THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

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POETRY.

[Original.]

The Memory of the Past.

BY LILY MAY.

In a dim and quiet chamber,
Where the light shone strangely through
The closely curtained windows;
There almost concealed from view,
Sat a fair and youthful lady,
Who wearied, and opprest,
Had turned from the glaring sun-light,
To seek for a twilight rest.

She had wandered through the wildwood,
The paths where she oft had trod
In bygone days, with the loved ones,
Now resting beneath the sod;
'Till grieved she had sought this chamber,
In its cool recess to find,
Rest for a wearied body
Though not for a troubled mind.

The shadows around that chamber,
Are gathering thick and fast,
Near the spot where she sits silent
'Till o'er her their spell is cast,
For by the unlocked for changes
That over her features play,
Those mournful glances will tell us,
That her thoughts are far away.

For one moment joy, and gladness,
Hit trusing heart will beguile;
A tranquill light, beams in her eye,
And around her lips a smile;
But the next, the changing shadow's
Have awakened doubts and fears:
The smiles, from her lips have vanished,
And her eyes are dimm'd with tears.

The past rises up before her,
And a young and happy band,
Are seeking with her for pleasures,
Lured on by a beck'ning hand,
One path that is straight and narrow,
Leads on to the better way—
But a thousand paths, diverging,
Hath tempted them all astray.

So unmindful of the teachings,
And kind admonitions sent;
Each one a different pathway,
With a willful spirit, went.
Too late did they see their error,
But not too late to retrace
Their missing steps, so they hastened
Back to the accustomed place.

To fulfil their highest duty,
They are striving, one by one;
But some will fall by the wayside
Long, long, ere their work be done.
Such thoughts as these, o'er their features
Hath a'gent's sadness cast;
But few reach a quiet chamber,
To weep o'er the misspent past.

Pleasant Valley, Ohio, Feb. 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Michigan Temperance Advocate.]

THE SOLDIER'S VOW.

One beautiful Indian summer day, in the autumn of 1844, a stranger appeared in the streets of Hanover, N. H., whose garb bespoke the utmost poverty and destitution.—As he staggered along, he was surrounded by a crowd of village boys, who amused themselves by insulting him with coarse jests and personal indignities. He bore their abuse with exemplary patience, and begged them to wait till he felt a little better, and he would sing them a fine song. His voice was thick with unnatural excess, and he was too weak to protect himself from the rude jostling of the crowd; yet he smiled on his tormentors, and exhibited no other sense of his helpless condition than a look of grief and shame which, despite his efforts and smiles, would occasionally overspread his countenance. Late in the afternoon, the writer, then a student, passed him in company with a friend when our attention was arrested by a voice of unusual power and beauty singing that favorite national song of France, 'La Parisienne.' As he proceeded, a great number of students from the college gathered around him, and at the conclusion an involuntary expression of delight broke upon us from the entire mass. He was enthusiastically encored, and afterwards the Marseillaise was frequently called for. The same rich, clear voice rang out with wild melody in the very words which are wont to arouse the spirit of the French soldier to frenzy.—The admiration of the poor inebriate's auditory was now raised to the highest pitch.—Despite his tattered and filthy garments, his squalid beard and brimless hat, now that the fumes of liquor had subsided, his form appeared symmetrical and manly, and his face, glowing with the sentiment of the patriotic song and flushed with excitement at the unexpected praise he was winning, assumed an expression of intelligence and joy that beautifully set off his really fine features. 'What and who is the stranger?' was the universal inquiry.

'His singing is incomparable, and his French and English are both faultless."

'Yes,' said he, dropping his eyes, and, I can give you German, or Spanish, or Italian, as well as Latin and Greek either, he added carelessly. In reply to many questions that were showered upon him with the coin he so much seemed to need, he at length said in a sad tone, and slowly endeavoring to push his way through the crowd. 'Gentlemen, I am a poor vagabond entirely unworthy your kind sympathy. Leave me to my rags & wretchedness, and I will go my way.' But our curiosity was too much excited to allow this, and amid loud cheers we escorted him to a room where he was furnished with water and an entire good suit of clothes, the barber's art was put in requisition, and after an incredibly short time, he re-appeared upon the college steps smiling and bowing gracefully, a man of as fine appearance and noble bearing as ever eyes beheld. The delight of the crowd at this transformation was intense, and repeated shouts rent the air.

