

# THE GAZETTE AND DEMOCRAT.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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## Gazette & Democrat.

SCOTT & SON,  
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE  
Tailmage Block—Third Story—on the  
Left at the Head of the Stairs.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
The Gazette will be published every Thursday, on  
the following terms:  
One year in advance ..... \$1 50  
After the expiration of 6 months ..... 2 00  
For less than one year, at the rate of 1 50  
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Advertisements not marked on the manuscript,  
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we will explain at the time.  
The above terms strictly observed in all cases.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.  
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WORK, such as CARDS, CIRCULARS, POSTERS,  
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AND FANCY JOBBERING, with new and superior  
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ship, DANIEL COLEMAN, of Adams Township.  
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The Little Girl that meets Me.  
There's a little girl that meets me,  
And with laughter ever greets me,  
And to kiss her cheek I long,  
And to kiss her cheek I long.  
Long the path of life, so dreary,  
Where the saddest heart, and weary  
Shades the sun, shining near me,  
Oh my way.  
She has eyes as blue as Heaven,  
Only aged about her forehead,  
But unto me she has given  
Such a heart,  
That forever she has brightened  
Beauty o'er the worst heart bringing,  
Sweet at last.  
With her sunny hair, so curly;  
With her smile, so white and partly,  
I have met her late and early  
By the way.  
And I take her to my heart, and press it  
In my own, just to careen it—  
"Pretty little hand—God bless it!"  
I do so.

May the world smile kindly on her,  
Benedictions fall upon her,  
Angels be her guard of honor,  
As she goes.  
Through this world of ours, stinging,  
Pain to the troubled spirits bringing,  
So grief her path is brightening  
With its woes.

May the sweetest harp in Heaven—  
The organ crown that o'er was given,  
Where the wares of life are driven  
Past the throne,  
Echo to her daily prayer,  
"You here pure heart, and eager;  
While each angel be a singer,  
Calling home."

[From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.]  
IN A COBWEB.  
BY ESTHER DENNIS.

"I TELL you it will be impossible for  
me to go," was Ruth Morley's decided  
answer, as she plucked to pieces a beautiful  
crimson flower, which her companion  
had just presented her.

"I know you have told me so once or  
twice," returned Paul Upton, good hum-  
oredly, "but ladies have so many whims  
now-a-days, that it isn't best to take the  
first answer, nor perhaps the second as  
decided."

"Well, take it or not, just as you please;  
my mind, at least is made up." And  
Ruth petulantly buried her small feet in  
a mass of dead leaves.

Well, Ruth, had I guessed the fate of  
that unfortunate flower I should have—  
"Kept it well, I wish you had." And  
as a blast of the cold north wind at that  
moment rattled the dead leaves at her feet  
Ruth shivered and turned upon her accom-  
panying.

Her thoughts, as she walked slowly  
through the desolate fields, which in the  
summer time had looked so lovely, were  
not envious ones by any means. Twice  
or thrice upon her way home she turned  
with a half intention of going back to tell  
Paul that she would attend the party his  
sister gave that night, but then pride  
came to her aid.

"No, I told him I wouldn't go, and I  
must keep my word, else he will think  
me inconsistent. Besides that, I haven't  
a suitable dress to wear, and I hear that  
Paul's cousins from the city, those rich  
and beautiful Lane girls, are to be there—  
of course they will be dressed splendidly,  
and will look most contemptuously upon  
my plain brown Tibbet. O dear, how I  
do wish I were rich!"

And then Ruth heedless of the cutting  
wind against which her thin shawl was  
vainly protesting, dreamed she was  
rich—how comfortable she would make  
her poor father's old age, with how many  
blessings she would surround him—bless-  
ings which the hard-working man had  
never known in his life. And Harry—  
poor restless Harry, he should go to col-  
lege, and should have all the books he  
wanted, and in time become a great man.

"So you have got home at last, have  
you?"  
How little Ruth started, and how her  
golden tresses shivered and fell to pieces  
at the sound of that voice, and at the sight  
of that great, coarse, red-faced woman.

