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## The Ladies vs. the Times.

We hear it rumored that some of the fair ones are a little disappointed that the "Times" publish no more *Love Tales*. We suppose so. Now here is a predicament. We have for a long time had our doubts as to the tendency of novel reading; but "as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," is an old adage, and to a considerable extent a true one; and with the ladies, (who by the way we very much admire,) that kind of reading seems to be quite fashionable, and here the adage is against us. Again our deference to the ladies is such, that when their opinion comes in contact with our preconceived notions, our resolution is somewhat shaken, and we are led to pause and consider. Then, as it is particularly the province of the ladies to love; and as black-eyed, auburn-curl'd, cherubic little eyes, are common household affairs; and cautious old pa's and ma's are a little too ancient in their notions of propriety in love matters, and stern old uncles and aunts are too intolerable in their requisitions, and the plain unsophisticated expression of that hallowed passion from pure and guileless hearts, too subject to abuse from the present state of society, how shall our Misses yea Matrons, who happen to be possessed of tickety consumptive husbands, know how to love, and that *fashionably*, unless they have fashionable love tales to read? We are only surprised at our own short-sightedness in not looking a little more closely into this matter before we had taken a position that circumstances compel us to abandon. However, we had supposed that *Love*, which is Deity personified,—that sentiment that by mere imitation lights up in every heart fond recollections of the past, or animated hopes of the future,—that by expression sold on fruits to find a sympathetic response from the most decorated heart,—that hallowed fire that unites kindly hearts in a twofold cord that is not easily broken,—that author of peace, that sanctifies the nuptial couch; that consecrates the frigid hearth, and renders home the sweetest note that falls upon the wanderer's ear; we had supposed that that spirit of the savior of mankind that is promised as a resident of the true believer's heart, filling the soul with love, animating the very countenance with a scrupulous fire, working out in all the acts of the creature, the image of his creator, was something more than the lascivious desire, and lascivious acts generally portrayed by many of our romance mongers. Yet we are happy to state that our literature is undergoing a change in this respect, and that many of our tales now published seem to be conceived in a better spirit and described with better taste. Therefore, allowing us to scrutinize rather closely, we premise our lady readers a few more tales in future.

We copy the following from the Chillicothe Advertiser, as a specimen of the right kind of sentiment. We believe there are just as warm hearts and true, beating beneath the rustic's homespun gray, as ever forced the life blood through the veins of any the world calls great. Go with me to the humble walks of life; tarry a night in your scantily furnished, but neatly arranged cottage, and ere retiring to rest, listen to that old veteran of sixty seasons, as he reads from the well used bible, and ere retiring to his couch, symbolic of the grave, he composedly views so near at hand—hear him pour out his earnest ejaculations of soul as he invokes the blessings of heaven upon his family, friends, and the family of man around him, and tells me if you know a more venerable object, where I may find him. Or, to the couch of yon dying mother, of whose wealth the world is ignorant, as it consists of things unseen. List! a moan that rends as fresh the hearts of family and friends as they cluster around the couch of that dying saint! Hush! a request! Bring me my children, she whispers. And as assisted to lay a hand on the head of each, she gathers strength from a recollection of him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven,"—and from the testimony of one who said "I was young, but now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread"—hear her parting blessing—"My God be your God—Heaven protect my children"—and her spotless soul returns to Him who gave it. Witness the anguish that rends the heart of the husband as he beholds that object so recently the seat of life, containing a soul that responded to his slightest wish—that rejoiced in his joy, and wept at his grief—that seemed to bloom beneath his smile, and fade and languish when adversity mantled his brow,—and tell me if you think any stronger ties have been severed, or keener anguish endured from "death in high places." Nay, his all is gone—he cares not to live, save to cherish and rear the mementoes of that hallowed union. They have worldly fame, rank, and honor to mitigate their woe. Still 'tis just, 'tis duty, to weep with those that weep. The world is looser when such ones die, but heaven is their eternal gain.

