

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 96.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY J. W. FARNS & Wm. N. ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, . . . \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, . . . 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be charged for every three months that payment is delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (12 lines or less), first insertion, fifty cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00 1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00 1 column 1 " 20.00
1 " 6 " 3.00 1 " 1 month, 5.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or verbal directions, will be published until ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the publishers—post paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1853.

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Probate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crockerly, Ottawa Co., Mich.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington House.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington House.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co. and Justice of the Peace. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, Prosecuting Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

MORRIS BUCK, County Surveyor. Residence, Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door west of H. Griffin's store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels' Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. E. RAWSON, Physician and Surgeon. Office in Park's new building, Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

MORRIS BUCK, Physician and Surgeon.—Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washington Street, Grand Haven.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The subscriber has opened his shop, and would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Muskegon and vicinity who are in want of a first rate garment, good and stylish. Feel confident in giving entire satisfaction to those who may favor me with their patronage. Muskegon, October, 1852.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's Store.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, also Agent for the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

J. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockerly, Boots and Shoes, &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—Store, corner Washington and Water streets, Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce, Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Haven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockerly and Medicines—also manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Water Street, Grand Haven.

WM. M. FERRY, JR. } **WM. M. FERRY.**
THOS. W. FERRY. }

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockerly and Glass, Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils, and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockerly and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provisions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Crockerly, Hardware, Books, Stationery, &c. &c. At the Post Office, corner of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding and Commission merchants; general dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provisions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

D. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockerly, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By **HENRY PENNOYER**. The proprietor has the past Spring newly fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and feels confident visitors will find the House to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By **HERMAN JOACHIM**. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms well furnished, and the table abundantly supplied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promptly attended to.—Shop one door below the Washington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly attended to, by leaving word at this office, Shop at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

She sits like some enchanting maid,
Amid the thoughtless, joyous throng;
For Heaven's hallowing touch has laid,
To charm her life from care and wrong.

She needs no speech—a power is hers,
More pure, more worthy of the name;
A passionate eloquence, to which
Our uttered words are weak and tame.

The very soul of language fills
Those dark, wild, earnest, pleading eyes,
Each movement talks, each gesture thrills
The gazer's heart like plaintive sighs.

Oh could she speak, the soul that pours
Its music now through every glance—
That kindles every wistful smile—
Would waste in words its wealth perchance.

We would not mark that pale pure face
Lit up with every waking thought;
Nor watch the eager, eloquent grace,
Her heart, denied a tongue, has taught.

And could she hear the discord round,
The worldly jest, the idle vow,
Would drown the low sweet hymn of love,
The pitying angels sing her now.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

"The fire that in my bosom burns,
Is lone as some volcanic isle."

In the morning train from Petersburg, Virginia, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in purest white, wore golden bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features, which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times, when she attempted to raise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the car, all was confusion; passengers looked to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely, and yet the most unhappy feature we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! what beauty too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much misery stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, but her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she has become
The queen of a fantastic realm."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos:

"She is far from the land where her young hero
sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!"

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awakening—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmannered, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed and she continued:

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast has those young days faded,
That ever in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither,
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sang a fragment of a beautiful hymn:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful entreating look, with a plaintive, "Save me, my brother! save your sister," that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping.

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs:

"O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

and continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the James river; the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and none dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when, at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the Asylum.—She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and sadness. [Temperance Adv.]

The man who didn't want an office has returned from a visit to Washington, where he went merely to look round a little. He saw what he was looking for, but concluded not to bring it on with him.

THE LADY'S MAN.

Of all the animal nuisances which afflict society, we think the genuine lady's man takes the lead. His face is eternally wreathed with unmeaning smiles and when he addresses a lady, it is always in such a strain of absurd nonsense, that we have often been surprised that any lady armed with a fan, and so addressed, did not brain the animal on the spot. If the lady's man does, by any possibility, possess the least degree of common sense, he takes especial pains to conceal it, for some how or other he has taken it into his wise head that empty sentimentality and absurd notions are the offerings fit for the female mind. In order to be true to what he conceives to be the entertainment and amusement of the ladies, he turns traitor to manhood, and so becomes episcene himself without presenting a just claim to be classed with the male or female sex. His best qualities are those which he possesses in common with certain kind of dogs—to fetch and carry. Ladies, who laugh in their sleeves at the fool, may not object to the attentions of the servant, and so out of sheer commiseration allow him to carry a fan, or escort them to the opera, when the men of their acquaintance are not accessible. The lady's man is sufficiently rewarded for attending them through a whole evening's entertainment, if they will only drop a smile into the poor fellow's hat at parting. With this substantial blessing he is encouraged to future exertions in this wide field of masculine ambition.

