The Jeffersonian Democrat.

J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor.] A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Republican Principles, Education, Temperance, Literature, Agriculture, and the News of the Day. TERMS---$1,50 per Annum.

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The Jeffersonian Democrat

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Office directly over the Drug Store of Cook & Hamilton, west side of the Public Square.

TERMS:

If paid in advance,.....$1 50
If not paid within the year,..... 2 00

☞All kinds of merchantable produce taken in payment, at the market price.

**No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

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DR. L. McBRIDE,
Eclectic Physician,
CHARDON, OHIO.
Who selects from Nature's Botanical resources the Safest, Mildest, Surest and Best Remedies that will effect a Speedy Recovery.
March 11, 1859. 478 tf

R. & N. DART & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods,
28 WARREN STREET, N. Y.
A Large Assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tweeds, Dress Trimmings, Lisdoms, White Goods, Hosiery, Yankee Notions, &c.
March 11 1859. 478-tf

WILLIAM ROBERTS'
Boot and Shoe Shop,
Over C. Knowlton's Harness Shop.
Chardon, Feb. 11, 1859. 471-tf

PHELPS AND THRASHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
OFFICE—on MAIN STREET, Opposite Chase's Hotel.
CHARDON, OHIO.
Jan 28, 1859. 472-tf

W. O. FORRIST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NOTICE.—The undersigned, having withdrawn from the firm of "Durlee, Forrist & Hathaway," has opened an office in the suit of rooms formerly occupied by "Forrist & Hathaway," immediately over the Store of Wilkins & Kelley, Chardon, O., where he may at all times be found by his old clients and by all others who may desire his assistance as an Attorney and Solicitor. Accountance of Order, confidence and business is respectfully solicited. W. O. FORRIST.
October 28th, 1857. 408 tf

H. K. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,—Office with W. O. Forrist, immediately over the Store of Wilkins & Kelley,
Chardon, April 1, 1858. 367tf

D. W. CANFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in all the Courts of Record in this and adjoining counties. ☞Office friendly over the Store of Rexford & Caudill, Cleveland, O. 461 1y

WILKINS & KELLEY,
General dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Dye Stuffs, Flour, Fish, Vinegar, Cotton, &c.
Store, Union Block, Chardon, Ohio.

L. PATCH,
DENTIST,
WILL be in Chardon on the first Tuesday of each month. Room at Chase's Hotel.

CITY HOTEL,
T. B. BROCKWAY,
PROPRIETOR.
22, 24, 26, Seneca Street, North,
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

BRAINARD & BURRIDGE,
Engravers, Lithographers, and
DESIGNERS,
Herald Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

R. CREIGHTON,
Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,
HERALD BUILDING, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
☞Blank Books Ruled and Bound to Order—Old Books Rebound. All work Warranted.

Patent Office Agency.
THE Subscribers transact for inventors and others any business relating to Caveats, Patents, or the Patent Laws.
No. 4, P. O. Buildings, Cleveland, O.
W. H. BURRIDGE. JERU BRAINARD
March 16, 1852.

EXTRA GOLDEN AND IMPERIAL SYRUPS, by
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY

WANTED, Sheep Pelts, Grain, Butter, Rags, and Cheese, for which we will pay the highest market price.
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY.

A LARGE Assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES and FANCY HAT and BONNET BOXES, on hand by
Nov. 12. WILKINS & KELLEY

MORTGAGE DEEDS—Just printed at this Office. Mortgage Deeds suitable for Attorneys to attach to foreclosures; also, a large quantity of the same of the common size.

TUBE PAINT for sale by
COOK & HAMILTON

THE BEST TEA FOR 48., warranted to suit.
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Spring! beautiful Spring!
Come to this desolate, dreary world of ours,
Come with thy breath of balm—thy gift of flowers,
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers;
Come with thy gladsome hours,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Earth is aweary of its winter sleep,
And longs to waken into life again,
To see the budding vines and grasses creep
Along the cheerful plain;
For thou wilt bring
Oh! beautiful Spring!
These and like beauties in thy gentle train!

