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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



Autumn Thoughts.

BY FRANCIS BENOCH.

The leaves are falling! let them fall!
Tis Heaven's supreme decree that all
That live must die.
A little while their glory shone,
A little more and they are gone,
In death they lie.

Had we no death, what then were birth?
A combat on this pleasant earth
Where all is fair:
Through death alone is found the room
For budding hope, for mental bloom,
And manhood rare.

Dog as death—destroy the chance
Of soul mature, the proud advance,
Of intellect;
Controlling, conquering every plan
That mars the onward march of man
To high respect.

Where men, like granite columns, stand,
Obstructive of the good and grand—
O, welcome death!
They boast they change not! while they speak,
Their hearts are stayed; their power how weak—
How false their faith!

The bar once broken—soon the tide
Of new opinion, deep and wide,
Resistless flows;
As age must yield to eager youth,
So falsehood flies before the truth,
And wisdom grows.

Mar, proud of life! while living heed
The myriad lives that die to feed
Thy mortal part;
And when the immortal soul takes wing,
Those myriad forms again will spring
From brain and heart.

The life which earth and air bestows
Builds up the fabric of the rose;
Then, earth to earth!
The flower, matured, gives up its seed;
The leaves dissolve—dissolving, feed
A second birth.

The bark of flesh, the shell of clay,
Must to the imperial soul give way,
And let it fly—
Emanipated chrysalis—
From coils of pain, to boundless bliss—
To never die!

What we call death, is only change
Of life, permitting soul to range
Unfettered, free,
Through all the regions God hath made,
In glorious sun or sombre shade,
Eternally.

Thou holy, brace thyself for strife!
Thou soul, prepare thyself for life!
And whatsoever
Thy noblest nature feels is right,
For it, unflinching, boldly fight;
For God is there.

Religious Bigotry and Intolerance.

There is no evil so blighting in its influence upon society as religious fanaticism. Its terrible effects are visible in all ages of the world and upon every page of history. While it is overthrowing the judgment of men, it perverts the natural affections, and corrupts every avenue to the heart. They who are affected by its unhallowed, but ardent stimulus, in sincerity of mind believe, that they are in possession of the highest moral sentiment; and, that their fellows may enjoy the same holy advantage, in the ardor of their enthusiasm, they urge it upon them even by means of the fire, the rack and the gibbet. A religion that needs to be sustained by such contrivances, is unworthy of Christian consideration, and should be left to perish in the brain of him who contrived it—the Father of Lies. If we cannot exhibit a better life than the fanatic and a more wholesome doctrine than he entertains, we are bad calculators and worse reasoners. Shall we persecute a man because his mind has not been cast in the same mould with our own? or because his nervous organization is subject to particular sensations? Scaptes without number have been made, from the very fact that they cannot realize the truth of a religion whose votaries would carry conviction to the brain, by subjecting the body to the most cruel tortures. He who has lived without God in the world, would be most happy to die without one, and if all who wished there was none, at the same time believed it, the world would be endowed with atheism. There is no system of religion so forlorn, so gloomy or so fatherless, that there will not be attempts on the part of its advocates to create proselytes. But are we to drive a man from his home, deprive him of his civil rights, or put him to death, on account of the absurdity of the doctrines he entertains? Reason is not to be consumed by fire, nor overwhelmed by force. As an example to others, he must be persecuted or destroyed. The fanatic is as absurd as the doctrine, which, if left unchecked, will have few followers, and must perish in its own weakness. The despots of bigotry and fanaticism have always followed the evil example of persecuting their fellow man because of a difference of opinion, and probably will do so to the end of time; but the intelligence of the world has discovered, that such fanatics have only lent importance to that which was absurd, interest to that which was forbidden, and light to that which was the essence of darkness. There are some systems of religion, which can communicate neither illumination nor warmth to the soul, except from those legends which a mistaken zeal has lighted up for its destruction.

