Monongalia Mirror.

A Family Newspaper---Independent of Party or Sect. ☞ *News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.*

S. SIEGFRIED, Editor and Proprietor:
S. SIEGFRIED, Jun., Assistant Editor.

Morgantown, (Va.) Saturday, May 1, 1852.

VOLUME III.---NUMBER 12.
PATRONS PAY ALL POSTAGES.

Terms:

THE MONONGALIA MIRROR IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE FOLLOWING TERMS:—

$1 50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE;
$2 00 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVE EXPIRED;
$2 50 IF NEVER PAID, *without coersion.*

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the option of the Publisher.

No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For 1 square, 3 weeks,	$1.00
each additional insertion,	0.25
For one square, 3 months,	3.00
do. 6 months,	6.00
do. 1 year,	10.00
For one column, minion type, 1 year,	30.00
For Announcing Candidates, each name,	2.00

FOR THE MIRROR.

Calumny Refuted.

MORGANTOWN, Virginia,
April 24, 1852.

To the People of Monongalia County:

Several weeks ago, when it was supposed that the election of County officers would take place during this present month, I issued a Circular, announcing myself as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk, alleging my determination to let the people decide for themselves without dictation, and without harassing them by personal solicitations, believing that such a course would be most respectful to the Voters, and most consonant with true republican propriety.

I am sorry that any necessity has arisen for a departure from this course. But a foul and infamous calumny, injuriously affecting my private moral character, hatched on the eve of the election for the purpose of defeating me, requires that I should, in vindication of my reputation, as an honorable man, refute it. I take this method of doing so openly, through the public press; and I shall also avail myself of every possible private interview with my fellow-citizens, to disabuse their minds of the unfavorable impressions which shall have been created there by the falsehood alluded to.

The charge, as it has been reported to me, is as follows:

That I made an unconditional gift of a horse to Mr. Joseph Spencer—that after said Spencer had been at much expense in endeavoring to cure said horse of lameness, feeding him one or more stacks of hay, a great deal of oats, &c., &c., I took the said horse, or authorized him to be taken away from said Spencer, at a time when he needed him most; thereby oppressing Mr. Spencer as a poor man; causing him to be injured rather than benefitted by the gift, &c. &c.

Who invented this calumny, I cannot tell. The purpose for which it was invented none can be at a loss to determine. But I pronounce it to be false; I have good reason to believe that certain individuals are industriously circulating it knowing it to be false.

The facts are these:—I had an old and favorite horse, which became lamed, so that I determined not to use him any more. Mr. Spencer called on me to purchase said horse from me. I declined to sell him, expressly informing Mr. Spencer that no amount of money could buy him—that he had been a faithful and favorite animal—that nothing could induce me to part with him. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Spencer, in company with Mr. Alexander Hayes, called on me again, to purchase the horse. I again refussed, alleging the same reasons as aforesaid in the refusal. Mr. Hayes then informed me that Mr. Spencer was a very careful hand with a horse—that if I would let Mr. Spencer have the horse to put in and cultivate a little piece of corn which he wanted to raise, he had no doubt that he would use him gently and kindly, without abusing him or causing him to suffer. Mr. Spencer complained that he had recently lost the only horse he had, and that if I would only let him have the use of the horse to plough and raise his corn, it would be a great favor.—Under these assurances of Mr. Hayes, and prompted by a sincere and heartfelt sympathy for Mr. Spencer, in his distress, I agreed that he might have the use of the horse to cultivate his corn. I did not understand Mr. Spencer to want the horse longer than he could do this. But I expressly stipulated that even whilst he was doing this, the said horse was at all times to be under my control, and subject to my demand. This I did, that the knowledge of such conditions would induce Mr. Spencer to use my favorite old horse kindly. This, as well as I remember, was in the early part of the year 1850. Some time afterwards I learned that Mr. Spencer had taken a part of his family on the old horse across the mountains and back again. As soon as I saw Mr. Spencer, I remonstrated with him for putting the horse to such hard service, contrary to his promises. He apologised for doing so, and promised that if I would let the horse remain a while longer with him, he would not abuse him.—He still remained in the possession of Mr. Spencer in January, 1851, when I went to the Convention. When I came home in July last I found the horse in possession of a lady, living near Morgantown, who for the advantage of a gentle horse to ride to town and to send to mill, had undertaken to keep him. He had been placed there by my family in my absence, without my knowledge or agency. But finding the old horse in easy and comfortable quarters, I ratified the arrangement. Thus Mr. Spencer had the use of this horse for upwards of a year without charge, although he only asked him to raise his little crop of corn. I never gave the horse to Mr. Spencer. I loaned him to plough his corn; when no man, able to pay it, could have hired him for ten dollars per day. I did this from the purest motives of benevolence—prompted solely by a desire to assist Mr. Spencer in his distresses. And now, men whose hearts never felt a throb of genuine sympathy for the poor man, and who, perhaps, during a life of 60 years, never expended ten dollars to relieve the wants of the needy, are denouncing me as a monster of cruelty and inhumanity—men, who, in all their lives, never gave Mr. Spencer a cent, much less a horse. But fortunately, I am able to disappoint these amiable and disinterested gentlemen. I can furnish proof of all the essential facts above stated, as the certificates at the conclusion of this article will shew.

