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Who go Crazy.

Some time ago I examined the statistics of a Lunatic Asylum in Massachusetts, (they are written in the New York Observer,) and I was astonished to find that the largest number of cases came from the very best class of people to whom one would have looked for the insane. The class who of young farmers' wives / And the report stated very distinctly the cause of this remarkable fact: young women take upon themselves the care of housekeeping, with the trials of farm-life added, and these of a family, too, unable to keep "help," ambitious to be smart and keep up appearances, they worry or fret themselves to death or insanity. There is a good lesson to be learned from this striking fact. Lay it to your heart, young woman, and especially young mothers — And not only lay it to heart, but lay it up in your heads, too. The moral of it is: "Don't worry; don't overwork; don't try to do everything at once, and all alone, too; don't think that the world will come to an end, or that your folks will be ruined, if this little thing is not done to-night; but take things quietly, patiently, hopefully; always be in haste, but never in a hurry; do one thing at a time, and do it well, and then attempt the next, and take no thought for the morrow; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Life is too precious to be wasted in idleness or destroyed by worrying. Activity, energy, industry and perseverance, are all virtues and graces to be cultivated as indispensable to happiness; and no one lives up to his/her Christian duty who indulges in idleness. But these graces are inconsistent with a calm and quiet frame of mind, that meets the stern duties of life with faith and hope, bears adversity with resignation, and is not overcome with prosperity, and has learned in whatever state she is cast, there-with to be content. I have known such people, and love to write their names with a gold pen among the Lord's blessed ones. They are not your easy, good-for-nothing, care-for-nothing people, who have set it in their minds that the world owes them a living, and they are not to trouble themselves about getting it. Such deserve little sympathy, and havent command respect, even if they receive kindness. But the people whose life is a perpetual bustle, and whose name is a curse of another and still better rest; are they who pursue life's work with diligence and delight, always bus with something useful, and never obtruding their trials on others, but contentedly taking their lot, fulfilling their mission, making the home circle cheerful with their smiles, and never, never suddenly snuffing out a child's heart with a harsh word or a frown: these are the blessed souls who have rest and peace and comfort, even in this vale of tears, this world of care, and this time of war.

They grow old gracefully! Tires nothing them tenderly! No frowns startily themselves permanently into wrinkles on the eyebrows. Their hearts are always young, and gray hairs when they come are a crown.

My dear friend, if you must get old, get old gently as you can.

LITTLE GRIT'S ANSWER. — At a dinner-table conversation the other day, in one of the Brooklyn houses, it was remarked that Jeff. Davis had joined the Episcopal Church. Soon after, a bright-eyed little girl, just old enough to begin asking questions, spoke up, and said:

"Mamma, will Jeff. Davis go to heaven?"

"Why, my dey, I do not know, I am sure, whether he will go or not."

After thinking over the subject a little while, the little girl said:

"Well, mamma, I am sure of one thing—that if he does go, George Washington won't speak to him!"

OLD ANGIE'S LAST JOKES. — When the President heard of the recent raid at Fairfax, in which a Brigadier General and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed, "Well, I am sorry for the horses." "Sorry for the horses, Mr. President?" exclaimed the Secretary of War, rising in his seat and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment. "Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln; "I can make a Brigadier General in five minutes, but it is not so easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

"A squirrel is going the rounds of our exchanges, giving the following prayer of a man who was in the habit of holding it to the end of many a meeting. We suspect, however, that the thing appealed not a thousand miles from this place."

"Oh Lord we pray for thy poor brethren,

who have lived for more than ten years on the Lord's side-on, and have eaten the grass on the other, all because of their sins."

SAYING HIS OWN PRAYER. — A brave contemporary says he finds among his exchanges the following paragraph:

The pulpit ate on a single Or

about which we shall be compelled to sit out in types in funeral it is a

No. 1000.

