

Cling to the Mighty One.

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. i. 12.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxlvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	1 John iv. 16.
Through all below;	Rom. viii. 38. 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. iv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxlviii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i. 7.
Cling to His side;	John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
In him abide;	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.

[From the Albany Police Tribune.]

The Way a Honeymoon Trip Terminated.

Miss Ellis was formerly a resident of New Hampshire. She is a very fine looking young woman, and for a long while was considered one of the best looking young ladies in New England. In August last, Mr. Ackerman, of Utica, went down to Newport, to spend the summer and indulge in sea breezes. Among the guests then stopping at that favorite watering place was Miss Ellis, of New Hampshire, and her Uncle Benjamin.

Her uncle is a shrewd man of the world, and can see as far into the wants and peculiarities of other people, as the next man. Mr. Ackerman, of Utica, saw Miss Ellis, and was so taken with her 'contour' that he immediately made up his mind that, if her beauty rested on a 'golden basis,' he would 'go in and win.' To ascertain how Miss Ellis stood with regard to the precious metals, Mr. A. came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to 'pump' her uncle Benjamin. To get uncle Benjamin under the pump, Mr. Ackerman invited him in his parlor, and partook of iced champagne for several days in succession. During one of these sociable sit-downs, Mr. A. broached the subject in the following manner:—

"That young lady who sat at the table near you this morning, is a magnificent creature.—Do you know her name?"

"Do you mean the young lady with the black ringlets?"

"The same. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Certainly. Her name is Ellis; she resides in New Hampshire."

"An old family, the Ellis, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; and they have the rocks too."

"Possible; and is Miss Ellis worth anything in her own right?"

"I rather think she is. She owns more land than I can see over from the top of a flagstaff. In addition to this, she holds some thirty thousand dollars worth of government securities."

"Is it possible?"

"True, every word of it. I am her uncle and ought to know."

"Uncle! I beg ten thousand pardons for my rudeness. Had I supposed that you were in any way related to the young lady, our conversation would have taken a far different direction. You will overlook the impropriety, I hope?"

Uncle Benjamin promised to do so altho' he knew that Mr. Ackerman was dealing in falsehood and duplicity the whole time. Mr. Ackerman and Uncle Benj. shook hands and parted. The latter walked toward the beach to have a smoke. The former went to the barber's shop and ordered Mr. Pomatum to dress his hair a la Julien. Mr. Ackerman put himself 'on his shape,' at the earliest possible moment. He then sought an introduction to Miss Ellis. He got it through her 'Uncle Benjamin.' The introduction ripened into a flirtation, the flirtation into a courtship, and the courtship into a marriage. The latter came off two weeks ago last Monday. The next day they started on their honeymoon. They visited Boston and remained there till Thursday of last week. They then started for Albany. They arrived here on Friday morning, having spent the previous night at Springfield, where they laid over. On their arrival in this city, they drove to Stanwix Hall, where they engaged a suite of rooms at the rate of sixty dollars per week. On Monday of this week Mr. Ackerman informed his wife that, owing to the non-arrival of funds, he would have to trouble her for a small loan.

"How much, dearest?"

"No great sum, my duck—a couple of hundred will do at present."

"A couple of hundred! Why, my dear, that is more money than I have seen for the last five years."

"What then becomes of your interest money, my love?"

"What interest money, my soul?"

"Why, that interest money that you were to derive from those government securities?"

"Government securities! I don't know what you mean."

"Don't know what I mean! Why, your Uncle Benjamin informed me that you owned thirty thousand dollars worth."

"If he did he should be written to and made to explain. It is all a riddle to me."

Mr. A. coincided with Mrs. A. and admitted that Uncle Benjamin should be written to. He dropped him a letter that very hour.

On Wednesday he invited Uncle Benjamin's answer. We annex it:—

DEAR NEPHEW:—In answer to yours of Monday last, I send you this. I fear you have put a wrong construction upon my language not warranted by the facts. I said that Miss Ellis' family was one of the oldest in the State, and that they had lots of 'rocks.' This is literally so. Miss Ellis' parents live on a fifty acre farm, nine-tenths of which is covered with boulders of all possible magnitude.

