The Carrier's Address

To the Patrons of the

BELMONT CHRONICLE,

January 1st, 1853.

And so kind friends, with all its noise and din,
Behold another year is ushered in;
And while the merry bells proclaim its dawn,
And eager, careless man goes hurrying on,
Regardless of the past, and seeking naught
Save something new—how often dearly bought;
Methinks I'll pause and for a while survey
The doings of the year now passed away;
And while the crowds press on to greet the new,
Let me turn back again to fifty-two.
Ah! yes, I love to linger o'er the past—
Its joys and hopes, the brightest and the last—
The fond day-dreams that ever cheered us on—
Unrealized and faded, now are gone;
The bright, bright hopes that with the year arose—
Though fondly cherished—faded with its close;
Alas! how many joys have with it fled!
Friends, dearly loved, are sleeping with the dead;
The loves and friendships that, with gilded ray,
Brightened the past, and marked its early day;
Alas! where are they? Some are in the tomb,
And others live, though robbed of all their bloom!
The parted year! Oh! what a theme for thought!
With teeming interest its days are fraught;
Great are the changes that have marked its page
Since fifty-two appeared upon the stage.
Freed for a time from worldly care and thought,
I'll mark for you the changes time has wrought;
Then from ourselves we'll cast a look abroad,
And mark the steps in which the nations trod.
A beacon bright unto all other lands,
The home of freedom, still our country stands,
Where poor, down-trodden man may turn to find
The boon of freedom—dear to all mankind.
Peace reigns will in our borders, and abroad—
Blessed with the smiles alike of man and God—
Prosperity is ours—honor and fame
Are ever linked with our dear country's name;
And though at times the rising tempest great
Had well nigh whelmed our noble ship of state—
Though all seemed dark, and feelings of unrest
And dread forebodings filled the patriots breast—
Through all, our noble Fillmore ever stood,
Calmly directing for the people's good;
And, with a judgment ever clear and just,
Restoring peace and scattering dark mistrust;—
In thought nor deed detracting from her fame,
But ever adding lustre to his name.
All honor be unto him—freedom's son—
His was a struggle—nobly it was won.
Strange, that instead of him should be preferred
A man who never has, by deed or word,
Toiled for his country's good! Who cannot boast
One act where patriotism inspir'd him most!
Whose life, as far as noble actions rank,
Has proved, thus far, alas! a perfect blank!
'Tis strange that such a man, whose life hath not
One noble act, should be preferred to Scott,
The gallant hero, whose whole life hath shown
Devotion to his country's good alone!
Alas! alas, 'tis thus we often find
The cold ingratitude of all mankind;
Blind to their interest—all good to underrate,
Then mourn for all their follies when too late!
To Europe let us turn a moment now,
And mark the changes written on her brow.
Rumors of wars, commotions, noise and strife,
Alternately have marked the history of her life.
In helpless slavery poor Hungary lies,
Raising to Heaven her weary, longing eyes—
Calling on Justice to avenge her of her foes,
And give her freedom from her many woes!
Rome still lies dormant,—and degraded Spain,
No longing wish for freedom seems to gain.
But let us pause and for a moment glance
Upon the changing state of sunny France.
A year ago her people, glad and free,
Rang out the joyous peal of Liberty;
Freed from oppression, no more slaves but men,
The pealing shouts arose from every glen.
A year has passed—and lo! her banner waves
O'er a crowned monarch, and a people—*slaves*.
'Tis strange that freemen should thus tamely bow;
That they who were so free should be in bondage now!
Though talking loud of freedom all the while—
O'ermatched in scheming by one man of guile.
Alas! that any nation once so free
Should to a traitor Frenchman bow the knee!
Brittania weeps the loss of her loved son,
The noble and the brave old Wellington!
And Erin's harps in plaintive notes disclose
At once the story of her wrongs and woes.
Yet while the doings of the past we scan,
We find PROGRESSION marks the steps of man.
Onward is still the motto of the age,
And progress marks life's ever varying page.
Truth *will* prevail, and liberty, and right
Will rule the world and triumph in their might.
Soon Error's night will pass from earth away,
And sacred truth bear universal sway.
Though millions mourn in bondage and in gloom,
Still let us hope a brighter day will come,
When poor, down-trodden man will then be free,
Rejoicing in the light of Liberty.
But ah! sorrow is ours—adieu to mirth!
I fain must weep the loss of truth and worth!
Since last we met Death's stern and ruthless hand
Has swept from out our midst the mighty of the land.
Well may our eagle droop its pinions now,
And consternation rest on every brow—
Well may a voice of sorrow and surprise,
From out the breadth of all our land arise.
Death claims the mighty for his own, and lo!
A nation's heart beats feebly, robed in woe!
First from our hearts and hopes was borne away,
The eloquent, the good, the patriotic Clay;—
He whose trumpet tones of power and might
Were ever heard contending for the right.
He "touch'd his harp," and strains of sweetest sound
Fell on the ears of those who listened 'round—
Moving the heart to gladness or to tears,
Inspiring hope and scattering gloomy fears,
Bidding the stormy passions all be still,
Molding their hearts and feelings at his will;
Such was his power, such magic marked it all,
That willing hearts responded to his call.
But ruthless death had marked him for his prey!
Calmly, with trusting hope he passed away!
While yet our hearts were bleeding 'neath the blow,
And all around were clad in robes of woe—
Throughout the land panic and grief were spread—
Sad hearts, stricken, whisper'd—"*Webster is dead!*"
Webster, the giant champion of right,
Whose thunder tones of power and might
Were ever heard in danger's darkest hour,
Guiding a nation by their might and power.
'Twas his to speak the word, to point the way,
And nations paused to wonder and obey.
No party interest or party name
Was his ambition—but his country's fame
Was dearest to his heart, for her he spent
His life in deeds and labors eloquent—
Laboring ever to devise some plan
To advance the general good of man.
Death mark'd him for his victim, but to him
It brought no terrors. When his eye grew dim
In death, and life began to fail—
Calmly he viewed the deep and shadowy vale;
For his country breathing a prayer sublime—
He turned his thoughts from fleeting things of time;—
The rod was there to guide him o'er the way,
Majestical and great he passed away.
Then for another year kind friends, adieu!
May happiness and peace still rest with you;—
May we improve the lessons furnished well,—
And let the past upon our future tell.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