The moralist who expects to find perfection in the human mind, knows very little of our imperfect nature. A painter might as readily

hope to discover it in our bodies. To render the single picture of Helen faultless, five of the most beautiful and well formed virgins in the East, were made to contribute their charms by Zeuxis, and yet the picture lacked perfection. We can conceive in both mind and body, the possibility of much greater excellence, and have, therefore, no superior reason to be proud of either. The kind of Christianity which is of any value, is that of a practical character. It may be fashionable to indulge in that sort, which seeks to acquire money by every kind of rapine, in order to squander it in every species of revelry; but when the balance is struck, the latter will be found by far the most unprofitable. We can all understand the conduct of men much better than their creed, and have a clearer knowledge of the depravities of the disciple, than of the teachings of the preceptor.

The Almighty is as merciful in his restrictions as he is in his bounties; and has prescribed unto himself one eternal and immutable principle of action—that of producing the highest ultimate happiness by the best means possible. And it may be, that the wonderful and complicated microcosm—the heart of man—is governed by a single principle—the pursuit of apparent good—but the means resorted to in order to arrive at that beneficent point is often the most pernicious and reprehensible. When the idea seizes upon the mind of the zealot that he is called upon to do God service, all common modes of reasoning are perverted and all general principles destroyed. One who knew human nature well, has said that the victim of the fanatical persecutor will find, that the stronger the motives for mercy are he can urge, the weaker will be his chance of obtaining it—for the merit of his destruction will be supposed to rise in value, in proportion as it is effected at the expense of every feeling, both of justice and humanity. The truth of this proposition is spread broadcast over every page of religious persecution.

This will be found to be the case as far back as history runs, and if we take the Bible for our guide, up to the earliest period of the formation of communities. This fact would indicate, that although customs are as various as the tints of complexion, and systems of religion as opposite as we can imagine, still in all climates, in all countries, and in all ages, is essentially the same creature, and prone to persecute his fellow for non-conformity with the prevailing doctrine of conscience. This fact will also prove that there is something radically wrong in our system of religious education—for it cannot lie in a government which leaves the question of conscience between man and his Maker—nor in our lay school instruction—for here every scholar meets, or should meet, upon common ground, to be instructed from books which are not sectarian in character.

Even Abraham, although he left his country and kinsmen, in order to worship the true God, and establish a pure religion, in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience and the light he had received, smote with the sword, the diverse nations around him, as much for their difference of creed as for their capture of his brother. The nation that he founded notwithstanding that they possessed a holier religion and loftier precepts than the world beside, split into a multitude of sects, and persecuted each other to the death. The Pharisees condemned the Sadducees, and the latter the former, while both assailed the Essenes, and the three warred against the Herodians and the Gaulonites. The Samaritan and the proper Jew, though acknowledging the same God, and having similar ceremonies, were rancorous in their hatred of each other, for the most trivial cause, and glibly vented their savage ferocity over every opportunity for vengeance. The altars of each, consecrated to the same living God, were frequently desecrated and often destroyed in their relentless feuds, while thousands of both sects were swept to death at the hand of the other—and all, as they believed, for the glory of the Almighty. Their own evil passions and mistaken judgments, or the selfish motives of their Priests and Rulers, made acts which would disgrace a Moloch, precede in popular respect, the sublimity of that holy doctrine which required us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us; but these erroneous views were seldom a matter of question. Many of the Prophets are remembered more for their persecuting spirits than for the Godlike qualities of their characters. As early as this age of the world, religious instruction, was strongly tinged with the bigotry and intolerance of the present day.

But the Christian era arose, and the meek and lowly author of our religion, condemned in all the glowing fervor of Truth, the prevailing errors of his times. The short and simple sentence spoken to the woman taken in adultery, conveys a loftier moral to the mind than all the precepts that Sage or Prophet ever conceived. It stamped the character of the religion he taught with the pure essence of Divinity, and installed an age of liberality, charity and benevolence, among the children of men. "Go and sin no more," was a holy conclusion to the charitable requirement of "let him who is without sin throw the first stone." With these landmarks continually before the eyes of contending sects, and a proper observance of their bearing, the bitterness of sectarian strife would soon cease to exist, and we should rapidly become a band of brothers, conscious of each others defects, but struggling to correct apparent errors, by the gentle and submissive power of Truth and Reason.