**Death in High Places.**  
Position, wealth and talents have accorded them no respectful consideration by death beyond that which is extended to the humblest, the poorest or the most ignorant. At his summons all must promptly hence. But a few days ago the telegraphic wires were freighted with the intelligence that Mrs Fillmore the wife of the Ex-President was dead. She was a woman of education, refinement, and beloved by those who knew her. It was an afflictive dispensation to her husband; but a brief interval, was per-

mitted to elapse before the telegraphic wires were again laden with the intelligence of the death of the wife of a man who stands prominent before the civilized world—the wife of Lewis Cass is dead. She possessed virtues such as are ever the attendants of female excellence—virtues that make the lady, and which win her the veneration of those with whom she is brought into association. The honorable statesman, on the verge of the grave as he is; grieves her loss; but neither his anguish nor the anguish of Millard Fillmore can be more acute than the anguish of the man occupying a humble position in the walks of life, who at the same time was deprived of her on whom his love centered, although the country was not apprised of it by telegraph and the press.

Our sympathy, alike, is extended to all; for he who loses a good wife becomes deprived of an inestimable jewel.

## A HALF MARRIED YANKEE.

During one of my rambles down Royal street, a few evenings ago, my attention was attracted to a very beautiful young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, coming up on the opposite side. While her attention was attracted to some object in the street, she came in contact with a fine, tall, good-looking Yankee, who stood about six feet two. In order to give her the right of way he stepped obliquely to the right, in doing so her left foot caught his and threw her down in the gutter, where the mud and water was about six inches deep. The six-footer then set about relieving the young lady from the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed. After rolling her out of the gutter, he raised her upon her feet, when he ventured to say to her, "My dear Miss, have you injured yourself by the fall you had?" to which she replied with half a smile, "No sir." He then took out his white pocket handkerchief, with which he endeavored to wipe off some of the mud and water from her dress, and pretty face and hands.

When the usual apologies had been made on both sides, for the present mishap, the Yankee picked up her parasol and a small bundle containing several articles which had been partially broken by the fall, and laid them down on the side-walk; after which he expressed a wish to get her a carriage, and to see her home to her parents, as she might have a long distance to go. The lady stated to him that she lived in Custom house, near Rampart-street, and would accept of his kind offer. The carriage was sent for, and when it arrived the young lady was placed in it, and the Yankee, after having got her consent, took a seat by her side, to see her home. During the ride to her residence he enquired of her if she had a father and mother. She replied that she had a mother only. He next asked her if she had any brothers and sisters. She replied that she was not aware of it if she had, and that her father was very rich when she came to this city, about ten years ago.

"Might I ask you Miss, how rich your father was at the time of his death?"  
"He has been dead about six months; just before he died he was saying to my mother he was worth in cash \$70,000." She here interrupted the conversation, by informing him that she was then at home. The driver was ordered to stop. It was in front of a three story brick house. The driver was requested to dismount from his seat and ring the bell. The summons brought the servant to the door, when the fine Yankee gallant got out of the carriage, and assisted the lady into the house. He replies to her that she must excuse him then, as he had some very urgent business to transact at that hour, and by permission would return again in the evening—after which, for the first time, he inquired if he should have the pleasure of knowing by what name he should address her. Said she with a gentle smile "My name is Maria."

He then took his leave of the fair one with a gentle squeeze of her hand, and made light steps to his office in Camp-street, thinking over the good and bad fortune he had met within the last two hours, and no doubt cogitating to himself that the one more than balanced the other, and that \$70,000 was not to be picked out of the gutters every day, as well as a lovely young girl of seventeen, and to all appearance having all the accomplishments of a lady of that age. While pondering over the affairs of the day, night set in, and the Yankee prepared himself to pay the evening visit according to promise. He closed his office, and wended his way to his unfortunate fair one's residence—intending, at the same time, should a fair chance offer, to pop the question. On arriving at the fair one's dwelling he rang the bell; the servant came to the door,

when our Yankee inquired if Miss Maria was at home. He was answered in the affirmative, and "Will you walk in sir?" He was ushered into the parlor and asked to be seated for a few moments, while she called her young mistress, who was up stairs. After a few minutes had elapsed, the lovely Maria made her appearance down stairs. When the usual salutation was gone through with, seats were taken on the sofa.

Conversation turned to the mishaps of the day, and then a long discussion on travelling, balls and courting. While upon the last subject, the Yankee observed to her, that it put him in mind of getting married himself, for he had been thinking for a long time of doing so; "I have fallen in love with you," said he, "at first sight, and will marry you if you will give your consent to do so; what do you say my lovely one?"

