

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE

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BY B. R. COWEN.

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POETRY.

[Original.]

Winter—Impromptu.

Winds are whistling round me,
Winter is abroad—
Cruelly it has blasted
The fairest works of God.

The cold, deep snow is lying,
Where once were blooming flowers;
And winter winds are sighing
Through leafless woods and bowers.

I cannot love thee, winter,
Although thy robe is white;
Thou bringest to my sadness—
And joy is in thy flight!

I long to see thee passing,
From this glad earth away—
To watch the green grass springing,
And flowers blooming gay.

No pleasant object greets me;
The earth's a barren waste;
No smiling verdure meets my eye—
Haste thou, winter, haste!

Shall winds thy greatest music
I do thy sweetest flowers?
There is no beam of gladness
In thy long, dreary hours!

From the Home Journal.

RAILROAD SONG.

AIR—"The Steam Coach."

The most wonderful plan,
Ever invented by man,
That nearest perfection approaches,
Is roads made of iron,
That horses never tire on,
And travel by steam, in steam-coaches.

Chorus.
And you've no longer "see up and see hot"
But with "see-fiz-fiz-fiz" we go!
Forty miles to the hour,
With forty horse power,
By day time and night time,
Arriving by right time,
Without rattle or grumble,
Or chance of a tumble,
The railroad forever more!

At the time on your route,
Not an outlier comes out,
To give water to spunker or Souler,
But huddled at your case,
You ask landlady "to please
To water a little the boiler!"

The contractor won't fail,
When they carry the mail,
Where coaches never let nor linger;
Should robbers approach
The smoking steam coach
They'll be rather apt to burn fingers!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dying Gladiator.

The arrival in this country of a *fac simile* in marble of the famous statue of the *Dying Gladiator* has led some of our journals to reproduce the impressions of eminent authors respecting this celebrated work of art; among them the beautiful and discriminating remarks of our countryman, Mr. HILLARD, recorded in his recent book on Italy, and Byron's immortal verse, both of which are given for the gratification of our readers, we subjoin.

From Mr. Hillard's Criticism.

The last room into which the traveller passes contains several works of the highest excellence, and above all the *Dying Gladiator*. A statue of such surpassing merit as this should have a room by itself, for in its presence it is difficult to look at anything else. It is now admitted by the best authorities that the statue is a dying Gaul and not a gladiator, but to the popular mind the old appellation will cling forever. Byron's immortal stanza—an exquisite creation of genius, equal to the theme which inspired it—is alone equal to fasten it there with associations that can never be severed. But there is no work of art respecting which such discussions are more intrusive or unnecessary. We do not ask whom it represents, because we are wholly absorbed with what it is—its power and pathos are independent of time, place, and condition.

What is it we see before us? A man dying; nothing more. It is that which happens to all men; the only inevitable fact in every life. Nor is it a marked or conspicuous person. He is not a hero, or a poet, or an actor. The form is not ideal, the head is not intellectual, the lips are not refined. The shadows of great thoughts never darkened that common-place brow, nor did the touch of beauty ever thrill along those coarse fibres. But the charm and power of the statue consist in the amazing truth with which the two great elements of humanity and mortality are delineated. A vigorous animal life is suddenly stopped by the touch of death, and the "sensible warm motion" becomes a "huddled clod" before our eyes. The artist gives us all the pathos and the tragedy of death, without its ghastliness and horror. The dying man is no longer a trivial person, stained with coarse employments and vulgar associations, but an immortal spirit breaking through its walls of clay. The rags of life fall away from him, and he puts on the dignity and grandeur of death. We feel ourselves in the presence of that awful power before whose icy sceptre all mortal distinctions are levelled. Life and death are all that, for a time, we can admit into the mind.

As the sentiment and expression of this statue are admirable, so is the mechanical execution of the highest merit. The skill with which the physical effects of death upon the human frame are represented is most strongly felt by those whose professional training and experience make their judgment on such points the most valuable. The hair short and crisp and matted by the sweat of the death-struggle, the wrinkled brow, the drooping lid, the lips distended with pain, and the sinking languor of the whole frame, give proof of a patient eye and a skillful hand. No statue was ever more marked by simplicity or more free from anything like extravagance or caricature. Such a subject presents many temptations, and, unless an artist's taste and judgment were equal to his genius, he would hardly have escaped falling into the weakness of overdoing the tragic element, and of laying such a weight upon our sympathies that they would have given way under the pressure. But here nothing has been done for effect, no vulgar applause is courted, and the decency and dignity of truth are scrupulously observed.

