

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

## AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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**POETRY.**  
For the Chronicle.  
**A MORNING INVITATION.**  
BY ELY MAY.

Up, for the light of the morning is breaking,  
Bright o'er the hill-tops, on valleys so fair  
Waste not the hours in slumber, be waking,  
And out, to partake of the fresh brim air.

Birds from their nesting boughs gaily are winging,  
Swiftly as arrows, just loosed from the bow,  
Amidst noise of freedom, through wildwood arboring  
And echoed again, through caverns below.

Blithely the honeybees, hie to the bowers,  
Ere the bright sunbeams have garnished their bloom;  
There to draw sweets from the dew-laden flowers,  
That scatter to zephyr their sweetest perfume.

Softly the breath of the zephyr is telling,  
Tales of its rambling, in aroma's land;  
Gently the birds from their light kits are swelling,  
Soon to unfold by the sun-fairy's wand.

Gems of creation, frail mortals defy  
To rival your bloom, enchanting fair  
Ye are, to the heart by sympathy sighing,  
That finds it alone where your voices are.

Oh! who would not gladly enjoy the pleasure,  
That's spread before us, to choose if we will,  
'Tis Nature unfolding her richest treasure,  
To gladden the soul, with unfeeling skill.

Then up for the light of the morn is spreading,  
Rich hues o'er the scenes, late shrouded in gloom;  
And through life should they feet such paths be tread-  
ing.

May the heart be awake to endless bloom.  
Pleasant Valley Ohio, May 1853.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
From the Boston Olive Branch.  
**THE BACHELOR'S WARD.**  
BY CAROLINE T. NORRIS.

So, my sanctum is to be invaded, my book-case rifled, my slippers displaced, my authority as lord and master of this hitherto quiet mansion disputed by a school girl—a miss not out of her teens—a perfect mass, a doubt, of ringlets, muslins, silks, and sighs, mingled with romances, poetry, love songs, and beaux. Oh! dear my doom is sealed. Farewell to newspapers, cigars and naps. Why in the name of all that's ridiculous, did my friend choose to leave this terrestrial globe without his charming daughter; or why did he not bequeath the dear creature to some other mortal than myself?

Edward Wilson, or as he was familiarly known among his bachelor friends, Ned Wilson, scowled savagely at an offending letter that lay on the table, and seating himself, began to write a reply. It was from the physician of an old chum of his who had died recently, and contained his dying wish that he would protect his only child. He wrote, though rather ungraciously, and stated that she should be welcome, and leaving a tremendous sigh, growled out—

"To think that after enjoying thirty-five years of unrestrained freedom, one of them wanted to be a martyr!"

We learn that there will be a vacation until about the first of September, and that such arrangements will then be made as will ensure a properly graded set of schools, where every child, according to its grade, can be instructed, from the primary department, to the best collegiate course. This is precisely what we need, and what we must have. Our children groused inwardly at the dismal prospect before him, and his round, good-natured face grew long, and assumed such a forlorn and dolorous expression, that when the old lady who acted as housekeeper, came in with tea and toast, she stopped short, and hastily setting down her load, with a very sympathizing and affectionate air, exclaimed—

"Let sir, what is the matter! Has anything gone wrong, or anybody dead?"

He shook his head, and in a very melancholy and lugubrious tone, said—

"Everything and everybody, my good woman."

Not exactly comprehending this very laconic and lucid speech, the house-keeper felt that some great calamity had or was about to take place, and it was her duty to sympathize with it, whatever it was, and accordingly she put her apron to her eyes, and appeared much affected. Encouraged by this, Ned, with an apparently cruel design to harrow up her feelings, continued—

"Yes, Martha, it is too true; something has happened very dreadful, and you see before you the most miserable and dejected specimen of an old bachelor the universe contains."

Martha thought it was time, so she ventured to give a little sob, and simpered—

"Deed, sir, I am very sorry, and it's a great shame, whatever it be."

"Thank you for your kindness, but it is of no avail, my peace is destroyed, or soon will be, and you too must suffer with me, for the blow will fall upon us both."

At this, one round blue eye peeped curiously out and glistened, but not with tears; and as he proceeded, the apron fell, and that eye, and its mate grew rounder with astonishment and indignation.