"The question being rather unexpected, brought her to blush; when a little composed, she turned to him and said "she could not say anything without first asking her ma." He inquired, "Where is your ma?"  
"She is up stairs, not being very well."

"Can't she come down this evening?" said the Yankee; "I had some idea of leaving the city to-morrow, and will be absent some time, and would like to get your answer before I go."

A thought struck Maria that she had better strike while the irons were hot, and therefore gave her consent to marry him and get her ma's afterwards. So the bargain was concluded and sealed by a few soft kisses.

"Now," said he, "I would like to get married in the shortest time, Maria.—When would it suit you best?" "To-morrow evening." All was agreed to. When the time arrived the cake, wine, priest, and all things requisite for the occasion were ready; and now the hour and the six-foot Yankee arrived, and all was in waiting for the beautiful Maria, the bride was up stairs with her ma, arranging her toilet. She is soon ready and comes down into the parlor and takes her seat alongside of her six-footer that is to be. Are you ready says the Yankee. "I am as soon as my ma comes down stairs." The priest, somewhat in a hurry asked the young couple who were about to be married "to stand up!"

"Do you take this young lady to be your—?" here the ceremony was interrupted by the entry of Miss Maria's ma by a door in the room, when the lovely Maria says to her half married Yankee, "This is ma."

"Your what?" says the Yankee, eyes bigger than blue edged saucers. "You! your ma! Col. Bragg's grape shot! Tarantulas and scorpions! Thunder and California gold, and bank defaulters! she is a negro ma, as true as preachment!" At it is moment the priest enquired if he should proceed to finish the marriage ceremony. "Finish what?" said the Yankee.  
"Why the marriage of you and Miss Maria."  
"No," says the Yankee; "I wouldn't surrender this night for all the gold in Christendom, if I could get it. A negro mother-in-law, as black as the ace of spades, weighing 240 pounds—\$70,000 Gee-when give me my hat!" and he took it and sloped for parts unknown. It is supposed that he has gone over the lake for a few weeks among the fashionables.

P. S.—I have no doubt if the young Yankee would come back, and call upon the beautiful young lady again, and be a little more discreet, and not in so great a hurry to pop the question, he might offer his hand a second time, and find out his intended mother-in-law is not black as she might be; for she was black for that particular occasion, for the purpose of finding out if his love for her daughter was so ardent as he persisted. N. O. Crescent.

## MAN AGAINST HIS BROTHER.

What of the world, and what of the spirit of free liberty? It is the year 1807 and there is scarcely a gleam of hope in the triumphs of humanity.

Go with me to the old world and let us pause in the heart of oppression, where the hope of humanity is trampled in dust and blood. It is midnight, and the snow-flakes are falling thick and fast, the wind whistles a solitary moan, as if bearing the cries of the suffering millions to an offended God. We are now neering a costly palace through the half raised windows of which can be seen a dim light. We approach near the window, and survey the apartment, it is richly adorned with everything calculated to fascinate and allure the mind.—Midway in the floor is a large table upon which the golden lamp is dimly burning; there is also three shining flasks thereon, that are filled with costly wines, from which three lords, the only occupants of the apartments, ever and anon did homage to their ungodly appetites. These Lords were clothed in costly raiment, and were closely wrapped in their princely robes. They draw close to each other, and casting their eyes around them as if suspecting some intruder they at length break silence. Let us listen to their conversation.

"My Lords, we have met here to-night as we have often met before, to take council together how we shall best continue our traffic. Now I think the answer is plain and easy; we must continue and perpetuate the law in all its

harsh and brutal demands, and keep the masses as ignorant of it as possible; and especially we must keep them ignorant of the doctrines contained in what they call the new Testament—what say you my Lords?"

"Ah!" says the second "when men are ignorant, as you have suggested, it would seem the greater part is accomplished, but I have a word to say about money matters: Let us, if possible, convert the labor of the masses into gold and silver, or bank paper or something of the kind and let us thereby and thereby monopolize the space of their employment, and then we will permit them to labor for us upon such terms as our will suggests. Thus you see what I have said has much to do in carrying on our traffic—but speak my Lords!"