We all turn with horror from the ten general persecutions of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus Severus, Maximian, Decius, Valerian, Aurelian and Diocletian, and read with saddened hearts the story of those bloody butcheries. With mournful pleasure we trace sufferings of the two young Christian mothers, Perpetua and Felicitas, and go with them to their martyrdom, glorying in their fortitude. We bless the heroic constancy of the Thetan Legion, who, when they were ordered to march to Gaul to assist in extirpating their christian brethren of that Pro-

vince, determined unresistingly to die to the last man, rather than persecute their fellow Christians. And yet the Christians of Gaul differed in the non-essential portions of their creed and ceremonies, in a much greater degree than do the various Christian sects by which we are now surrounded. The Thetan Legion had the true principles of Christianity in their hearts, and though ordered to be decimated again and again, to final extermination, for refusing to destroy their Christian brethren, they stood fast by the holiness of those principles, and died without a murmur to the last of their Legion, at the hands of their fellow soldiers. Their noble reply to the Emperor Maximian, should be worn next the heart of every living Christian. "It is needless for you to look any further for persons of that denomination—we, ourselves are such, and glory in the name. We saw our companions fall without the least opposition or murmuring, and tho't them happy in dying for the sake of their religion. We had rather die wrongfully, and by that means preserve our innocence, than live under a load of guilt. Whatever you command, we are ready to suffer.—We confess ourselves Christians, and therefore cannot persecute Christians." This was the kind of heroism which tested our holy religion, and established it upon a foundation which can never be shaken. It merited the martyrs who followed them, as did the example of Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, and others, the Thetan Legion. It was promulgated with charity, and maintained with self-devotion.—These were the Christian traits of character which wrung from the apostate Julian, as his life ebbed away, the exclamation, "O Galilean! thou hast conquered."

From the time of the Arian controversy, self-styled christians have been ready to persecute and destroy each other for forms and ceremonies which have not the remotest connection with real Christianity. The color of a cravat in our day of religious degeneracy, is sufficient to anatomize its wearer. A sermon spoken or a sermon read, will produce the same effect, and sever a church in twain. How much christianity can reside in the heart, when absurdities like these can disorganize a congregation, and array brother against brother. All these things prove incontrovertibly that our colleges of religious learning are far from being pure. They set up in standards of christianity, and then clothe it in forms which are deemed of more consequence than the essence of the religion which they profess to teach. Aiming at reducing the thoughts of men to a fixed conformity, the priests made at these colleges, without distinction of creed, nature in their hearts a feeling of malevolence against all who refused submission to their teachings. Their instructions in the bosom of families, and the pulpit resounds with doctrines that would more left a Jove than Jesus. Society in time becomes convulsed, and the sacred principles of our holy religion are invoked to justify the firing of a temple dedicated to the Almighty, or to excuse a bloody homicide. Such teachings are instituted by the devil, and transmitted to our schools of religious instruction. We shall refer to this subject again.—Pennsylvania.

Thrilling Incident.

We gather from rumor the following facts, in which we have been greatly interested:

A few days since, Mr. Davenport, of Shelbyville, Tenn., went down into a well which he was engaged in digging, and a negro who remained at the mouth of the well hearing his groans, ran to the street crying out that a man was dying in the well. A young gentleman chanced to be passing at the moment, and instantly ran to the well, pulled off his coat, and climbing down by the curbing till within about ten feet of the bottom, when he encountered the stream of poisonous air which had broken into the well, and finding he was likely to fall, jumped to the ground. He found Mr. D. apparently dead, and immediately made a rope or chain fast around the lifeless body, which was drawn up by the people who had assembled at the well. Scarcely had he done this, however, when he became unconscious, and sank to the ground. Those about the mouth of the well finding that the body drawn up, though seemingly dead, showed some faint signs of remaining vitality, were busily engaged in endeavoring to restore the suspended animation, forgetting for the time, that some one had gone into the well, and it was not till physicians had arrived with a crowd of the citizens, and the first object of their anxiety had begun to breathe again, that they were reminded (probably by the negro) that a young man, a stranger, had gone down to rescue this man, and was now doubtless a corpse at the bottom of the well. What could be done? Who was there brave enough, now that the danger was fully known, to venture into the very jaws of death? They let down a light, but it was instantly extinguished. They threw down burning shavings, but they only filled the pit with suffocating smoke. Meantime the question was asked again and again who it was went down? No one could answer, till a lady present, exercising her woman's wit, caught up his coat and pulled out some papers from the pocket. They were notes of a sermon. The young man was the newly chosen Baptist preacher, Mr. Faulkner, a man who has in a few weeks won the hearts of the people in a most remarkable degree, and whose promise of future usefulness has seldom been equalled. When this was made known there was a silent pause. No one would go into the well; but among the physicians who had gathered at the first alarm, was Dr. Parksdale, a deacon in the Baptist church, of which Mr. Faulkner is pastor, and at whose hospitable mansion the young man made his home. He instantly stripped and prepared to enter. In answer to the remonstrances of friends who felt that he was descending to almost certain death, he said, "This young man is a stranger—he is residing under my roof—I am in a degree responsible for his life. I will at least try to