UNITED STATES.—Area, 2,963,460 square miles; Total population 23,256,972; Slaves 3,198,324.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—

President, Millard Fillmore, of New York.
Vice President, (ex. off.) D. R. Atchison, of Mo.
Sec'y of State, Edward Everett, of Mass.
Sec'y of the Treasury, Thos. Corwin, of Ohio.
Sec'y of the Interior, Alex. H. H. Stuart, of Va.
Sec'y of the Navy, John P. Kennedy, of Md.
Sec'y of War, C. M. Conrad, of Louisiana.
Post Master General, S. D. Hubbard, of Conn.
Attorney General, John J. Crittenden, of Ky.
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, L. Lea.
Commissioner of Patents, Silas Hodges.
Commissioner of Land Office, John Wilson.

STATE OF OHIO.—Area 39,964 square miles; Total population 1,980,408.

OFFICERS OF THE STATE:—

Governor, Reuben Wood, of Cuyahoga.
Lieut. Governor, Wm. Medill, of Fairfield.
Judges of Sup. Court: Wm. B. Caldwell of Hamilton.
R. R. Ranney, of Trumbull.
T. W. Bartley, of Richland.
John A. Corwine, Champaign.
Thurman, of Ross.
Board of Public Works:—
Alex. P. Miller, of Butler.
James B. Steedman, of Lucas.
Geo. W. Manypenny, Muskingum.
Sec'y of State, Wm. Trevitt, of Franklin.
Auditor of State, Wm. D. Morgan, of Columbiana.
Treasurer of State, John G. Breslin, of Seneca.
Attorney General, Geo. E. Pugh, of Hamilton.