"Yes, we are to have our happiness cast aside, our feelings disturbed, by a young, pert, flirting girl, who has always lived in the country, and has, without doubt, fiery red hair, coarse hands, and sings like a screech owl; she will be mistress here, and you—"

He was indignantly interrupted by Martha, who felt her dignity and position outraged by the idea of being ruled by such a creature, and she burst out with—

"Then, master Edward, this house will not be able to hold us both; and to think that after all my long years of faithful and hard service, that I should be turned out of doors by a good-for-nothing little upstart of a baby. It almost breaks my heart to think of it," and she flung herself out of the room.

The door soon opened again, and she appeared at the head of the kitchen forces, who had risen to rebellion by her exaggerated representations in that department, and they all advanced, and with set lips and frowning brows, gave notice that they should vacate their several posts on the debut of the new mistress.

Ned sat perfectly still while they delivered their speeches, with an air of one petrified, and when they had all departed, he scratched his head in bewilderment and giving himself a pinch exclaimed—

"Is this me, Ned Wilson, or is it somebody else! 'Pon honor! I believe it's not me but some spurious Ned, some impostor, or else I have got a nightmare!"

He stretched out first one foot, and then the other, and gazed abstractedly at the carefully darned stockings, the result of the labors of the housekeeper, and then rose, and looking at the image reflected in the glass, he came at last to the conclusion that it must be himself, and casting a pitying glance at said reflection, sank into his easy chair, and thus soliloquized—

"I say, Ned Wilson, you are a miserable fellow! I sincerely pity you from the bottom of my heart; you are too good-natured, and the selfish world takes advantage of it, and rides over you rough shod; they mean to kill you, and will not be contented till they finish you; your affairs are in a decidedly confused situation, and your well regulated establishment has gone to the dogs; you must think of some way to conciliate Martha, for if you do not, the case is hopeless."

He passed his hand over his forehead and fell into a deep fit of musing, which lasted half an hour. What the result of his cogitations was, he did not make known, other than by a piteous groan, and with a subdued, meek expression on his open face, he rang the bell very timidly and gently. Martha, after a time, made her appearance, and with an air of ill-concealed triumph, requested to know what he wished for. Poor Ned in a humble and half entreating tone, said—

"My good woman, you do not really and seriously think of going?"

Martha, looking like a very much abused person and in a voice that expressed the deepest affliction, answered—

"For many a long year have I waited on you, Mr. Edward, but I feel that it is my duty not to allow myself to be imposed upon, even by you, and I shall go as soon as the new mistress comes. I have served you almost for nothing, and never complained, and this is my reward," and the apron was brought into use again.

"Your wages shall be doubled, if you will only stay, and persuade the rest of the kitchen department to do the same—but do not think of leaving, on any account."

Martha was extremely shocked at the idea of having mercenary motives imputed to her but after many sighs, tears, and protestations, consented to stay, and out of pure affection, though very reluctantly, accepted the offer of double wages, and left the apartment with the air of a self-sacrificing martyr, while the grateful Ned overwhelmed her with thanks.

When the long dreaded day for the arrival of his ward came round, he tried to convince himself that he was the most miserable of mortals, and wandered dejectedly from the house, then back again.

"I am most unfortunate of men, unless I am poor Tom Stanton, who so foolishly committed matrimony some time ago, and though I have myself invited me, I never could bring myself to witness his misery. I will verify down there to-day, for perhaps I shall feel better, as it will divert my mind from my own miserable situation," and muttering "poor Tom," he started.

The first object that greeted his sight, was his old friend, who was dancing a very rosy-checked baby on the piazza. He groaned, and casting a commiserating look at his happy face, went up to him; but he was making so much noise, he did hear him till he said, in tones of deep sympathy—

"I am sincerely sorry for you, wretched Tom, does she make you do this while she is reading novels? To think you should have ever degenerated into a nursery maid!"

A hearty laugh was the first answer to this speech, and holding the baby up to him, he shouted—

"Ain't he a famous fellow, Ned, fit for a president! By Jove! Don't you wish you owned him?"

Ned's face only grew longer, as he said—

"It's no use trying to hide your unhappiness from the eyes of a true friend, for I can see through this assumed veil of mirth. You will never be the man you were, Tom, and so do not attempt to deny it."

"No Ned, I shall never be the same fellow I was before; not for anything would I resign my snug little home and future prospect; at least nothing short of paradise—certainly not for the discomfited life of an old bachelor.—Come in and see Lizzie, and take some refreshment, and I will show what real life is."