'Give us La Parisenne,' echoed from all sides, and as soon as silence could be obtained, again that clear, rich voice uttered those inspiring words,

'Peuple Francais, pauple de braves,
La Liberte rouvre ses bras.'

He was conducted to the spacious chapel, and there for two hours he held an audience of one thousand people spell-bound, by one of the most interesting autobiographies that was ever our lot to hear. Born in Paris, of wealthy parents, he had in early life been educated at the University of Wittenberg, and received the master's degree. He soon after joined the fortunes of Napoleon, and with the rank of Lieutenant, was with him during all his campaigns in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, in Russia and at Waterloo. He had been engaged in more than seventy battles, and his description of places and cities were expressed in choice and graphic terms, and on being compared with history, were found to correspond in every particular. He related many unwritten and curious incidents in the life et Napoleon, which had come under his observation, and finally closed with a touching account of his own career after the battle of Waterloo, in the terrible rout that followed that memorable event. His detachment was chased by a body of Prussian hussars, and becoming scattered in the night he wandered for three days in the woods and by places without food or drink.

The chase being at length given over, the poor Frenchman sank down weary and sick with his wounds, and ready to die by the roadside. A humane Dutch girl, discovering him in this situation, brought him refreshments and cordials and among the latter a flask of brandy. 'Here,' said the old soldier, 'was the beginning of my woes. That angel of mercy, with the best of motives, brought me in that flask a deadly foe, which was to prove more potent for evil to me than all the burning toils of the Egyptian campaign or the intolerable frosts of Russia: more fatal than the cannon at seventy battles, which kindled in me a thirst more insatiable than that which forced open my veins on the desert sands of the East. Till that day, I had never tasted strong drink. I had uttered a vow in my youth to abstain from it, and to that vow, I owed my life; for not one of all my comrades who indulged in the use of it survived the horrors of the Egyptian campaign.

But as I lay in anguish looking for death and momentarily expecting his approach, a sweet face appeared to me wearing an expression of deep pity and sympathy for my sufferings, and I could but accept, without inquiring, whatever she gave. She gently raised my head and wiped with her kerchief the dampness from my brow, and administered ed the cordial to my lips. It revived me—I looked around, my courage, my love of life returned. I poured forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of Heaven upon her. Ignorant of what it was that had so suddenly inspired me, as soon as my spirits flagged I called for more. I drank again and again—for three weeks her love soothed me, and her kind hand administered to my wants.

As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, fearing that some enemy might still be lurking near, I bade her adieu, with many thanks and tears, sought the sea-side, and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered. And have followed the sea ever since. My fatal thirst has ever accompanied and cursed me; in port and on deck this foe has debased me, and kept me from all chance of promotion. O, how often have I, in the depth of my heart wished I had died on the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my life in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago, I was wrecked on the packet ship Clyde, on the coast of New Brunswick. I wandered on foot through Canada and New Hampshire, singing for pennies, or begging for bread, till I met your sympathy to day.—How these college halls and this noble band of students recall to my recollection the scenes of former years."

The emotions of the stranger for a moment overcame his voice, when he resumed, the tears still coursing each other down his cheeks, I know not why God should direct my steps hither; but, gentlemen, this is the beginning of a new life to me, and here in His presence, and in that of these witnesses, I swear as I hope to meet you in Heaven, never to taste another drop of alcohol in any form again.

Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many a moist eye. A collection was immediately made and more than fifty dollars were put into his hands.—As he ascended the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited multitude who surrounded him and said. It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell.

☞The Ticklerib Debating Society, at Green Point, is now discussing the following question: "Which is the pleasantest to a homely woman, to become good looking, or to see her dear, beautiful friend, Maria Jane catch the small-pox and grow ugly like herself?" When we left, the gentleman on the negative was vibrating his knuckles under the President's nose, while the leader of the affirmative was battering the Secretary's crupper-bone with a copper candlestick and junk bottle. The decision will be announced in an extra provided the police don't anticipate it by an intrusive visit.—N. Y. Atlas.

MUCH MONEY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Speech of Senator Gillette, of Conn.