SENATORS IN CONGRESS: Salmon P. Chase, of Hamilton; Benjamin F. Wade, of Cuyahoga.

BELMONT COUNTY.—Area 536 square miles; Total population, 34,600.

COUNTY OFFICERS:—

Probate Judge, David Harris.
Clerk, John H. Heaton.
Sheriff, John C. Nichols.
Auditor, David Allen. [Elect. D. Trueman.]
Treasurer, John Kelly.
Prosecuting Attorney, D. D. T. Cowen.
Commissioners, John P. Newnam,
Swan C. Vance,
Ira Lewis.
Directors of County Infirmary,
Thos. M. Nichol,
John Phillips,
Abner Lodge.
Coroner, Rudolph W. Archer.

Representatives, Archibald C. Ramage, Price Cornwell.
District Judge, Robert J. Alexander.
Member of Congress, Wm. F. Hunter. Member elect, Wilson Shannon.
Senator, Samuel G. Peppard.

COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1853.

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ECLIPSES.—There will be three eclipses this year; two of the Sun and one of the Moon. Both eclipses of the Sun will be invisible in this latitude. The eclipse of the Moon will be visible on the 21st of June.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID.

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I strayed along the brook-side,
And slowly wandered home.
When who should come behind me
But him I would have bid;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did!

He said that since we parted
He'd thought of naught so sweet,
As of the very moment
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half-shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it.
Do you really think he did!

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine—
Each night he dreamed of angles,
And every face was mine.
Sometimes a voice, when sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he waked up weeping—
Do you really think he did!

THE SNAKE AND THE CROCODILE.—The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretcing its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking its morning nap.

Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, the water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstacy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

Cows.—Cows differ more in value for milking purposes than is generally supposed. Thousands fail to pay their way, and are a positive tax on their owners; while a first rate milker yields a large profit on the food consumed. How to banish all indifferent & worthless kinds, and fill their places with superior animals, is a question for the intelligent growers of neat stock to consider. Deterioration is practised by a hundred farmers where improvement is duly studied by one. As a general thing, cows and their offspring must be better kept before any decided change for the better is attainable.—High quality in ancestral blood avails nothing in the veins of a starved calf. Without good keeping the best breeds of stock are utterly worthless.

Be Kind to the Stock.

It is much less labor to take care of animals that are docile and quiet, than those that are uneasy and fractious. *They will soon catch the spirit of your own temper.* If your words and actions are kind and gentle, they will come to their places with confidence and allow you to handle them pretty much as you please. Taken from green, succulent food, and fed mostly upon hay, they need an occasional feed of pumkins or roots, to break them off gradually, and accustom them to their winter fodder.—*N. E. Farmer.*

White Beans.

You have often requested your subscribers to communicate to the Farmer their experience in raising different kinds of crops. I have seen no notice on the culture of the white beans, and as some farmers are turning their attention to this crop it may be of advantage to some to know how I manage. I prepare my ground by plowing and dragging smoothe; I mark it out in shallow furrows, about two and a half feet apart with a corn plow; I then drop the beans two or three inches apart in the furrow. I use a drag that is wide enough to cover two rows at a time. In this way, with two hands, I can plant four acres a day. I find this a better way than to plant in hills. When the beans are about three or four inches high, I go through them with the cultivator; weed and hoe them well. When about ten inches high I use the corn plow, turning the soil up against the vines to hold them up. This time I use no hoe. By this process, and with a sprinkling of plaster when I hoe the m, I raise from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. The past season I had four acres from which I measured up ninety-one bushels. When I gather and thrash them I save the vines to feed cattle. I have kept seven head this winter, and have fed them but little else. They are all in good order.—*Genessee Farmer.*

Professor Sigismond says: "I think tea of great importance in the prevention of skin diseases—the removal of glandular affections. I think Scrofula has been very much demolished in this country since tea has been so largely used, and for those classes of society who are of sedentary habits, and exercise the mind a great deal and whose nervous system is much acted upon, I consider tea of the utmost importence.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a barber. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Henry VIII was smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long "the Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his welthy name-sake to Ireland; and the inheritance which would have been his goes to build up the fortunes of a Wolesley instead of a Wesley, and in this decision of a school boy, (as Mr. Southey observes,) Methodism may owe its existence and England its military, its civil, and political glory.

