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## EVENING THOUGHTS.

The calamus shimmers near the brook,  
Beneath the beechen glade,  
And, scattered on the marshy glade,  
The flag-flowers are in bloom.

The last few clusters strew the ground  
Beneath the locust trees,  
Where the fresh-branching leaves come out,  
To sweep the shadowy leaves.

Far through the breezy forest round  
The lowing herds I hear:  
The smell of roses in our rooms,  
With June's sweet self, is here.

I sit alone, 'mid pleasant thoughts,  
Where leaves are murmuring low;  
Some rest beneath the trailing vines,  
That weave a light green shroud.

And some return with warmth and life,  
And gladness in their palms,  
Singing the joyous melodies  
That tune young childhoods psalms.

They sing of homes, and pleasantness,  
That never shrink from frost,  
And a bark that cleaves the silver tide  
When other ones were lost.

Sweet hope that stays the fainting soul,  
Through all the mortal gloom;  
Pure love that glids the universe;  
And flowers within my room.

And now the stars come, one by one,  
To gaze from out the skies,  
And 'neath their twinkling innocence,  
I close my weary eyes.

## THE BLIND GIRL, Or Berthalde Reimer's Voice.

[Conclusion.]  
The singers were all gone save Margaret; she, by the Master's request, had remained behind, and to her he spoke, as with Berthalde he entered the choir.

"This is my little friend, Margaret, of whom I told you. I give her into your charge to teach her the way here; she will not be long in learning it, and you will take good care of her, I know, until she does."

And while he spoke Berthalde felt her hand taken in another soft warm hand, and a few gentle words were whispered into her ear. And then the two girls stood together, hand in hand; and when without another word the Master took his seat before the organ, a long low note pealed through the church.

"Come here, Berthalde,"  
She came, guided by Margaret, and stood beside him.

"Listen to what Margaret sings."  
"In her clear sweet voice Margaret sang a simple exercise.

"Now, my child."  
Berthalde's first notes were low, feeble and broken; for every nerve within her trembled.

"Join with her Margaret!" And, shielded by Margaret's firm strong tones, Berthalde's voice gained strength; her fear began to pass away; a strange, deep joy filled her heart; and her voice arose more clear, more full, more rich with every phrase; mingling with the deep, grand tones of the swelling organ; and, with it, awakening the echoes of the dark old church.

The music died away under the Kapell-meister's hand, and he turned to her.

"My child, you did well to speak to me," was all he said.  
Margaret bending down whispered, "Have courage, dear," and for a moment her lips rested on Berthalde's brow.

"I've only been in the church mother," Berthalde answered; but there was something in her voice that attracted the attention of them both.

Karl took her on his knees.  
"What have you been doing at the church, my darling?"  
She hesitated a moment.

"Oh, father, I'm so happy! The Master says that in a few months I shall be a singer in the choir, and that I shall earn money then to help you; and oh, father I shall never be a burden to you any more!"

"My child!" was all Karl could say, passionately clasping her to his breast. Two large tears silently fell upon his cheek as he bent his head down over her.

Four years passed and on a bright clear summer's morning in the old town there was great bustle and preparation. The Elector of Saxony was that day to pass through it; and had signified his intention—before partaking of a banquet prepared for him in the Town Hall by the chief burgomasters to be present at a solemn service in the principal church. It was the first time for many years that the town had been so honored.

As the hour drew near the people flocked from all parts toward the church and before the Elector himself had arrived a dense crowd filled every corner, and a low ceaseless murmur of many voices broke the silence of the echoing aisle. The sunlight even came. In the dim chancel, which never but on occasions such as this were visited except by one or two stray wanderers, long lines of lamps were hung, each shedding for a little way around a faint, pale light and shining on the eager faces which, grouped below, were all expectantly turned in one direction.

At last he came. There was a loud buzz of voices; and, mingling with the full swell of the Hallelujah chorus which broke forth grandly and solemnly, there came in the same moment a tramp of feet along the marble pavement of the nave. The Elector crossed the church, and took the seat assigned to him near to the high altar.

The mass began, and the united voices of the choir broke forth together in the opening Kyrie, in purest and most perfect harmony; but when the solemn and most exquisite solo, *Et incarnatus*, swept through the church, rising and falling as the accompaniment of organ and chorus rose and fell—the full, rich, fresh voice which gave it forth with the passionate fervor of an inspired devotion was greeted with an involuntary murmur of admiration from the Elector's lips, which was caught up and echoed by those standing near, spreading over the whole assembled people.