save his life, though I die in the attempt." They let him down, but the suffocating vapor, mixed with the smoke, compelled him to desert for a time. He was drawn up, got some fresh air, waited till the smoke had subsided a little, and then went down again. He passed a chain round the body, but could not fasten it for want of a little stick to pass through a link to lock it. They threw down stick after stick, but the poison had taken hold on his brain—his head reeled, his breath failed, and he could not find them; he could only call out that he was dying. They drew him up and laid him apparently dead beside the other. He soon revived, however, and explained in what condition he had left the young man. Mr. Griffith, a strong minded and strong bodied mechanic, and most worthy citizen, volunteered to go down, carrying with him a suitable stick to fasten the chain around the body. The work was quickly done, and he was drawn back without having suffered great inconvenience. When Mr. Faulkner was drawn up, after he had been in the well more than an hour, he was apparently gone past all hope, but the anxious and persevering efforts of his friends, aided by the best medical skill, were blessed at length to his recovery. Life came slowly back, and he is now, though still feeble, able to walk about. In a few days he will be as well as ever. The others are also doing well.

If the bystanders, in cases like the above, would dash into the well a few buckets of water, he might descend to the assistance of his friend with impunity. Such accidents are generally caused by a collection of Carbonic Acid Gas, the poisonous effects of which are removed by throwing in water.—Tenn. Baptist.

From the Maroonia (Ill.) Statesman.

Eighteen Years a Captive among the Indians.

We were visited, a few days ago, by a man by the name of Joseph Barney, who says that he is in search of a son, whom he supposes to live somewhere near Alton. He made his escape, on the 5th of May last, from the Flat Head Indians, near the Flat Head river, in Oregon. He stated that he has been with this tribe of Indians eighteen years. We listened for some length of time to his history, many portions of which are truly thrilling. He was taken prisoner in 1835, on the upper Missouri river, while in the employ of a fur company. He is a native of France, and speaks English poorly; but we give what he communicated to us as nearly as possible. He was with a man by the name of John Robertson, both of whom were captured. They attempted to defend themselves, and killed two of the Indians, but they were overpowered—there being twenty-five Indians to contend with. They were secured hand and foot, and placed on ponies, and started to the northward, traveled five weeks, when they came to the hunting ground of the tribe, where they were given up to the chief, who shook hands with them, and manifested much joy at their capture. They were unbound and confined in a hut, where they were fed, but not allowed to escape. The chief offered them his two daughters if they would marry and remain with the tribe. Finding escape utterly impossible for the time, the terms were accepted, and the marriage took place. The fruits of this marriage were two children, both of which are still living, a daughter sixteen, and a son fourteen, both of which he left with the tribe.—Two years ago, Robertson attempted to escape, but was retaken, scalped, and buried alive, leaving three children with the tribe. Seven years ago, Barney attempted to escape, but was captured and would have been put to death but for the interposition of his wife, who was the daughter of the chief. During the time of his captivity, Barney states, that he was engaged with his tribe in three battles—two with the Black Feet, and one with a tribe the name of which we do not know—in one of which he says over seventy Black Feet were killed.

The most of the time of his captivity he lived on the head of the Columbia river, and at times as far up as the head of Flat Head river. During this eighteen years, he saw neither salt, bread, potatoes, coffee, tea, or anything of the kind, living upon meat of moose, deer, skunk, rattlesnake, turkey, prairie hens, &c. At the time he made his escape he was near Lake Superior about sixty miles from a trading post of the American Fur Company. The chief (his father-in-law) was a doctor, and on the 15th of May left, and while he was gone, Barney succeeded in making all the Indians dead drunk with the whiskey which he had just received, giving one and a half pint to each Indian. After they were asleep, he took his bow and arrow, tomahawk, pipe, two and a half pounds of tobacco, flint and steel, and two pounds of meat, being all there was in the hut. He started and traveled all night, having his dog along; the next morning he killed his dog, to prevent his returning to give a clue to his track.