If by 'rocks' you imagined money, you have, I am pained to say, deceived yourself. I said that Miss Ellis 'owned more land than I could see over from the top of a flag staff.' I admit I used this language, and the statement is true. As I am very near sighted, the quantity of land I can see from the top of a flag staff is limited to half an acre. I am sorry, if you understood me to mean more than this. I also mentioned the fact that she held some \$30,000 worth of Government securities. This is true, every word of it. The securities were issued by the first Congress, and are known as the far famed Continental money. It sells in Boston, at the present time, at the rate of ten cents a peck. Should it bring more than this in York State, please drop me a line at your earliest convenience.

With love to self and niece, I close with the best wishes for your prosperity.

Yours, R. S. V. ELLIS.

The first thing that Mr. Ackerman did when he received Uncle Benjamin's letter was to tear it open. The next thing he did was to tear his hair and stamp upon the floor. He asked Mrs. Ackerman what it all meant.

Mrs. A. replied that she did not know, but supposed it all came from that love of fun which Uncle Ben inherited from his grandfather Zerebulon Ellis, of Portland.

Mr. A. d—d her uncle Benjamin, and paid the same compliment to his grandfather Zerebulon Ellis of Portland. Having done this, he pronounced the whole marriage 'a cursed swindle.'

Mrs. Ackerman retorted and charged Mr. Ackerman with being 'a mercenary adventurer.'

Mr. Ackerman said he would permit no woman to question his honor.

Mrs. Ackerman retorted by saying that he 'could not help himself.'

This so irritated Mr. Ackerman that he walked up and slapped Mrs. Ackerman's face. Mrs. Ackerman, not liking this sort of thing, pronounced her husband a brute, soon after which she repaired to the Police Office and swore out a warrant against him for assault and battery. It was issued by Justice Parsons. When the officer went to serve it, however, it was discovered that Mr. Ackerman had flown. It is supposed that he has gone either to Utica or Boston. If to the latter place, 'Uncle Benjamin' should expect an early visit from a Maretek moustache and a duelling pistol.

IT MADE HIM FEEL INDEPENDENT.—A man named Porter, says he once had a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy.

Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting balancing his cash, a note would come, requesting 'the loan of a five-dollar bill.' The money was always returned punctually at 8 o'clock on the Monday morning following.—But what puzzled the lender was, the Parson always returned the very identical note he borrowed.

Since he had discovered this fact he had made private marks on the note; still the same was handed back on Monday morning. One Saturday evening Porter sent a five dollar gold piece, instead of a note, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on the Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could not sleep at night for thinking of it, he would awake his wife in the middle of the night and ask her what she thought of such a strange occurrence. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower, one Christmas eve, asking the loan of ten dollars. A brilliant thought struck our friend. He put on his great coat, resolved to call and demand an explanation of the mystery.

When he was shown into his friend's study he found him plunged in the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. . . .," said our friend, "if you will answer me one question I will let you have the ten dollars. How does it happen that you always repay me the money you borrow on the Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The parson raised his head, and after a violent struggle, as though he was about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said, in faltering tones:—

"Porter, you are a gentleman—a scholar—a Christian, and a New Yorker—I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy—listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when I have bought my Sunday dinner, I have seldom a red cent left in my pocket. Now, I maintain that no man can preach the gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he has got something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence."

I have therefore borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes; well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket! Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning.—Now, as Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach to-morrow, I thought I would try the effect of a ten dollar bill sermon on him."

—[Ex.]

Cellars.

By a beneficial arrangement of Providence, the gasses and odors most prejudicial to human life, are lighter than the air which surrounds us, and as soon as disengaged, rise immediately to be purified, and then returned to be used again.

The warmer the weather, the more rapidly are these gasses generated, and the more rapidly do they rise; hence it is, that in the most miasmatic regions of the tropics, the traveler can with safety pursue his journey at mid-day, but to do so in the cool of the evening, or morning, or midnight, would be certain death. Hence also, the popular but too sweeping dread of 'night air.' To apply this scientific truth to practical life, in reference to the cellars under our dwellings, is the object of this article.