The mass was over, and the priests had left the altar; but the Elector still remained, speaking to one or two of those around him, and presently it was whispered through the church that he in person would visit the choir; for he was an amateur of music. In a few minutes he was conducted up the narrow staircase that led to the organ loft. The visit was so unexpected and unprepared for that the Kapell-meister had hardly received notice from a hurried messenger of the Elector's approach, when he entered with two or three of his suite.

"Herr Kapell-meister, I have come to take a glance at your small territory here. Your choir does you much credit." The bewildered maestro bowed.

"You have good materials to work upon," the Elector continued in the tone of a connoisseur, "good voices, and a good instrument," and sending an excuse to the civic authorities for a little delay he added:

"I would like to hear a little supplementary performance."  
The Master took his seat; and, at a sign from him a beautiful dark-eyed girl moved from the little group and blushing deeply as the Elector's eyes fell full upon her stood by the Kapell-meister's side.

"At that must be she," thought the Elector, who was a connoisseur of real taste, no less in beauty than in music. But he had been over-confident. In another moment he found that his sweet songstress was still to seek, for the voice of the dark-eyed girl was a contralto.

"Very good—very good, indeed! A fine voice, and well-trained," approvingly murmured the Elector. "This young lady is your best contralto singer I presume!"

"She is. Perhaps your highness might wish to judge of our soprano?"  
"By all means," the Elector answered heartily.

The Kapell-meister paused for a moment and glancing over his choir as if in doubt whom to select, he came to a sudden decision and beckoned to Margaret.

She came half-unwillingly to his side; and stooping down, spoke something to him in a low voice.

"Yes presently," he answered aloud, with a smile; and pointing to the music that lay on the desk before him, he began to play. It was an air from Pergolesi's Cavalry that he had chosen.

"Very beautiful, indeed!" cried the Elector. "But she was not the singer of the Incarnatus?"

"Your highness may be interested in knowing," said Kapell-meister, "that the best soprano in the choir is a blind girl." Berthalde was called.

"Why she is a mere child!" exclaimed the Elector.

"She is older than she appears," said the Master playing the opening bars of the Incarnatus.

The Elector rose, and stood with eyes fixed upon the pale rapt face, which radiated seemed receiving inspiration.

When she ceased the Elector remarked: "Herr Kapell-meister your blind girl is an angel! Where did you find her?"

her!—how have you taught her?—what do you say is her name?"  
And glancing from the Master to Berthalde, he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his questions.

"Yes, yes—very good—very good," he muttered to himself, as if pondering some project in his mind. "I would gladly hear one other piece. I will choose one for myself; and reaching across the Master, he began to turn the pages of the mass that still lay open on the desk. He stopped at his own favorite Agnus Dei, and at his request she sang it.—

Her cheek was tinged with a faint glow of color now; she seemed to the Elector wonderfully beautiful. He gazed at her, and listened in deep silence.— When she ceased to sing, he drew a long deep breath. Then he turned from her to the Master.

"Herr Kapell-meister, a visit here is truly not thrown away. Much as I respected this good old town, I anticipated no such pleasure from my stay in it, as this last half hour has afforded me. But time presses now we must not try the patience of our municipal friends too far. Herr Kapell-meister, may I request your further attendance? I would speak to you privately about some matters," and bowing courteously to all around the Elector followed by the Master and his suite, retired from the choir.

"Berthalde, remain with me a little while," the Kapell-meister said, when on the day succeeding to the Elector's visit, the mass was over and the singers were departing.

Standing beside him, she listened as was often her delight to do, to a slow movement that he played, until the rest were gone, and now they were gone, and they two were alone. Then, the Master closed the organ, and coming to her took her hand in his. A small thin delicate hand it still was and she herself was small but no longer now a child, nor looking like one.

"Berthalde," the Kapell-meister said, "I have news for you. Have you no suspicion what it is?"  
She shook her head.

"Did nothing happen yesterday?"  
"Yesterday," she exclaimed do you mean the Elector's visit?"

"I do, and what I have to tell you now is this, that his Highness has expressed a wish that you would accept an engagement in the choir of his court chapel at Dresden."