AGAINST

INCREASING THE PAY OF CONGRESSMEN AND JUDGES.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Jan. 11, Mr. Badger's bill to increase the compensation of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Members of both Houses of Congress, being under consideration, Mr. GILLETTE, of Connecticut, delivered the following lucid and forcible speech against that iniquitous measure:

MR. PRESIDENT: This I regard as a vital question—at least as near the vitals as the pocket—and having but a short time to serve in the Senate, the few remarks which I feel it my duty to offer, if they should have no other merit, will have that, I trust, of disinterestedness, and an eye single to the public interests. While I fully appreciate the expanded and liberal views of the distinguished Senator who introduced this bill, and accredit him a large measure of patriotism in the direction of public expenditure—his cardinal principle appearing to be, the greater the disbursements the more public prosperity—I must dissent from the proposition now before us. To increase the pay of Congressmen, would, in my opinion increase the distempers of the Republic, and the dangers which threaten its existence. If the present compensation were really inadequate to the value of the services rendered; if the nation were actually receiving more than an equivalent for what it pays its Congressional servants—then, Sir, the proposition would commend itself to my cordial and earnest support; for I am no disbeliever in the Divine declaration that the "laborer is worthy of his reward"—that is to say, if he earns it, and do not approve, any more than the honorable Senator from North Carolina, of one man or set of men, living on the unrequited, coerced labor of another man, or set of men. Such are not *my* ideas of justice or of honor. Against such wrong doing, such extortion, such consummate injustice, the impartial Father of men has published his abhorrence in threatened woes, from which I am as anxious to escape as that Senator can be, The only true and safe rule is, do justly, and "render to all their dues." This is the proper principle on which to determine this question, as I think, and not as the Senator insisted the other day, the cost of living here in Washington, which is more or less according to individual habits, tastes and preferences, the mode of living, the quantity and quality of wine and stronger liquors which may be thought by some to stimulate their patriotism, and other vulgar and pernicious indulgences of depraved and groveling appetites. The truth is, a man may spend more or less here, as elsewhere, just as he chooses, so that we have no safe criterion in this direction. When we consider the matter of compensation for services rendered, the amount actually earned is the main subject for consideration, and this should determine this question; for I maintain that Congressmen, like their constituents, should "eat their bread in the sweat of their brow," in obedience to the "higher law," or do without eating, if they will not resign and give place to better men. The question then resolves itself into this: Are Congressmen paid, already, as much as they earn? I must say, I think they are; the people hardly receive, in return, their money's worth. Mr. President, I take no pleasure in saying it, but I have sometimes thought that the people are afflicted with a large number of unprofitable servants—present company excepted, of course, Sir—who, should they escape that "outer darkness" which awaits incorrigible transgressors, will owe their deliverance, not to any salvation obtainable from such acts as the atrocious Fugitive act of the Thirty-First Congress, or the perfidious Nebraska-Kansas act of the Thirty-Third The people, in some quarters, have concluded that such services are quite too dear at eight dollars a day, and do not care to have any more such, even at that price, judging from the bolt of doom which has fallen upon so many of their unfaithful servants, and which overhangs so many more. If Congressmen would have better pay, let them earn it fairly and honestly, by doing better work. Especially unpropitious is the present time for preferring such a claim—so soon after the audacious and execrable attempt "to crush out the spirit of liberty" from the hearts of the people, and the sublime and beautiful illustration of "popular sovereignty" in the recent election in Kansas, where, as we are informed by the Governor of that Territory, and others, popular sovereignty had to run away from his own ballot-boxes, in order to save his democratic Highness from the bludgeons, bowie-knives and pistols of an irruptive slave-holding sovereignty. What foundation can Congressmen have of an equitable claim for eight dollars a day even, during the first month of each session, spent, as it uniformly is, not so much in the service of the country as in holiday festivities and amusements? Little, indeed, earned during one-third of this session, and twelve dollars a day this bill proposes to pay for that. I will not be a party to any such agreement.