"Don't try to deceive me, Tom. I understand it all. You are fast in the nose, and can't get free, and probably endeavor to make the world think you are happy; rest assured that though I am unable to do anything to alleviate your deplorable situation, yet you have my sympathy and regard."

Tom was about to reply, but Ned stopped him and continued—

"Don't seek to delude me, if you do every body else. I must go now, for I cannot bear to witness your frantic attempts to appear contented; it wounds me to the heart, and I would ask you to accompany me to town, but I suppose Lizzie, who you denigrate your feminine tyrant, wishes you to stay at home and tend that little popinjay."

At this moment the door opened, and a pair of roguish eyes peeped out, and a glad cheerful voice called Tom, and Ned, starting as he had been shot, scampered down the path, and made for home as if a regiment of vikens were at his heels, more than ever convinced of the wretchedness of Tom, as a merry peal of laughter floated after him.

He reached home, and on going to his sitting room, saw what appeared to be a female form seated in his easy chair, complacently reading his newspaper, who, when she heard him, arose, and politely coming forward, introduced herself as his ward. Ned took the extended hand as if it had been red hot, and looked with astonishment at her. This was the invader, the adversary, the course country girl. He tried to think that she was a very disagreeable person, but when she blushed so prettily and timidly apologized for intruding, his manner softened and before long he was talking very cozily with her—

"When at last she went up stairs to dress for dinner, he began as usual to blame himself.

"Ned Wilson, you are a stupid individual to allow yourself to be taken in the first thing by a woman. She is very pretty, but probably she wears a wig and paints—to be sure she blushed and looked innocent, but nevertheless she may be as artful as the rest of them; they understand these sort of things, and can blush, laugh, cry, and call a whole artillery of tears and sighs to bear upon the feelings of a poor defenceless masculine, at any moment; but I am too deep for them, and will show to the world that there is at least one man, that is proof against woman's artifice."

A year passed away, and somehow Ned had got accustomed to seeing the sweet face of his ward at the table, and his old slippers had mysteriously disappeared, and new ones came in their place, and he never read the paper with any comfort, unless the neat little figure of Mary sat at her work-stand; and the jokes lost their point unless her silvery laugh mingled with his, and finally, though he did not show it, he could no more have done without her than his supper; and by degrees he had left the club; and though it was very singular, he was always "too cold," or "too hot," or "too windy," or he was "too tired" to go out evenings, though of course he did not stay at home on her account.

One day he sat in his counting-room, and his head clerk entered, and respectfully asked him if he could spare him a few moments, as he had something to say of great importance.

Ned signified that he was at leisure, and the clerk in evident embarrassment, began:—

"I suppose you have observed my growing partiality for your lovely ward, and with your permission I wish to cultivate her acquaintance, in hopes that some future day I may gain her esteem, and perhaps more. I am not worthy of her I know, but—"

He would have continued, but was stopped by Wilson, who indignantly started from his chair, and taking him by the collar, put him out, and seizing his hat in aviolent rage, started post haste for home, leaving that astonished individual the clerk, looking after him with an air that expressed first resentment, then pity and concern, as if he doubted the sanity of his employer.

He reached home, and pulling the bell until the wire snapped, summoned Mary, who when she entered, looked almost with fear at him, for he scowled at her, and then shouted,—"So, my young lady, you have, all unknown to me, been billing and cooing with that wretched, impertinent clerk! Don't say a word! he thundered, as she tried to speak, "for I won't believe it if you do!"

Mary burst into tears, and hastily retreated up stairs, and Ned after walking at a furious rate up and down the room for a short time, began to cool down, and abuse himself as usual.

"I am a dolt, and I know it! What right have I to be in a rage because Mary chooses to love the clerk; and he loves her back! I will believe I am in love with her myself, and she can never care for such a bear as I am—Oh dear, she could not like me when I have almost broken her dear little heart with my cruelty. I will show my devotion, and make a martyr of myself by way of atonement, though I know I shall hang myself, or throw myself in the first duck pond I come across, perhaps it will be better to endure in silence, and death will soon terminate my sufferings, for I am beginning to pine away already," he glanced at the almost aldermanic proportions reflected in the glass, and at his round, red face, and sighing like a northeast hurricane, added "it's all inward, and the fever burns there," and he struck his hand on that portion of his expansive chest supposed to contain the heart.