He watched her face as he spoke, and a look of almost tender pity beamed from his dark eyes as he saw the sudden change. She stood before him pale as death, her head bowed down, her lips quivering; no word broke from her.— She stood like one turned into marble, quite still and calm; her arms had fallen down, and the hands were clasped. Her attitude was that of one whom some great sudden grief had crushed.

"My child, what is there in this news so much to grieve you? I thought that you would have rejoiced at it."  
She was still mute and now the tears began to trickle down her cheeks. He anxiously implored her to arouse herself.

"She did arouse herself, and crushing down the sorrow within her, tried to speak."  
"Master forgive me; it came so suddenly—I am quite unprepared," she said faintly.

"Did I then tell it to you too abruptly? Sit down and calm yourself a little.— Why Berthalde," he said half laughing, "you look as frightened as you did that day so long ago, when for the first time I saw you at the church door below."

"Berthalde," he continued, "you must tell me what it is that is grieving you; I cannot comfort you if you will not tell me what your sorrow is."  
Through her tears she tried to answer him; and though her voice was broken her tone was almost passionate in its earnestness as she said:

"O sir, I have lived here all my life. All that I have in the world is here.— Do you think that I can leave it all and feel no grief? Do you think that I can be so readily to be taken from me, and never to see it? Do you think only because I am blind that I can grow so little attached to anything that all places are the same to me? O sir, we do not need sight to love."

"My child you cannot think that we would send you forth to a strange place alone."  
She looked up with one instant's hope—his last word trembling on her lips.

"Alone," she echoed.

"Berthalde, will not your father and your mother both be with you?"  
She stooped her head again to stifle a deep sob. There was a few moments' pause, then again the Master spoke:

"My child, I know it is no easy thing to tear ourselves away from things that we have grown to love; but those who are dearest to you, you take with you, and if there be a sacrifice to make will not the thought that it is made for their sake, to save them from the labor that is grown so hard to them, repay it? It is indeed who should grieve to lose you, for I cannot hope when you are gone, to find another who will fill your place."

His last words blotted the others from her memory.

"But," she answered, with emotion, "who will fill your place to me? Who will take pity on the poor blind girl, and comfort her when she is sorrowful, and be a friend to her as you have been? Who will give her more than life? Do you think that for all that you have been to me I have no gratitude to you—no love for you?"

"I do not think it, Berthalde. My kind dear child, my dear little friend I know you love me, and I think you know that you are dearer to me than a pupil only. But, alas my child, there

are every day many friends and more than friends who part."  
She did not answer him; perhaps she scarcely heard the few last words, for as he spoke them she had grown very sad and low, and she was weeping.

And then again they both were silent for a little while, until she cried with passionate sorrow:

"O Master, must I go? and clasping both her hands together, raised her beseeching eyes up to his face as though it were possible for her to see what sentence might be written there.

"No, not against your will," he answered; but the joy which for a moment had half-broken forth into a cry, was silenced by the tone in which he spoke, it was so grave and cold; and while she stood abashed and silent, he added sorrowfully and reproachfully. "Your father—your mother Berthalde, are they both forgotten?"

"Forgive me; for I did forget! I thought only of myself," and she sobbed aloud. "Oh do not hate me—do not look in anger upon me!"

She stretched out both her hands to him; he took them into his, looking with a deep searching pity on her, and with unutterable melody his rich voice spoke:

"My child you condemn yourself too much. I will know there have been a few moments in your life when you have forgotten others in thoughts of yourself. Be comforted."

"My father! my mother!" she murmured to herself, in low and tender tones, as though she sought by whispering their names, to strengthen herself for the sacrifice; and then again she was quite silent, and they both stood beside each other, until at last she raised her head, and with a face quite pale, like marble, with the long dark lashes of her eyes cast down upon her cheek, with trembling and white lips she slowly said:

"My Master, I will go."  
And then there came suddenly—almost in the moment that the words were spoken—a passionate flood of tears.

He spoke no word of comfort; he could not understand her overwhelming grief; nor had he any sympathy with it. Many long solitary years, perhaps had chilled the feelings of youth. Perhaps from his calm station he looked back upon them with a kind of pity, smiling at the passionate grief and the still more passionate joy that trifles once could give him. His passion was his art. And he was happy in it, perhaps as happy as he wished to be, for he had forgotten much.

Only when the poor child's wild outbursts of sorrow had partly died away, and the deep bitter sobs grew hushed, did the Kapell-meister speak to her.