Moreover, Mr. President, I do not understand, from any quarter, that the people now find the least difficulty in obtaining Congressional servants at the present price of their service. The trouble rather is in making a selection among the multitude of aspirants. Even the honorable Senator himself, who introduced this bill, did not intimate any such embarrassment in North Carolina, nor appear to apprehend the least danger to that venerable State from the lack of good and true men, like himself, to defend the rights and maintain her honors on the floors of Congress; and, sure I am, in that part of the country in which I am acquainted, there is no want of men, "nothing loth," to be persuaded to serve their *dear* country in this Capitol for the present compensation. There can be no doubt on this point—every Senator knows there are public spirited, self-saving patriots enough in all States and Territories who, if unable exactly to agree with the old Latin poet in the sentiment, *Dulce et decorum pro patria mori*—it is pleasant and honorable to die for one's country—are very willing to adopt the sentiment with the slight change of a single word, so that it will read: *Dulce et decorum pro patria vivere*—it is pleasant and honorable to live for one's country. Hence, Sir, the proposition before the Senate seems to me entirely uncalled for and supererogatory. While the supply so greatly outruns the demand, I cannot understand the statesmanship, much less the economy, of such a proposition. Why, Sir, should a man enter a shop in this city, and strangely insist on paying the shopkeeper fifty per cent. more than his price for certain goods, of which he has a superabundant supply—more than he can ever sell—he would be thought a little moonstruck, and a candidate for the insane asylum, It is not equally irrational, gratuitous, and unwise to propose that the people of this country, now bowed down to the earth by financial embarrassments, should pay their Congressional servants fifty per centum more than they now receive for their attendance here, when the aspirants are already so plentiful and persistent as to be about as clamorous and annoying as the bawling hackmen that infest our railway stations! If the dear people will only patronize their coaches, they will be very well satisfied with forty cents a mile for travel and eight dollars a day for service.—Shall we offer them more, and thus multiply the number and intensify their avidity! I have another objection to this bill, which, to me, is insurmountable. It ignores the gross inequality and glaring injustice which exist in the present mileage of members of Congress, and admitted by every man whom I have ever heard express his views on the subject, except the Senator who introduced this bill. He said, if I recollect aright, that it is just, entirely just, as it is. Let us see how it operates. Those Congressmen from the remote parts of the country actually receive some thousands of dollars more than members living near, and that merely for a few days extra travel in the public service. For example, the Senator living in the remotest part of the most distant State receives as mileage for one session of Congress $5,482,-40, while the nearest Senator receives but $33,50. Now, it is well understood that the actual expense of the journey in each case is but a pittance of the sums received so that the most distant member receives one hundred and sixty-three times more as mileage than the nearest member, and all for a few days, perhaps weeks, of extra travel. The same proportion holds good for all intermediate distances. Thus, by this exorbitant mileage, established at a time when the actual expenses of travelling were very great, compared with the present reduced rates, were absorbed at the last session of the present Congress $451,662,32, the benefits of which accrued to the members according to their respective distance from the seat of Government. Now, Sir, if this is justice, what is injustice! The rotten borough system of Great Britain, of which we heard so much a few years since, hardly paralleled the rotten mileage system of the United States. Had there been coupled with the proposition before us a plan to reduce and equalize the mileage in such a manner as to do justice to all concerned, it would have been comparatively unobjectionable. Had the distinguished Senator, with the advantages of his eminent abilities and ripe experience in the public councils, instead of bringing forward this proposition for the benefit of Congressmen undertaken to devise some plan for the alleviation of the country from its financial difficulties, and brought in a bill to help the pockets of the people instead of those of Congressmen, it would have evinced a patriotism and fidelity worthy of its distinguished source, and won the favorable consideration of all who are truly concerned for the public interests. But the people are little thought of, except in the matter of their votes, while their servants are occupied with schemes to feather their own nests, and put money into their pockets. The compensation of Congressmen and of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States is now from one hundred to four hundred per cent greater than that of our State Legislators and Judges.—It would really seem, Sir, if a State legislator can live on from $2 to $4 a day, that a Congressman might possibly subsist on $8 a day, with his exhorbitant mileage, and some ten or twelve hundred dollars as the value of Congressional books received for his private library, to eke out his expenses; and if a State Judge can baffle famine with the material aid of $2,000 or $2,500 a year, a United States Judge might possibly keep the wolf from the door with the help of $4,000 or $4,500 a year. But if I am mistaken in these suppositions, sure I am, Sir, the direct and ultimate tendency of this measure would be to clothe this Government with additional consequence in the eyes of the country, and proportionally to belittle and disparage the State Government; to rear a towering giant here, and make abject dwarfs there. I look with no complacency upon the aggrandizement of the Federal Government, but with dread and dismay. Its powers and influence are already fearfully great, and should be diminished rather than increased. Its Executive branch is already well nigh absolute, and is quick to seize upon any semblance of a pretext to exhibit its mighty powers over the State, by ordering the military force at its command to outrage and dragoon them into submission to its imperious will. Far, far be it from me, Sir, to do anything calculated to clothe this overgrown and menacing giant with stronger attractions and a mightier armor, lest he absorb and centralize within himself all that remains of the appropriate authority and influence of the States, and accomplish the fell purpose which, in his haughty arrogance, has been boldly declared, and "crush out the spirit of liberty" from the hearts of the people. Such are, briefly, my reasons for the vote which I shall give on this bill.