"Yes, I've got home," was Ruth's sul-  
len answer to her step-mother's salu-  
tion.  
"Well, you might as well spend the  
whole day out of doors, as for all the  
work you do in the house. Now make  
haste and get the table, and make your-  
self useful for one minute."

There was no answer to this, but Ruth's  
face expressed defiance as plainly as if  
she had replied in words.

The chilly, uncomfortable evening  
drew on. In a corner by themselves sat  
Ruth and Harry, the latter restless as ever,  
and both sullen and silent, for their  
step-mother's loud voice filled the whole  
room. It was the usual way of spending  
the evening in their uncomfortable and  
unlovely home. Harry was more than  
usually restless and depressed that night,  
for all had gone wrong with him the last  
two or three days. Ruth was thinking  
somewhat bitterly of Mr. Upton's bril-  
liantly lighted rooms, of the gay company  
the animated faces, and must we confess  
it? of Paul Upton, whom her little heart  
loved a great deal more about than it would  
admit even to itself.

"Come out Ruth, and walk with me—  
I have something to tell you," whispered  
Harry, as length, as hour after hour passed  
away, and both grew more restless.  
Ruth rose with alacrity; resumed the bon-  
net and shawl which she had thrown over  
a chair, and in an instant stood ready to  
go. They passed out unmolested, and for  
a moment stood undecided as to which  
way they should turn their steps. Then,  
impelled by an irresistible impulse, Ruth  
turned towards the footpath, which she  
well knew would lead them in sight of  
Mr. Upton's house. Harry walked by  
her side, silent as ever. Ruth minded  
not that the dead leaves and the withered  
grass damped her dress, nor that the  
wind felt more chilly and uncomfortable  
than the sun.

Ruth was not satisfied until they had  
gained a station immediately under one of  
the windows, a position which command-  
ed a view of both parlors, and which was  
likewise comfortably shielded from ob-  
servation.

Harry made some faint objection as to  
the propriety of the thing, but Ruth  
made no answer. Poor child! she was too  
busily occupied at that moment to care  
whether what she was doing was proper  
or not. Within there were gay music  
and animated faces, and anon a silvery  
burst of laughter, which floated out to  
the ears of the two lone watchers.

"What splendid dresses!" thought Ruth  
—how glad I am I didn't come!"  
"O, Ruth, just look—what a beautiful  
face! That is like some of the old paint-  
ings. There she has seated herself upon  
that sofa opposite. Don't you see her?  
And Harry leaned forward and gazed  
with a look of the most eager admiration.  
Ruth drew him back. She had looked  
and noted well the lovely face shaded by  
the fair hair, which was now turned with  
an eager, animated look upon her com-  
panion, Paul Upton. Paul was talking most  
earnestly with the strange lady—so earnestly  
that it seemed not to heed anything  
that was passing around him. Their  
conversation seemed to grow more and  
more interesting and confidential, for  
Paul's face unconsciously approached  
near the lady's and she seemed listening  
most attentively, ever and anon darting  
a bright, arch look at her companion,  
which look, poor Harry, sitting outside,  
likened to a sunbeam.

Yes, Ruth's eye had noted well every  
detail of the scene—the exquisite and  
tasteful dress of the stranger, that told of  
wealth—the tall, queenly form, the fair  
complexion and rose-tinted cheek, and  
above all, the interest which the two oc-  
cupants of the sofa took in each other—  
—some of these things had escaped from  
Ruth's glance. How meanly she thought  
of herself at that moment—of her dimi-  
nutive form, her dark complexion, to  
which the rose tint was most unbecom-  
ing—her poor attire! She brushed away  
from her forehead her rich, dark hair  
with a disdainful motion. She recollected  
now that some one had once called her  
witch-like and weird-like; witch-like in-  
deed, she must look when compared with  
the lovely stranger within. But then  
Ruth's pride came to her aid again, and  
her dark eyes flashed unseen in her hid-  
den place.