A fence, we learn, is being constructed along each side of the railroad to Madison, so as to guard it against infringement, against animals and other annoyances. The Company furnishes the lumber and the farmers build the fence. In Messachusetts, all railways tracks are required by law to be fenced in, and a dollar a rod is added to the estimates of construction to meet the necessity. It is an excellent provision, where the Companies are able to meet the increased expenses. All railroads in this State attain to a profitable business; the spirit of improvement and desire for safety will, no doubt, prompt them to inclose their tracks with fences.—*Indianopolis Journal.*

GENUINE VIRGINIANISM.—It is not known to the majority of our readers (we doubt, indeed, whether it is to adozen of them) that Virginia barrel timbor and hoop poles are shipped to boston—made into flour barrels—and then sent back here, and sold to our millers. Such is nevertheless the fact, and we blush to say that it is so. If we are anything more than a colony, we see not where are the evidence of our independence. We scarcely manifacture a hob-nail now any more than we did when Lord Chatham made his celbrated declaration. Shameful as all this is, we see no remedy for it in the increased activity of our own people.—*Rich. Despatch.*

Railroad Matters.

The Engineers and Contractors on the Marietta & Cincinnati road are preparing to push the work with vigor hitherto unexampled in the history of Western Railroads.

Capt. Kennedy, the Chief Engineer of the Company, Capt. Arms, President Engineer of the division west from Marietta to the Vinton Co. Coal Mines, and the contractors on that division,—Messrs. French, Dodge & Co.,— arrived here on Tuesday, and will immediately put a strong force upon the line west from this place. The work *has commenced* at the rock cut where the road leaves the Ohio river—two miles west of Harmar, and the contractors advertise for *one thousand more laborers* now, and *an additional two thousand* in the spring. They design to put a force at work on the tunnel near Esq. Bridges', in Warren TO-DAY. They already have a large force at work at Pilcher's, in Athens County, and intend to commence work at every point westward where there are deep cuts, heavy fills, or tunnels, *this winter*, and early in the spring will put as heavy a force as can be worked to advantage on the whole line.

Eastward from Marietta, as our readers are aware, a line has been surveyed along the river to Wheeling; and one or two other lines have been run from here to Newport. TODAY we understand that Capt. Kennedy and Mr. Ambrose Pierson (recently appointed Resident Engineer of the eastern division of the road—from Marietta to Wheeling—) commence a reconnoisance of an interior line to Wheeling. It is believed that a practicable line may be found which will be 13 to 15 miles shorter than that by the river. But the distance will soon be known, for on *Monday next* Mr. J. L. Stone, first Assistant Engineer of the eastern division, commences running the line. *Marietta Intelligencer.*

The Rail Road Survey.

By interior line, from Marietta to Wheeling, is now progressing as rapidly as possible, under the direction of Mr. Ambrose Pierson, Resident Engineer of the eastern division of the road. Mr. J. L. Stone, 1st Assistant of that division, started on Wendnesday last, with a corps of twelve men, and, so far as they had progressed up to Saturday, the route was found more favorable than was anticipated. *Ib.*

GROWTH OF HABITS.

A vizier having offended his master, was compelled to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window.

"Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured five black betle, together with a little ghee, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of whipcord, and finally a stout coil of rope.

When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's command, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the ghee, tie one end of the silken thread around him, and to place the insect on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the ghee, which he conceived to be above him, the beetle continued to assend till he reached the top; and thus put the vizer in possession of the roll of silk thread. He then drew up the pack thread by means of the silk, the small cords by means of the of the pack thread; and by means of the cords a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight; and thus he escaped from the tower.

