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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MIND-DESTROYER.

The following article, delivered at a temperance meeting in New Haven, Conn., and reported in the Fountain, has more than common merit—we commend it to men of reflection.

I. *The nature of the evil of intemperance.* It does not consist in tears, sighs, poverty, hunger, or any bodily misery. It is not like stealing, lying, gambling—these only pollute mind—immortal mind. Mind is the wealth of nations—not gold and silver.—The mountains of Mexico secrete treasures of gold in their bosoms; yet Mexico is poor indeed, compared with New England.

Mind is power to a nation. Our forefathers had not money, arms, or soldiers, wherewith to resist the mightiest nation on the globe. It was mind—rebelling, indomitable, independent mind—that rent in sunder the ties of blood and affection, and cast the yoke of tyranny back on European shores.

Mind is a nation's hope in future—her stay in danger; not bulwarks, forts and navies.

Mind—intelligent mind—is a nation's glory. This makes the Eagle of America and the Lion of England float highest and proudest amid the nations of the earth.—Mind is the author of science, literature, discoveries—the only true national glory.

That must be a withering, a blighting curse, which destroys this source of a nation's wealth, power, hope, and glory. War, pestilence and famine are blessings, compared with it. But intemperance, like some vast, hideous fiend, stands by this fountain head of life to our nation, casting in the deadly poison, which flows down in ten thousand channels through our land, scattering death along its track. This is your enemy—the real Apollyon of our land—breathing death over our community.

Is it not true that intemperance is the mind destroyer of our nation? Take one drunkard, 1st. Does he not waste the vast amount of influence which every man is bound to exert on the destinies of society? Does he not squander the nation's wealth, power and glory? 2d. Does he leave any good influence to go down to posterity? Coming ages have a claim on every man, to transmit to them manners, laws, and a nation freed from every evil influence. Does the drunkard do it? Every mind ruined, is as if one star was blotted out of the firmament of heaven—its light no more to shine on coming ages. 3d. His influence is actually baneful—deadly. All this is worse than waste of mind in one man. Now gather the hundreds in your city and look at them.—Now add all in the State. Swell this amount by all in the country. Set them aside on a plain by themselves, and behold them, thousands of minds—immortal minds ruined! Add to this vast crowd of wasted intellect, the minds of thousands of wives, whose energies are wasted by disappointment and cruelty. Nor is this all: place with these the minds of all the children, stinted in intellect by the vices of drunken fathers, ruined by wicked example, neglect or cruelty. Let this tide of wasted mind and evil influence roll like a flood down into futurity, and even the scales of eternity cannot weigh the loss. Go on then; your cause is holy, heavenly.

II. *For a second motive I would direct you to futurity.* 1st. Posterity demands of you this labor and sacrifice. Said Napoleon, at the battle of the Pyramids, pointing up to those immense structures, "Soldiers! remember forty centuries are beholding you from the tops of yonder pyramids." The very thought was victory. And more than forty centuries will soon be looking back on us, demanding of us not to entail upon them the blighting curse. Each age is a pioneer—explorer on the track of time, through the field of truth for the coming generations. God so ordains. The names on that record (pointing to the roll of the Society) will outlive their owners. They go down with their influence to posterity. 2d. You may behold in the future the final consummation of this evil. No bottles, no reeling, shall be seen; no sighing, weeping, starving, in all your city or land. Be patient and you will conquer. When Lord Nelson, with an inferior fleet, had planned the daring battle of the Nile, and was bearing proudly down upon the formidable array of French guns, his flag captain standing on deck beside him said, "What will the world say, Nelson, if we succeed?"—"There is no *if* about it," said the brave commander, "we shall succeed. But who will live to tell of the victory, is another thing." So there is no *if* about our success! We shall conquer, and as glorious as Nelson's will be our triumph.

III. *For a motive I direct you to the past* What have you done? I have heard asked Go read the page of history for answer.—Let the destiny of nations tell it. Go ask Ireland, once degraded, reeling, steeped in the fumes of alchohol, the fire and patriotism of her orators extinguished. Now again the spirit of liberty lives. The nation lives. Go ask the rock-bound isle of Erin what has done it, and all Ireland will point to Father Mathew. But come home, and ask America what temperance has done here. Fifty years ago she reeled on the verge of ruin. 1st. Millions of dollars are saved and poured into the sub-treasury of the country—the pockets of the people. Add to this all the labor, and the wealth in capital saved yearly is vast. 2d. Look at the happiness of thousands of families saved; comfort and peace now sit smiling in their once desolate dwellings. 3d. Look at the vast amount of mind reedemed—reputation saved. Now ask what has been done for America, and wives, children, redeemed men—a vast multitude will cry out "everything! everything!" This has the temperance society done. Go on then. The fate of the monster is doomed. Victory sits on our banner. Like the Alpine peasant, our motto is, Excelsior! Excelsior!