The ceilings of cellars should be well plastered, in order most effectually to prevent the ascent of dampness and noisome odors through the joints of the flooring.

The bottom of the cellar should be well paved with stone, cobble stones are perhaps best; over this should be poured, to the extent of several inches in thickness, water lime cement, or such other material as is known to acquire in time almost the hardness of stone; this keeps out the dampness of the earth below.

If additional dryness is desired for special purposes, in parts of the cellar, let common scantling be laid down, at convenient distances, and loose boards be laid across them, for convenience of removal and sweeping under, when cleaning time of the year comes.

The walls should be plastered, in order to prevent the dust from settling on the innumerable projections of a common stone wall.

Shelves should be arranged in the centre of the cellar, not in the corners, or against the walls; these shelves should hang from the ceiling, by wooden arms, attached firmly before plastering, thus you make all safe from rats.

Let everything not absolutely nailed fast, be removed into the yard, in April or May, and exposed to the sun, and if you please, remain for a week or two, so as to afford opportunity for a thorough drying.

Let the walls and floors be swept thoroughly on four or five different days, and let a coat of good white-washing be laid on.

These things should be done once a year, and one day in the week at least, except in mid-winter, every opening in the cellar, for several hours, about noon, should be thrown wide; so as to allow as complete a ventilation as possible. Scientific men have forced on the common mind, by slow degrees, the importance of a daily ventilation of our sleeping apartments, so that now, none but the careless or most obtuse neglect it, but few think of ventilating their cellars, although it is apparent that the noisome dampness is constantly rising upwards and pervading the whole dwelling.

Emanations from cellars do not kill in a night; if they did, universal attention would be forced to their proper management, but it is certain, from the very nature of things, that unclean, damp, and mouldy cellars, with their sepulchral fumes, do undermine the health of multitudes of families, and send many of their members to an untimely grave.—[Hall's Journal of Health, for April.]

PAPER WASTED.—A man lately accepted a challenge to make one million strokes with pen and ink within a month; not to be mere scratches or dots, but fair down strokes, such as form the child's first lesson in writing. The month was to be four weeks, and he was to abstain from the task on Sundays; so that he must average 36,000 strokes per day.

On the first day he executed about 50,000 strokes; on the second day nearly as many. But at length, after many days, the hand became stiff and weary, the wrist swollen, and it required the constant attendance of a relation or friend to besprinkle it, without interrupting its progress over the paper, with a lotion calculated to invigorate it. On the 23d day the million strokes, exceeded by some few thousands 'to make assurance doubly sure,' was accomplished.—[Ex.]

A CHEAP LIFE PRESERVER.—An ordinary hat may be converted, in default of a better, into a life preserver of the most efficient character. All that is necessary is to fasten a handkerchief over it, tying it under the brim, to give a hold for the hands, when, by carefully keeping the open end downwards, that the enclosed air may not escape, it will support in the water with ease one or even two persons, if they will maintain a slight treading motion in the water, which any one however unacquainted with swimming, may easily do.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

TOUGHNESS OF GUTTA PERCHA.—Some interesting experiments recently made in Boston, show an incredible strength in gutta percha tubing, and its value above other materials for water pipes, &c., where power to resist great pressure is required. A pipe of half an inch diameter stood 370 pounds to the square inch, and burst at 390; a five-eighths inch pipe stood till 380 pounds of pressure to the square inch was applied; but a quarter inch pipe, made for soda fountains, stood uninjured at 1,000 to the square inch.—[Ex.]

CATCHING SNAILS AND GRUBS.—The 'Gardener's Chronicle' (Eng.) recommends scattering a little oatmeal, about sundown, in the places where these plant pests, so troublesome in England, most abound. About an hour later, a good army of them will be congregated together, feasting upon the meal, when they may be gathered up and destroyed. The best time to catch them is just after a rain. A correspondent who tried this method, states that in a strawberry bed he captured five thousand in half an hour.

Ice and Salt Water.

I notice in this morning's Courier and Enquirer a communication in relation to the removal of ice by salt, signed J. H.