About 11 o'clock the same day, when about thirty-five miles, was overhauled by his father-in-law's (the chief's) dog which he killed with his bow and arrow, and carried the carcass away from the path and concealed himself in the brush; while he was thus concealed the chief mattered to himself, in his language—"I will pass this mountain, and at the foot of it I will take to the left hand." Over hearing this, Barney availed himself of this information. Following the chief to the mountain, he found, sure enough, that he had taken the left hand road, which he ascertained by the tracks of his pony. He continued his journey to the east until about two hours before daybreak on the next morning, when he sat down, fatigued and hungry; after daylight he killed a rattlesnake eight feet four inches in length, which he roasted and ate for breakfast. He kept on in the same direction, when about five o'clock he was overhauled by his brother-in-law's dog; he killed it immediately and passed on. On the next day, about five o'clock he was overhauled by another dog be-

longing to the tribe, which he despatched in the same manner as the others; after which he proceeded without any molestation, travelling four days without daring to build a fire only in day time. He was seven weeks travelling before he came to any tribe of Indians, during which time he had spent one week in despair, not travelling or expecting ever to reach a habitation of whites.

At the end of the above time he came to a tribe which he calls the Tomahawks. He was kindly treated by them. For fear of being taken again, he assured them that he belonged to the Flat Heads, and was in search of two crazy Indians who had made their escape. After asking some questions in English concerning the "crazy Indians," he departed, and after nine miles' travel, came to the Missouri river. He made a raft of logs and crossed over. Travelling due east, he continued his journey nine weeks before he arrived at White Lake, in Minnesota, during all of which time he had subsisted upon game, which he killed with his bow and arrow. He remained there three days, and sold his accoutrements for clothing, and then made his way for this State. He arrived here in the cars.

Barney is a man of considerable intelligence, and seems to have a vivid recollection of nearly all that passed during his captivity. He seems familiar with Indian life, and gives many of their signs for determining courses, cures for diseases, &c. He would like to see his children again, but would rather forego the pleasure than to go back and remain with the tribe. He was married soon after he came to this country, and his wife died, after which he was employed by the Fur Company.

He is sixty-three years old, but still seems active and hardy. He describes the country where he has been as being the handsomest he ever saw. Truly, he has "seen the elephant," and if his story is correct, he can tell of more trials, tribulations, and adventures than any one now living.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

The most beautiful and affecting incident we know, associated with a shipwreck, is the following:

The Grosvenor, an East Indian, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Callaria.—It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and forty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them they finally separated into two parties, never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers, a little boy seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been very kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed a little thing to men in such great extremity, but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment; from which time forth this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little craft across broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, he patiently walking at all other times; he shares with such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his special friend, lies behind. Best by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—oh, Father of all mankind, thy name blessed for it!—forgot this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby. He cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feels him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket around him, lays his little warm face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet.

Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—solitary wilderness—and the time comes when they are both ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day; they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey, for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes; the fire is dying; and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great.—He staggers on for a few days, down in the wilderness, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it!—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON NEAR VERA CRUX.—A curious phenomenon has lately been witnessed in the port of Vera Cruz. For several days in the beginning of this month the shores of the harbor and neighborhood were strewn with dead fish cast up from the sea. So great was the quantity that serious fears were entertained lest disease should follow from such a mass of putrefaction. Bodies of troops were turned out each day, who gathered the fish and buried them on the spot. A general order was issued

commanding all those residing in the vicinity to take the same steps for the prevention of disease. An order was also issued prohibiting the sale of fish.

This phenomenon continued for several days, and at last gradually disappeared. It is interesting to naturalists, and we therefore give the following explanations of Mr. Adolphus Hege-wisch, a surgeon in the military hospital, resulting from experiments made by order of the commandant. In the appearance of the fish the first thing that struck the attention was the inflamed and protruding state of the eyes, such as ordinarily takes place in strangulation. This, the doctor says, was not, as might be supposed, the result of putrefaction, for the case was the same when it had not commenced. On opening the fish, the intestines were observed to be much distended with a gas, which on testing, proved to be carbonic acid gas. A decomposition of the contents of the intestines showed the presence of no poison, either mineral or vegetable.