If it be right to judge of works of art subjectively, and not objectively—that is, exclusively by the effect which they leave upon the individual who contemplates them—I should put this work at the head of all the statues in the world. To me none others were so expressive, so significant, so full of deep meaning. At each successive visit it seemed to be a new work; to reveal something which before had been unspoken; to awaken echoes which before had been silent. Through a solitary figure, taken in and comprehended by the eye at a single glance, it involves a broad circle of experience and suggestion.

Such is ever the case with the creations which genius gives us when it walks in the way of truth, and, disdaining the morbid, the fantastic, and the grotesque, gives shape to our common visions and reality to the universal dream.

This statue is indissolubly associated with Byron's immortal stanza, which, familiar as it is, can no more become hackneyed than the relations of husband and father in which it is founded. From lines like these, which every body reads and every body remembers—especially when connected with the objects of permanent and general interest—we learn how much we owe to the poets. Who that has ever seen snow falling upon the water has not had a distinct pleasure in the sight, from the fine illustration of the brief duration of sensual pleasures which Burns has drawn from it!

"Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then lost forever."
Who that has ever beheld a scarlet maple in our autumn woods has not felt that a new charm was given to it by the lovely image which it suggested to Bryant!

"But watch you crimson trees
Now mark, within its roscate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame."

So we who look upon the statue since the stanzas were written see it by a finer light than ever shone upon it before. For us alone the rade but by the Danube is reared, and those young barbarians are sporting upon its banks. We may form some notion of our obligations by imagining what would have been the emotions of a man of cultivation and sensibility if the poet had suddenly put the lines into his hands while he was standing before the statue. Would not something like the miracle of Pygmalion have taken place before his eyes? Would not the marble breast have appeared to heave with emotion and the drooping brow to be darkened with suffering!

No description of this work of art would be complete without Byron's celebrated stanza, which are as words renewed as the statue itself. To appreciate perfectly their beauty they should be read while gazing upon this marbled representation of the "dying gladiator."

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his dread hair sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Erased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his hand by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play:
There was their Dacian mother, he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
All this rush'd with his blood: Shall he expire,
And unrevenged arise, ye Gaths, and glut your ire!

The Cleveland Herald, in reply to the remark of an Indianapolis paper, to the effect that Ohioline, in their present emergency, will soon be glad to get hold of Indiana wild cat money, wittily remarks:
"We shall give our Indiana free banking neighbors sixty days' notice in London and Paris of our intention to take their wild cat money, reserving our right to give a longer notice if we deem it for our interest to do so. We like our own banks best, for
You may run, you may bust the banks if you will, but the cost of the specie will hang round them still."

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The Board, composed of the members holding over, and the new members, organized for the ensuing year yesterday. The following gentlemen were selected to fill the various offices of the Board:
Gen. Jas. T. Worthington, President; Jos. Sullivan, Treasurer; John K. Green, Recording Secretary; G. Sprague, Corresponding Secretary.

The next meeting of the Board will be at their rooms on the second Wednesday of February next.—O. S. Journal.

WALLACHIAN MANIFESTO

We learn from the Newark Sentinel that a gallant young Jerseyman, named Barr B. Porter, has been for some time an officer in the Turkish service, in which he has won honorable distinctions. He has recently written a letter to that paper, dated at Bucharest, in which he says, in speaking of Wallachia:—"To the eye of the political philosopher the country is in a dreadful state.—The nobility came up to one's ideas acquired from reading of the most licentious and worthless oligarchies of the past. I think I may say, there is no male or female virtue in Bucharest. Worse than that—worse than Paris ever was—there is no sentiment, no romance, no chivalrous feelings existing between the sexes. The peasantry lack intemperance in manliness, are totally deficient in spirit, very stupid, physically inferior to the nations around; and with patriotism all crushed out of them, they present the spectacle of a people, whom the most ardent democrat would wish to see unshackled for all government. After two years of Russian occupation and tyranny, they are degraded to an extent unparalleled in modern history. "Let me give you a little scene. Some few nights since, I was returning from a visit to a Wallachian official, to my camp, about two hours distant. Knowing myself to be a little out of the road, and wishing to save the horses, I halted at the most respectable cottage of a little village I came upon, when I saw a light. Very soon a female appeared at the door, with a child in her arms. Not expecting to get much information relative to roads and my way from women, and thinking it rather barbarous in a husband to send a woman nursing a child to show the road to strangers, I immediately entered the cottage, where I found a stout healthy man crossing himself with great vehemence, and muttering very fast something that was either a prayer or an exorcism, perhaps both. As I entered, my sword scabbard rattled against a stool, which so frightened the individual that he shrieked hoarsely and strove for a few seconds with desperate energy to escape by the chimney. A young girl of fifteen in the room seemed to wonder why this creature in man's habiliments could be so frightened by a harmless looking young stranger, and I was so disgusted with the creature trying to escape by the chimney, that I gave him an hour's foot on the road in the direction of my bivouac.