If a man's duty to a lady consisted in picking up dropped pocket-handkerchiefs and fans, or twirling her round to the point of giddiness and exhaustion, in the waltz, we should, perhaps, envy the accomplishments of a mere lady's man; but believing, as we do, that the delightful and lovable dependence of woman upon the sterner sex demands the exercise of more manly qualities for her protection and guide, we have little else than contempt for the effeminate accomplishments of the other.

To treat woman like a doll—only present to her mind the gaseous emanations of false sentiment, or the frothy nonsense of fashionable frivolity, is surely no way to win the esteem and respect of any woman not the victim of congenial worthlessness. Women are excellent judges of character; and, although we have frequently seen them entertained with the follies of the lady's man—we have seldom seen a sensible woman apply them to any better use than their mirth and laughter. Few would be willing to trust the guidance of their lives to such shallow and unreliable pilots. [N. O. Delta.]

THE MADONNA.—Mrs. Jameson, in her *Legends of the Madonna* as represented in the Fine Arts, gives a description of the person of the Virgin, extracted from the history of Nicophorus Calistus, on the authority of Epiphanius, who himself had derived it from more ancient authority: "She was of middle stature; her face oval; her eyes brilliant, and of an olive tint; her eye-brows arched and black; her hair of a pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat. She spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, tranquil. Her dress was without ornament, and in her deportment was nothing lax or feeble." Mrs. Jameson mentions the general belief, in which she apparently concurs, that the Saviour resembled his mother in person; for, she observes, "it is argued, Christ had no earthly father; therefore, he could only have derived his earthly lineaments from his mother." All the legends assume that the resemblance between the son and mother must have been perfect. Kuglar, in his "Hand book of Italian Painting," gives two descriptions of the person of the Saviour—the first is from the letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate, originally written about the end of the third century, but not found until the eleventh; the second, by John of Damascus, dates from the eighth century. In the former, Christ is described as a "man of stately form, dignified in appearance, with a countenance that inspired veneration and which, those who look upon it may love as well as fear. His hair, curling, rather dark and glossy, flows down upon his shoulders, and is parted in the middle after the manner of the Nazarenes. The forehead is smooth and very serene; the countenance without line or spot, of a pleasant complexion and moderately ruddy. The nose and mouth faultless, the beard thick and reddish like the hair, not long but divided. The eyes bright and of a varying color." John of Damascus describes Jesus as of a stately growth, eyebrows joined together; beautiful eyes, large nose, curling hair; somewhat stooped; in the bloom of life; his beard black; his complexion olive, like that of his mother; with long fingers, &c. The description given by Lentulus agrees with the account by Epiphanius of the person of the Virgin. It is the European, and one might almost say, the Greek type. Mrs. Jameson favors the fair type, and in this she has the sanction of the great masters of art. [N. Y. Eve. Post.]

TYRANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD—THE SAD LAW OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY.—And so it is and for his rule over his family and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling, sometimes, of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society, there's no law to control the King of the Fireside. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seigneur who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wise-acres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French King, and the Emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs too, in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute! When the annals of each little region are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.

[Thackeray's Esmond.]

PRACTICAL AMALGAMATION IN BROOKLYN.—A rich scene.—The New York *Day Book* of the 27th ult., contains an article descriptive of an exciting scene which occurred in the Abolition city of Brooklyn, on the previous day. A report got out that two mulatto boys, fugitives from bondage, had made their escape, and were at the house of a highly respectable citizen, and son of a popular and esteemed clergyman. All the negroes, abolitionists and anti-fugitive slave-laws were around at once, and the "poor boys" engrossed the attention of all Brooklyn for at least twenty-four hours. The underground Railroad was put in order at once and an attempt made to run the fugitives off—not to Canada—but to the Alms House. Why to the Alms House? Don't be in a hurry, reader; you have not heard all yet. The two yellow boys were not from down South, nor were they born slaves. No, they were born as free as any child in Brooklyn. They were going to the Alms House to be taken care of, that's all.