"Well," says the third, "I am about to speak of a subject that lies at the very bottom of our traffic, leaving you when I have spoken, to judge of its weight and importance. Now you will both admit at once that the success of the masses mainly depends upon the independent resources, and the success of our traffic depends upon our depriving the masses of the means of making themselves independent. Now all that has to be done is to buy up the land from under their feet, and thus make them trespassers on the earth, for as the resources of labor, the manufacturers, machines and workshops are upon the land, so when these laborers seek employment they must seek it of course at the will of the lords of the land, for they own the workshops, in short they own the masses. What can be plainer. Now should we permit all men to own free homes our traffic would be like chaff before the wind."

"No! No! respond the others "No! No!"  
"Our traffic suggests that they should have but six feet of earth, enough, and barely enough for a grave. Success to our traffic. Drink!"

Now let us leave these lords, and wander down the steps of time and once more enquire what of the condition of the world, and what the hope of humanity.

It is the year 1777, and the hope of humanity is trampled in dust and blood. Yet the light of true liberty can be seen as a lamp burning in a distant forest.—Go with me again into the old world, to the same city, and we will find that the councils of those lords have been fruitful, for meetings of this character are now very common amongst them. We pause again to listen to their council, they are speaking with animation—at length one of them remarks in altered tone: "Alas my lords, I fear our craft is in danger!" "Danger? Why, what?" was the response. "Yes," he continued, "in danger. This declaration of Independence declared by these traitorous colonies of America, which says that all men by nature are born free, and equal, and this new testament which declares that Jesus Christ was, and is a friend to the poor, has commenced working in the minds of the masses, and it seems that all that we have done to stop it, has been like adding fuel to the flame."

After a pause a second speaks as follows: "My Lords we need not despair—listen to me, if we cannot carry the point by storm, there is a way we can carry it. Let us seemingly fall in with the way of things, and push our designs through another route. Now look here, is not a map of the continent of America—lands free and fresh from the hands of God, let us cover it with our parchment deeds. Let not the masses possess it as their own, but as our vassals, as our slaves. Talk of slavery when you can own free men by buying up the land from under their feet. Men feel wretched without a home, it makes them a complete tool to carry out our designs. Be this our aim then, to deprive men of a home, and let us once more drink success to our traffic—drink."

We turn away, our hearts sicken and revolt at the thoughts of suffering humanity. But time speeds away until the year 1853, when we again enquire after the cause of humanity. We are upon the shores of the new world, and are told that it is the land of liberty, but to our surprise the spirits of these lords are stalking in broad daylight, in the midst of the streets and highways. They dare not show themselves in their true character, but approach you in the name of a fellow citizen, and when kings and Monarchs are trembling before the banner of liberty, and the sons of humanity arise with joy to hail the day of universal freedom, the spirits of these lords cry peace, "excite not the poor against the rich," but we respond: "My lords your graves are dug, and with speed we will hasten you to a place in the tombs with your tyrannical ancestors no more to darken council amongst the sons of earth." G. F. M.

## European and American Schools.

In her able and instructive lecture on Ireland, last evening, Mrs. Cutler took occasion to speak of her own observations of the schools of England and Ireland, last evening. Mrs. Cutler took occasion to speak of her own observations of the schools of England and Ireland, and the effect of the educational system of these countries in perpetuating classes and casts among the people. The intelligent lecturer contrasted the school system of the Old World with the Free Schools of the U. States, and presented the subject in a light that should command the attention and consideration of all the citizens of our Republic, whether native or adopted. Mrs. C. said: "The educational system forced by England upon the Irish nation, has worked out an incalculable amount of mischief. Why? Because they have insisted upon a State religion. The creed of the Episcopal Church is a part of the prescribed course of education, and the clergyman of the parish has authority to refuse admission to day school if the pupils do not attend his sabbath school."

Who can wonder at the prejudice that exists against a State education after they have reached our shores? They cannot at once be supposed to understand the principles of our government, nor the reason for a national education which shall not interfere with the religious sentiments of those taught leaving this part of instruction still in hands of the parents, and through them the religious teachers they may choose as the proper guides to a happy future.—Hence the obligation that rests upon Americans to conciliate as far as possible the kind feelings of the foreign population, till they can be made to understand our true object.