ALTERI SECCULO.

Near this Place
Reposes all that could die of
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Son of John and Abigail (Smith) Adams,
Sixth President of the United States,
Born 11 July, 1767.

Amidst the storms of civil commotion
He nursed the Vigor
Which nerves a Statesman and a Patriot,
And the Faith
Which inspires a Christian.
For more than half a Century,
Whenever his Country called for his labors,
In either Hemisphere or in any Capacity,
He never spared them in her Cause.
On the twenty-fourth of December, 1814,
He signed the second Treaty with
Great Britain,
Which restored Peace within her Borders.
On the twenty-third of February, 1848,
He closed sixteen years of eloquent Defense
Of the Lessons of his Youth,
By dying at his Post
In her great national Council.
A Son worthy of his Father,
A Citizen, shedding glory on his Country,
A Scholar, ambitious to advance Mankind,
This Christian sought to walk humbly
In the Sight of his God.

Beside him lies
His Partner for fifty years,
LOUISA CATHERINE,
Daughter of Joshua and Catherine (Nathl.)
Jahneson,
Born, 13 February, 1775,
Married, 26 July, 1797,
Deceased, 15 May, 1832,
Aged 77.

Living through many Vicissitudes, and
Under high Responsibilities
As a Daughter, Wife, and Mother,
She proved equal to all.
Dying, she left her Family and her Sex
The blessed Remembrance
Of a Woman that breatheth the Lord.
"HEREIN IS THAT SAYING TRUE, ONE SOW-
ETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH. I SENT
YOU TO REAP THAT WHEREON YE
RESTORED NO LABOR. OTHER
MEN LABORED, AND
YE ARE ENTERED
INTO THEIR
LABORS."

KANSAS—Gov. Reider.

A public meeting at Leavenworth City, addressed a memorial to Gov. Reider, asking him to order an immediate election of members of the legislature. He responded, and we are glad to say, he has manifested a disposition to attend to his own affairs, and to repudiate the insolent dictation of the Missouri slaveholders, who have attempted to control and direct his movements. The Kansas Herald contains his letter in reply to this demand. We copy a portion of it for the purpose of showing the extent of the slaveholding interference in Kansas. It illustrates, in this idea of popular sovereignty, and proves beyond all doubt, that the entire game of the repeal of the restriction of 1820 was for the express purpose of making Kansas a slave territory. Gov. Reider says:
"The meeting was not of the 'citizens of Kansas,' as your proceedings will show, if you will produce them. It was a meeting composed mainly of citizens of Missouri, and a few of the citizens of Kansas. Your own body, whom I am now addressing, contains two undoubted residents of Missouri, one of whom is your chairman, who resides with his family in the town of Liberty, Missouri; as he has done for years, and whose only attempt at a residence in Kansas consists of a card nailed to a tree, upon ground long since occupied by other settlers, who have built and live upon the claim. The president of your meeting was Major John Dougherty, a resident and large landholder in Clay county, Missouri, as he has stated to me since the meeting, and will not hesitate to state again; and he is a high-minded and honorable man, above all concealment or disguise. The gentlemen principally composing your meeting came from across the river, bringing the road from the ferry to the town, on horseback and in wagons, in numbers variously estimated by different persons at from two hundred to three hundred; and after the meeting was over they returned to their homes in the State of Missouri. These are facts as notorious here as any public occurrence can be, and every man who had eyes to see and ears to hear is cognizant of them."

Young man have you a good library? No. Why not? I can't afford it. Why can't you afford it? Because I'm too poor. Do you smoke cigars, or eat oysters, or drink brandy? Yes, all three. How much do they cost you per annum? A trifle—a mere trifle—only a mere trifle. How much do they cost you daily?—Well as I'm very temperate, only about a dime for cigars and fifteen cents for liquor, and a quarter for oysters. At the end of the year, do you feel any better than you would if you had refrained from the use of cigars and brandy and oysters? No, I can't say that I do. Well, they cost you each day fifty cents, or a little more than one hundred and eighty dollars per annum. Oh, not so much; but stop, let me see—yes you're right—a hundred and eighty dollars a year. Now that sum would purchase you a first-rate library; yet you spend it for what—aye, for what? Do you now comprehend the reason that you are so poor to have a library—do you comprehend the reason?