Should she hate Paul Upton? No, he  
was not worth hating; she would forget  
him, and never look upon him again—  
She would live for her father and Harry,  
and sometimes in the future, when she was  
rich and famous, Paul might regret her  
and might seek to renew the acquaintance.  
She imagined to herself the scorn with  
which she would receive his advances,  
when suddenly she shivered as in an  
ague-fit. A casual glance at the window  
had shown her Paul and the stranger lady  
gazing out into the night, and in an in-  
stant Ruth imagined she was discovered.  
But the next moment the idea seemed  
absurd, for the two had passed from the  
window, and were now lost to sight.

Harry, who had now forgot everything  
in his admiration of the lovely stranger,  
was now awakened to life by Ruth's  
shiver.

"Why, Ruth, here you are chilled  
through, and dear me, how thin your  
shawl is. How imprudent of us to stand  
so long here. But that was such a beau-  
tiful picture, Ruthy." And Harry laugh-  
ed and then sighed at the recollection.

Ruth made no answer, only clung tighter  
to her brother's arm, as they turned back  
into the solitary night. Away from the  
bright windows, and Harry's gloomy  
thoughts returned. He broke out abrupt-  
ly:

"Ruth, I am going to the city to seek  
my fortune, as many better men than I  
have done. I shall die here, leading this  
inactive life. Have you anything to say  
against this plan, Ruthy?"

"Nothing," said Ruth, "excepting that  
I shall go with you."

"Nonsense, Ruth! Of course, it will  
be impossible for you to go. What would  
you do when you got there?"

Try my fortune writing for the news-  
papers. And if I succeed, as of course I  
shall!—and here Ruth affected a merry  
tone—"and if you get steady employment,  
what a pleasant home we could make by  
ourselves. Nobody should know where  
we were until we got rich and famous, and  
then we would ride home in a coach and  
four, and create a nice days wonder."

Harry smiled at the pleasant vision,  
and then relapsed into a deeper fit of mus-  
ing, than ever. But before they had  
reached home that night, it was decided  
that they should go to the city to seek  
their fortunes. And so it happened that  
one cold, raw morning, before most people  
were up, Harry and Ruth stole like two  
guilty things through the garden gate,  
turned to take one last look at the little  
cottage and the desolate landscape, and  
then leaving the old things behind, their  
eyes were turned upon new scenes.

"Well, what news, Ruth?" asked Ruth,  
as she busied herself putting the finishing  
touches to the table, set for their evening  
meal.

"None," said Harry moodily playing  
with his knife and fork, utterly regardless  
of the nice supper which Ruth had been  
at such pains to prepare for him.

"I have been all over the city to-day,"  
and offered myself as office boy, or porter,  
or almost anything, but nobody seemed to  
want of me. Ruth, if the worst comes to  
the worst, shall we go back or starve?"

"Starve," said Ruth decidedly. "But  
you will try again to-morrow, Harry, and  
perhaps you will succeed better. See  
what I have got here—you shall take  
them to some publisher to-morrow."

And Ruth held up three or four rolls of  
paper, upon which she had busied herself  
the last two or three days.

Some days passed away. Ruth's man-  
uscripts had been offered for sale. Some  
had been rejected and some sold well,  
but it was rather discouraging and morti-  
fying work and poor Harry dreaded,  
more than he dare tell Ruth, to inquire  
the fate of what had cost her so many  
busy hours. At length, when Harry had  
well nigh despaired, he found employ-  
ment as errand-boy in the office of a  
wealthy merchant, and that evening with  
elastic step and animated countenance,  
told Ruth the good news. He found his  
sister bending as usual over her writing,  
and proceeded to recount his day's expe-  
rience, without noticing the efforts Ruth  
made to suppress a fit of coughing. In  
fact, ever since that evening walk to Mr.  
Upton's house, Ruth had been troubled  
with a most obstinate and singular cough,  
which no remedy she applied could seem  
to subside. Lately it had been quite  
painful for her to bend over her writing,  
and her household duties tired her most  
unaccountably.

"Why, Ruthy, how handsome you are  
growing," was Harry's exclamation, as he  
glanced at his sister, after relating his  
good fortune.