He spoke to her about her parents; about her poverty, and the small help she had yet been able to give to them; and of her love for her, their pride in her, and the joy that it would give her to be the comfort and joy of their old age.— Her heart answered to each word, and her tears ceased to fall, and her resolve grew still more firm that she would think about herself no more.

Then he spoke of her own future; rejoicing that her great talent would be no longer hidden; that she would make a name to herself, and gain the honor that here she scarcely could have hoped to gain.

She shook her head, and tried to silence him, and tears rose in her eyes again—for what was fame to her? And when at last he tried to strengthen her for her departure—telling her how each day would lessen her regret; how gradually old memories would fade away; how the keen sorrow there, though hard to bear at first, would lose some of its sharpness every hour—she only shook her head and wept.

"My child it is growing late. They will be looking for you at home," said the Kapell-meister, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

She roused herself, and rose hurriedly. "Yes, I should have gone before—I did not know how late it was Master, I have kept you here much too long.— Forgive me; it was very thoughtless," she said timidly.

"Nay, my child, it was I rather who detained you," he answered kindly.

She stood before him, her lips trembling, and her eyelids cast down, as if she wished to speak, and had not courage. Then she made a great effort and the words came out.

"You must not think I am ungrateful. You have been exceedingly kind to me," she did not weep but great sobs heaved her bosom convulsively.

"All my life's gratitude can never be too much, can never pay you back all that I owe you—never! but all my life I will remember you, and love you; and O, think of me when I am gone!"

"Yes I will think of you my child," the Kapell-meister said, and even his voice so calm at all times seemed shaken with emotion now; "I will think of you as one who was taken from me at the moment when I felt that she might become as dear as a daughter to me."

The Kapell-meister stooped over the kneeling, and pressed a cold calm kiss upon her brow. Then when a few minutes had passed he again bade her go; and she rose up, weeping no more, and like a child obeyed him. Their last words together were of ordinary things.

"You will be here to-morrow at the usual time Berthalde?"  
"I will come Maestro."

And so they parted.

For many years in the choir of the court chapel at Dresden, Berthalde Reimer's voice had it was said: so strange a power that strong men were moved to tears in hearing it. Men who had not prayed for years bent their knees involuntarily, and bowed their heads, awed by its solemn and unutterable beauty.

For many years she lived, and sang, and suffered—then she died. It was very long ago; yet, amongst the

people many a kind tradition lingers even now of the blind girl who sang so wonderfully; who coming a stranger to their town, lived with them, gentle to all yet ever sad and pensive, until her parents died; then dying too as if her work was done, prayed to be buried by loving hands in the spot which she had chosen close to a nameless grave that rested in the shadow of an ancient church.— [Dickens's Household Words.]

**The Crystal Palace**  
Four hundred men are constantly employed on this stupendous structure which now attracts a large share of attention, and the work is progressing rapidly. This week the number of workmen is still further increased. We learn from Mr. J. E. Dainoff, Superintendent Engineer that there is no doubt but that all of the main portion of the building will be complete by the 1st of June.

With the exception of the dome, the iron work of this portion is now very near completion, and the Crystal Palace begins to develop, in its stately proportion, the design originally conceived by its projector. The interior presents a labyrinth of pillars, roofs, ropes, and timbers with men thickly scattered, and making a rail resound with the clatter of clang, and creaking of their implements.

Curious visitors are excluded by a warden enclosure with gate keepers, but the vicinity is daily visited by increasing numbers. The summit of the reservoir is the favorite look-out place.

On Thursday last it is estimated not less than 5,000 persons visited the reservoir to avail themselves of the prospect there afforded. A large number of strangers are already attracted to the city by the presence of the palace.

The entire building is ready to be roofed excepting the dome; the glazing of the first story is nearly finished, and that of the second has been commenced; the roof of one section has been put on and the floor of the second story has been laid as far as the roofing extends. The dome, which is 100 feet in diameter, will be supported by 24 iron columns. Immediately over these is placed an iron trussing made to sustain a massive iron bed plate, on which rest the 32 ribs of the dome. The trussing, and bed plate are now being adjusted and but a few days' perhaps a week, will be required to put the dome in place after these are arranged. This done the main floor will be speedily laid down, the arrangements of goods commence and the aspect of things be materially changed.

The sides of the dome will display 32 escutcheons in good colored glass representing the United States coat of arms and those of other nations. The floor-timbers and roof-boards are the only parts that will be of wood and to render proof from fire impossible there are sixteen hydrants on the lower floor and the same number above. The quantity of iron used in construction of the whole building will be nearly 1,400 tons.