Stone will not be injured by salt water any more than painted surfaces are by soap and water, if they are washed off; but if salt is allowed to remain on red sand-stone, or marble steps, it may penetrate. If the effect of salt water was such as your correspondent suggests the rock strata of this earth would have long since been rendered a mass of debris by the action of the sea water, and by that of the salines scattered over the earth. Lime-stone and magnesian rocks are affected by salt, and the three united in a solution, form a compound, such as exists beneath the falls of Niagara, and a large extent of country bordering our Western Lakes.

My suggestion is, to dissolve as much salt in water as the water is capable of holding in solution. This, poured on the ice, will liquify it rapidly. I cannot conceive of any injurious effects that it can have on railroads. Turks Island salt is the best kind for such use, as it contains more of the deliquescent chlorides. The object is to melt the ice and clear it away.

I have in my collection a stone bottle filled with brine, from the Holstein, Va., Salt Mines. It is of ninety degrees density by the Salometer, which is as much Salt as the cold water can be made to take up. This bottle has been in my Cabinet ten years and is now in as good order as the glass bottles, containing brine. Professor Cook who was employed by the State Government to analyze the waters of the Onondaga Salines, expressed to me the opinion that salt water was corrosive to such an extent that it could not be kept in stone jugs. I sent him one of the two stone bottles which in 1846 I received from the Holstein mines, to show that all brines were not corrosive. That bottle of brine is now in the State Geological Cabinet, at Albany, and is numbered '93' of my Saline specimens deposited there by Professor Cook; and mentioned in his Report to the State Legislature, Assembly Document No. 50 of 1854. I have no doubt the bottle will remain good for centuries. I have also three stone jugs filled with brine from the Salines of Syracuse, Liverpool, and Salina, which have been used many years in the earth battery connected with my electric and meteoric wires. These are exposed to all the changes of temperature we have had for many years, and remain unchanged. They are shielded from the rain and wet.

I have other brines, viz: the water of the Dead Sea, of Lockpit, and Montezuma, and the bitterings of the salines of Kenhawa. All these are of great specific gravity, and so corrosive that none of them can be kept in stone jugs. The bitterings of the salt water of Kenhawa contain a large percentage of bromine, and if thrown on the ground where cattle tread, will destroy their hoofs.

The borders of the lakes Seneca and Cayuga are underlaid by salt water as dense as the Sea of Sodom, and the red and green shale strata under the Falls of Niagara, which extends to St. Catharines, Canada, contains this dense and corrosive salt water.

I have now before me about a hundred separate packages of the stratas passed in boring the Lockpit well, near Cayuga Lake. These are affected by every change of moist atmosphere. I have in the same collection borings from the Salines of Onondaga, which are not affected by a change of weather, and presented beneath the surface, at the depth of near three hundred feet, a crust that resisted the action of the drills, in sinking deep wells, for hours, and sometimes for days. A cobble stone which was split in one of these deep borings, and raised, I termed a Murielite. Its fracture is like that of polished steel, and although not weighing more than a pound, resisted the drill for two days, when it was at length split. The marks of the drill upon it show that two days chiseling did not cut into it a quarter of an inch.

In melting ice from railroad tracks, it is easy to guard against corrosion, if such a result is apprehended, by sweeping away the melted ice, &c., but I think no such fear need be entertained.

E. MERIAM.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, Jan. 22, 1856.

THE NEW VOTING TEST.—A Massachusetts paper expresses a fear that Rufus Choate, the eminent lawyer, will not be able to stand the writing test, should it be incorporated in the constitution of that State as proposed. It knows of an instance in which a board of lyceum directors were unable to tell by the answer of that distinguished gentleman whether or not he had accepted their invitations to lecture, after a laborious and vain effort to decipher his scrawl.—[Ex.]

Bishop Marley had a good deal of the humor of Swift. Once when the footman was out of the way he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected, that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well;" a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.—[Ex.]

NAIVE.—A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, &c. &c. The next got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father, to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that moment slyly driving a tenpenny nail into a door panel.

"Me?—oh, I gets readin', spelling, and spankings."