If they could only be thoroughly impressed with the real influence of our school system, their prejudices would at once vanish. What keeps up the inseparable barrier of caste among the people of the old World? Nothing so strongly as their separate education for rich and poor. There is wonderful democracy in knowledge. It is the highest power, and hence must precede all other influences. Children taught in the schools, meeting in classes under the eye of the same teacher, learn to regard each other as equals. Hence, if the child of the poorest foreigner landed upon our shores once enters our common schools, and competes with the children of the wealthy and refined, the great barrier of distinction is thrown down, and he enters life with the advantage of knowing fully how to measure the capacities of those he has to cope with. Wealth is but a shadow compared with intellectual power; hence, if the true influence of a national system like our own could be comprehended, our foreign population would at once avail themselves of its provisions as the surest means of attaining social equality.—Could the priesthood of their Church see this in its true relations, they would urge it as a sure means of securing respect for their people, and a corresponding advancement in all the relations of life. It is not to teach scorn for religion, it is not to undervalue its influence in the formation of character, that we must urge secular schools for all; it is simply that we may not infringe upon the most sacred of all rights, the rights of conscience, while at the same time we claim for the State right to see all within her borders are taught to read her laws, and especially so, since their provisions are of such a character that all have the same opportunity to reach the highest distinction conferred upon talent, integrity and intelligence.—*Cter. Herald.*

## Tom Corwin—Good Advice.

Mr. Harvey of the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, tells the following tale.  
"About three years ago a young man presented himself to Mr. Corwin for a Clerkship.—Thrice was he refused; and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the Secretary advised him in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose, and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the Departments. "My young friend," said he, "go to the North west, buy 100 acres of government land—or, if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an ax and a matoek; put up a log cabin for your habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon any body. Do that and you will be honored, respected influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink, at once, all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for

any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out to-morrow; and there is another man over there at the White house, who can kick me out, and the people by-and-by can kick him out; so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you." If the thousands who so ardently strive for places under Government would ponder well these words, and exercise a sound discretion in their application thus many a young and gallant spirit would be saved from inaction, to be useful to the world and a joy rather than a grief to its possessor."

## Death From Camphene.

We have noticed within a few weeks repeated instances of death from the explosion of camphene. The mail of yesterday adds two more to the list, one in New York where property to the amount of about a thousand dollars was also burnt, and that of the wife of Perly Allen of Fiskdale, Miss.

The particulars of this last accident are of the most shocking character. She was sitting by the lamp when it burst, from some unexplained cause, communicating the fire to her dress. There was no one in the house but an aged man, who was too feeble to render any assistance. Mrs. Allen ran to a bed, in which she rolled herself to extinguish the fire from her person. She succeeded in doing so, but not until her clothes were entirely consumed from her waist downward, and her flesh burned to a crisp.

In the meantime, the fluid had set the room on fire; yet, notwithstanding her terrible condition, she had the almost superhuman courage and presence of mind to think of extinguishing the fire, which, by this time, had communicated to various parts of the room. With this purpose in view, she ran to the well and drew pail after pail of water, which she dashed around the room till the fire was subdued, thus saving the house and life of an aged and helpless man. She then ran into the streets and made her condition known. She was so badly burned that portions of the flesh had also finger nails came off, and one part of her back was almost literally roasted, burning her inwardly. She lingered in excruciating torture, but in full possession of her faculties for nine hours, when death terminated her sufferings.—She was fifty-six years of age.

And yet hundreds of thousands of families will continue to make use of this explosive and highly inflammable material, in lamps of glass, and placed on tables easily overturned.—Servants will be allowed to carry them around the house, ladies with dresses of gauze will persist in their use, and children will be lighted to bed by them, when it is certain that many deaths have occurred, and many more will occur in spite of the warnings which every week and almost every day gives us against such folly.

## Friendship.

Friendships are sometimes as genial as they are accidental. An unsought friendship may be formed by sharing a prayer book at church, another by a short stage ride, another by an introduction to an evening party. Persons who stay for a formal introduction, before venturing to offer a civility, lose many of the joys of social life, and go down to the grave leaving an ungrateful clique behind who do not value their demise at a pin's fee; while those who take mankind as they come, rough and smooth, will find ore and dress combined, but with due discrimination, it is not very difficult to decide who are and who are not worthy of our confidence and esteem. There should be more urbanity, kindness and fellow feeling exhibited in the intercourse of the world. Kind offices, kind words, and congenial feelings invariably bring their own reward.