Come with thy children three—
The stormy March that weepeth all the day—
The fickle April, and the flowery May—
O! 'twere a happiness to see
Far up on high,
The clear blue sky,
Like a bright, beauteous and eternal thing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

What time the primrose, with a keen delight,
Comes peeping upward from the fallow ground;
What time the swallow, in his rapid flight
About the barn door, circleth round and round;
I love to walk abroad, and trace
On Nature's face
The gladness of thy coming, and to sing
With bird, and flower, and bee,
Sweet praise to thee,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Come, then, sweet Spring!
Come to this desolate, weary world of ours:
Come with thy breath of balm, thy gift of flowers;
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers!
Come with thy gladsome hours,
O! beautiful Spring!
And bring, aye, bring anear,
Sweet childhood of the year,
Joy, health and freshness on thy dewey wing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

FROM MISSOURI.

Correspondence of the Jeffersonian Democrat.

HILLSBORO STATION, Mo., April 9th, 1859

DEAR SIR:—The mighty Mississippi now rolls between me and my native State. But I feel that the greater the distance becomes, the stronger grows the tie that binds us. I arrived in this place but a few days ago, finding everything about as I expected, and the people glad (apparently,) to see me. Everything is now in readiness, and on Monday next, I expect to again enter the schoolroom, and take upon myself the responsibilities of the teacher, performing as well as I may be able, the duties devolving upon me.

The wheat crop here, is not as forward as common. Wheat, however, looks very well. Fruit is not hurt as yet, by the frost, and the prospects are for a good supply. Peach trees blossomed some time ago, and apple trees are now in full bloom. A few of the farmers are planting their corn, and sowing their oats. But, generally, little corn is planted yet, and oats are not sown. So much I have written about fruit, crops &c., and now let me come to what is more upon my mind, and concerning which I have thought much, since it occurred. It is, an encounter I had with a *rabid dog!* Telling stories is something I never practiced, and I shall give the facts no fancy touches, for to my mind, I have had it sufficiently demonstrated, and believe "Truth is more wonderful than fiction." The facts are as follows: Day before yesterday, as I was sitting by my window, perusing the columns of the *Democrat*, a boy belonging to the house, entered the room, and said a mad-dog had just passed by. This announcement startled me; but, thinking it my duty to do all in my power, to rid the community of such a dangerous animal, I grasped a Colt's Revolver, (a five-shooter, with a six inch barrel,) which lay on the window sill, (two barrels already loaded) and accompanied by my friend Cross, with the double-barrel shot-gun, started in chase—We soon found the object for which we were searching, which was a large white dog, leisurely trotting along, snuffing in a frantic manner, at whatever might come in his way. We, as nearly as possible, had headed him in his course, and now as we approached, discharged both our pieces at him, I firing twice, which seemed to have no effect, but to turn him in his course, and drive him to the woods. In the opposite direction, then, from the one he came, he was going, as we turned for the house, to reload our empty pieces, and obtain more help, not wishing to follow him, but safely. Our weapons were scarcely loaded, when the women of the house, raised a yell, equal, it seemed to me, to the war-whoop of an Indian tribe, and came rushing in, saying that the mad-dog had just gone by again, and had bitten a calf and two hounds; at this, we started in hot pursuit, and had followed about eighty or an hundred rods, when we discovered the dog panting along, his lower jaw fallen, and frothing at the mouth. Sight of him spurred us on, and discretion was forgotten; not so much by my friend, however, as by myself. Sure of killing him, with pistol in hand I rushed madly upon him, just as he neared a little creek. I was not more than fifteen feet from him, when he stopped, with head down to the water, and I shot. But, owing to my being unaccustomed to pistol-shooting, the shot was of non-effect. At this critical moment, I should have remembered that a rabid animal will not enter the water, if it be possible to avoid it; but I stopped not to consider the consequences; I was only for killing the dog! As I shot, he turned to go up the creek; but, I turned to head him, and approaching within ten feet, shot again. At this moment, finding himself hemmed in, by my friend (who had approached,) and myself, and infuriated by the sight of water, with his mouth wide open, and his green, glaring eyes, he rushed at me. So quick was this, that I had no time to spare, and what was more, at this *awful* moment, in endeavoring to cock my revolver for another shot, *the revolving cylinder caught!* But, I had presence of mind enough to turn it with my other hand. This just done, and so fast was I retreating backwards, that I tripped and fell on my back, over the roots of a large tree! My friend now seeing the dog so closely upon me, discharged his piece, but his shot took no effect; and the dog, *whose mark was my throat*, jumped just as I fell; and thank Heaven! *with a bound, and a terrible snap, passed over me and passed on!* In a moment I was up, and a prayer of silent gratitude to the overruling Power that thus saved me, went out from my inmost soul. Persons may have had encounters with dogs, which they consider not very alarming; but to be entirely helpless, on one's back, and know that right over you, preying upon you is a rabid dog, furious and raving with the workings of that dreadful disease, the hydrophobia, is a situation I have realized, the horrors of which cannot be imagined, or described.