Where we will the broad earth bears the beautiful; it springs like hope from sorrow over the ashes of the dead: It lies nestling upon the bosom of the mother; it is with us, when we open our eyes in the morning, and we certain of night shuts its vision in our hearts. It springs like the flower out of a happy thought. It floats down like Elijah's mantle, and the angels fold it about us when we kneel at the shrine of prayer.

A man called upon an unfortunate tradesman to pay a demand. "I can never pay, said he, 'I am not worth a farthing; but I will give you a note—I am not so poor yet but that I can sign a note.'"

Evening and Death.

Death never appears a more welcome visitor than in the evening, when, as Jess Paul so sweetly says, "the day is dying amid blossoms, clouds, and with its swan song." Then even the alleys and gardens speak in love tones, like man when deeply moved; and around the leaves a fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper, "as if afraid of disturbing the holy stillness." At such a time only, the lark, like man, rises warbling into the sky, and then like him, drop down again into the furrows; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheeded and unseen to heaven, and rushing streams, sublime and fruit-giving, and thunder showers dash down the valleys. In such an hour, the tone of the tolling bell, which tells of the dying, around whom the Last Angel has drawn the shades of night therein to sever his heart-strings, as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb, seems unexpressed sweet, and rises like a hymn upon the air. It sounds as if Death itself were flying down from Heaven, as indeed it is, with a song upon its lips, and singing on with one continuous tone of rapture, hanging poised with its wings above the earth, "until the flowers should have sprung up for its evening couch.

In the evening Death comes gently, and in its darkened battle-field no echo of the receding earth can enter. Softly and calmly, in the dim light, the angels fold about the dying one the mantle of Eternal Love; gently they loose the silver cord, and steer Faith the helm of their tiny barque, giving out upon the shadowy waters that beat, in the far distance, against the very gates of Heaven.

Death in the evening is beautiful, there is in it then a poetry and eloquence that speaks to the heart like a trumpet, and garlands the soul of sunshine. To be cherished forever, as a precious thing, is the memory of those who die in the lap of the evening.

A CHILD'S INFERENCE.—An English lady of respectability resided, for a few years after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities in Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the father, Mr. B. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. E. was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which ever she took a pious mind. "Well Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B.?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother; for, if he had, he would not use such naughty words." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and pious mother rose, in all their free nets, to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterwards known to make use of similar expressions.

Dr. Kane and the Remains of Sir John Franklin.

A report has reached us, through the Lake Superior Mining News, that Dr. Kane, the commander of the American Exploring Expedition, has discovered the bodies of Sir John Franklin and his companions, in a state of perfect preservation, and expects to bring them home with him. If this success was attributed to any one but Dr. Kane, we should disregard it, as an idle rumor; but it was altogether probable that he would hear of the discovery of Dr. Rae, and if he did, it was tolerably certain that he would not return without the bodies of the lost party, if they were above the ground. The news arrives, too, through the same channel as the intelligence from Dr. Rae to Geo. Simpson, and is not open to any general suspicion. Should Dr. Kane's explorations be crowned with this unexpected success, it will be far more fortunate for his fame than for that of Sir John Franklin, who could have desired no better fortune than to have his fate remain a mystery. When his remains have once been quietly buried in an English graveyard, his name will soon perish from the memories of men.

Circumstances occur, however, to make this a signal triumph to Dr. Kane. If, after all the English expeditions had failed in succession, and after Dr. Rae, with knowledge of the decease of Sir John, had returned without his body, a young American, the commander of a private, and altogether philanthropic expedition, finds the trail of the lost navigator, and pursues it until he comes upon all that remains of the unfortunate party—such a discovery will cover him with an imperishable honor, and no one would feel that he did not deserve it.

We omitted to state another circumstance, which has some weight in determining the value of this report. Dr. Kane was expected home last fall. If he heard of Dr. Rae's discovery in August, as he may have done, or if he made the discovery that Rae made in July, as he might have done, he would have been sure to postpone his return until he obtained the remains that he went in search of, to bring home with him.

Value of Milk in Wisconsin.