Fellow-Citizens: Although I should be gratified by your suffrages for the office for which I am a candidate, yet I prize your personal esteem, and an unblemished character, much more. If there is anything which I heartily despise, it is meanness,—especially that kind of meanness that would prompt men to oppress the poor. If there is a trait of character that I heartily admire, it is a generous, liberal and benevolent disposition to relieve the distressed, defend the unprotected, and administer to the wants of the needy. Whether my conduct has corresponded with such a standard of character, it may not become me to say. If any are in ignorance in regard to this matter, let them apply to my neighbors, who know me, and are acquainted with my character and conduct, and with any relation I may sustain to the charitable and public enterprises of the day. I will cheerfully abide their decision. But I hope I may be allowed to ask—(and I do so with unaffected reluctance)—when did distress ever present itself in the Clerk's office, and not receive my mite of relief? When did the poor man, unable to employ an attorney, ask advice that I did not give it freely, if it was in my power? How many times has Mr. Spencer himself received gratuities from me, either by himself, or through his friends? And yet, on the eve of the election, when it was hoped that time for contradiction would not be afforded, this base and unfounded charge of oppressing Mr. Spencer, has been spread abroad as I understand, through every nook and corner of the county.

When accused in one of the numerous circulars recently published, of being engaged in "swindling on a grand scale," I let it pass; because, it was made in reference to my public character as clerk. I knew that *you* knew it to be false.—therefore, I left it to run out its short course. It soon did so. Hence the necessity of hatching a new project of defamation. A thrust at my private character was no doubt deemed the most difficult to be counteracted, and thus your ears have been assailed with this clamor of oppression, which, fortunately, I have been able to refute by testimony the most incontrovertible.

Fellow-citizens: I have one word to say, in conclusion, respecting this thing of "swindling." You know that there has been nothing of the kind, either "grand" or small, in the Clerk's office, since I have had the custody of it. It might be well for those who are so liberal in preferring the charge of such a misdemeanor, to remember the plain old *english* maxim,—"Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." It *is* proper that I should say that since I have been in the Clerk's Office, I have supervised and performed its duties myself,—assumed all its responsibilities,—rejected every overture for speculation from all quarters,—confined myself exclusively to the naked functions of my office,—satisfied with the compensation provided by law. The people will do well to see that the office shall continue to be free from such malign influences; for there can be no greater curse to a community than a "*shaving-shop Clerk's-Office.*"

W. T. WILLEY.

Statement of Mr. Hayes.

Morgantown, Virginia,
April 24th, 1852.