As in this case the silken gossamer drew after it, first the pack thread, then the whipcord, then at length the rope too strong to be broken, so do the trivial acts of a young man to-day, as easily changed as the silken thread can be broken, draw after them habits strengthening into the cord and cable, let down from heaven to draw him upwards. If they are bad habits, thy are a cable fastened to a millstone, sinking with such a weight, that all his efforts to raise are futile as those of the chained eagle. Wise then is the young man who chooses his habits with reference to his whole lifetime.—*Prisoner's Friend.*

A Gouge Game on Foot.

The N. Y. Tribune exposes a scheme of the New York Custom House officers, past and present, to line their pockets with over half a million of plunder, and calls upon Congress to stop the enormous leak in the Treasury while yet there is time. The Tribune refers members to the Treasury Department for official evidence, and says:

About the time of Gen. Harrison's inauguration, or in the first months of the ensuing Whig Congress, an act or provision of law passed reducing and limiting the compensation of certain Revenue Officers holding what were called 'fee' situations. Under this clause the Weighers and Measurers in our Custom-House, who had previously received from $2,000 to $3,000 each per annum, were limited to $1,500 each, per annum; and they have accordingly been paid at that rate for the last ten or more years.

It has recently been suggested that this provision of law can somehow be set aside or circumvented, and a powerful lobby has undertaken to procure such action in the several Departments having cognizance of the question as will enable the officers interested, including not merely Mr. Fillmore's, and Gen. Taylor's but even Mr. Polk's functionaries, to receive from the Treasury an enormous addition to their pay and perquisites, to the extent of some $750,000 to $1,000,000. The lobby agents engaged are to have twenty-five per cent. for their powerful services, (but that won't help the Treasury a red cent,) while the exfunctionaries will pocket the odd Half Million and over, and walk off chuckling.

Education.

Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head, he will be enabled to discern what is good from what is evil, what is right & what is wrong. But by the proper education of the heart, he will be taught to love what is good, wise and right, and hate what is foolish, evil and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, add to his comforts, & to assist those around him.

The highest objects of an education are to reverence and obey God, and to love & serve mankind. Every thing that helps us in attaining these objects is of great importance, & every thing that hinders these is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order & peace smile around and sin & sorrow are unknown —*Blackwood.*

MR. EDITOR:—Will you publish the following statement of things "never seen," but full well known to be true in these diggins, and much oblige an old subscriber:

I have never seen a zealous professed abolitionist who was not an intolerable bigot. Having such supreme regard for the slave, they have nothing but wormwood for all who differ with them in any degree.

I have never seen a free trader, who did not think that the Government should protect this particular interest.

I never seen a third party in politics which was not ready to sell out to the highest bidder.

I have never seen a politician who was perpetually pleading conscience, who was not an impracticable dunce, or an arch intriguer.

I have never seen one who condemned expediency in all cases, that would not adopt any expedient to promote his own ends.

I have never seen a public man who professed great love for the people who would not betray their interests when occasion should require.

I have never seen a politician who left his own party for the sake of promotion, who was not despised by all parties.

I have never seen a man who labored to form a new party who did not expect to be placed at its head.

I have never seen a democrat who was perpetually crying out arristocracy, who was not himself a perfect aristocrat in the circle in which he moved.

I have never seen a clergyman who preached politics on the Sabbath, who promoted his own interest, the peace of the parish, or the success of the party he attempted to sustain.