In fact, Ruth did look unusually well  
that evening. Her eyes sparkled, and  
there was a bright spot of bloom on either  
cheek. No one could have said but  
what the rose tint was extremely becom-  
ing now. It was quite fortunate that  
Harry had found employment, for after a  
while Ruth found it utterly impossible to  
endure the constraint that writing im-  
posed upon her. The very act of bending  
over, aggravated her cough to such a de-  
gree that she told Harry one morning that  
she should take a vacation of a week or  
two.

"You have been quite honored to-day,  
Ruth," was Harry's salutation, as he ras-  
hed after a whirlwind into Ruth's presence,  
after the day's work was through. "I  
don't believe there ever was a better man  
than Mr. Lane. I happened to say to him  
the other day that you had a cough, and  
to-day he inquired after you, and said if  
you had no objections, his daughter, Miss  
Lane, would call upon you. What do  
you say to that, Miss Ruth?"

"To tell the truth," was Ruth's answer,  
"I had much rather she wouldn't come—  
You know I have a great dislike to stran-  
gers—but for your sake, I shall receive  
her properly."

Harry was rather worried about Ruth's  
cough, as it didn't seem to improve any  
as the weeks went on, and Ruth went a-  
bout so slowly, and seemed to get weary  
so often, that Harry seriously began to  
think it would be best to summon a phy-  
sician. But Ruth laughed at his anxiety,  
reminded him that winter was a bad time  
to get cured of a cough, and declared  
that in the spring she should be as well  
as usual.

There was a knock at their door one  
evening, and as Harry opened it he en-  
countered his employer, Mr. Lane, and a  
lady, whom Mr. Lane introduced as his  
daughter. Poor Harry stared in the ut-  
most astonishment, and then blushed a  
great deal more than the occasion seem-  
ed to warrant, for in Miss Lane he recog-  
nized the lovely stranger whom he had  
admired through Mr. Upton's window—  
As for Ruth, she had started forward at  
sight of the lady, crimsoning violently  
from excitement, and then suddenly she  
sank back upon her seat, a death-like pal-  
or crept slowly over her face—and then  
there was a wild cry from Harry. From  
Ruth's mouth there issued a crimson  
stream and her eyes were closed, as if in  
death.

Week succeeded week, and the genial  
days of spring came slowly on. Ruth  
would recover—the doctor had said so—  
And poor Harry was wild with delight,  
and worked harder and more manfully than  
ever. During Ruth's illness he had been  
promoted to the position of clerk in Mr.  
Lane's store, and every evening he had  
the privilege of entering Mr. Lane's  
house, for there had Ruth been removed  
at the commencement of her illness.

Yes, Ruth would recover, but she must  
be tended with great care—and truly no  
sister could have watched over and nursed  
her more carefully than had Miss Lane  
through those many weeks. And Ruth  
felt very grateful, more so than she could

express. She no longer felt hardly towards  
Paul Upton—she had grown very quiet  
and gentle, altogether too quiet and gen-  
tle, Miss Lane said.

But our poor little heroine was not per-  
fect, by any means. She wished it had  
been any one else but Miss Lane to whom  
she was indebted, and she longed to get  
away and live a quiet life again with  
Harry. Miss Lane's lovely face some-  
times gave her a very painful sensation.

"My dear little Ruth," said Miss Lane,  
one day, when for the twentieth time Ruth  
had declared that she was strong enough  
to go away, and for the twentieth time  
Miss Lane had declared that such a thing  
was impossible—"we are to have a visitor  
to-day, and I want you to look your pret-  
tiest. If you behave yourself well to-day  
perhaps I shan't object to your going a-  
way by and by."

Afternoon came, and with it the visitor.  
New Ruth hadn't cared one snap about  
the mysterious person, and scarcely look-  
ed up when the visitor entered the room.  
But how she started when her eyes en-  
countered those of Paul Upton! How  
quickly a beautiful color flashed over her  
pale face, and how hard she strove to  
keep down the words of welcome that  
were upon her tongue. It was provoking  
that Miss Lane was called out of the room  
just at that moment, and that Ruth was  
obliged to entertain her visitor. Paul  
seized himself most boldly at her side,  
and then he began to talk to her just as  
he used to in the old times. Ruth felt  
uncomfortable—she wished Miss Lane  
would come back and take care of this  
troublesome visitor.