The cast iron girders or beams supporting the floor timbers, have each been tested for the support of 15 tons, but are capable of supporting 30 tons, without breaking. The greatest weight that can be put on any one of them is 7 tons.

The floor boards are put together with small crevices, to facilitate sweeping of the building.

There will be 4 spacious entrances to the building each having two flights of iron stairs leading to the galleries which are 54 feet wide, contain 62,000 square feet or about one acre and a half; and the ground floor 111,000 square feet or about 2½ acres making a total area of 173,000 square feet; or nearly 4 acres.

The extreme length of the structure or of each of the arched naves forming the transverse sections of the cross is 305 feet; its height, from the ground to the crown of the arch, is 67 feet or to the crown of the dome 118 feet and to the crown of the lantern surmounting the dome 149 feet. Ventilation is amply provided for in every part. On each floor there are 372 cast iron ventilators arranged to admit or exclude air as may be desired, besides ventilators near the roof on every side.

The glass is made to appear as if ground by a peculiar process to subdue the light. It is covered with a vitreous enamelling, which is applied in the form of a paste and made adhere to the glass when in a fused state. This obviates the use of a cloth covering, such as was used on the London palace.

The construction of the New York palace reflects honor on Mr. Demold who devised and executed the plans on which it is built. In point of symmetry it is considered as surpassing its London progenitor. As the various and almost innumerable parts were made in a half dozen different States, employing eight different foundries it is no easy matter to insure accuracy in their construction, so that all shall exactly fill the place for which they were designed.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, comparatively little detention has been ex-

perienced from this source. The palace will cost about \$300,000.

A great quantity of goods designed for exhibition have already arrived from abroad and are stored in the U. S. bonded warehouse. Over 4,000 applications from exhibitors have been received from this country alone while those from Europe number about 3,000 of which 700 are from England, 800 from Germany, and 500 from France. We learn that so restricted are the limits available for exhibitors compared with the demand that it has been determined to construct other buildings without the palace, as a means of relief. The boilers with which to drive the machinery are six in number, and forty feet in length, placed in a building distinct from the palace.

The latter will be enclosed with a suitable railing.

**Infidelity.**  
Sketch of the argument of DAVID PAUL BROWN upon the question—"Can the dying declaration of an infidel (alleged to have been murdered) be received in evidence?"

This is a great question for this world and the next. Since the time of Pontius Pilate, few questions of greater importance have presented themselves to a judicial tribunal. Its consequences should be well considered in its decision.

An infidel—one who denies the existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishment—cannot be sworn. That is established doctrine. An oath, in such circumstances, would be solemn mockery! An oath, or appeal to God, is the only tie that a human tribunal can have upon the truth of a witness. "Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help me God," is the obligation assumed by the witness. But it has no power—no binding influence, when the existence of a God and future rewards and punishments are denied.

If, then, this man, if living could not be sworn, can his dying declarations be evidence? They are even more objectionable and more dangerous than his testimony. They are ex-parte, they are surrounded by none of the safe-guards of cross-examination—they are to be received by us by transmission through others,—and, superadded to all these objections, the deceased was an avowed and unqualified infidel. Why is an oath binding? From its appeal to God! Why are dying declarations admissible? From an approach to God and his judgment,—from the almost immediate approach to that "high and mighty one, that inheres eternity," and of whom the sacred Bible is the earthly emblem.—It is therefore obviously necessary to competency, that God and judgment should be present in the mind of the dying man.

Suppose the dying declaration of a defendant, would it be received to effect reversal of an attainder? No. Why not? Because not competent to be sworn. Suppose the deceased were infamous for crime, or peculiarly interested. His declarations could not be heard. For legal purposes infidelity is the same. An infidel is not competent as a President of the United States—as a judge, as counsel, as a jurymen, as a tipstaff, as any officer of the General or State Government that require an oath—for the life of an oath is fear of hell and reverence for heaven.

This doctrine, is said by the opposite counsel to be a novelty—and it is further said that its novelty is an argument against it. The novelty of the doctrine consists in the anomalous character of the crime to which it relates, and which seems to flourish most in the present century. But we are told that the effect of the doctrine will be bigotry and delusion. What bigotry is that stands by the Holy Bible! Who is deluded that relies upon the justice of the Omnipotent? Let me tell you, that the effect of the opposite doctrine will be impiety—corruption—and perdition.