I will not say that these things never did occur; but I must say that I have never seen them, and if they did happen along very often, I think I should have met with them now and then.—*Mt. Vernon True Whig.*

How to use a Coal Stove.—The fire should not be permitted to die out during the winter. By keeping the fire up, an immensity of trouble is saved, and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is cheaper. The reason is this: The coal burns out during the long winter nights, because the door of the stove is shut; whereas, if the door is left open, it will not burn out, & will be perfectly alive in the morning.—Less coal is therefore consumed. There is no danger in leaving the door open, as the draft is always strong enough to carry the sparks up the pipe or chimney. If any one sleeps in the room, the upper sash of the window should be lowered two or three inches, even in the coldest weather, and more when it is milder. Having a comfortable fire in the room in cold weather, and yet enjoying fresh air by means of ventalation, is the very ideal of comfort & the habit of early rising. Shake down the ashes, therefore, on retiring, fill up the stove with coal and leave the door open, if you wish to save yourself or servant a deal of trouble in the morning, and at the same time economize coal. But by all means open the window, if it is only the width of an inch.—*Chicago Statesman.*

☞A writer in *The Springfield Republican*, from the Worcester Insane Retreat, mentions the following: There is a small pond in the garden. Just opposite the pond, I saw a woman, humbly dressed, looking in the water.

'That poor woman,' said the Doctor, 'has been here for several years. She assists in the kitchen, and is perfectly harmless, although incurable. She is the wife of an industrious man, living in an adjoining town They had a family of three boys, two of which died suddenly, of the scarlet fever. Within a week of their burial, the mother proceeded to a pond near by for some water. As she was dipping her pail, she saw something just beneath the surface which attracted her attention, and, taking a wooden rake, she pulled it to the bank; it proved to be the body of her remaining child. A walnut-shell, with a piece of paper stuck in the centre, was floating upon the water, which, no doubt, sailing from the reach of the child, caused him to stretch for it, lose his balance, and be drowned. Before sunset she was mad—raving mad—and was brought here. It is her daily custom to watch that water for a few moments, just at the hour she discovered the body of her child, and then to return quietly to her work. But if she was not allowed to do so, which, by way of experiment, has been tried, violent fits and convulsions would follow.'

'You say she is incurable,' said I.

'Quite so, we think. Under superintendance,' continued the doctor, 'she is quiet and useful here; but without it she would be even dangerous.

While he was speaking, the mother, whose bereavement of her children had driven her mad forever, turned upon her heel, and with her face turned to the earth, walked slowly toward the house. As she approached, the doctor called to her, and dropping a low courtesy, she stood looking at us.

I have seen faces whose melancholy expression might chill the blood like the keen east wind, and the power of sympathising with them be very limited. But, of all that I have seen, not any have approached the one I now looked upon, in utter absence of all life's sunshine. Pale, ashy pale were her features; her lips were hueless, and her eyes sunken; her lower jaw dropped almost upon her breast, and looked like grief personified.

'Poor creature,' exclaimed the doctor, 'what wretchedness of mind is there depicted!'

'I never saw it equalled,' said I.

'No wonder,' replied he. 'For five years a smile has not played upon her features, and, in my opinion, *never will.*'

ABOUT THE MOON.—By looking through Lord Rosse's great telescope, every object on the surface of the moon, of the height of one hundred feet, is distinctly seen. "On its surface are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks and masses of stone almost innumerable. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours, no vestige of architectual remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. No water is visible, no sea, no river; all seems desolate." This desolation is unaccountable, unless we suppose that the inhabitants licensed grog-selling till the people drank the rivers dry, and then themselves kicked the bucket.

Correspondence of Daily Pittsburgh Gazette.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 28

News from Concord—Sundries.

The telegraph reports that the mission of Senator Hunter to Concord has already borne fruit. But the report that a Cabinet already has been formed, is evidently premature. I think care will be taken to have all sections of the country represented in the arrangement about to be made. Probably Dr. Gwinn as identified with the feelings and interests of the Pacific division, will be invited to take charge of one of the departments. His experience in naval affairs would fit him well for Secretary of the Navy. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee, who is named for the War Department, is the old correspondent of General Cass on the Wilmot Proviso and kindred topics. He has heretofore remained in a profound obscurity, which has perhaps precluded the development of talents only just revealed.