More help was soon at hand, and in an hour after our encounter, he was shot down. I helped to bury him, and the song we sang, was interspersed with exclamations of joy, that we had all escaped without being bitten. Over his grave

"We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

But I have filled more space than I ought to have done, in relating my story, which I hope you will excuse. Next time, I hope to be able to resume the task I once began, of telling "How I teach School."

Yours respectfully,
E. A. FORD.

The Hours of Peril.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are between sunset and bed time, for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit; the poets' visions of evening are all compact of soothing and tender images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings without an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathise with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exercised, and driven away by the bell, book and candle—you want but two of those agents, the book and the candle.—*Geo. S. Hillard.*

EARLY MARRIAGES.—She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old!—She stood at the washtub when her twenty-fifth birth-day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immense supply of lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the things. Better enjoy youth and home, and hold lovers at a proper distance, until you have muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for you two or three years, make you presents, take you to concerts, and so on until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.—*Crawford Journal.*

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.—Take it like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.—Ex.

CHOICE VARIETY.

ECONOMY, joined to industry and sobriety, is a better outfit for business than a dowry.

WHEN thou receivest a kindness, remember it—when thou restorest one, forget it.

THE moon looks on many flowers, the flowers see but one moon.—*Persian Proverb.*

WE waste our time in moments, our money in shillings, and our happiness in trifles.—*Mrs. Montague.*

SECRET prayer is a spiritual thermometer; it tells the warmth of the heart, and indicates the rise and fall of the religious affections.

IF I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, and most commanded fortune, I should say, "earnestness."—*Bulwer.*

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

LET the miser have his gold, and the man of honor his emblem of renown, but let my portion be the boon of friendship, secure in some faithful heart, in which peace, contentment and every virtue reign supreme.

BREATHE not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word—a look even—might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expression of others, remember they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE.—The following from *Punch*, contains an admirable description of an old-fashioned but invaluable sewing machine: The very best sewing machine a man can have, is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, will go uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure, upon the particular pattern your select.—If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems never to be so happy as when her husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possible replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete, without one of these sewing machines in the house.

A GLOOMY VIEW OF AFFAIRS IN WISCONSIN.—The *Wisconsin Chief* has a correspondent who takes doleful views of affairs. He avers that all confidence is lost between man and man. The bottom has fallen out of everything. Shrewd business men are cheating God in their professions, and the devil in their bargains. Ginger is made out of mustard, and coffee of chicory. Young Hyson is raised in the cow pasture, and Young America in the dramshop. Pure wines are made of poor whisky, and Havanas of herbs. Rascality has become a virtue, and rotgut turned to vinegar. Legislatures are marked as merchants mark goods, and the people's funds absorbed "by charitable purposes." Governors are knocked off for $50,000; Legislators, from $5,000 to $20,000. Railroad stock is down below zero. Caucuses are "packed," and young men electioneer on the Sabbath. Fairbanks' scales have taken to swindling, and old rats selling their tails to spike cannon. Jewsharps are palmed off as harps of a thousand strings, and Democrats as "genuine Republicans"—spirits of just men made perfect. Sausages are adulterated, and templing links seem to wag in the most dogged manner. Our territory, as well as crinoline, is indefinitely expanding.—Bright rows of pearls are made at the dentist's, and ambrosial curls at the hair-dresser's. In fine, there are none truthful save horse jockeys, none patriotic save politicians; none talented but those who make "on change" of a grocery corner, and cheat out of the needy what they give to the Lord.