A man who lives as a beast, and dies as a beast, must, according to his own standard, be considered as a beast, and for judicial purposes, he should enjoy no greater privileges. The rights of the defendant and the sacred character of justice demand it—the lofty and immutable principles of our Religion forbid that it should be otherwise.

The decision of this day will startle thousands from their impious and perilous slumbers.

Do I ask you to work iniquity to any man? I ask you only to be just to the great God Source of all justice. I beg you not permit an opportunity for so much good, to pass unimproved. The fate of the defendant is nothing—but these principles are vital to us all.

Remember, I allow for all differences in creeds or modes of worship, but I make no allowance for that man who boldly confronts his God and plants his cloven foot upon the Book of Eternal Life.

**Railroad from Chicago to Council Bluffs.**  
The American Railroad Journal contains the following:

The rapid prominence which Chicago assumes among the cities of the West, points it out as an appropriate starting point for one of the great lines of railroad to the Pacific. There can be no doubt that private enterprise will be able to construct one or more roads from that city to the base of the Rocky Mountains. For this distance the face of the country offers no obstacles of any moment, while its fertility is creating settlements at a speed that promises to fill up the intermediate country in a very few years. There are already several projects on foot for the construction of a railroad to Council bluff on the Missouri, which is looked upon as the first resting place after leaving Lake Michigan. One of these lines is to be made up the Mississippi and Rock river Junction, and the Lyons Central Iowa companies, both of which are actively engaged in making the necessary surveys, and one, if not both, are already under contract. The point of crossing the Mississippi is at Fulton, and together, this makes nearly a straight line between their termini. It is the intention of parties connected with these roads to push them forward with the utmost vigor, to their completion to Council Bluff, nearly opposite the mouth of Platte river, which is the leading line now followed by the emigration to Oregon and California, and there can be no doubt that a road from Chicago to this point would at once command the immense tide of population moving west. Nearly one-half of that portion of the State of Iowa, traversed by this road is already well settled, and the whole is filling up with a rapidly that promises an abundant traffic to railroads as soon as one can be constructed. We wish these enterprises that promise to promote the public advantage, as well as secure private enterprise, the most abundant success.

**A Curious Discovery.**  
A most curious and interesting discovery has just been made at Langres, France, which we have no doubt will cause a searching scientific enquiry as to the material and properties of the perpetual burning lamps said to have been used by the ancients.

Workmen were recently excavating for a foundation for a new building, in a debris evidently the remains of Gallo-Roman erections when they came to the roof of an underground sort of a cave, which time had rendered of almost metallic hardness. An opening was effected, when one of the workmen instantly exclaimed that there was a light at the bottom of the cavern.—The parties present entered; when they found a bronzed sepulchral lamp, of remarkable workmanship, suspended from the roof by chains of the same metal. It was entirely filled with a combustible substance which did not appear to have diminished, although the probability is the combustion had been going on for ages. This, will we trust, throw some light on a subject which has caused so many disputes among learned antiquaries, although it was stated that one was discovered at Virebo in 1540; from which however no fresh information was afforded on the subject.

**The Cranes of Ibycus.**  
Ibycus, a famous lyrical poet of Greece, journeying to Corinth, was assailed by robbers. As he fell beneath their murderous strokes, he looked round to see if any witness or avenger was nigh. No living thing was in sight but a flight of cranes, soaring high over head. He called on them, and to them committed the avenging of his blood. A vain commission, as it might have appeared, and as no doubt it did appear to the murderers. Yet it was not so; for soon after the robbers were sitting in the open theater, at Corinth, they beheld this flight of cranes hovering over them, and one said scoffingly to another, "Lo, there, the avengers of Ibycus!" The words were caught up by some one near them, for already the disappearance of the poet had awakened anxiety and alarm. Being questioned, they betrayed themselves, and was led to their doom. The cranes of Ibycus passed into a proverb, very much as our "murder will out," to express the wondrous leadings of God, whereby the most secret thing of blood is continually brought to light.

A block of fine white marble, six feet long by two and a half feet wide, has just been finished in Washington for the National Washington Monument. An open Bible is also-relief is displayed on each side of it. "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in session at Washington, City May, 1853." The Assembly made a liberal appropriation for this stone, the design of which was furnished in a woodcut form by the body.