Mr. Dobbin, of N. C., who is spoken of for a place in the Cabinet under Mr. Hunter's programme, is not much more advanced in the paths of fame. He has been in Congress, & more lately was the unsuccessful caucus democratic candidate for Senator in North Carolina, but was defeated by the defection of a few of the brethren. The same reports assign ex-Senator Dickinson, of New York, to the Treasury Department. Well, there is much probability in that. I learn that the Free Soilers and Hunkers have united against Marcy, who will consequently be immolated upon the alter of faction and jealousy.

But what will be the lot and portion of the Warwick of Cabinets himself? Will Mr. Hunter be Secretary of State, or will he be the colleague of the President, wielding the power of the Senate? That is the question. Douglass, Heuston, Lane, and all aspirants to the Presidency, old or new, rather desire him to take office. If he does not, they will make his place in the Senate, as the leader of the Administration forces, uncomfortable. I incline to think that Hunter will become Secretary of State.

There was a bare quorum in either House to-day and but little was done or attempted. The sitting in each hardly exceeded an hour and a half. In the Senate, Mr. Weller presented a well written memorial, from Mr. Stanley, the distinguished painter of Indian portraits and scenery, praying Congress to purchase the fine collectien which he has been exhibiting at the Smithsonian Institute for a year past.

Mr. Cass gave the Administration another poke in the ribs in reference to its foreign policy, by presenting a resolution, which was adopted, calling for information whether the British have colonized, any part of Central America in contravention of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, procured the adoption of a resolution inquiring into the alleged claim on the part of Custom House Officers, said to amount to over a million of dollars. The Attorney General is said to have decided in favor of some construction of law which allows of this little draft on the treasury, by way of extra or additional pay to the persons referred to. The *expose* which may be expected, probably retards or defects altogether the comtemplated operation. JUNIUS.

A VERY VALUABLE REMEDY.—The following valuable remedy from Reese's Medical Gazette should be circulated the world over:

"In any case of burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once & permantely relieved and that in a moment of time, by sprinkling over the injuree surface a thick layer of wheat flour, by the hand, or what is better, by a dredging box, every vestige of pain produced by such injuried, is instantly removed, and the sufferer not only escapes the shock of the nervous system accompanying such torture, but will generally fall into a quiet sleep the moment the atmospheric temperature is thus excluded from the wounds.

Louis Napoleon's Inaugural.

We intended to present the following inaugural of the newly elected and proclaimed Emperor of the French in our last, but it was crowded out.

GENTLEMEN,—The new reign which you this day inaugurate has not its orgin, as so many others which history records, in violence, conquest, or intrigue: it is, as you have just declared, the legal result of the will of an entire people, what it had founded in the midst of agitation.

I am deeply grateful to the nation which three times in four years has supported me by its suffrage, and which each time has augmented its majority in order to increase my power. But the more this power gains in extent and in vital force, the more need it has of enlightened men like those whom I address, to guide me by their counsels, and to reduce my authority within just limits, if it should ever transgress them.

From this day I take with the crown the name of Napoleon III, because the opinion of the people has already bestowed it on me in their acclamations, because the Senate has legally proposed it, and because the whole nation has ratified it.

Does this, however, signify that in taking this title I fall into the error imputed to the prince who, returning from exile, declared all that had been done in his absence null and void!

So erroneous a notion is far from me. Not only do I recognise the governments which have preceded me but I inherit in some sort what they have accomplished of good and evil; for successive Governments, notwithstanding their different orgin, are severally bound by the acts of their predecessors.

But the more I accept that which, for the last 50 years, history hands down to us with inflexible authority, the less was it allowed me to pass over in silence the glorious reign of the chief of my family, and the titile, regular, although ephemeral, of his son, which the Chambers proclaimed with the last outburst of conquered patriotism.

Thus, then, the title of Napoleon III is not one of those dynastic and obsolete pretentions which seem an insult alike to truth and common sense; it is the homage paid to a government which was legitimate, and to which we are indebted for the finest pages of our modern history. My reign does not date from 1815, it dates from the very instant that you have communicated to me the suffrages of the nation.