"To make a long story short, the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher had its effect. A daughter of one of the first and wealthiest families of Brooklyn, and wife of a son of a Reverend Clergyman, acting upon the principle that a negro is as good as a white man, and believing that Dan, the coachman, was a better man than her husband, carried out the idea of Mrs. Oakes Smith, and followed the example of Potiphar's wife.—Unfortunately, Dan did not, like Joseph, shy her presence. The consequence was, a presentation to her husband or Dan, (we do not know which) of a pair of as fine fat woolly-heads as ever delighted the eye of a free soiler. The long and the short of it is, reader, Mrs. —, daughter of Lord —, and wife of —, had become the mother of a pair of twin negro babies, and about this little oddity, was all the excitement in Brooklyn. Everybody, we believe, was astonished, but Dan and Henry Ward Beecher." [Free Press.]

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.—Geron, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye now rested upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burnt offerings; and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him.

A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him.—When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance. Whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life.

Geron answered: "My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them."

Having uttered these words the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart.

Then the old man spoke: "Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age."

"The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart." [Krummacker.]

HYDROPHOBIA—ITS CURE.—Dr. Corry, of Waukegan, Illinois, says:

"Wash the wound thoroughly with water (warm if convenient, as it promotes the flow of blood,) and then applying the mouth and sucking the wound for fifteen or twenty minutes, or as long as there remains any smarting or stinging. No fear need be entertained in doing this, if care be taken not to swallow any of the saliva. As a matter of precaution, however, it would be well to wash the mouth frequently during the operation with spirits or saleratus water.—Having sucked the wound thoroughly, apply without loss of time a strong spirit of hartshorn to every part of the wound, and keep it dressed with a lint saturated with the same for several hours.

Every family should be provided with a vial of hartshorn, for an emergency. If none of this is within reach, use a strong solution of saleratus. If the wound is so situated that the patient cannot suck it, get another to do it. This remedy is equally applicable and certain in the case of snake bites, the sting of bees, or any other animal poison. Common lunar caustic will do instead of hartshorn, and can be kept for years in a vial, if excluded from light and moisture; or in time of danger, any person can keep a stick of it in the vest pocket."

Let it be tried on the first animal bitten. Experiment is the only way to find out a remedy for this most horrible of all earthly diseases.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray tell me, my dear what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, what a disgrace!"

"What disgrace?"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it was addressed to myself. Certainly, it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all! What harm can there be in a wife's opening a husband's letters?"

"No harm in itself. But the contents—such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language, but the contents."

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief, and commenced sobbing aloud, when the husband caught up the letter, and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart.

It was a bill from a printer for nine year's subscription.

The desponding Christian, says Leighton, turns to his Saviour, as surely as the needle to its pole; even though, like the needle, he turns trembling.

EDITORIAL OF THE TIMES.—The present writers for the *Times*, says *Eliza Cook's Journal*, are only known by rumor. The mystery of newspaper editing in England is still guarded as strictly as possible. The editor is not a man of mark amongst us, as in France. His name is even studiously concealed; and though wielding a great power daily before the eyes of the people, his name never appears. In fact, the social position of the English editor is not yet recognized; and hence he remains behind a mask, hidden and irresponsible. Rumor avers that Mr. Delaine the younger is the chief editor of the *Times*, although Mr. Mowbray Morris (who was examined before the newspaper committee the other day) appears before the public as the responsible manager and editor. The Rev. Thomas Mozely is however, the most brilliant of the *Times* writers; he is the man whose articles appearing for the first time a few years ago, gave evidence to the world, that a new hand had come upon the *Times*. His thunder is mixed with laughter, and his bolts are tipped with wreathed smiles. He is a writer of great pith and emphasis; and you cannot mistake the articles from his pen. But there are others as good as he—Sam Phillips' reviews of new books have recently attracted great notice and admiration. The slashing article on "Carlyle's Life of Sterling" was written by him. Ward writes the excellent articles on sanitary reform, recently a prominent feature of the journal. Love discourses on colonial subjects, and Henry Reeves the translator of "De Tocqueville's Democracy," writes the principal articles on foreign affairs and policy. Oxenford is the theatrical critic, sometimes cleverly reviewing his own plays; but he writes well, and is up to his work. Mr. Thornton furnishes the parliamentary summary, and Dr. Richardson is a ready man of all work, turning his hand to anything. Some of the *Times* reporters are very able men—for instance how much was Macdonald's articles on the Great Exhibition admired; they were considered by Prince Albert as not unworthy of his precious autograph of thanks. The *Times* staff of foreign correspondents is also complete.—Meagher, once the paymaster of the Spanish Legion is "our correspondent" at Paris; and Fillmore, a translator of "Faust," fills the same office at Berlin. But special reporters are sent over to the scene of action when anything of extraordinary interest occurs; as, for instance, the late war in Schleswig Holstein, which was splendidly reported in the *Times*.