He rang for Mary again, and she came down, but looked pale, and her eyes were slightly swollen with weeping, and he felt more than ever indignant at himself for making her unhappy. He kindly took her hand and leading her to a seat on the sofa, said, in very gentle, humble tones,—"Forgive me, Mary, for my rudeness just now, and to show how sorry I feel, I freely & fully give my consent for you to marry as my clerk as you please, only don't break my heart by bringing them here, for I don't know what I might do—perhaps something desperate, and you could not blame me for annihilating an army of them when they come to see you, and you welcome them, and leave me to waste away and die in hopeless despair,

for I know I shall; and I mean to purchase an interest in some cemetery, preparatory to your wedding, for I am convinced that I shall not survive it. Don't mock me in my misery," he added, as he laughed merrily, "I know you hate me, and despise me, and laugh at me for a silly old heathen, as I am, for thinking that a sweet, dear, beautiful maiden like you would be content to linger out her days with an uneducated bachelor like me, though I am only thirty-six, but I feel as if I was a venerable grandfather ever since you thought of marrying that whisksere young clerk."

Here he was obliged to pause for want of breath, and Mary, looking out of the corners of her rosy cheeks, said,—"What if I do not think of marrying that whisksere young clerk? I never said I did."

"You don't? Then I shall conclude not to get that interest in a cemetery just yet, and perhaps some time—but no, you won't! I know you will not, so I might as well do it now as by and by, for you will never have me, and some one else will come, and I shall have to come to it eventually; and he sank back into his former collapsed state, like a balloon with a hole in it."

Mary looked very wicked as she sat contemplating him, and at last turning away her head to hide a deep blush, she said,—"Why, Ned, you do not know whether I would have you or not, for you never asked me."

Ned started briskly up, and holding out his hand with a tragical look, said,—"Well, Mary, will you take me! I can't pop the question in the latest style, the way dandy clerks do, for I am not accustomed to the thing, but will you take me! Do not say no; for if you do, you must answer for the consequences; and if you say yes, I shall go crazy with joy."

Mary hesitated, not wishing probably to make him desperate, or drive him crazy; but she chose the latter alternative, for she laid her soft little hand into his, and said, smiling,—"You do not deserve it, but I am afraid of the consequences."

We do know what happened after that, for history does not make any mention of what passed during the rest of the interview, and we do not think Ned could tell, for his conduct was not very sensible for some time.

The next scene of him, he was cordially embracing the clerk, and begging his pardon, while that astonished functionary thought anxiously of sending word to his friends that he did not consider it proper that he should be allowed to get as large.

A few months after, Tom Stanton and wife were summoned to the wedding, and instead of congratulating him as the rest did, he tied a piece of black crape around his arm, and in a very doleful tone, said,—"I really pity you, Ned, and as the only way of expressing my sympathy, I have assumed a badge of mourning on this heart rending occasion."

"Pshaw! Hold your tongue, Tom; and by the way, please never mention to Mrs. Wilson that exceedingly foolish affair, that's a dear fellow, for it was all ajoke, nothing shorter, I assure you."

Tom thought it a joke, too, and though he promised secrecy, yet somehow or other, it leaked out before the evening was through; and some suspected that Tom's wife did die; and so on certain knowledge on the subject was ever obtained. Poor Ned was excessively tender for a long time by all his friends, and even Mary would join them. He was too happy, however, to notice trifles, and bore it all with the most exemplary good nature, though he stoutly asserted that it was "all a joke," and no one discovered the fact.

**SENATOR EVERETT ON THE "CELTIC EXODUS."**  
The distinguished Senator from Massachusetts delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, last week, on the discovery and settlement of America, which is a comprehensive sketch of that important movement. We have room for an extract only, and shall confine ourselves to his notice of the present emigration, which will doubtless have a great influence on the destiny of Ireland, Germany and the United States:

"The races that invaded Europe came to lay waste and to subjugate; the hosts that cross the Atlantic are peaceful immigrants. The former burst upon the Roman empire, and by oft-repeated strokes beat it to the ground. The immigrants to America from all countries come to cast in their lot with the native citizens, and to share with us the great inheritance of civil and religious liberty. The former were ferocious barbarians—half clad in skins—speaking strange tongues—worshipping strange gods with bloody rites—the latter are the children of the countries from which the first European settlers of this continent proceeded and also belong with us to the great common family of Christendom. The former destroyed the culture of the ancient world, and it was only after a thousand years that a better civilization grew up from its ruins. The millions who have established themselves in America within sixty years, are from the moment of their arrival, gradually absorbed into the mass of the population, conforming to the laws, moulding themselves to the manners of the country, and contributing their share to its prosperity and strength.