MAN AND HIS CONDITION.—In Maccullech's letter to Sir Walter Scott is the following:—'What a piece of work is man!' He certainly is, master Shakspeare. Because his pulse takes a fancy to beat 82 instead of 72, he is unable, in twelve hours, to sit up in his bed; and, when he gets out of it at length to enjoy the fresh air, must hold fast by the wall he could have jumped over a few days before. If the pulse continues rebellious, the carpenter comes and nails him up in a box, and all his half finished schemes are at an end. Some one says, that if a watchmaker's productions did not go better, he would get very little work."

A FACT.—Politeness goes a great way. Henry Ward Beecher says an impudent clerk can do *almost* as much injury to a store, as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his wares.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'Twas a tiny rosewood thing,
Elon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver table, blank and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent, and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting, empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love watched cradle bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
On what soft and pillowing breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid.
Scarcely large enough to bear,
Little words that must be there,
Little words cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO."

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel's face!

Mr. Giddings on the Trial of Adams.

The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings gave, last evening, in Plymouth Church, before a large audience, a telling account of the trial of John Quincy Adams by the Slave Power in the House of Representatives. After the War of 1812, he said the Slave Power took possession of the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government; it was long afterward that the third branch—the Judiciary—succombed. The army of the United States was sent, under the order of the Executive, to massacre the exiles of Florida, and no man in the Senate or House of Representatives dared to protest against it. A Northern man drew up a bill praying a bounty to the murderers, and Northern men voted it through. Our Minister at St. James' then put forth the unblushing falsehood that the negroes were regarded as property by the United States Government, and paid for when lost in war. Mr. Giddings was afraid that he should be accused of talking politics; for just as sure as he spoke of eternal truth, they said that he was speaking against the Democratic party. [Applause.] In speaking of the Creole mutiny, he thanked God for the fatal blow which was struck by Madison in Washington. Then Daniel Webster placed this nation in the attitude of a solicitor for slavedealers at the Court of St. James, and in the Senate of the United States they proclaimed war against England, if she hesitated to pay over the money.

Northern men yielded in order to save the Union. But the Slave Power went further. When the people sent their petitions to Congress, they were flung back into their faces. Religion, too, was contaminated to save the Union. All the churches in the District of Columbia participated in slavery. One clergyman sold a member of his own church. Mr. Giddings related several instances of the desperation to which slaves had been driven in the District of Columbia, and gave some striking illustrations of the degradation of the North, and its dirt-eating submissiveness to the Slave Power. He told how great was the interest felt in Washington, when Shadrach was rescued in Boston; how the President issued his proclamation calling upon the people to save the Union, and the Secretary of the Navy ordered the vessels to be put in fighting order, to follow Shadrach, then on his way to Canada. [Laughter and applause.] It was in such a state of feeling that John Quincy used to take out a petition, and state that it was from so many men, and so many women, and that it prayed for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.—Instantly a score of Southerners would propose to put it under the table, or upon the table, and it went there. Then he would take out another to excite an angrier reply.

