



A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent of Party Politics or Religious Sects.—Devoted to News, Literature, Morality, Agriculture, the Arts, &c.

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For the Monongalia Mirror.
An Acrostic:
WRITERS FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS M. K. C.
My muse would fain wake for thee,
In notes of thrilling melody,
Some song of deep enchanting power
Should cheer and fill the passing hour.
Say, Miss, with all thy winning ways,
Unqualified charms which poets praise,
Say will those charms thy bliss impart,
And cheer a sad and lonely heart?
Nay, why should fate those throats repress?
My wish is all I dare express;
Could wishes for a friend avail,
On earth thy bliss should never fail.
Of heaven's aid some eolian bright,
My wish would wing its upward flight;
Be heaven thy home when life has flown,
Sweet resting place of loved ones gone.
W. W. S.
West Monongalia, Sept. 23, 1853.

For the Monongalia Mirror.
ADVICE TO YOUTH.
Ursinow, Monongalia county, Va.,
September 15, 1853.

Mr. Editor—Permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to communicate a few thoughts, more particularly applicable to my young friends.

Beware of close intimacy with those whose tongues are calumnious toward almost every one except their present company, to whom they are ever smooth and fair; for he that calumniates and ridicules the absent friend shows his company what they have to expect from him after he leaves them.

Never laugh at the ignorance or mistakes of others. Every person is liable to mistakes in speaking, writing or reading; therefore as you do not wish to be laughed at yourself do not laugh at the failings of others. You would not hesitate in saying that it is wrong to ridicule the bodily infirmities of persons. Is it not unbecoming then to laugh at the errors of their education. Certainly it is. If you have had greater advantages in life than others, you ought to be grateful to God who gave you talents and health, and to your parents who aided you in the exercise of them, in the attainment of an education. Be not proud and haughty because your education is superior to that of others. Remember that you were once as ignorant as they, and would most probably have remained so had you been placed in the same situation and surrounded by the same circumstances.

Whenever you are applied to for information on any subject which you understand, impart it without pride or ostentation, for a great display of pride and ostentation is a sure indication of a weak mind. H. G. D.

DUTCHY AHEAD.
An old, plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer, from the vicinity of the Heiderburgh, in pursuit of dinner, the other day, dropped in at the Excelsior Dining Saloon, in Nassau street. Taking a seat alongside of a dandy-looking sort of a fellow—old perfume, moustachios and shirt-collar—our honest Myneer ordered up his dinner.

"What will it be, air?" asks white apron.
"You got goat corned-beef, hey?" says Dutchy.

"Yes."
"You got sour-kraut, too, hey?"
"Oh yes."
"Well, gif me some both!"

Off starts white apron on a keen jump, and presently returns with the desired fodder.—The sour-kraut was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Myneer's nasal organ, and a *vice versa* to that of our dandy friend, who, after the dish had been deposited on the table, and Myneer was about commencing an attack on it, exclaimed:—"I—say, my friend—are you going to eat that stuff?"

Myneer turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogator with evident astonishment, says he:

"Eat it! Vy, of course I eat it!"
"Well," says the dandy, "I—would as lief devour a plate of guano!"
"Ah, vell," replied Myneer, pitching into the sour-kraut with an evident relish, "dat depends altogether on how von was brought up!"
Dandy looked kinder caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one ahead.
N. Y. Dutchman.

TRUTH.
We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down; with whom, in comparison of intellect, they are not so frequently sick to the sight.

INCIDENT OF BRANDYWINE.

The following interesting document was recently found among the papers of Major John Shaeffer, a deceased patriot of the Revolution. It is a discourse delivered on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by Rev. Joab Tronte, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of General Washington, General Wayne and other officers of the army:

Revolutionary Sermon.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN.—We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat, alike; we have endured the cold and hunger, the contumely of the eternal foe, and the courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the camp-fire; we have together, heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers, and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sun light is doing away beyond yonder heights the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment: in the time of terror and gloom have gathered together, God grant that it may not be the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glittering in sunlight; the heights of Brandywine, arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream; all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of uproar, and bloodshed, and strife of tomorrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burnt farm-house blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer; let the whitened bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer; let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that marked the last struggle of her life; let the mother and babe answer.

