rebuking a wild career, an evil purpose, a vicious practice. Welcome as the sound of festal pipes and wedding bells, when the lover calls it to the maiden of his heart, when from wearying studies to the play-ground, when the toiler catches its message from the dial and the horn, and for a hour drops his spade in the furrow and his hammer upon the wall.—The child stops by the way-side to pluck a flower, to chase a butterfly, to cast a pebble into the silvery brook; the youth stops, gazing wistfully at the fairy loveliness that trips in rosy paths manhood stops, sometimes from ways of error, but oftener in the midst of noble purposes, faltering backward with a coward's heart.

By the grave-stone we all pause, and surely the hour cometh, and is not afar off, when before one awful shadow we shall all stop—stop in and from all our busy ways, our madness of vanity and ambition, our frowardness and waywardness, our strifes, our enmities—our all of earth. Sudden as thought, when "the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the cistern," we shall stop! beyond the boundarics of time, beyond the chances of consideration, beyond the power of recall. In whatever we have gone, and done, beyond the right, in that hour we must lie down and abide by our going and doing, and the master of life, the blessed and bountiful Life-Giver, will thereafter be our judge.

O, in the midst of life let us for a moment, then, thoughtfully stop—stop and consider if all our ways and deeds be just and right, consider if our passions be under Wisdom's curb and control, if our talents be put to the best service, if our advanknowledged. Let us stop and see if there is nought to repent of, to repair, to cast out, to renew. Stop thy disobedience, O, child; thy hand, O, gamester and wine-quaffer; thy tongue, O, blasphemer; thy greed, O, man of gold; thy bale-fire, O, slanderer; thy pride, and bigotry, and hypocrisy, O, pharisee of whatever caste and class thou art. Stop, now, while remedy and atonement are at hand—while thou hast the power to set thine own record right. Incalculable the wretchedness and ruin that might be averted by obeying that little word, Stop?

Shade Trees.

There is nothing more pleasant to the eye or agreeable to the feelings, than the sight of these beautiful ornaments to the country home. The trembling leaves seem to shelter this sanctuary as though they were jealous of violence. Every little place can become a sylvan retreat, and every road a blooming vista of nature's luxurance. The planting of a tree is no trouble, but always a pleasure. It is a fine instinct of our nature that any such act calls forth delightful feelings of anticipation. We would advise all to plant shade trees around their houses and along the entire front of their farms. In doing this it is advisable to select the most beautiful and useful varieties. Here it is that many fail. It takes as long for an inferior tree to grow as one of the finest that nature affords, while the trouble of planting is the same. By a little attention every house can be surrounded by the gay frequenters of sylvan groves, and made musical with their songs. We refer to the more frequent use of fruit trees of shade. What can be more beautiful then a row of cherry. In the Spring they blossom, shedding a delicious perfume, and to the barreness of winter they present a lovely contrast. The fruit soon brings the warblers of the wood, making the air gay with their love notes. Birds are also most useful about a farm in the way of destroying insects, and should never be killed. Their brilliant plumage and blythe songs will afford us more pleasure around our windows and arbors, than the mere gartification of killing them can ever render.

Cherry trees are are of rapid growth, and spread a perfect shade. If fruit trees were more used than the diminative and useless varieties we see in their place, our general wealth would be greatly increased.

Is It Possible!

We are often told that it is our duty to be always cheerful and light of heart.

But before we admit that it really is obligatory upon us to be evermore in such a desirable frame of mind, we wish to know whether or not the thing is *possible*.

Is it possible for a sensitive heart to be happy and light when it knows that those dearest to it on earth are indifferent to it, or are bent upon misjudging and wounding it? Is it possible for an affectionate heart to be happy when it is denied even so much as a living flower to call its own? Is it possible for a confiding heart to be happy, when it sees its confidence violated, and feels the arm on which it leaned removed from under it, and that where it bore its weight on what seemed roses it is transfixed by thorns? Is it possible for a proud and noble-meaning heart to be happy when overwhelmed with unmerited disgrace?

It may be possible to find consolation, and at length consolation may lead to happiness, but we rather think that those who preach literal rejoicing to those whose hearts are sore and quivering from the anguish of life, had better go and try their own remedy when they find themselves in the same misery. They would soon find how much easier it is to say "cheer up, look on the happy side," than to do it, when trouble is on and in one.