General Scott on the Eastern War.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury writes as follows:

"I had recently the pleasure of hearing the criticism of General Scott on the war in the Crimea. I look upon Scott as one of the greatest captains of the age, and I listened with great interest to his ideas. He says the allies committed a great blunder in delaying the attack upon Sebastopol as long as they did; that, immediately after the raising of the siege of Silistria, they should have attacked Sebastopol, at which time there was a comparatively small force in the Crimea; that the allies cannot take Sebastopol unless they receive reinforcements, giving them a superiority of force to the extent of from thirty to fifty per cent; that the Russian regular soldiers are the best in the world for defence; they never fly, but perish unless ordered to retreat. He thinks the allies labor under a great disadvantage in having two commanding generals; that the road to victory is through unity of design. The inference I would draw from Gen. Scott's ideas is, that Sebastopol will not be taken; for I doubt whether the allies can throw such a preponderance of force there as is necessary. The General further said, that the allies could not re-embark now without immense loss of men, and all the materials of war in camp except the weapons in their hands."

'We Want Bread, and Will Have It.'

That is the significant and threatening motto upon one of the banners paraded in New York by the army of foreign paupers who daily march the streets. Americans are not seen in the crowd, nor about the free soup bowls provided by Steward and other benevolent persons who daily feed the starving.

A German desperado harangued one of these gatherings and proclaimed that two hundred thousand German bayonets are ready to enforce this demand.

No evil is much to be feared at this day, as the flood of foreign paupers cast upon our shores merely to be the miserable tools of a lawless and desperate class who live and move only in the atmosphere of turbulence, riot and burning.

All citizens must join in the work of self-defence against these foreign tools who know no liberty save freedom from all restraint, and no power but brute violence.

[Cleveland Herald.

What a Protective Tariff would do.

An intelligent correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing upon the evils of free trade and the benefits that would accrue from a Protective Tariff, says:

We might by an efficient protective policy, add at least 50,000,000 per annum to the wealth of the country, instead of losing, as we do, $25,000,000. A difference of $75,-000,000 could easily be effected and our money kept at home. We should be immense gainers if we could keep out everything that we can make, and we might then admit tea, coffee, wines, &c., free of duty. Suppose that then our revenues would fall short, we could well afford direct taxation, and much better afford to raise double the present revenue than we can now afford the direct payment of what is necessary for the expenses of government, or we might raise our revenue from those articles and others that we do not and cannot procure. If we were not a people who, as Mr. Barnum says, delight in a certain amount of humbug, and rather prefer it in some cases, though half conscious of it, we should have adopted such a policy long ago, and not waited till we were owing some $200,000,000 to Great Britain, or until a general crash among ourselves should open our eyes to the suicidal policy of free trade. To us that policy has always been, and always will be suicidal, because all the benefit accrues to the manufacturing party, which is Great Britain. One leg wears the boot, and the other goes barefoot. That is precisely the operation of free trade between us and the nations of which we have always professed so much jealousy, and declared our independence, and to which we are now becoming a tributary, and dependent debtor.

CURE FOR FELONS.—Boil up in any iron vessel of sufficient capacity (say four or six quarts,) enough yellow dock root to make a strong liquor, when sufficiently boiled, and while the liquor is as has as can be borne by the hand, cover the kettle with flannel cloth to keep in the heat and steam, and hold the hand or finger affected under the cloth and in the steam, and in five minutes the pain will cease. It it should return after a time, heat up the same liquor and do as before. In a cure performed in this way, the joints of the fingers will always be preserved. This receipt has been abundantly verified here.