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the quiet of peace. War was not here. Fraud, and war, and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy behold the change. Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They wrong our towns—they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the British is very near. Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast, the darker cloud and thicker storm of Divine retribution!

They may conquer us to-morrow.—Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field; but the hour of God's own vengeance will come! Aye, in the vast solitudes of eternal space, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man called George Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and heart the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will light upon his life—a withered brain and an accursed intellect: a blight will be upon his children and his people. Great God, how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping in guilt upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people.

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you invoking God's aid in the fight—we will march to the battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the gallant memories of British wrong—Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of the night on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might wring his death shriek in your ears. Shemire—I might tell you of a butchered mother, and a sister outraged, the lonely farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troops as they dispatched their victims, the cries for mercy, and the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint these all again, in the vivid colors of the terrible reality, if I thought courage needed such wild excitement.

But you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirit, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you; he rides on the battle cloud; he sweeps onwards, with the march of the hurricane charge.

God, the awful and infinite, fights for you and you will triumph.

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong or revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for Truth, Justice, and Right, and to you the promise is—Be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that men hold dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us will fall in the battle to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen. Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal eve.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the tents of the meadow; around us are the tents of the continental host, the oppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro amid the tents, the stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the shadows of twilight be flung over the peaceful land. God in heaven grant it! Let us pray.

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of my window into my father's barn yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink.

The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in trying to turn round happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another.

In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury.

My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning.

Afterwards my brother or myself were a little irritable, she would say, children, remember how the fight in the barn yard began.

"Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves a great deal of trouble."—*London Child's Companion.*

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning?—Because he is let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

The bell in the west tower of the great cathedral in Montreal, weighs 24,800 lbs., and the tongue \$40 lbs., the whole costing £4,000.

One hundred and forty-two Railroad trains leave Boston daily—the same number also returning.

The yellow fever is spreading along the Mississippi river. It is gradually abating at New Orleans.

POETRY.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES HACKETT.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strayed across on the loam,
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heat of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird-sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary ones might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By sunbeams never dried,
Had cooled a thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life besides!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
"Twas old and yet was new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monetary flame,
The thought was small, its issue great:
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far and wide,
And cheered the valley still!

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O gem! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

From the *Derks and Schuykill Journal.*
Farewell to Thee, Old Homestead.

Farewell to thee, old homestead,
Green lindens, vines and flowers,
Where passed my sunny childhood,
And all life's rosy hours;
No longer can we claim thee,
Thou art no more our own.
Nor can we longer name thee,
As our beloved home.

No longer may we nestle,
Like doves around thy wall;
For soon the steamer's whistle
Will scream along our halls;
How can we bear to see it,
Without a tearful eye,
The home we held so sacred,
Destroyed so ruthlessly.

Ye heartless ones, who've done this,
Have ye no homes no ties,
That thus ye lightly trample
What we so highly prize?
There's waste enough around you,
You might have made your own,
And spared this spot of beauty,
And not destroyed our home.

My mother's spirit weepeth,
Tears fall from your sweet skies,
And starts the flower that sleepeth,
Before the glad sunrise;
A screech it seemeth
To every shrub and tree,
And sad the moonlight gleameth
Where danced its joyfully.

In thought secure from danger,
We lived to change around;
Now soon the careless stranger
Will lightly tread this ground.
Those vines and loaded trellis,
And fruits of kinds most rare,
Some other hands will pluck them,
Nor fear their trainer's care.

Farewell to thee, old homestead,
A last farewell to thee;
And my departed parents,
Who lived and died in thee,
Each heart string round thee clingeth,
As memory turns to yore;
And sad the song she singeth—
This is thy home no more.

Pinckney, Schuykill co. Hadassah.

From *Arthur's Home Gazette.*
THE REPROOF.

BY HELEN C. GAGE.