A VISIT TO AYR.

The New York Post gives an interesting letter from Mr. Bryant, from which we make the following extract:

On Monday we made an excursion to the Birth place of Burns. The railroad between Glasgow and Ayr took us through Paishe, worthy of note as having produced an eminent ornithologist, Alexander Wilson; and close to the banks of Castle Sample Lock, full of swans, there is a beautiful sheet of water, sleeping among green fields which shelve gently to its edge. We passed by Irvine, where Burns learned the art of dressing flax, and traversing a sandy tract, closely to the sea, were set down at near the new bridge. We followed a pleasant road, sometimes agreeably shaded, to Alloway. As we went out of Ayr, we heard a great hammering and clicking of chisels, and looking to the right we saw workmen busy in building another of the free churches, with considerable elaborateness of architecture in the early Norman style. The day was very fine, the sun bright, and the sky above us perfectly clear; but as is generally the case in this country, with an east wind, the atmosphere was thick with a kind of dry haze which excluded distant objects from sight. The sea was to our right, but we could not discern where it ended and the horizon began, and the mountains of the islands of Arran and the lone and lofty rock of Ailsa Craig looked at first like faint shadows in the thick air, and were soon altogether undistinguishable. We came at length to the little old painted kirk of Alloway, in the midst of a burying ground, roofless, but with gable ends still standing, and its interior occupied by tombs. A solid upright marble slab, before the church, marks the place where William Burns, the father of the poet, lies buried. A little distance beyond flows the Doon under the old bridge crossed by Tam O'-Shanter on the night of his adventure with the witches.

This little stream well deserves the epithet of "bonnie," which Burns has given it. Its clear but dark current flows rapidly between banks often shaded with ashes, alders and other trees, and sometime overhung by precipices of a reddish colored rock. A little below the bridge it falls into the sea, but the tide comes not up to embitter its waters. From the west bank of the stream the land rises to hills of considerable height, with a summit, and wooded slopes called Brown Carrick Hill. Two high cliffs near it impend over the sea, which are commonly called the heads of Ayr, and not far from these stand the fragments of an ancient castle. I have sometimes wondered that born as Burns was in the neighborhood of the sea, which I was told is often swelled into prodigious waves by the strong west wind which beats on this coast, he should have taken little if any of his poetic imagery from the ocean, either in its wildest or gentlest moods. But his occupations were among the fields, and his thoughts were of those who dwell among them, and his imagination never wandered where his feelings were not.

The monument erected to Burns, near the bridge, is an ostentatious thing, with a gilt tripod on its summit. I was only interested to see some of the relics of Burns which it contains, among which is the Bible given by him to his Highland Mary. A road leads from the monument along the stream among the trees to a mill, at a little distance above the bridge, where the water passes under steep rocks, and I followed it. The wild rose and woodbine were in full bloom in the hedges, and these to me were a better memorial of Burns than anything which the chisel could execute. A barefooted lassie came down the grassy bank among the trees, with a pail, and after washing her feet in the swift current, filled the pail, and bore it over the bank.

We saw many visiters sauntering about the bridge or entering the monument; many of them seemed to be country people, youngmen with their sisters and sweethearts, and others with white cravats, with a certain sleekness of appearance, I took to be of the profession of divinity. At the inn beside the Doon, a young woman, with a face and head so round as almost to form a perfect globe, gave us a dish of excellent strawberries and cream, and we set off for the house in which Burns was born.

It is a clay-built cottage of the humblest class, and now serves, with the addition of two new rooms of a better architecture, for an ale-house. Mrs. Hastings, the landlady, showed us the register, in which we remarked that a very great number of the visitors had taken the pains to write down that they were shoemakers. Major Burns, a son of the poet, had lately visited the place with his two daughters and a younger brother, and they had inscribed their names in the book.

HENRY CLAY'S FARM.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald thus describes Mr. Clay's residence:

"The city of Lexington, adjoining which is Ashland, is a neat and flourishing inland town, of some eight thousand inhabitants. It is the centre of an extensive range of country, second to no other in fertility, beauty and cultivation. About one mile east from this city is Ashland, the farm and home of Henry Clay. His house is a handsome and substantial edifice, the main body about forty feet by fifty, with wings of proportionate dimensions. It stands in the midst of a profusion of venerable forest trees, evergreens and shrubbery, upon a gentle elevation in the centre of a lot containing about fifty acres, and is some forty rods from the road. A serpentine carriage-way leads through the grove to the house, and numerous pathways tastefully arranged, beautify his grounds. His house is plainly but well furnished, containing many choice and valuable evidences of the respect and affection of his countrymen.