"It is a curious coincidence, that, as the first mighty wave of the hostile immigration, that burst upon Europe before the time of our Saviour, consisted of tribes belonging to the great Celtic race—the remains of which, identified by their original dialect, are still found in Brittany, in Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and especially in Ireland—so by far the greater portion of the new and friendly immigration to the United States, consists of persons belonging to the same fervid, imaginative, and too often oppressed race. I have heard in the villages of Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland, the gospel preached in substantially the same language in which Brenno uttered his haughty summons to Rome, and in which the mystic songs of the Druids were chanted in the depths of the primeval forests of France and England, in the times of Julius Caesar. It is still spoken by thousands of Scotch, Welsh, and Irish immigrants, in all parts of the United States.

"The great Celtic race is one of the most remarkable that has appeared in history—Whether it belongs to that extensive Indo-European family of nations which, in ages before the dawn of history, took up a line of march in two columns from the lower Indus & moving Westward both by a northern and southern route, finally diffused itself over Western Asia, Northern Africa, and the greater part of Europe; or whether, as others suppose, the Celtic race belongs to a still older stock, and was itself driven down upon the South and into the West of Europe by the overwhelming force of the Indo Europeans, are questions which we have no time at present to discuss. However it may be decided, it would seem that for the first time, as far as we are acquainted with the fortunes of this interesting race, they have found themselves in a really prosperous condition in this country. Driven from the soil to which their fathers have clung for two thousand years, they have at length, and for the first time in their entire history, found a real home in a land of strangers—Having been told, in the (rightful) language of political economy, that at the daily table which nature spreads for the human family, there is no cover for them in Ireland, they have crossed the ocean to find occupation, shelter, and bread, on a foreign soil.

"This 'Celtic Exodus,' as it has been aptly termed, is to all parties immediately connected with it, one of the most important events of the day. To the emigrants themselves, it may be regarded as a passing from death to life. It will benefit Ireland by reducing a surplus population, and restoring a sounder and juster relation of capital and labor. It will benefit the laboring classes in England, where wages have been kept down to the starvation point by the struggle between the native population and the immigrants from England to ourselves, and will lessen the pressure of that competition which our labor is obliged to sustain, with the ill-paid labor of Europe. Whilst the constant influx into America, of stout and efficient hands, supplies the greatest want in a new country, which is that of labor—gives value to land—and facilitates the execution of every species of private enterprise and public work.

"I am not insensible to the temporary inconveniences which are to be the offset against these advantages on both sides of the water. Much suffering attends the emigrant there, on his passage, and after his arrival—It is possible that the value of our native labor may have been depressed by a too sudden and extensive supply from abroad; and it is certain, that our asylums and almshouses are crowded with foreign inmates, and that the resources have been heavily drawn upon.—These are considerable evils, but they have, perhaps been exaggerated.

"It must be remembered, in the first place, that the immigration daily pouring in from Europe, is by no means a pauper immigration. On the contrary, it is already regarded with apprehensions abroad, as occasioning a great abstraction of capital. It is attended no doubt with an influx of foreign pauperism. In reference to this, I believe your system of public relief is better here in New York, than ours in Massachusetts, in which, however, we

are making important changes. It is said that, owing to some defect in our system of its administration, we support more than our share of needy foreigners. They are sent in upon us from other States. New York, as the greatest sea port, must be exposed to a similar burden. However the evil arises, it may no doubt be mitigated by judicious legislation; and in the meantime, Massachusetts and New York might do a much worse thing, with a portion of their surplus means, than feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give a home to the stranger, and kindle the spark of humanity in the mind of the poor foreign laborer; even though that humane may have been set on shore in the night, from a coasting vessel, and found in the morning in the fields, half dead with cold and hunger and frost.