Whisper it softly,
When nobody's near,
Let not those accents
Fall harsh on her ear.
She is a blossom,
Too tender and frail
For the keen blast—
The pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently,
"Twit cast thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely
Are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches
The stubborn may more—
Noble the conquest
Allied by love.

Whisper it kindly,
"Twit pay thy debt to know,
Pendent tears-drops
Down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue
Wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently,
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,
None of her kin,
Lead her from error,
Keep her from sin,
Does she lean on thee?
Cherish the trust—
God to the merciful
Ever is just.

It is all the fashion in Paraguay.—The ladies are very pretty and amiable also, for when they hold up their faces for a salute, they always take out their quills of tobacco, and deposit them on the rim of their hat.

THE DYING WIFE.

The wife over whom your love broods is falling. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapt up in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawn-ing apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of her's elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot our tremors into barren world soil, and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of the home roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart bond that absorbs all others; There is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects,—it could taste strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and the turmoil of the city.—It was music when you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape when evening drew near.

How it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street—they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief, he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street goers were all undertakers. Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your home; is he wise, you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he ever fail? Is he never forgetful!

You are early home—mid afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you; her eyes half closed, her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes are open; you put your hand in her's; your's tremble—her's does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you."

She presses harder your hand—"Adieu!"

A long breath—another; you are alone again. No tears now, poor man you cannot find them.

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave clothes and the undertaker is screwing down the lid slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to awaken her?

He asks you a single question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door, you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthily like a cat.

The man has done his work well for all that. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt saucer.—She loves mignonette.

It is a good staunch table your coffin rests on, it is your table; you are a house-keeper—a man of family.

Ay, of family—keep down out-cry, or the nurse will be in. Look at the pinched features; it is all that is left of her. And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your hands, nor mingle your lips, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep.

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears. She, with your cherished heart has gone.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into the parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blazing sticks. Sit down in your chair; there is another cushioned one over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand, your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze.

Askes always come after blaze.

Go into your room where she was, sick—softly; lest the prim housekeeper comes after.

They have put new dimity on her chair; they have hung new curtains upon her bed. They have removed from the stand its viols and silver bell—the perfume will not offend the sick sense now.

They have half opened the window that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.—She is not there.—*Reveries of a Dutch ebor.*

From the *N. Y. Musical World & Times.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY FANNY FERN.

What a warm Sunday! and what a large church! I wonder if it will be half filled! Empty pews are a sorry welcome to a pastor. Ah! no fear; here comes the congregation in troops and families; now the capacious galleries are filled; every pew is crowded and seats are being placed in the aisles.

The preacher rises. What a young David! Still, the stone and sling will do their execution. How simple, how child-like that prayer; and yet how eloquent, how fervent. Surely, the father's mantle hath fallen upon the son. How eagerly, as he names the text, the eye of each is riveted upon the preacher, as if to secure his individual portion of the heavenly manna.

Let us look around, upon the audience. Do you see yonder gray-haired business man? Six days in the week, for many years, he has been Mammon's most devoted worshipper. According to time-honored custom, he has slept comfortably in his pew each Sunday, lulled by the soft voice of the Shepherd who prophesied smooth things.

One pleasant Sabbath, chance, (I would rather say, an overruling Providence,) led him here. He sat himself in his accustomed Sunday attitude, but sleep comes not at his bidding. He looks disturbed. The preacher is dwelling upon the permitted but fraudulent tricks of business men, and exposing plainly their turpitude in the sight of that God who holds 'evenly the scales of justice.' As he proceeds, conscience whispers to this aged listener, 'thou art the man.' He moves uneasily on his seat; an angry flush mounts to his temples; what right has that boy-preacher to question the integrity of men of such unblemished mercantile standing in the community as himself? He is not accustomed to such a spiritual probing knife. His spiritual physician has always healed the hurt of his people slightly. He don't like such plain talking, and sits the service out only from compulsion. But when he passes the church porch he does not leave the sermon there as usual. No.—He goes home perplexed and thoughtful. Conscience sides with the preacher; self-interest tries to stifle its voice with the sneering whisper of 'priest craft.'—Monday comes; and again he plunges into the maelstrom of business and tries to tell the permitted lie with his usual nonchalance, to some ignorant customer, but his tongue falters and performs its duty but awkwardly; a slight blush is perceptible on his countenance; and the remainder of the week chronicles similar and repeated failures.