The Milwaukee Sentinel gives an amusing scene which came off not long since, in one of the County Courts of Wisconsin. It seems that a suit had been brought in an inferior court by one man against another, for having surreptitiously milked his cow, taking from her about four quarts of the lactical fluid.—The plaintiff claimed damages in fifty dollars.—The defendant proved his case, and the defendant in mitigation of damages, also proved that his milk was worth but four cents per quart.—Notwithstanding this, however, the jury returned a verdict often dollars damages, with costs, and judgment was thus rendered. Dis-

satisfied with the decision, the defendant appealed to the County Court, Judge W.—a man of great humor, strong common sense, a little excitable, and one who, when aroused, expressed his opinion or gave his decision, as he only could do, caring but little for form or precedent. The case was called, and after it had been argued by lawyers for about two hours, Judge W.—grew uneasy and fidgety, and finally interrupted the counsel by the information that he was ready to give his decision. After stating the points of the case, he refused to reverse the judgment of the court below, and added:—"the plaintiff's this is his only cow, and that he is a poor man. If he is a poor man, of course he has a great many children, and he wants all the milk he can get for his family. I look upon it as a great outrage, and no better than stealing, to have taken this milk. The plea of the defendant that the judgment should be reversed because the damages are excessive, is a humbug. The price of common milk, such as we buy for our tea and coffee, of these milk pedlars, probably isn't worth over four cents. It's as blue as a whetstone. But such milk as the defendant probably got in this case, right fresh from the cow, and no water near, was worth a good deal more, particularly if she was a Durham."

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

It has been a mighty mischief, that religion has so often been divorced from the other ways and modest men. Men have looked at it as something distinct and peculiar, having its own sphere and its own powers, and not as the fountain and father of all goodness and truth. The man of God has been separated from the man of science; the man of literature, the man of politics, the man of business. The world has helped the separation, and so has the church. An ignorant piety, a strong and shrewd impiety, have done the same work. The general exercises of the intellect, the common charities of the heart, the familiar proceedings of life, have been too frequently regarded as provinces into which religion has no right to penetrate, so should only come when invited, and not expect to be treated as a guest, and not expect to be honored as a sovereign.

THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN CHINA.

China is said to be a densely populated country—so dense, indeed, that a portion of the population are compelled to live in boats upon the rivers—but if this state of things remains much longer, it will be no fault of the authorities, who according to the statements of the correspondents of the N. Y. Observer, take the following method to thin them out:
"Last evening the Rev. Mr. Bonney and I passed by the execution ground, a narrow lane one hundred feet long, occupied on one side with pottery shops, on the other a black wall. It was quite accidental that we stepped aside a few yards from our way to see it, for I had passed over it yesterday when it was cleared of dead bodies, and was only revolting by the sight of a bin of decaying human heads which would measure as much as a cord of wood, and the black, blood-stained ground emitting a sickening effluvia.

"But this afternoon we happened to pass by there not long after five o'clock, the execution hour, before the headless bodies were removed from the ground, or the heads thrown into the heap. There lay fifty or sixty victims—which is not greatly above the average of daily executions for a week or two past—the head near the body from which it was just severed, the hands tied behind the back, the legs sprawled, the victim fallen forward on the belly. The poor creatures are placed in a line, one before the other, in a kneeling posture, the head bent forward.—One of the two executioners holds him, while the other strikes off the head at a single blow, usually, of his sword.

"Mr. Bonney could understand the talk of bystanders, and it revealed indignant feelings, often poor and innocent, seized while at their lawful avocations, 'without trial, I speak advisedly.' Long-Ali used these words—One was taken while being shaved in a barber shop. When one of the bystanders expressed his grief freely to Mr. Bonney against the government, his comrade hustled him, lest his words should be overheard and reported to the mandarins."

Sir Isaac Newton—An Example for Boys.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an English boy of mean and diminutive appearance, and behind all other boys of his age. He was constantly at the foot of his class, and verily it was believed that this boy would become only a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him.

At the age of twelve a change was wrought in the character and fortune of the youth that had never obtained a "reward of merit," and was regarded by teacher and schoolmaster as an inferior. At this time an altercation took place between the backward boy and the one above him in the class, whereupon the latter rebuked him with indignation and violence. The pride of the boy was outraged. He could not avenge the insult by a blow, because he was too weak to cope with his opponent physically. How, then, shall he humble his assailant? He resolved to surpass him in study; to get above him in the class and there remain, to look down upon his enemy, and clip from him the laurels he so undesireably wears. He resolved—accomplished a career of glory; and Sir Isaac Newton appeared with a key to unlock the mysteries of motion and to draft a true chart of the stupendous universe.—Ex.