Some time ago, I think in the year 1850, Mr. Joseph Spencer called on me to aid him in prevailing with Mr. W. T. Willey, to let him have a certain horse, owned by said Willey, informing me at the same time, that said Willey seemed to be afraid that he (Spencer) would not use the horse kindly. I went to Mr. Willey with Mr. Spencer. Mr. Willey refused to sell the horse for any price, alleging that although the horse was old and lame, no money could buy him; because he had been a favorite and faithful animal, and he considered himself bound to see that he was used kindly until he died. But on my assuring Mr. Willey that Mr. Spencer was an excellent person to take care of a horse; and undertaking that he would treat the horse kindly, feed him well and not abuse him, Mr. Willey agreed to let Mr. Spencer have the use of the horse to plough in a little cornfield, which said Spencer was cultivating; but Mr. Willey was to have the horse whenever he wanted him, or called for him, or words to that effect.

ALEXANDER HAYES.

Other gentlemen (some of whom voluntarily furnished me with written statements) informed me, that about the time of the original transaction, Mr. Spencer had related the affair to them substantially as Mr. Hayes has stated it. It occurred to me that the misrepresentation in circulation as aforesaid, might not have originated with Mr. Spencer. I therefore sent for Mr. Spencer, and after a conference with him, he gave to a mutual friend the following certificate, which render the publication of any other unnecessary.

Mr. Spencer's Certificate.

Morgantown, Virginia,
April 24, 1852.

In the year 1850, I think, a certain horse I then had, died, and I wanted to get another in some way, as I was not able to buy one. I had a large family to support, and I called on Mr. Willey to get the use of his horse.—Willey was afraid that I would not treat his horse well, and Alexander Hayes went my security that I would take good care of the horse, and he (Hayes) made the arrangement about the horse for me, with Mr. Willey.—Mr. Willey neither gave me the horse, nor loaned him, and at any time he called on me for the horse, or sent an order for the horse, I would have sent the horse home, or given him up. I do not know how I was to have the horse, as Hayes made the arrangement with Willey, and then Willey told me to take the horse.

I have heard Hayes's statement about the horse, read to me, and I endorse it fully, with this remark, that I do not recollect anything said as to how the horse was to be given up.

I never felt myself authorized to swap or sell the horse, and hence I refused to do either with John F. Cooper, as he states. If I had taken the horse to Hampshire county, and swapped him off, or sold him, or taken him anywhere else and swapped or sold him, I consider that Mr. Willey could have gone and taken him from the person I had swapped or sold him to. I have always considered Mr. Willey a friend of mine, as much now as ever, and I have no doubt that I will support him for clerk.

JOSEPH SPENCER.

Attest: L. S. HOUGH.

For the Mirror.

"Home, sweet Home."

Laurel Point, Va., April 3d, 1852.

Mr. Editor,—

There is somethins so sweet and enchanting about the quiet spot of home, that it is to me the dearest spot on earth. While wandering abroad I seem to hear a soothing voice within me, telling me to return again to the home of my youth, and to the dear ones of the family oircle, where I can best enjoy the precious gifts which God has bestowed upon me. I can hear thoughtless boys say, "Any place for me but home." Some will rove about at night, through darkness and storms, or lounge in the murky, loathsome bar-room, rather than take his proper place in the family circle. How much better it would look to see these boys at church, than to see these habits continually growing around us? How necessary that these young men turn from their sinful ways! "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation; to-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

How delightful must it be to the father and mother to see their children sitting contentedly around the family hearth, and cultivating the domestic virtues!

"*Home, sweet home,*
Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home. H. G. B.

The population of the world is estimated at nine hundred and sixty millions.

Miscellaneous.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

By a Grey-Haired Man.

Avoid *bombast.* Large words are no evidence of a smart writer. If a storm is rolling up in the western horizon, endeavor to say so. Do not begin by stating that the sable folds of the distant clouds portend the gathering of an awful desolation throughout the boundless expanse of ether and over the widely undulating plains of the mundane sphere below. This may sound musical enough to your ear, because of the superfluity of adjectives; but it will engender disgust in the mind of every reader who has the least spark of literary taste.