Again it is Sunday. He is not a church member; he can stay at home, therefore, without fear of a canonical committee of Paul Prys to investigate the matter; he can look over his debt and credit list if he likes, without excommunication; he certainly will not put himself again in the way of that plain-spoken, stripping priest. The bell calls out, in musical tones, seemingly this summons: 'Come up with us, and we will do you good.' By an irresistible impulse he finds himself again a listener. 'Not that he believes what that boy says.' Oh no—but, somehow, he likes to listen to him, even tho' he attack that impregnable pride in which he has wrapped himself up as in a garment.

Now, why is this? Why is this church filled with such wayside listeners?

Why, but that all men—even the most worldly and unscrupulous—pay involuntary homage to earnestness, sincerity, independence and christian boldness, in the man of God?

Why? Because they see that he stands in that sacred desk, not that his lips may be tamed and held in, with a silver bit and silken bridle; not because preaching is his trade, and his hearers must receive their *quid pro quo* once a week;—no, they all see and feel that his heart is in his work—that he loves it—that he comes to them fresh from his closet, his face shining with the light of the Mount, as did Moses's.

Mr. Beecher is remarkable for fertility of imagination, for rare felicity of expression, for his keen perception of the complicated and mysterious workings of the human heart, and for the uncompromising boldness with which he utters his convictions. His earnestness of manner, vehemence of gesture and rapidity of utterance, are, at times, electrifying; impressing his hearers with the idea that language is too poor

and meager a medium for the rushing tide of his thoughts.

Upon the lavish beauty of earth, sea, and sky, he has evidently gazed with the poet's eye of rapture. He walks the green earth in no monk's cowl or cassock. The tiniest blade of grass with its 'dew-dew,' has thrilled him with strange delight. 'God is love,' is written for him in brilliant letters, on the arch of the rainbow. Beneath that black coat, his heart leaps like a happy child, to the song of the birds and the tripping of the silver-footed stream, and goes up, in the dim old woods, with the fragrance of their myriad flowers, in grateful incense of praise to heaven.

God be thanked, that upon all these rich and rare natural gifts, 'Holiness to the Lord' has been written. Would that the number of such gospel soldiers was legion, and that they might stand in the fore front of the hottest battle, wielding thus skillfully and unflinchingly the 'Sword of the Spirit.'

The Maine Law Constitutional.

The Maine Law Advocate publishes the decision of the United States Court on the Constitutionality of the prohibitory Liquor Law. The opinion of all the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States on the several points in this law may be found in the 5th volume of Howard's Reports of decisions in United States Courts, page 504.

Chief Justice Taney said:

"If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or the prohibition of it altogether if it think proper."

Every State therefore may regulate its own internal traffic according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well-being of its own citizens." (5 Howard 537.)

Mr. Justice McLean said:

"If the foregoing articles be injurious to health, or to the morals of the community, a State may, in the exercise of that great and comprehensive police power which lies at the foundation of its prosperity, prohibit the sale of it." (5 Howard 592.)

And in regard to the destruction of property, he said:

"The acknowledged police power of a State extends often to the destruction of property. A nuisance may be abated. Everything prejudicial to the health or morals of a city may be removed. Merchandise from a port where a contagious disease prevails, being liable to communicate disease, may be excluded, and in extreme cases, it may be thrown into the sea."

ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

The taking of a text seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity to which the people said 'amen,' read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. Previous to that time, the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instruction for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity, during which period they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In latter times the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath. To this custom our Saviour conformed and in a Synagogue at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

The following resolutions in reference to Temperance were adopted by the Albenarle Association.

1. Resolved, That the traffic in intoxicating drinks, as carried