Some forty citizens of Haverhill sent him a petition asking that, as the Southern States could not remain in the Union a great while, Congress should take measures for the peaceful separation of the States. Mr. Adams asked that this be referred to a Special Committee of nine, to report the reason why the prayer of the petition could not be granted. There was great confusion, but Mr. Hopkins of Virginia, found an opportunity to ask it it would be in order to burn the petition.—Mr. Adams did not reply, but afterwards alluded to him as the "combustible member." After many attempts, Mr. Wise of Va., got the floor, and asked if it would be in order to move a resolution of censure. There were many cries of "Good! good!" and the House adjourned. A meeting of Southern men placed the burden of the arraignment of Mr. Adams, upon Tom. Marshall of Ky. A meeting of Northern men was attempted, but scarcely more than three were willing to sustain Mr. Adams. Next morning Tom. Marshall made his speech, and an able speech it was. Mr. Adams called upon the Clerk to read the opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence, and then claimed that it was the "right and the duty" of the people to change their Government so as to secure their liberties.—He then sat down, saying that if the resolution were pressed, he should ask for the postponement to prepare his defence.—A Georgian followed, hoping the House would not hesitate. Mr. Wise of Va., then commenced a speech, which ended the next day. Mr. Adams replied, crushing Wise by an allusion to the Cilley duel, in which Wise was a second, and flaying Marshall so terribly that Marshall never recovered from it. On the 9th day it became evident that Mr. Adams had the House. Mr. Underwood, a Southern member, upbraided Southern members for blaming the people of Massachusetts for asking Congress to do what they so often threatened. At last Mr. Rhett of South Carolina, owned up that he believed that the Union ought to be abolished, and had had a bill for its abolition in his desk for some time. Then the Southern men got up a quarrel between themselves, and used each other up completely, and Tom. Marshall at last made an apology, and asked leave to withdraw his resolution.—On the twelfth day, Mr. Adams was asked how much time he should require for his defence. He referred to the trial of Warren Hastings, in which Burke spoke for four months, and said that, if not interrupted too much, he hoped to get through in ninety days. Astonishment seized every countenance. He went on to compare New York and Virginia, much to the discomfort of the gentlemen from Virginia. Next morning the resolution of censure was laid on the table. Mr. Giddings considered this to be the first of the triumphs of the right against the Slave Power. The lecture, which abounded in personal narrative, was received with great enthusiasm; it will be repeated to-night, in this city.

After the lecture was over, Judge Culver gave a brief history of the expulsion of Mr. Giddings, the parliamentary dodge by which he was precluded from reply, his election, and his triumphant return to the House, five weeks thereafter. A resolution of thanks to Mr. Giddings, closed the exercises.—*New York Tribune.*

A Beautiful Incident.

William IV. expired about midnight, if we remember right, at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed," with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way, with all possible speed, to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time, of the Princess, (already by the law of succession,) Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her room. He informed her of the demise of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch.—"The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was, *de jure*, Queen of the only realm, in fact or history, "on which the sun ever sets." She was deeply agitated at "the formidable words, so fraught with blessing or calamity." The first words she was able to utter, were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They kneeled together; and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in olded times, by asking from the Most High who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude."

The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such a beginning. Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people, as at this hour. Queen Victoria enjoys a *personal influence*, too—, the heart felt homage paid to her as a wife a mother, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a *Christian woman*, incomparably greater than that of any monarch now reigning. She is loved at home and admired abroad.

The Price of Success.

Effort is the price of success in every department of human action. From the attainment of rudimental knowledge to the salvation of the soul, every step in our progress, is made by undaunted toil. The boy drones over his book, a slave to listless laziness, thus securing a place for himself at the foot of society. The Christian who, like Bunyan's Timorous and Mistrust, flees at the voice of lions, is undone. The man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession, who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp, and the way steep, must make up his mind to slide back and to lie in the shadows below, while others use him as a stepping stone for their own rising.—For this, such is the constitution of society, there is no help. The poet wrote truly who sill:—

"Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
Thou must either serve or govern;
Must be slave, or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil, or be sledge."

To shake off an indolent spirit, or stir one's self to exertion, to reach constantly upward, to struggle for a firm foothold on the most slippery places, to wrestle manfully, even when principalities and powers are our foes, to refuse submission to any evils however frowning, are conditions we must either fulfill, or sink to littleness, to uselessness,—perchance to ruin. Therefore, with a brave heart, and unconquerable spirit, every man should address himself to the work of the day; striving with pure views and religious trust for an increase of his talents, and for a victory, which will enable him to stand unabashed in the last day. He who thus strives need fear no failure. His triumph, though delayed for a time, shall come at last.