A writer was once describing the glories of sunset. He commenced somewhat as follows: And now the golden charioter of day began to close his bright career adown the crimson curtains of the hesperian world.—Anon, vermillion beauties burst upon the wondering view of the anxious beholder, till the deeper shades of the darkling night forewarned the approach of a heavier gloom. This is a fair specimen of the style of a certain class of writers, who have no conception of the properties of language.—Could any thing be more ridiculous? or could any thing more effectually prove the incompetency of such individuals to write, with even tolerable precision, five solitary sentences in the English language? An orator was about closing a long, dull speech, when the following sentence escaped his lips: "Thus cursorily having consummated my exordium, and been fully elaborate in my exegesis, I shall vividly approximate to an end."

Avoid the servile imitation of any author whatever. In the effort to copy the excellencies of a great man you will be almost certain to copy his defects. Alexander pretended to a great admiration of Achilles, and said he followed the footsteps of his master; but the only thing of which he copied was his tying to his chariot-wheels some poor captive, and dragging him through the streets of the city. Plagiarism leads into very bad habits.—It makes one rely upon somebody else when he ought to be relying on himself. Its tendency invariably is to hamper genius and destroy originality of thought. Better altogether to have a few things of your own, though only possessed of moderate merit, than to shine in borrowed plumes, that must eventually betray you. The man who is desirous of making a straight line with his plow across a field, will receive very little benefit in his operations by looking backward and watching the operations of another man. And the writer, young or old, who must always have an eye to the fine flashes and pert phrases of some great author, will find, in his efforts to copy these, that he is wandering from the right path, and injuring seriously his own mind. Keep clear, then, of imitation. Read the best authors, and study carefully their style. Compare your own style with theirs; see where your defect lies. Remedy this when possible; but never attempt a redemption of your character by plundering and appropriating to your own use things which have no relation to you, and which are the private property of some one who is illy qualified to lose them.

Be careful in your selection of a subject. There are some things which you may be able to discuss with tolerable success, and there are other things which you can no more render interesting than you can draw fire from the moon. See that you do not fall into the error of imagining yourself qualified to write on any thing and every thing, and thus render yourself ridiculous in the eyes of all your readers. That is a fine sentimhnt of Horace, translated by Francis, which every one attempting to be a writer should observe—

"Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
What suits your genius, what your strength can bear."

As a farther explanation of my meaning, I would say, never write on a subject which involves metaphysical principles in its discussion, and which neither yourself nor your readers will be likely to well understand. Sometimes a youth of fair talent, but limited experience and education, assumes the prerogative of writing on a topic of wide and almost universal extent—literature, for instance—and expects, because of its general nature, to find great ease in writing upon it. Such attempts, however, are nothing but failures. They prove most conclusively that none but a mind of profound and universal research can properly treat a subject whose nature and parts belong to all ages and times.—Narratives of a simple nature, simply written, would tend a hundred fold more to your improvement than all the metaphysics you could gather together in a lifetime. Letter-writing, too, conducted with care, will tend greatly to improve your style, give tone to your thoughts, and elegance to your composition generally.

Never write poetry. By this I mean do not be caught jingling the final syllables of words in lines that reach three-fourths of the way across a sheet of foolscap. This is a very common but a very unprofitable practice. It makes one believe he has inspiration from some Grecian goddess, while he has nothing, in fact, but the inspiration of his own folly. Much better would it be for you to sit in the chimney-corner, listening to the crickets, than to waste your time in spinning out verses. The delusion once fastened to you that you are a poet, and must write poetry, will spoil you, I was about to say forever, but will recall that by saying, that it will spoil you for all sensible writing for at least six full years. Do not, then, as you value your own reputation and the feelings of your friends, spend ink and paper in scribbling verses that have nothing but their rhyme to *recommend* them to favor.