A submersion of the intestines and fish in slacked lime caused the evolution of large quantities of carbonic acid gas. He judges therefore, that the death of these fish had arisen from asphyxia, caused by this gas having been evolved during the submarine volcanic eruption; and, in support of his opinion, refers to Humboldt's Cosmos, page 221. He also refers to a similar phenomenon, which took place in the Mediterranean in 1821, when large quantities of fish were similarly thrown up on the shores of Corfu, Cephalonia, and the coast of Albania, and by their decomposition, caused a plague, which carried off a large number of the inhabitants.—New Orleans Delta, November 12.

Common Courtesies.

It is the little every day courtesies of life which betray the true Christian and gentleman; those kindnesses and forbearances, which he has an opportunity to practice every hour of his life. They are the unfeigned indices of character. They are more eloquent of virtue than all great actions or high sounding professions. The heart from which they do not continually flow, like sparkling streams along the hill side, is barren of all true excellence. That religion which consists merely in gifts to the church treasury; scrupulous attendance upon church meetings; unqualified adherence to creeds and crowd-makers; firm belief in original sin (which is not so original a thing after all); harsh judgments of the wicked; and great devotion to the far off heathen; but which sets at naught the sweet charities of life, and makes no account of the common amenities of society, is but a sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The hearty "How do ye do?" "I'm glad to see you," "How's your wife?" "Good luck to you," and all other greetings which are interchanged by passers-by, fall upon the heart like good seed, and give growth to all those gentle affections and humble virtues, which are to the mind what the luxuriant undergrowth of shrubs and flowers is to the earth. The smile of kindness which you bestow upon the care-worn laborer, falls like sunshine upon his heart and warms all his faculties into new life and beauty. The word of comfort which you speak to the homeless wanderer goes deep into his soul and kindles a new fire among its decaying embers.—The mark of esteem and reverence which you extend to the aged man on whose brow is written, in deep characters, the history of many sorrows, recalls to his mind the faded hopes and joys of youth, and causes his pulse to beat with renewed vigor, and his eyes to glisten with unwonted brilliancy. The look of sympathy shed upon the child of sorrow, or the word of consolation whispered into his ear, extracts the poison from his cup of sorrow, and tinges with the golden hues of hope the cloud which overshadow his path.

In the hallowed precincts of home, how much depends upon the countless and nameless acts of a kindly spirit! How often a kind word or a reproving smile will extinguish the spark of harsh feeling which else had been fanned by the rude breath of passion into a devouring flame! By warding off an unkind expression of hasty wrath with a forbearing and forgiving look, how easily we disarm all anger and restore the soul to serenity and love. Is there a quarrel—a fierce dispute—a war of words in the family circle; how easy one gentle spirit will subdue the rude elements, and make the thoughtless destroyers of domestic peace hang their heads with shame.

Yes, it is these words of kindly remembrance, sown along the dusty thoroughfare of earth, which make the poetry of life, and which, falling upon a heart which has been broken up by vicissitudes, take deep root, and soon garnish the mind with flowers of personal beauty.

"DIED IN THE HARNESS."—Rev. Joshua T. Russell, a Baptist clergyman at Jackson, Miss., recently closed a very eloquent address before the Bible Society with these words:—"Millions who are now around the Throne of God, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, have been saved by the influence of this book." While uttering these words, he looked up as if he had a vision of what he described, and paused a moment, and saying "I have done," sat down, and was immediately seized with a fatal attack of apoplexy.

A few weeks ago a trial was held in Lebanon, in this State, which shows the character of Know-Nothingism. A hotel keeper was indicted for selling liquor to minors and drunkards. A witness was brought upon the stand, and he refused to testify against the hotel keeper, because, he said, it would subject him to punishment by the order. Thus it will be seen that the ethics of the association are paramount to the ethics administered in Court, and that they refuse to testify in Court for fear of risking their souls' salvation. Who, then, we ask, are to get justice in this country?—Butler Herald.

As the lovely cedar is green throughout the barrenness of winter, so shall the Christian alone flourish amid the winter of death, and bloom in immortality.