"So, you dear, silly, independent little  
thing, what a cobweb you have got yours-  
elf into."

"A cobweb! What could he mean?"  
"Why, yes, a cobweb," said Paul laugh-  
ing. "Here has my cousin, Sophie Lane,  
woven her meshes about you, and here are  
the rest of the spiders come to enjoy the  
feast."

"Sophie Lane, Paul's cousin! How  
silly Ruth had been not to have recol-  
lected that Lane was the name of Paul's  
uncle. And somehow the knowledge of  
this fact led to another, and then Ruth  
learned that Paul's conversation upon the  
night of the party had been about her, and  
that Sophie had been so interested, that  
she had determined to make her acquain-  
tance, which, as we have already seen, she  
did accomplish through Harry's means.  
In fact, there were so many explanations,  
to be made, that when Miss Lane came  
back, neither Paul nor Ruth noticed her  
entrance, and so she presently made her  
retreat again, smiling to herself.

And so it happened, as anybody with  
common sense might have predicted, that  
not long after this was another party, at  
Miss Lane's instead of Mr. Upton's, and  
Harry and Ruth didn't stand outside, but  
were rather prominent actors in the per-  
formance that took place that night—  
performance in which little Ruth Morley  
became Ruth Upton, and in which Harry  
and Miss Lane officiated as brides-  
groom and bridesmaid.

And Harry—the restless fellow—con-  
tinued to wheedle himself into Sophie's  
confidence, to such an extent, that when he  
became a junior partner in the house of Lane &  
Co., he persuaded Sophie to repeat the  
performance, which has been enacted in  
the case of Ruth, with a very little varia-  
tion of course.

In process of time, Ruth's step-mother  
died, and then Ruth had the pleasure of  
making her father's old age comfortable and  
happy. Though Ruth and Harry never  
became very rich, or very famous, yet  
singularly enough they were both con-  
tented and happy.

HOME EDUCATION.—Parents must not  
depend on the teacher the entire care of  
their children. It is a big contract, a su-  
perintendent of a city school, has to study  
the character, and map out the slipshod  
habits of neglected, unregulated children.

Many parents would blush at exposure  
of their own faults, if they were made  
sensible of the short-comings of their  
children, by the most reprehensible indif-  
ference to their habits. Habits of order,  
cleanliness, speech, manners &c., com-  
menced at home, mark a whole course in  
school. Parents should not be martinet  
demands from their children, but should  
win them to be obedient, docile,  
attentive, manly and reverent—what-  
ever is lacking up to this time, by those  
who send children to school—a few de-  
termined lessons given to them now, in  
the opening week, will prove a wholesome  
Home Education, and aid, materially, the  
teachers in developing the good and draw-  
ing the string of the evil dispositions in  
their pupils.

GEN. JACKSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN  
CONGRESS.—When Mr. Gallatin was a  
member of Congress, in the year 1796,  
Tennessee was admitted as a State into  
the Union, and sent her first member to  
Washington. One day when in his seat  
in the House, Mr. Gallatin noticed a tall,  
lank, uncouth looking individual, with  
long locks of hair hanging over his brows  
and face, while a qu-ut hung down his  
back, tied with an elk skin. The dress  
of this individual was singular—his man-  
ner and deportment that of a backwood-  
man. The appearance of so singular a  
character on the floor of the House of  
Representatives naturally attracted at-  
tention, and a member by his side asked  
who he was. Mr. Gallatin replied that  
he was the new member from the new  
State—

"Well," said his friend, "he seems  
just the sort of chap one might expect  
from such an uncivilized region as Ten-  
nessee." The individual in question was  
Andrew Jackson.

We never can respect persons who  
aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast  
difference between those we call amusing  
men and those we denominate entertain-  
ing; we laugh with the former and re-  
fect with the latter.