In writing for a newspaper, avoid, by all means, such flourishes as "your excellent and invaluable paper," your high and commendable course of action," &c. You cannot accomplish much in this way; for editors usually have a fair conception of the nature of their own papers, and will give you no thanks for your pretended adulation. When you have finished your manuscript, go over it carefully, and see if there are not some words or sentences which might be left out. If there are, out with them. Expunge, modify, and cut down, till everything is straight. A half column of good, practical common sense has ten chances for insertion where two or three columns of learned nonsense would have no chance at all. Be exceedingly careful about saying that you have written in great haste, and hope the editor will be so kind as to correct, etc. He will be so kind, rest assured, as to correct, and the way he will do it will be by putting your manuscript quietly into the fire. If you have some facts or incidents to communicate, an editor will be grateful for them though you write with a pudding stick; but if you design an essay or an effort at logic, for the sake of true honor, do it up right, instead of leaning on him for help.

Study brevity. This is the last caution I have to give just now. Observe it. Strike out at once into your subject. Let introductions and explanations go to to the four winds. People, in general care nothing about them. Long, tedious, drawling, hum-drum discussions on some equally dull subject will be pretty sure to leave your article unread. Verbosity is bad enough any where, but in a public writer it is insufferable. When in the spirit, write spiritedly; and when through with your piece, stop. Do not go over the world again to see whether you have caught up everything in your way, and held it up for the inspection and contemplation of your reader; for, while you are doing this, he will more than probably become impatient with your prolixity, or laugh at your childishness and folly.

We take the following extract from an editorial in the New York Tribune of Saturday. It is drawn with a bold pencil.

"The Congressman has bawled himself hoarse on the stump in behalf of 'retrenchment and reform;' but he reaches Washington and sees millions going this way, and other millions that, at a dash of the pen; and his eight dollars per day, which looked so inviting in the prospect, dwindles, in full view of these dazzling realities, into a pittance which he would be ashamed to keep his dog on. So he begins by overcharging his mileage by some magnificent circumbendibus; next votes himself a cart load of books, which he often sells at a ruinous shave, (but he pockets the proceeds and Uncle Sam the loss;) and now he is ready for jobbing in contracts, in claims, and dabbles in all manner of miscellaneous corruption, whereby the expenditures are swelled, and the treasury depleted. So up go the appropriations to an enormous figure, but no body is to blame for it. Party hacks try to make party capitol out of it, and the pot applies unseeming epitets to the kettle; new domagogues contrive to supplant some of the old ones, and fall to realizing Æsop's fable of the fox and the flies: so nothing comes of this 'withering expose' and that tremendious castigation, but infinite confusion, wrankling and empty noise, at all events no retrenchment, but rather increased extravagance, waste and speculation."

The Temperance folks of Rochester talk of starting a daily paper in that city. They seem inclined to do a little effectual "spirit rappings."

IMMORTALITY.

BY MASSILLON.

If we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded!—If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practised, what are they but empty words, possessing no real, binding efficacy? Why should we heed them if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will* be nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures—if not our own passions? Speak not of mortality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to *us* are the sweet ties of kindred? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence!—Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying—what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as drums are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties, and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers and scoffers must inevitably lead! Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines! Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make.—Such would be this world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

THE SWISS RIFLE—The following description of this weapon we find in the London Morning Chronicle:

The weapon weighs only 9½ pounds.—The bore is very small. The ball weighs only 255 grains, hardly one third as much as that of the minnie rifle, tapering to a point, and nearly an inch in length. As for the range of the swiss rifle, we need only mention, that, at the distance of 1,000 paces, 160 balls (fired from a rest) struck a target of eight feet six inches square, and penetrated three planks of deal, placed one inch asunder, besides passed half way through a fourth.

ANOTHER HEAVY CALIFORNIA SWINDLE.—The steamer William Penn, which arrived on Wednesday morning last, brought to this city a large number of individuals who had, in February last purchased through tickets for passages to California from a firm known as A. H. Pride & Co., having offices at No. 7 Wall Street, 2½ Courtlandt, and No 3 Broadstreet, which tickets proved to be fraudulent and worthless.