"But you say 'they are foreigners!' Well, do we owe no duties to foreigners? What was the founder of Virginia, when a poor Indian girl threw herself between him and the war club of her father! What were the pilgrim fathers when the friendly savage—if we must call him so—met them with the salutation of 'welcome Englishmen!' They are foreigners—and suppose they are. Was not the country all but ready a year or two ago, to plunge into a conflict with the military despots of the east of Europe, in order to redress the wrongs of the oppressed races who fed their flocks on the slopes of the Carpathians, and pasture their herds upon the hardships of the Danube, and do we talk of the hardships of relieving destitute foreigners, whom the hand of God had guided across the ocean, and conducted to our doors?"

"I am not indifferent to the increase of the public burdens; but the time has been when I have felt a little proud of the vast sum paid in the United States, for the relief of poor emigrants from Europe. It is an annual sum, I have no doubt, equal to the interest on the foreign debts of the States, which have repudiated their obligations. When I was in London a few years ago, I received a letter from one of the interior counties of England, telling me that they had in their House of Correction an American seaman, (or a person who pretended to be) who was both a pauper and rogue. They were desirous of being rid of him, and kindly offered to place him at my disposal. Although he did not seem to bid fair to be a very valuable acquisition, I wrote back that he might be sent to London, where he could be shipped by the American Consul to the United States. I ventured to add the suggestion, that if Her Majesty's Minister at Washington were applied to in a similar way by the overseers of the poor, and wardens of the prisons, in the United States, he would be pretty busily occupied. But I really felt pleased, at a time when my own little State of Massachusetts was assisting from ten to twelve thousand destitute British subjects annually, to be able to relieve the British Empire of the only American pauper quartered upon it."

**PENCILLED PASSAGES.**  
FROM HAGAR.

—No life is utterly joyless that is subject to a great power. The Will has something of that power. The Master said belonged to Faith, to which it is related so nearly as often to be distinguished from it only with great difficulty. The schoolmen have debated of it much, and many hold that it must be due to other forces; but from all that I have read in history, or even in life about me, Will is sovereign over everything but God, whose own most fit description is the Highest Will.

—Better for our peace that the soul's melody be hushed in silence by the hand of death than that it waken to the touches of another. This thought, that we are spared the hardest agony of self to bear, is some mitigation of our woe. It is the dead to whom we are faithful. Waiting to surrender, with feeble and faltering steps, we follow the smile that is our heart's star, across all the wild mountains and waste deserts of life.

—It may be indeed that the highest happiness of life is always touched with sadness. Love and Faith dwell ever in the haunted house of Fear. The lights of the birth chamber stream across the narrow way, and where the pleasant morning touches the eyelids of the sleepers no more, where the white hands of the little children are never unlocked for the flowers that hang over their dark unrocking cradles.

—How quickly the world recognizes the creative powers of him who has been nursed in the lap of ease! How many hands reach out to aid the clinging laurel toward his brow, that never have been brushed with the dew of sun as he has trolled in fields, nor furrowed with any slow shaping care, or the quick mastery of a sudden sorrow. But the untitled poor too often struggle for days that are heaped up on the undeviating rich; they grope through obscure ways, hungry, like

Blind Obed, for the moon, with but the cloud and dread presentment of greatness on their souls. The soil of poverty smother the flowers of inspiration from the world's discovery, or trifles songs that if unloosed might fill with melody a thousand years.

—There may be circumstances in which we find a sort of pleasure in exaggerating the wrongs and afflictions we have suffered, but this is in the recesses of sorrow, not when it is at the full, for there can be no exaggeration, and the recollection of evils is like crowning the ceiling and bleeding forehead with thorns.

—With woman ambition is never a discontented and single aim; she finds sometimes along the steps to which it leads a bitter consolation for dear hopes, and sometimes with its flame she points the arrows of revenge; it is only when her heart is closed against all sympathies that her ambition dies; she cannot sit clear purposes and distinct aims from the impulse of feeling; she cannot think patiently down to the bottom of things, and separate and analyze and collect and hold that which shall be only immortal; in the storehouse of her imagery there is no beauty unassociated with love; in the council chamber of her thoughts there is no absolute power, her ideas link themselves in one train, beginning in love and ending in death. She may press her way through wilds of thorns or fire; and the shadow of the laurel may sweep through her hair, but the triumph is 'to love'—in one way or another. In maintenance of affection is as the ivy to the oak—in woman's it is the oak to the ivy.