WITTEN FOR THE GIBB PAPER, BY GEORGE S. DENNIS.  
Life's Harvest.  
Twilight had gathered in the shades of the day,  
Which time had scattered thereby here and there,  
And night, pale light, had bound them, one by one,  
With the long treads of her own raven hair.

Silent and still, and still, an angel bowed down,  
And bore the shaven, the gathered sheaves away;  
Ah! some were golden with the ripened grain,  
And some were black and blasted with decay.

Yes, day by day, we sow, and twilight comes,  
And gathers in the fall sheaves, one by one;  
And by and by, the evening hour will come,  
And we shall see the work our hands have done.

An Incident on Broadway.  
BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WILKINS.

One of these sunny March afternoons,  
When the sky is blue and soft as sapphire,  
And the air full of balm—the spire of  
Grace Church tipped with sunset gold,  
And the plaza's paces along Broad-  
way all to a glitter as they reflected the  
silken robes of the hurrying throng—this  
is our scene and time.

She was just released from her weary  
day's work in the stifling book bindery—  
the care-worn, thread-bare woman, and  
she breathed in the fresh air greedily, and  
she edged her way wearily among her  
scornful sister-hood. Suddenly she paused  
in front of a fruit stand, the tropical  
gleam of golden oranges reminded her of  
the little white face that was wasting a  
way on the lonely pillow at home, and she  
fingered her worn purse longingly.

"Have you any one-cent oranges, sir?"  
"No, don't, I'm in one-cent customers  
—better go about your business, woman,"  
said the man contemptuously.

Oh, the heart-sickness of poverty!  
She had proceeded but a few steps before  
she again stopped, involuntarily, before  
the display of cut flowers. It was not  
the dazzling camellias nor the imperial  
pink azaleas that attracted her eye; it  
was the knot of wild violets blue and  
dewy, like those that grew under the ap-  
ple-tree at home, when she was a girl—  
How little Willie's eyes would sparkle at  
the sight of those blue violets!

"How much are these violets?" she  
asked, with trem-ling eagerness.  
"A shilling," said the dealer shortly;  
he did not believe the faded-looking wo-  
man would be a customer, and was vexed  
at being interrupted in engorging to a  
splendidly dressed lady some rare hot-  
house blossoms.

She turned away with a weary sigh,  
but the lady had noticed her wan face with  
pitying kindness.

"Give me the wild flowers," said she,  
and then touching the woman's shoulder,  
she added, "Take these violets—you seem  
to wish for them so much!"  
The pale face lighted up. Ah, it was  
worth a quarter to bring forth such a  
smile!

"Thank you, lady, it was for my little  
boy, and he is dying!"  
Dying—it was a strange fancy to the  
jeweled child of luxury. She could not  
imagine it in all the glow of sunshine and  
vitality that surrounded her, and yet it  
struck a warning chord to her heart. Dy-  
ing! to think that people could die!

Franklin's world-renowned rule for ac-  
quiring wealth was based on the same  
broad principles, viz., fidelity in little  
things; "Take care of the pennies and the  
dollars will take care of themselves."  
This rule does for those who acquire  
wealth, or at least those who know to keep  
it after getting it; but it is equally ap-  
plied to the man who neglects his little  
things. Indeed, it cannot be such foot-  
ing can only be obtained by attention on  
the part of the man.

This rule applies not only to wealth and  
honor, but to everything and every depart-  
ment of life. Our papers are crowded  
with accidents under the several heads of  
shipwrecks, railway disasters, explosions,  
fires, &c., which could nearly all have  
been prevented by strict attention to lit-  
tle things. It is but a small thing to raise  
a flag over a broken rail to warn the engine;  
it is not safe to cross it at the usual rate  
of speed, but a much larger one to extri-  
cate from the pile of ruins the mutilated  
bodies of the passengers. A small thing  
to extinguish with your foot the burning  
match thrown on the floor after lighting  
a cigar, but a far more difficult one to ex-  
tinguish the flames of a burning house or  
city. A small thing to mix lime and  
cement together to form mortar, of which  
a factory, or mill, or church, but it is mag-  
nified with microscopic lens when, at some  
unlucky hour, the edifice crumbles to the  
ground.