The political complexion of the city of Cincinnati may be judged from the recent election of Councilmen, which resulted Democrats 28, Whigs 20.

St. Louis on the other hand appears to be strong whig, having elected a whig Mayor, and four out of five city officers.

Agricultural.

Garden Manures.

Frequent complaints are made by those who are limited in their gardening operations, that whatever manures they do apply to their gardens, burn up their crops when the heat of summer comes on. We have felt this inconvenience too, and in looking around to find a remedy have come to the conclusion that whenever a garden requires active stimulating manures, they should be applied in the fall or winter; in this way, rank stable manure may be applied and spaded, or plowed under immediately. It will have become by spring the proper food of plants, and as all manures *leach upwards* the surface soil will be in fine condition for the growth of vegetables; whereas if the manure is applied at planting time, especially the crude manures generally applied here, just as the vegetables are most required, they are fired by the action of the sun on the manure, and the gardener is mortified to find his labor and money thrown away.—Whatever manures are applied in the spring, should be well rotted or of a cooling nature. There are many families that annually waste a barrel or two of leached ashes when had it been applied to the garden *patch* they would have had "early yorks" as well as their neighbors. The soap suds from the wash tub is a manure that may be applied with safety, and with profit in the spring, and yet how few ever use them except to enrich the earth around their kitchens, and make loathsome mudholes, when perfumed flowers, luscious fruits, and mammoth vegetables, might have been made by them.

We do not yet properly appreciate the value of a good garden. The bearing that it has upon the happiness and health of a family, is plainly perceptible whenever we find a well conducted garden; how highly important then that we should understand the proper food of plants. He would certainly be a mad physician who would give his fevered patients stimulants to raise the fever higher and higher, until vitality was consumed. So with the gardener. plants are frequently stimulated to death, for want of proper cooling food.—Our garden soils can scarcely be too rich, but it must be a richness retentive of moisture, and not as would be the case if the stable manure was applied in the spring—be a richness which burned everything in contact with it. Go then for your wagons and your wheelbarrows, load them up and cover your gardens quickly; plough them up, turn the manure under, and when the early seed time comes you need not fear but a harvest will follow.—*Southern Recorder.*

From The Child's Paper.

THE BIRDS—THE BIRDS.

Now "the time of the singing of birds has come." Welcome to the birds. Their glad notes are beginning to be heard in the garden and among the forests. Birds not only dress beautifully and sing sweetly, as if they were only made to adorn the trees and please our taste, they are *of use* also. They as well as ourselves have a *Work* to do. They help to take care of the grain in the field and the fruit on the trees.

A few years ago, the blackbirds in North Indiana were looked upon as great thieves; the farmers complained that they took of the oats and corn a great deal more than was their share. The farmer sowed, and they reaped. He scolded and they twittered. No amount of shot seemed to thin them out. A few years later, the fields were desolated, and the crop, well-nigh eat up by a great army of worms Nothing could stop them, and the poor farmer seemed to be only a worm among worms. What *could* be done? Who would help him save his crops? Who but his *best friends, the blackbirds*? They came to his aid, and soon made terrible havoc among the worms, insomuch that something was left to the harvest.

So, farther south, the rice-birds were thought to be entirely too busy in some of the plantations in Carolina. The planters declared war, and were determined to drive them out of the country. This they pretty nearly succeeded in doing, when a greater enemy came. Worms, worms, worms swarmed in every direction, eating every young shoot that peeped from the earth. The birds were invited back, and nobody so glad to welcome them as the planters. Rice cannot be cultivated without their help.

How thankful should we be that God has given us the dear birds to be our fellow-laborers; and the laborer is surely worthy of his hire. Why grudge him his pay? Why cheat him of his spring and summer work? Soon we shall see them very busy. Many have already begun.

"The sparrow builds her clever nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss;
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?"

So that in their work as well as their notes, they point us to our "Father, who is in Heaven."