

## Family Circle.

## Maternal Influence.

"*I'll tell mother,*" said a sobbing little one, as a rude boy jostled her off the side walk. "*I'll tell my mother.*" What a world of consolation was implied in that short sentence! The blow itself was trifling, but the feelings were hurt,—the little affectionate spirit was wounded. But there was a balm at home. It mattered not how many cares and anxieties pressed upon the mother; her child knew the fount of sympathy was never dry. The ready ear, the pitying tone, the smile of welcome never failed.—What an angel's mission is a mother's! Every word, look, and gesture tell for eternity. To balance nicely the scales of justice, to mete out fitting reward or punishment for each little expectant, to encourage the drooping and timid, check the bold and presuming, to suppress the hasty word which the overtaken spirit sends to the lip at some daring outbreak of disobedience; to rule one's own spirit, and wear an unruffled brow in the midst of life's conflict,—"who is sufficient for these things?" *Not the prayerless mother.* Not she, who, allured by dress, fashion, and vanity, leaves her precious charge to the care of servants, from whom the frightful nursery tale or indelicate allusion is often heard, leaving a stain on the pure young mind, which after years may never efface. Not she, who secures obedience by bribes, or breaks a promise to trusting childhood; nor yet she, who, arraying her favourite Joseph in his "coat of many colours," sows the seeds of discord and envy among brethren; not she, who preaches one thing with the lip, and another with the life; and more than all, *not the prayerless mother!*

"*My strength is sufficient for thee.*" Amid all these responsibilities, from which an angel might, trembling, shrink, *lean thou on this staff of promise,* which shall never prove to thee a broken reed. Thou hast thy hours of sadness and discouragement. Day after day, thou walkest the same path, performing the same duties, in the midst of thy restless inquiet ones. "Tares" begin to multiply; the good seed delays its springing; faith and hope falter. There is a laurel for the hero; there is praise for the conqueror; there are ringing plaudits for great and noble deeds; but who marks the declining strength and the flagging step of the patient, overburdened, overtaken mother? Cheer thee! an approving eye resteth on thee; a recording pen hath noted that silent victory over thine own spirit, that temptation to forsake thy duties or perform them lightly. These thy jewels, though slow in the process of setting, shall yet sparkle in thy crown. Then, how light thy trials here! Then, what joy to say, "Behold, I and the children whom thou hast given me!" It may be, the great reaper hath already cut down thy fairest flowers,—the children of thy love, who had just begun, with their smiles and loving words, and grateful care, to repay thee for thy wakeful nights and toilsome days, and they are hidden from thy sight. Still, cheer thee, in thy desolate home. If thou hast submissively laid thy hand upon thy mouth; if, smiting through thy tears, thou hast yielded un murmuringly to the Giver what was only loaned to thee, then know that what thou hast "sown in tears, thou shalt reap in joy." "Jesus wept." He knoweth what it cost thee, and great shall be thy reward in heaven.—*Mother's Assistant.*

## Think again.

"O mother, I wish you would whip Edward; he struck me in the face with his hoop stick!" cried little Emma, as she came running home from school, with the blood gushing from her lips.

"Why, Edward," exclaimed the mother, "how came you to hurt your sister so badly? You surely could not have done it intentionally."

"No, mother. Sister knows that it was an accident. She came running in my way, when I was driving my hoop, and the stick struck her, I did not."

"Come to me Emma, and let me wash

the blood from your face; then I will punish your brother if you wish me to. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, mother. He is a careless naughty boy."

"But think again, Emma. You may be sorry after it is done. You are satisfied that it was an accident, and that you were as much to blame as your brother. You were both careless, and that was the way the accident occurred. If I punish him, I shall hurt him more than he did you. Would it do you any good to see him cry? Would it make your face feel any better to know that he was suffering pain? Think again. I will do just as you wish. Shall I punish him?"

"No, no, mother," said Emma, quickly, and the tears fell faster than before, "I know he did not mean to hurt me."

"Then go and kiss him, and tell him you forgive him for his carelessness, and ask him to forgive you for your anger towards him."