—To live a martyr, with no supporting pharmacy; to see days rise and set, summers blossom and fade, the vigorous year break his fetters of ice, sleep in summer under a shroud of snow, and through all changes fold the hands upon an empty, aching breast, knowing there is no peace this side the grave, and fearing to look beyond; no voice in all the world to say, I love you more and more for the late or scorn of others—to live thus, with an unfaltering will—oh! it is very hard.

**AN OILING WITH OIL A CURE AND PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.**  
The Scriptures speak of anointing the sick with oil, and throughout the whole of the Sacred Volume there is abundant evidence to show that oil was much used for the person by outward application. The employment of cod liver oil as a remedy for consumption has been a favorite practice for twelve or fourteen years past by thousands of eminent physicians, and there is plenty of testimony to prove that its virtues have not been overrated, but it has always been taken internally. Recent researches made by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, the first applicator of chloroform as an anesthetic agent, go far to prove that when oil is applied to the outside of the person it acts both as a curative and a preventative to disease, and there is some prospect of the ancient practice of oil-anointing being revived.

Having heard that none of the workers in the woolen factories of a neighboring town were attacked with cholera while it visited that place, and that consumption was not known among them, he paid a visit to the place (Galsburgh) and by personal inquiry found his hearsay statements corroborated. He also learned that weakly children were frequently placed in such factories for the recovery of their health, which was usually effected. He then made enquiries respecting the health of the workers in woolen factories in a number of other places, and found the same immunity from disease to prevail among them, hence he came to the conclusion that the cause of this was the great amount of oil which is used in such factories—so great a quantity, indeed, that the clothes of the workers soon become saturated with it.

In cotton factories the workers were found to be more free from infection than other people, and he therefore now firmly believes that anointing with oil is an excellent thing for consumptive persons.—Cod liver oil is supposed to be the best because it is the strongest and only for its luscious taste he believes it would be more abundantly used.

It is our opinion that sweet oil, and by this we mean nothing but pure fresh olive oil, is the best which can be used for such purposes. The ancient Romans used a great deal of oil, and we have no doubt but a more abundant use of it as an ointment, with frequent bathing, would be a great benefit to weakly persons, and tend greatly to render more vigorous the strong. We believe however, that most of the oil sold under the name of olive oil in our cities, is not the genuine article.—Scientific American.

**A RUNAWAY NEGRO AT BAY.—**The Feliciano (La) Wags, of April 20th, has the following:

"On Saturday last a runaway negro was killed in the parish of East Baton Rouge, just below the line of this parish, under the following circumstances: Two citizens of Port Hudson, learning that a negro was at work on a flat boat, loading with sand, just below that place, who was suspected as being a runaway, went down in a skiff for the purpose of arresting him.

"Having seized him and put him into the skiff, they started back, but had not proceeded far, when the negro, who was at the oars, seized a hatchet, and assailed one of them, wounding him very seriously. A scuffle ensued, in which both parties fell overboard. They were both rescued by the citizen pulling them to the skiff. Finding him so unmanageable; the negro was put ashore, and the parties returned to Port Hudson for arms and a pack of dog dogs, and started again with the intention to capture him. They soon got on his trail, and when found again he was standing at bay upon the outer edge of a large raft of drift wood, armed with a club and pistol. In this position he bade defiance to men and dogs, knocking the latter into the water with his club, and resolutely threatening death to any man who approached him. Finding him obstinately determined not to surrender, one of his pursuers shot him. He fell at the first fire, and so determined was he not to be captured, that when an effort was made to revive him from drowning, he made battle with his club and sunk, waving his weapon in angry defiance at his pursuers. He refused to give the name of his owner.

**IS THERE A WHIG PARTY?—WHAT ARE ITS PLATFORM AND POLICY?—WHAT ARE ITS AIMS?—**Louisville Times.

There is a Whig party. Its platform is the constitution, its policy the protection of the people. Its aims, National prosperity.—Washington Times.

**THE VICTORIAN ADVOCATE SAYS THAT THREE MEXICANS ARE IN CUSTODY AT GOLLAID, AWAITING THE TRIAL FOR THE BRUTAL MURDER OF SEVERAL AMERICANS NEAR SAN PATRICO, A SHORT TIME SINCE.**  
The Americans had a number of horses in charge, on their way into the interior of the State, when they were way laid, murdered, and their bodies burnt to ashes by those inhospitable fiends.

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