THE MINOR PLANETS.—We find in the *National Intelligencer* the following catalogue of the Minor Planets, at present known, arranged in the order of their discovery, together with the other known Planets of our solar system. It will be observed that eight of the Minor Planets were discovered in 1852, two in 1851, three in 1850, and all the others within the last half century:

Name and No. by which the Minor planets are known.	Date of discovery.	Name of discoverer.
Sun.		
Mercury.		
The Earth.		
Mars.		
1. Ceres	1801, Jan. 1.	Piazzi, of Sicily
2. Pallas	1802, Mar. 28.	Olbers.
3. Juno	1804, Sept. 1.	Harding.
4. Vesta	1807, Mar. 29.	Olbers.
5. Astræa	1845, Dec. 8.	Hencke.
6. Hebe	1847, July 1.	Hencke.
7. Iris	1847, Aug. 13.	Hind
8. Flora	1847, Oct. 18.	Hind.
9. Metis	1848, Apr. 26.	Graham.
10. Hygeia	1849, Apr. 12.	De Gasparis.
11. Parthenope	1850, May 11.	De Gasparis.
12. Victoria	1850, Sept. 13.	Hind.
13. Egeria	1850, Nov. 2.	De Gasparis.
14. Irene	1851, May 19.	Hind.
15. Eunomia	1851, July 29.	De Gasparis.
16. Psyche	1852, Mar. 17.	De Gasparis.
17. Thetis	1852, Apr. 17.	Luther.
18. Melpomene	1852, June 24.	Hind.
19. Fortuna	1852, Aug. 22.	Hind.
20. Massilia	1852, Sept. 19.	De Gasparis.
21. Lutetia	1852, Nov. 15.	Goldschmidt.
22. Calliope	1852, Nov. 16.	Hind.
23. Thalia	1852, Dec. 15.	Hind.
Jupiter		
Saturn		
Herschel	1781.	Wm. Herschel.
Neptune	1846, Sept. 28.	Dr. Galle, of Berlin, by direction of Leverrier, of Paris.

LEARN TO "SPOUT."—This is the first advice that a female whale gives its young, and it is just the advice that every American mother should give her boy. In no country in the world is there such a field for off-hand speakers to operate in, as in the United States. A man capable of stirring up a multitude at a mass meeting, can reach any office in the gift of the people—beginning with "comptroller of poultry," and leaving off with the presidency.

In the present Congress there are 56 Senators—43 are, or have been lawyers, leaving only 13 for all the other professions. Now why is this? Why should 25,000 lawyers have eight times as many representatives in the Senate as the whole 25,000,000 of other people? For no other reason in the world than the lawyers are invariably good speakers. But why should good speakers be limited to one profession? We know not of a single good reason. Every school should have a declamation club connected with it. Boys of all classes should be initiated in the art and mystery of persuasion. With early training, the mechanic and farmer would become as successful "on the stump" as gentlemen who consume their oil in pouring over the old fogysm of Coke and Littleton. The former can be acquired by practice and time—the latter, however, can only be obtained by "breaking the ice" during our school boys days. Again we say, "learn to spout."

Get a step towards heaven—a little further from sin, and a little nearer to God, day by day. Endeavor to master some evil temper, and break loose from some worldly tie, every day.