It was a sweet sight to see the loving children locked in each other's arms, kissing away each other's tears.

Little children, never do or say anything in anger; but think again, and you will always find that the second thought is the wisest.

## General Miscellany.

## History of the Book of Mormon.

As the Book of Mormon, or Golden Bible (as it was originally called), has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain new sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin. . . . Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination, and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashabula County, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labours. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct.—These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long-lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and neighbours. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred about the same time, and I recollect the fate well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, his neighbours would come in occasionally to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbours would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared, he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington County, &c., where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by Mrs. M'Kenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the manuscript found was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the book of Mormon. The historical part was immediately recognized by the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed to the meeting his sorrow and regret that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1831. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbours when I resided at New Salem. I was sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion.—Thus, an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been constructed into a new Bible, and palmed off on a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine.—*The Mormons; or, Latter-Day Saints.*

## Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.

A remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was

apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—*Dr. Winslow's Psychological Journal.*

## Uses of Iron.

Iron, in some of its innumerable forms, ministers to the benefit of all. The implements of the miner, the farmer, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the shipwright, are made of iron, and with iron. Roads of iron, travelled by "iron steeds," which drag whole townships after them, and outstrip the birds, have become our commonest highways. Ponderous iron ships are afloat upon the ocean, with massive iron engines to propel them; iron anchors to stay them in storms; iron needles to guide them; and springs of iron in chronometers by which they measure the time. Ink, pens, and printing-presses, by which knowledge is scattered over the world, are alike made of iron. It warms us in our apartments; relieves our jolts in the carriage; ministers to our ailments in the chalybeate mineral waters, or the medical dose; it gives a variety of colour to rocks and soils, nourishment to vegetation, and vigour to the blood of man. Such are the powers of a substance which chemists extract from an otherwise worthless stone.—*Youman's Chemistry.*

## For Farmers.

## How much do our Crops obtain from air.

One of the most interesting and important questions which employ the skill and science of the vegetable physiologist, as well as the practical farmer, is, How much, or what per cent. of the food of vegetables is obtained from the atmosphere? That a large amount is obtained from this source has long been known or believed; but what proportion is not so well known, nor what conditions are necessary in order to enable the plant to take the most of this food, and assimilate it to its own system in the best way, is not yet fully ascertained. We have been very much interested in reading an address, delivered by Dr. Lee of Buffalo, before the Monroe County Agricultural Society. He there asserts that plants—a field of wheat, for instance—obtain ninety-seven per cent. of their food, and consequently ninety-seven per cent. of the amount of the produce is derived from the atmosphere, and but three per cent. only obtained from the soil. How this fact is ascertained, or how it may be demonstrated, does not appear. There cannot be a doubt that every plant has some peculiar character of its own, which requires it to be placed in certain circumstances, in order to enable it to absorb what the air supplies for food and to make it convert the greatest portion of it to the growth and maturing its peculiar fruits. There cannot be a doubt that oftentimes a plant may grow in an atmosphere full of the necessary elements for its increase and health, and yet some little requisite—the absence or scanty supply of another element—may prevent it from availing itself of this abundant supply of atmospheric food. Hence the importance of thoroughly understanding all the laws by which the germination, growth, and maturity of every species of vegetable which we cultivate are governed. But in order to ascertain these exactly, it requires more critical knowledge of chemistry and botany than the great bulk of farmers possess, and more time to be employed in research than many men, even of scientific experience, have to bestow upon it. For this reason, we suggest that agricultural societies should bestow some of their funds in the shape of premiums, not otherwise, for the purpose of instituting exact experiments upon this subject, and to elicit and make known to the public all the knowledge which can possibly be thus discovered.—*Maine Farmer.*

We are applying the above to add more understanding with the probable constituents of their moisture, the ash received plants of inorganic nature for growing over, and acre will in quality the twentieth part of clover.) in the for we have by the or after their without roots of w amples of &c., from first name direct, the water, wh from the Why is farmers, such man fully of be done permitting among th sures, wh to the action. gases bre rains and surface to and if c be retain quired p Soil so tion of su to render by the at are read

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