Then there is a stone cheese-house and a stone butter-house, Ashland being celebrated for the quantity and quality of the butter made thereat. His chicken-house, dove-house, stables, barns and sheds, are all in perfect repair, spacious, neat, and in order. His fruit and vegetable garden contains about forty acres, and in its arrangement, I saw Mrs. Clay giving personal directions. There is also a large green-house, filled with choice plants and beautiful flowers.

His negro cottages are exceedingly comfortable, all white-washed, clean, and well furnished, and plenty of flowers in the windows and about the dwellings. His slaves possess more of the comforts of life, have better dwellings, are better clothed, and work less than a majority of the day-laborers of the North. I have never seen an establishment in any country, in all its departments, furnish so many proofs of domestic comfort, permanent and useful arrangement, united with such exceeding good taste and unpretending elegance.

Mr. Clay's farm contains about 800 acres and in all my wanderings, including even New England, I have never seen the same number of acres in a body, as handsome, as productive, as well fenced, and as well cultivated. His woodland is cleared of all under brush and dead wood—his fields are enclosed with good fences, with the top rails all on, and not a weed or a briar in the corners—his hemp-fields, &c., are prepared with the skill and care of a thrifty farmer—and he has a ten acre lot of corn, upon which he has bestowed extra labor and attention, with the view of obtaining the premium.

Then there are his fine-blooded cattle, sheep and horses, apportioned off into lots, according to age, and the use and purposes for which they are designed. Indeed, there is no spot in or about his residence or farm that will not furnish evidence of his being a thrifty, profitable and practical farmer.—True it is that I had read and heard much of Mr. Clay, as the "Farmer of Ashland," but I regarded him as what is termed 'a gentleman farmer'—as one who had a farm, but knew little and cared less how it was cultivated. But let any one walk with Mr. Clay over his broad acres—notice his intimate knowledge of everything pertaining to farming—hear him relate how he prepares and improves his lands, changes his crops, improves his stock, and yearly renders more and more productive and profitable his extensive plantation—and he will then see with his own eyes that one of the best, practical and most useful farmers, in this or any other country, is Henry Clay, the farmer of Ashland; and he will also see and learn that the best butter and cheese in the Lexington market are made by Mrs. Clay, the wife of the "Farmer of Ashland."

From the Saturday Emporium.

MUSINGS UNDER THE WILLOW.

The churchyard is a quiet place. The dead lie there in unbroken repose, and the living seldom disturb its quietness. They prefer to mingle in the crowd, the wild, eager, reckless crowd; to bury themselves in business or pleasure, to follow the promptings of ambition, shadowy though the object may be which they pursue, and rarely think of entering its gates, or strolling over its solemn grounds, or of gazing for even a brief moment upon its marble records to read the history of life, or of lingering beneath its willows while the glorious rays of the sunset, or the first star-beams fall with sad radiance upon the leaf and branch, to turn their thoughts upon the past, and friends who are of the past, to speculate on the career of those lying there who were strangers, and drop a tear or two over poor frail humanity. They are not wise in this, for the spirits of the dead linger around their graves, and they may meet there if they will. It may indeed make them sadder, but it will also make them better men, to visit occasionally the churchyard; and the heart that has grown hardened by rough contact with the world, will find there its old sympathies and better feelings returning to it. We dropped into one the other day, and a few of our musings we will give thee, reader.