We've too little attention to small  
things, for they form the keystone on  
which the arch is spanned, the founda-  
tion on which all our success in life rests.  
When they are neglected our hopes are  
blasted, our expectations disappointed, our  
superstructure falls. There are enough  
ready to take charge of the great things  
of life, but too few to mind the small ones.  
When these little things are properly at-  
tended to, our houses will be safe, our  
railways free from danger, and every de-  
partment of life benefited. There can be  
nothing done that will be of greater ser-  
vice to society, or reflect greater credit on  
the former, for such an one will not only  
merit the praise and commendation of his  
fellows, but he will receive the warm  
welcome approbation. "Because thou has  
been faithful over a few things, I will  
make thee ruler over many things; come  
up thither and sit with me on my throne."  
—EDWARD.

Prescribe no positive laws to thy  
will; for show may be forced to mor-  
tal to drink the same water thou de-  
spisest to day.—[Fuller].

Read not to contradict and confute  
nor to believe and take for granted, nor to  
find talk and discourse, but to weigh and  
consider.—[Bacon].

Nature, with her vague and flowing  
ways, cannot at all fit in with a right-  
angled person.—[Friends in Council].

Reason cannot show itself more  
reasonable than to leave reasoning on  
things above reason.—[Sir Philip Sidney].

In contemplation of created things,  
by steps we ascend to God.—[Milton].

The Supremacy of the Bible in Politics.  
If, as we have frequently endeavored  
to show, the Bible should have the entire  
control of man, then the Christian must  
feel a deep interest in the political action  
of his country. He should be the Bible  
in this matter—the living epistle of the  
truth—to speak as it speaks, to act as di-  
rected. The Bible does not withdraw the  
Christian from intercourse with men, or  
from the exertion of influence in political  
affairs. It countenances no monkish logic,  
no ascetic superstition. It brings the  
disciples of the Savior out into the light,  
and forward into the front rank of effort,  
and makes them an example to others in  
all the legitimate action of our world. Its  
design is to enlighten and sanctify men—  
to fit them for their duties as social, intel-  
lectual, and moral beings; to make them  
good citizens, wise and pure-hearted pa-  
triotic, and through them to reach others,  
to show them what true patriotism is, and  
how the high functions of a citizen are to  
be performed. Christians, therefore, must  
go into the arena of political action. They  
must go into the primary meetings of  
the people, and first to give a right  
formation to the first elements of political  
influence; they must go to the polls, and  
make the ballot-box tell in favor of truth  
and righteousness. In a word, they are,  
by their example, to teach men what they  
are to do as good citizens, and the spirit  
with which they are to engage in political  
action.

Christians should feel an intense inter-  
est in the election of rulers, and exert all  
their influence in having that election con-  
trolled by the great principle of the  
Bible. They should do all they  
can do, in order to have good men elected  
to office. The political arena, we  
know, is indeed full of peril. The world  
is a fiery one. But Christians cannot be  
excused from the duty on that account.  
Other duties are attended with peril, but  
they must be performed. We must this  
time go to the polls, to our country,  
and to the world, and they will be  
kept from the evil if they put on the whole  
armor of God. No one can say anything  
to fear while acting in accordance with  
the commands of the Bible. And the Bible  
is imperative here. It bids every man,  
to be true to the performance of his  
little duties of life. Most men are striv-  
ing to do something great, something uncom-  
mon, something that is designed to arouse  
every latent power of their nature. They  
have to be tied to the performance of little  
things, to climb slowly and perseveringly  
up the ladder of fame and fortune, but  
with, with one bold, heroic step, to reach  
the topmost round.

It is right, it is manly, it is noble,  
to exert every energy of our nature, every  
faculty of our mind, to endeavor to stand  
on the same lofty eminence with the great  
and good of all ages, but it should not be  
done by neglecting and sacrificing little  
things. Indeed, it cannot be such foot-  
ing can only be obtained by attention on  
the part of the man.

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