Receive, then, Messieurs lest Deputes, my acknowledgements for the distinction you have given to the manifestation of the national will, rendering it more apparent by your supervision, and more imposing by your declaration.

I thank you, also, Messieurs le Senaturs for having been the first to congratulate me as you were also the first to express the national wish.

Assist me all of you, to establish in this land, harrassed by so many revolutions, a stable Government, based on religion, justice probity, and the love of the humbler classes.

And here receive the oath, that I will use every exertion to assure the prosperity of this country; and that whilst maintaining peace, I will yield nothing which affects the honor and dignity of France.

☞A mile a minute has heretofore been considered pretty fair traveling; but it is said that the cars on the Milwaukie and Missisippi Railroad make 14 miles in 12 minutes.

☞A woman in Lewisburg, Pa., was found resting against the wall of her hovel, quite dead, on Wednesday last—with her was a child of three years old—on the floor near an infant lay, whose life had been preserved by the warmth communicated by a big dog who had nestled close to the helpless babe.

An Ordinance To Regulate the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors, in the Town of Barnesville.

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, and Trustees of the Incorporated Village of Barnesville, that if any person shall within the limits of said Corporation barter, sell, give away, or in any manner dispose of any spiritous, vinous, or malt liquors, or any compound thereof, by whatever name designated, or known, in any quantity whatever, every person so offending, shall upon conviction thereof be fined for ever such offence in any sum not less than five dollars nor more than twenty dollars, at the discretion of the Mayor, Provided, that this ordinance shall not extend to sales of liquors aforesaid for surery Medicine, Mechanical, or Sacramental purposes.

SEC. 2. That if any person within the limits of said Corporation, being the keeper of a tavern, store, grocery, Confectionary, or having the possession or control of any house, or other building, shall keep or suffer to remain within such [illegible] or upon his or her premises any spiritous, vinous, or malt liquors, or any compound thereof, to which any person other than the owner or occupant of such premises may or can have access, or may or can drink, or carry away the same; every person so offending shall on conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not less than five dollars nor more than twenty dollars at the discretion of the Mayor.

SEC. 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after the first day of January 1853. Done in Council this 20th day of December A. D. 1852.

JOHN McGILL, Mayor.

ATTEST: B. DAVENPORT, Recorder

Barnesville Dec. 20, 1852.

An Ordiance to prevent Nusiances in the Town of Barnesville.

SEC. 1. Be it Ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, and Trustees of the "Incorporated Village of Barnesville," that if any person or persons, shall put or cause to be put, and shall suffer the same to remain within the limits of said Corporation, for the space of twenty four hours after having been duly notified by the Marshall, to remove the same, any dirt, or filth by him or her caused or produced that is offensive or injurious to health, he, she or they shall be fined for every such offense, in any sum not less than fifty cents, nor more than ten dollars, at the discretion of the Mayor.

SEC. 2. That if any person, owning or occupying any lot or part of lot, within the limits of said Corporation shall suffer to remain thereon, or in any cellar, house, out house, or stable, in said lot or lots, after having been duly notified by the marshall to remove the same, any dirt or filth that is offensive or injurious to health, he or she shall be fined for every such offense, in any sum not less than one dollar nor more than two dollars and moreover shall be liable to remove the same under a penalty of not less than twenty five cents, nor more than one dollar for each day such dirt or filth shall remain thereafter, at the discretion of the Mayor.

SEC. 3. That if any person whatsoever, shall have any animal to die, within the limits of said Corporation that is likely to prove offensive or injurious to health such person shall be required to remove the same forthwith under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for every twenty four hours he, or she may suffer the same to remain within the limits of the said Corporation after having received knowledge of the said Nuisance.

SEC. 4. That if any person shall try or put or cause to be tried or put a horse or Jack to a mare or mares within the limits of said Corporation, he shall be fined for every such offense