## Value of Kisses.

A French girl, at a store, being solicited to allow a kiss, declined, except at the price of a little bag which lay on the enamored cavalier's counter, and which, as he said, was filled with cents. The bargain was struck; but to the surprise of Dulcinea, as to her satisfaction, on opening the bag it was found to contain, in the place of cents, good full weight of forins. The gentleman claiming the bag; but the girl was unyielding. Thereupon resort was had to the tribunal, the plaintiff alleging that there was evidently a mistake, and that a simple kiss could not be far be appraised at such a sum. The tribunal, however, gave the case to the girl—1st, because what is given is given; and 2d, because the value of a kiss cannot be estimated.

## Coming Home.

Glad words! The waters dash upon the prow of the gallant vessel. She stands on the deck, and the winds woo her ringlets as she looks anxiously for her husband's home.

In thought there are warm kisses on her lips, soft hands on her temples. Many arms press her throbbing heart, and one voice sweeter than all the rest whispers "My child! Coming home! Full to bursting in her young heart, and she seeks the cabin to give her joy vent in blessed tears.

Coming home! the best room is set apart for his chamber. Again and again have loving hands folded away the curtains and shook out the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening loving voices whisper. "He will be here to-morrow perhaps." At each meal the table is set with scrupulous care.—The newly embowered slippers, the rich dressing gown the stately cap that he will like so well are paraded to meet his eye.

That student brother! He could leap the waters and fly like a bird home. Though he has seen all the splendors of olden time there is but one spot that fills the heart, and that spot he will soon reach. "Sweet home."

Coming home! What sees the sun-browned sailor in the darkening waters? He smiles! There are pictures there of a blue eyed babe and its mother. He knows even now his young wife sings the sweet cradle song.

"For I know that the angels will bring him to me."

He sees her watching from her cottage door; he feels the beat of her heart in the pulse of his own, when a familiar football touches only the threshold of memory.

The bronzed sailor loves his home, as an eagle whose wings seek oftentimes the track of the air loves his mountain eyrie. His treasures are there.

Coming home! Sadly the worn Californian folds his arms and sinks back upon his fevered pillow. What to him is yellow gold? Oh for one smile of kindred. But that may not be. Lightly they tread by his bedside, watch the dim eye, moisten the parched lips.

A pleasant face bends over him—a rough palm gently pushing back the moist hair and a familiar voice whispers "Cheer up, my friend; you are in port; you are going home."

The film falls from the sick man's eyes. Home! Is it near? Can he be most there? A thrill sends the blood circling through his limbs. What! Shall he see those dear eyes before the night of darkness settles down forever? Will his babes fold their arms about him and press their cherry lips to his? What wonder if new vigor gather in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve—strength to reach home—strength to bear the overwhelming joy of meeting those dear ones.

Coming home! The very words are rapturous. They bear import of everything sweet and holy in the domestic life. Nay, more—they are stamped with the seal of heaven, for the angels say of the dying saint, "He is coming home."

GOVERNMENT CHAPLAIN.—Senator Badger, from the committee on the petition to the Senate for the abolishment of the office of Chaplain, made a noble and temperate report, of which the following is a part.

"Our fathers were true lovers of liberty, and utterly opposed to any constraint upon the rights of conscience. But they had no fear of jealousy of religion itself, nor did they wish to see an irreligious people; they did not intend to prohibit a just expression of religious devotion by the legislators of the nation, even in their public character as legislators; they did not intend to send our armies and navies forth to battle for their country without any national recognition of the God on whom success or failure depend, they did not intend to spread all over the public authorities and the whole public action of the nation, the dead and revolting spectacle of atheistic spathy.

"Not so had the battles of the revolution been fought and the deliberations of the revolutionary Congress conducted. On the contrary all had been done with a continual appeal to the Supreme Ruler of the world, and an habitual reliance upon His protection of the righteous cause which they commended to his care.

"What has thus been done, with modifications, indeed, to suit external circumstances and particular exigencies but in substance always the same from the beginning of our existence as a nation; what not the approval of our Washington and of the great men who have succeeded him; what commands the most general commendation of the people; what is at once so venerable and so lovely, respect, able and respected—ought not to be the opinion of the committee, now to be continued.