On one side stood a willow, trailing its branches around the graves of two aged persons; a man and his wife; almost shutting from them the sunlight which fell upon it, and gleamed on its weeping bows, and thick, glossy leaves. On scanning the mossy tablets which had been reared to perpetuate their memory, and give them a life in the knowledge of succeeding generations by the very record of their death, it appeared that a century had glided by since they were laid there, and "dust to dust" had been said over them. The man's age somewhat exceed four-score, and the woman's was a few years younger. We know nothing of their history, yet, supposing that their lot had been the common one, the whole broad picture of their life rose vividly before us; here glowing with intense light, there mellowed by a slight shade into a calm and quiet beauty; here touched by the rose-hues" that "laugh in youth's morning sky," and there overhung by the clouds which gather around later life, and shroud it in gloom.—We saw them merry children, without anything of care or sorrow on their bright faces, laughing joyously in their sports; those innocent sports which, the world over, throw around childhood such a charm and freshness, and thinking that the beautiful world before them, and which showed them something new every hour, and gave birth at every turn to some young day-dream of bliss, could have in it little of guile, or sadness, or disappointment. We saw them grow up into youth, and, as life dawned more fully upon them, gradually learning the unpleasant truth that in its path were thorns as well as flowers; yet still knowing little of its cold heartlessness—little of its deceit, and hollow promises, and real vexations. Buoyant and sanguine, though an occasional cloud of sorrow swept over their present, the future was always bright. They still disbelieve the stories which those who were old, and had seen the whole of life, told them of it; and persuaded themselves that it must be a rich banquet, where pleasure sat, crowned with roses, and pouring out the ruddy, sparkling wine of enjoyment for their guest. Thought almost became visible on their high, full brows, and in their dark eyes. Intelligence beamed from them instead of childish wonders. Quick, restless impulses were there seen, also, and something like reflection, while sensibility played round, and gave life to every feature. His form began to assume its manly proportions, and hers the faultless beauty of the maiden in her first years of womanhood. They loved intensely—loved as young heart's always will that are pure and generous, and have not been dulled by disappointment, or scathed by vice.

They married, and their bright destiny seemed rapidly fulfilling. The affections of each had an object, and were happy in their devotion to it. Bright eyed children gathered around the fireside, and laughed and sported as they had done, blessing and blest, like so many household gods. These grew up to youth, and their hearts were pained by the misfortunes of some and the waywardness of others; perhaps learned, even "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a *thankless* child." One boy, after years of wandering, was buried in the ocean, with its foam for a winding sheet, and its surging billows to wail his dirge; and another left them to seek a newer world, and, as it seemed to them, a joyless destiny. One gentle-hearted girl married a being, fascinating in his manners, but cold, selfish, without anything in his nature congenial with hers, and wept in secret over her fate, though she smiled in the crowd and seemed happy; and one, with a younger brother, had remained at home to lighten the sorrows of their age, smooth their way to the grave, and weep over it. They had passed on, year by year, alternately rejoicing and sorrowing, meeting with reverence and with scorn; had seen jealousy haunting their path, and revenge following them with his dagger; had seen the world change around them, and themselves change in it, till they were almost ready to doubt the identity of both; and struggle with vicissitudes which none may escape; had clung to life and seen it gradually leave them, till kind heaven, as they approached the mysterious future, granted them some glimpses of its glory, and they sank away quietly into death:

"Like those who wrap the drapery, the couch
About them, and lie down to pleasant dreams!"

DANGER TO ST. PETER'S AT ROME.—A letter from Rome published in Galignani's Messenger, contains the following: One of the most splendid monument, of Catholic art, the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, inspires serious alarm in the minds of the architects of that city. For a long time past the cupola has been cracked in many places, and ten arches of iron weighing 60,000 kilogrammes have been placed so as to prevent its fall. It has just been discovered that the lantermino, above which rises the cross which crowns the edifice, is cracked through and through. The numerous lightening conductors which had been erected by Pope Pius VII, for the protection of the edifice, removes all idea of this mischief having been the effect of a thunder storm. The lantermino is being surrounded by heavy iron chains to prevent the cracks from extending.

GOOD SPUNK.—In a recent number of the Woonsocket Patriot is the advertisement of Mrs. Mary Irons, wherein she gives old Irons, her worst half, such a dose as will not set well on his stomach. Mary is an ironer and crimper, as the good-for-nothing Arthur has probably long ago found out, and may she never want for a place to rest her Irons. Moreover, we like her spunk, and therefore give her notice a place in our columns:

Whereas Arthur Irons has seen fit to advertise me as having left his bed and board, carrying off his children, &c.; therefore, I hereby give notice to all who may feel interested in the matter, that said Arthur Irons, since his marriage, has had neither bed nor board which was not procured with my money; that all the furniture which I took away I purchased and paid for myself; that he had no money which did not belong to me; and as to getting trusted on his account, he cannot get trusted himself where he is known; that I can better maintain myself than he can; and that I prefer living alone to living with a Rum Jug!

MARY IRONS.

PRINTING.—Every column of a newspaper contains several thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error. With this curious fact before the reader, he must wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers, and be more disposed to excuse than magnify errors of the press.

THE LAST FACT.—The U. S. Journal deems it important to communicate to the Cincinnati papers its new receipt for fattening hogs: "Put a galvanic ring on the snout, one on the tail, one on each ancle, and then let the animal root in a heap of guano." Scientifically considered, it must produce great results.