I'm Almost Home.

The traveler, weary and worn, covered with dust, and suffering from many privations, sees in the distance the curling smoke ascending from his old homestead, and choked with feelings almost too deep for utterance, exclaims, while tears of joy roll down his cheeks,—"*I'm almost home!*"

The playful child, having wandered from its fond parents, trembles for fear of approaching danger as darkness gathers around its footsteps; yet as soon as it sees some well known object, shakes its curling locks and clasps its glad hands, exclaiming,—"*I'm almost home!*"

The Mariner, after a long and toilsome journey, describes in the far distance the outline coast of his land and sings aloud with

joy, while his heart is full to breaking—"*I'm almost home!*"

The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, endured many trials, resisted many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many short-comings, feels approaching the hand of disease, and being admonished thereby of his speedy dissolution, lifts his glad eye heavenward, while his heart melts within him, as he exclaims in triumph—"*I'm almost home!*"

Christian professor, thou too, art almost home! Art thou wearing this world as a loose garment, so that it may be thrown off at a moment's notice? Are thy affections and desires fixed on things above? and art thou daily becoming more weaned from things of time and sense? or like thousands on every side, art thou taking thy rest here and living as tho' this were thy home? Be more on thy guard in future—have thy lamp trimmed and burning; for at midnight the cry may sound in thine ear—Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.—*Lutheran Observer.*

JOY, WHILE HIS HEART IS FULL TO BREAKING—'I'M ALMOST HOME!'

It has been a mighty mischief, that religion has so often been divorced from the other ways and modest men. Men have looked at it as something distinct and peculiar, having its own sphere and its own powers, and not as the fountain and father of all goodness and truth. The man of God has been separated from the man of science; the man of literature, the man of politics, the man of business. The world has helped the separation, and so has the church. An ignorant piety, a strong and shrewd impiety, have done the same work. The general exercises of the intellect, the common charities of the heart, the familiar proceedings of life, have been too frequently regarded as provinces into which religion has no right to penetrate, so should only come when invited, and not expect to be treated as a guest, and not expect to be honored as a sovereign.

Hence literature, art, social life, worldly engagements, have been treated as things apart from godliness, and not as things which godliness is to possess, and through which it is to act and be seen. To borrow an expressive illustration, the partnership has been dissolved between religion and other business, and thence has come to a disastrous bankruptcy. That is so, is apparent from the fact that there is a general disposition to regard immoralities connected with money matters in a different light from other immoralities. The same standard is not applied, the same measure is not meted out. There is more gentle treatment of the pecuniary sinner, than any other sinner. It is only the way of business, covers a multitude of sins. A man, in many circles, had better defraud his creditors than violate a single article of the popular creed, or violate a single conventionalism of respectable society.—A. J. Morris, Religion and Business.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet that glides through the meadows, and which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God, as he pours it from his hollow hard. But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle, quiet, beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily quiet virtues of—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

BLUNDERS EDITORIAL.

A great many ludicrous have been produced by transpositions and leaving out points. A New York paper, in announcing the wrecking of a vessel near the Narrows, says:
"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owns three-fourths of the cargo and the Captain's wife!"
A New Orleans editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:
"We are grieved to say the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

In another paper we find the following advertisement:

"For sale, a very excellent young horse—would suit any timid Irish gentleman with a long silver tail."
We heard a good Methodist preacher once "go on in" his way:
"As I was riding along once on one of those beautiful Western prairies with my dear old wife who has since gone to Heaven in a buggy."

A Loud Call—An Extra Session.

The Cincinnati Enquirer contains an article of nearly two columns, addressed to the Governor of Ohio, on the subject of taxation, the Supreme Court, and the remedy. The Enquirer says it is written "by one of the most prominent legal and political men in the State, and one of the soundest of Democrats." It calls loudly upon the Governor for an extra session of the legislature, that the burdens under which the people are crushing and groaning, may be remedied by amendment of the Constitution, at the next October election. This prominent Democrat also desires the Legislature to extend the time for the payment of taxes. He says the people of Cincinnati cannot pay the million and a half of dollars assessed against them by the 20th inst., because they have not got it, and cannot get it, &c.

The Enquirer knows that Gov. Medill will give the subject his mature consideration, and hopes he will act favorably. We have no idea that an extra session will be called.—Journal.