AN EDITOR TIGHT.—We believe it is rare that editors indulge in a drop, but when they do, their readers are sure to find it out. A Syracuse cotemporary was called upon to record a "melancholy event" at a time when his head was heavy, and did it up in the following manner: "Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock P. M., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The inquest of the virdict returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his untimely loss.—In death we are in the midst of life."

FUN ITEMS.

"I'LL be quick"—as the fly said when he hopped out of the mustard pot.

WHY is a little nurse-maid like the evening star? Because she's a *wee nurs.*

"ACCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated families," as the preacher said, when he was caught in a man-trap.

IT is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light, that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

A DUTCHMAN'S heart-rending soliloquy is described thus: "She lofes Shon Mickle so much better as I, pecause he's cot kouple dollars more as I has!"

MRS. CHIBBLES (on board Sound steamer:) O, good Mr. Sailorman, do you think there is any fear? Old Salt: Sartin, marm, sartin; lots o' fear, but not a bit o' danger.

A SON of Erin, while hunting for rabbits, came across a jackass in the woods, and shot him. "By my soul and St. Patrick," he exclaimed, "I've kilt the father of all rabbits."

A MOTHER, admonishing her son, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of that plum-pudding to-night."

Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner, with two span of horses, and thinking to be witty at his expense, asked him "how it happened that his forward horses were so fat, and the rear ones so lean." The wagoner knowing them, answered "that his fore span were *lawyers*, and the other—*clients*.

WE once heard of a traveler at a hotel, who rose from his bed at night, to examine the weather, but instead of looking out at the sky, thrust his head through the window of a cupboard. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather; the night is as dark as Egypt, *and smells of cheese.*"

The Bells.

What an association of ideas crowd upon the mind as we reflect upon this subject! The very name of "bells" is hallowed by the uses to which they are applied, and their sounds are replete with touching recollections. The "solemn Sabbath bell," the "curfew bell" the "alarm bell," and the "merry marriage bell," are striking terms, which indicate their purposes and qualities. The chime of bells chanting swelling notes of sacred melody—the palpitating alarm bell giving warning of a destructive conflagration—and the curfew bell telling the hour of departing day—thrill our hearts with emotions as varied as their sounds. Church bells originated in Italy; and of all the instances of the power of bells to touch a sympathetic chord within the human heart, the most moving is the tradition told in connection with the peal of Limerick Cathedral, in Ireland. These bells are said to have been brought from a convent in Italy, for which they had been manufactured by an enthusiastic native, with great labor and skill. This Italian, having afterwards acquired a competency, fixed his home near the convent bell, and for many years enjoyed the daily chimes of his beloved bells.—But in some subsequent political convulsion the monks were driven from their monastery, the Italian from his house, and the bells were carried away to another land. After a long interval, the course of his wanderings brought the bell founder to Limerick. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated in the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral towers. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home—happiness—friends—all early recollections—were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked around, they saw his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes had closed forever on the world!

But leaving the sentimental part of this subject, we turn our pen to matters of more practical interest. Some European cities have obtained notoriety for their mammoth bells. Moscow, in Russia, has the largest, and weighs about one hundred tuns; "Big Ben," in London, weighs nearly sixteen tuns; there is one in Paris, which weighs fourteen tuns; and another in Erfurt, Germany, weighing eleven tuns, and said to be the finest toned bell in the world. We have no American bells worthy of mention on account of their size, but in tone they equal those of the oldest countries of Europe.—We do not know who introduced the art of bell-casting into our country, but the reputation of the late A. Meneely, of Troy, N. Y., was very high as a bell-founder twenty years ago.—*Scientific American.*

How to Fall Asleep.

Dr. Binn, in his "Anatomy of Sleep," thus discourses: "The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep, is to escape from thought, especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. I always effect this from the following simple process: I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as I can, without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergance from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continually doing this until I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I have ever heard to produce sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon that which before kept me awake; but I could not. As long as they were moving around my mind was a blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause here and make it. I venture to assure that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of 'penny for his thoughts,' or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to the weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair, after toiling all day in his fields."