Window Gardening.

There is nothing more beautiful or purifying to our moral nature as the culture of plants and flowers, window-plants particularly. We love to see them in the window of the artizan, or the little casement of the laborer, for we are sure that the sight of them cheers and makes pleasant his daily toil; and that bright eyes and kind hearts are watching their growth. Window gardening, then, we love; for we know it is a source of pleasure and delight to thousands, and we are lovers of our kind. Birds and flowers we love passionately—for we are enthusiastic and can seldom praise coldly what we love warmly; but for our own part, we have no pets. Wandering often in garden or shady grove, the sweet lay of the wild songsters of the wood thrill to our hearts and soothe our minds without disturbing that flow of vague dreamy reverie we are prone to—Alas! so much so, that if we had pets we fear that we should forget feed and tend them, and should awaken from our dreams to find our poor favorites dead—cold victims to our barbarous forgetfulness. Flowers—those.

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew—
The wild rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes;
Our own blue bell—the daisy that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow,
And thousand more of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all.

We prefer those exquisite productions of the Master Hand (the wild children of the woods and glens,) yet we love at early morn to walk though beds of blossoming flowers—to bury our face in their dewy petals, and inhale their perfumed odors—Most refreshing to our eye, most grateful to our heart to gaze upon those rich blossoms of the parterre, to hold their countless varieties and unnumbered shades of beauty, to mark their brilliant hues and evanescent spendor, to receive as an almoner their wealth of glory and magnificence.

The Extinction of Slavery in Missouri.

The 1st number of the *Missouri Democrat*, contained one of the ablest and most brilliant articles that yet appearing in that able journal, upon the extinction of slavery in Missouri. The article closes as follows:

'Freesoilers of Missouri, be of good cheer, for the day of your dominion fast approaches. Never take a step backward, or yield a foot of conquest, or dream of compromise; for the triumph of your cause is as inevitable as fate itself. Be fearless, sleepless and tireless, propagating your creed with the zeal of missionaries, and confounding your opponents with the fruit of beneficent labor. The industrial questions of the day and the social progress of the State look to you for advancement, and they should be made to impress every local election of every county and town, for it is thus you will develop strength and habituate yourselves to victory. Those who tremble at defeat, should revect that herein they cannot prove disastrous, for new immigration attracted thither will change the result with the next effort.—Indeed an August campaign, under its very worst aspect, could have no more influence in crushing this free labor movement, here, than did the first election of Kansas Territory, in destroying freedom there for the reason that both depend upon other than political causes, and are upheld by a pressure of whose column cannot be long withstood. But every success on the other hand multiplies its echoes in a thousand directions, and gives redoubled energy to all in whose hearts the cause is shrined. But up then, and doing, nor let the sun go down upon an idle day with you untill the end be fully achieved.

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous poem of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave, it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

☞ The Rev Dr. Lyman Beecher was lately in attendance at the church of his son, in Brooklyn. Some one, in address, said that the father must feel like Simeon of old, ready to "depart" in view of what he now saw. The Doctor started to his feet, and said that, so far from it, he never wanted to live so much in all his life as he did now.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.—How richly strown with blessings, is this life so kindly allotted to us. Yet how many are content to play the unwise part, and bare their hands to the thorns, instead of plucking the roses. It is well to meet afflictions heroically, when we must, but it is foolish to jump into the flames just for the honor of being a martyr. He acts the godlike part, who, seeing himself surrounded with beauty and true nobility, weds himself unto all that is immortal here, trusting that the grand of the present is linked with the immortal of hereafter—Thus,

"Like to a diver in the pearly seas,"

he passes from hither earth to earth beyond, richly laden with the priceless jewels of a well-spent life.

☞ "Belle Britton" says (and we confess we admire her opinion,) "there is no ornament for the head of a woman like the 'natural glory' of a clean, soft, simply arranged head of hair. If I was a man I should always feel as if I would like to put my hand on such a head, smooth it, and ask a blessing on it. But a huge mass of braided nonsense, stuck full of pins and artificial flowers, looking like a spread eagle in front and a spread peacock behind, smelling of grease and curling tongs—ugh!"