Lyonsdale, N. Y. A. M. C.

Scientific American.

THEATRICAL WIT.—In "Black-Eyed Susan," Wood, of the Boston Theatre gets off the following:—*William* is telling a sailor's yarn to the landsman, and in the course of it, is describing the capture of a shark which had been hanging round the fleet for some time.

"What do you think we found in him?" says *William*. "Barnum's Life," says Wood as *Gnatbrain*. "Why!" "Because the public swallowed it, and I thought a shark might!" "Well," says William, 'perhaps he might, but he didn't. Guess again!" "Lots of ladies' bonnets." "And why!" "Because I have not seen a bonnet on a lady's head for six months." The audience roared and the play went on.—Post.

☞A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following as the circulation of the leading London papers: The Times 51,548, Morning Advertiser 7,796, Daily News 4,436, Morning Herald 3, 859, Morning Post 2,610, Morning Chronicle 2,435.

"Too Smart for a Mechanic."

There is not, perhaps, a more mischievous phrase and one productive of more individual suffering and loss to the community, than the one that leads this article. Every day our farm houses and work shops are sending out recruits to join the already over-crowded professional ranks, and every day we see the folly of such a course, in the hundreds of half-starving, idle and profligate young men to be met on all sides. As soon as a young man is discovered to have some native talent, his parents and friends become impressed with the idea that he is too smart for a mechanic or farmer, or to earn his bread in the sweat of his face, and he is accordingly placed behind a counter, set to reading in lawyer or doctor's office, or sent to college to prepare him for earning a livelihood in an easy, or more respectable vocation than his ancestors.

Now, we do not object to a young man going to college, studying medicine, law, divinity, or any and every thing else that tends in the least to enlarge his intellect, liberalize his views, or make him a wiser and better man. Such an education is all right and proper—is such a one as every child is legitimately entitled to But we do object to every man whose foolish parents and friends, together with his own self-conceit, induce to believe he is too smart to labor as his father before him has done, becoming qualified (as the phrase is) for a merchant, doctor, lawyer or preacher. Let him be educated to fill any station in life, if he can command the time and means, but above all and beyond all, let him be educated and qualified for an intelligent mechanic. He will then, under all ordinary circumstances, be able at any time to obtain a decent livelihood with his own hands, and be a stranger to those harrassing fears and perpetual cares, which wear out the lives of at least one half our professional characters, in their arduous struggle for daily bread.

The fatal and irreprievable error of parents lies in their entertaining the notion and instilling into the minds of their children that labor is disgraceful and beneath the dignity of men of genius, and till the pernicious idea is wholly eradicated, its effects will be visited upon the heads of the individual offenders, and felt throughout the community. We think our people are beginning to have rather juster views than heretofore of what constitutes true gentility, and look forward hopefully to the day when the dignity of labor will be universally recognised—when all useful employments will be considered highly honorable—and when no one shall be thought too smart for a mechanic. When that period arrives, agriculture and the mechanic arts will flourish to an unparalleled degree, and the children of thousands who are languishing in poverty, or wallowing in profligacy, merely because their parents were too smart for mechanics will become independent and useful citizens

[Cecil Whig.

The Sense of Justice.

The boys attending one of our public schools, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows: but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the governess, and on the occasion of a gentleman visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference, principally, to the conduct of boys in the streets and in their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere—even when alone and when they thought no eye could see, and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy arose in his seat, and said: "Miss L———, I batted the ball that broke Mr.———'s window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued after he had closed.

"But it wont be right for——to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy rising from his seat; 'all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!"

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run thro' the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

Effects of Whiskey.

About ten days since, an old man named JONES, was frozen to death, in Wayne township, in this county. He had purchased a jug of Whiskey, it is supposed in Dundee, and started for home. As he did not arrive in the evening, his family became alarmed, and the next day the whole neighborhood turned out to search for him. He was found in a field—his jug a short distance from him, and it was evident from his tracks, that he staggered for a considerable distance before he fell. Mr. Jones was a respectable farmer—his great fault was, that he was too fond of indulging in strong drinks.

Here we see the effects of Liquor traffic. A wife has been robbed of her husband—a number of children made Fatherless, and a human being sent unprepared, into the presence of an offended God. While all this desolation has been caused in the family of poor Jones, the Liquor seller, smacks his lips—pockets his quarters, and looks out for a new victim.—Tuscarawas Advocate.

☞Useful labor is truly dignified.

ITEMS OF

☞The Washington *Union* says, Mr. Soule was recalled from Spain at his own request.

☞The sum of six thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars has been raised in Philadelphia for the relief of the poor.

☞The Know Nothings of N. H., have nominated the following ticket: Rev. John Moore, a Universalist minister of Concord for Governor; Frank H. Lyform, for Railroad Commissioner; Elder Pike, of New Market, a Methodist minister, for Congress from the first district, Mason W. Tappan, of Bradford, for the second district, and A. H. Cragin, of Lebanon, for the third district.

☞Mr. Southwick, late Superintendent of the Providence and Worcester Railroad has been appointed Superintendent of the Central Ohio Railroad, vice Mr. Fulton resigned.—*Wheeling Argus.*

☞It is stated that Governor Baker, of N. H., will appoint John S. Wells Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Norris.

☞Page & Bacon of St. Louis announce that all the drafts of Page, Bacon, & Co., of San Francisco upon them and all correspondents in the Atlantic States, will be promptly paid by the Bank of America, New-York. This looks like an early resumption of business.

☞The Cunard steamer *Asia*, on her last departure for Europe, did not take out any specie.

☞A writer in the Edinburgh *Review* estimates that the laborers of England alone squander $250,000,000 per year, on spirits, ale, and tobacco. This is a large sum, but the authority is first rate.

☞Five stores in Brooklyn, belonging to Dr. S. P. Townsend, were burnt on Thursday morning.

☞We understand that the proprietors of our principal hotels as well as those of other places where liquor has formerly been sold, concluded yesterday to close up their bars and conform to the law. This, in the long run, will doubtless be the best course.

[*Zanesville Cour.*

☞The women at Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton county, after due notice, attacked a doggery, and destroyed a large amount of liquor belonging to the owner. They then seized him, and dragged him through the liquor as it was running over the floor. Warrants have been issued for these women, but, up to the latest accounts, they had not been arrested.

☞It is said that a new Pacific R.R company has been organized at New-Orleans, with Robert J. Walker at its head. A deposit of $300,000 *in specie* is to be made with the Texan Government, and, by this, it is hoped that their donation of land for the Pacific road will be secured.

☞The last conundrum reads as follows: "What is the most difficult operation in surgery? Ans. Taking the *Jaw* out of a woman." Libelous!

☞Hon. John Slidell received 23 majority for Senator from Louisiana.

☞In the suit of Daniel Webster against the city of New Orleans, claiming fifty thousand dollars for professional services in the Gaines case, the Jury were unable to agree.

☞The long bridge over the Susquehanha, at Towanda, Pa., on the 27th of January.

☞Mrs. Aspinwall of New York, and Corning, of Albany, have agreed to tunnel the Hoosick mountain for $3,500,000. They take $1,000,000 of stock in the concern.

☞David Leavitt of New York, has bought a farm at Great Barlington, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and has built a barn upon it that has cost $40,000. It is the most complete structure of the kind in the world.

The New-York Legislature will elect a Senator to represent that State in Congress for six years on next Tuesday. There is no doubt of the election of Mr. Seward.

The "American Organ" at Washington cit.' says that two-thirds of the members of the Know Nothing lodges of Baltimore are Democrats. It also asserts that many prominent Democrats at Washington, are members of the order,

☞Colonel Benton, in speaking of Congressional matters, says he never "paired off" but once in his life, and that was with a young woman the night he got married.

☞The Pittsburgh Journal states that 1550 tons of iron and nails were shipped from that port for St. Louis alone, on four boats, last week.

☞The Dayton Journal says the most of the drinking houses of that city have ceased selling liquor. The Police are on the alert to bring to justice all who will violate the law.

☞It is now rumored that the administration has determined to change its policy on the subject of annexation. It is even said that the treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands will not be sent to the Senate, and that no farther efforts will be made to procure the possession of Cuba. This is queer, but such are the signs.

☞Bishop O'Conner, of Pittsburgh, says:

"Religious liberty is only endured till the opposite can be established with safety to the Catholic world."

The Bishop of St. Louis declares:

"America will soon be Catholic, and then religious liberty will cease to exist."