LE WANALLY & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.

BY J. H. CHRESTY. s and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, of s and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, of Dellars at the end of the year. Dellars at the end of the year. of the publisher) until all arrearages are paid.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

squent insertion:

SOENE ON THE OHIO. BY REV. J. TODD.

Well, it is now nearly forty years since first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted ben I first saw it; I have loved it ever since, and when I die I hope I shall be busince, and when I die I nope I shall be buried on its banks. On a certain day, I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky,
with Captain Ward, as he was removing
his family from the cast. The journey was
long, and at best would be tedious. I was
as a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted The country was full of Indians, and no Ohio. The whites, and the lodiens too, e: the whites killed the most, and the were the most cruel. We purdated an old, crazy, square-built boat, beabout eight or ten wide. We contrived to spike on a single pine plank on each gun-sel, and this was the only thing we had to-defend us. We had a heavy load, furnibeides nearly a dozen people. These con-sited of the captain, his wife, and their roung children, a widowed sister and son, besides several men to manage the boat. When we left, we were fearful lest the Inwe knew that by keeping in the middle of the river we should be beyond the reach of their rifles, or could be in a few-moments. Thus we passed on for several days, till we posed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians. One day, just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carclessly along the current We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was pro-mising the children a good run on shore.— The widow was getting out provisions, and making preparations for our supper. The captain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them just enough to allow me

"Rogers,' said the captain, 'suppose we put in this side of that point, and tie the

and I should like to have one for our sup-

had got within fifty yards of that point

"'A decr,' said the captain."
"No, no,' I shouted, 'row, row, for life, or we are all dead."

"At that instant, down rushed scores of idians to the shore, with a shout made the hills across the river echo it back again .-The murderous creatures rushed down to the water's edge, and presented their guns and opened a heavy fire upon us. _ In an instant, the young man snatched his rifle, and rising up his full length, fired at the nearest Indian, who had a shabby head dress.— The Indian fell, and so did the young man at the same instant. As he fell, the capain brought the boat round still nearer.-The indians yelled, the women screamed, be horses were falling and plunging, and the bullets were flying thick around us.— Yet above all, the voice of captain Ward rose cool- Rogers, take my oar.'

"I took it, and he at the same instant mizeda piece of plank, and rowed to such ing on a hunting expedition, and that we were safe. But, oh! what a sight! the colness of the captain was all gone. He hid down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as his son, and exclaimed, 'O, lohn, John! O Lord, have mercy, have nercy! I have brought the dear boy to this death.' But the widowed mother! She was as pale as a sheet; but she came to her son, raised his head in her hap, and opened his bosom, where the blood was still coming.

anid she in a sweet voice, as g to a babe, 'John, do you know

"He tried, but could not.

"My son, do you know that you are dy-

"'No, no; but don't think of mc. Can on pray with the heart, now, my dear,

"'Jesus Christ,' said the mother, for he

She bent over him a few minutes, as if in shore, on this side, for the night. We dared not light a candle, lest the Indians should the children and got them asleep: We then that grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to make a noise, nor even to weep aloud. But after we had opened from the grave, to haunt our midnight mu-the grave and were ready to put the corpse sings. in it, the widowed mother spoke:

"Is there no one here that can offer prayer as we bury my only child?"

"There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed for ourselves. She then knelt down, and laying her hand ent of any note had been made in on the bosom of her boy, she, in a subdued voice, uttered such a prayer as few ever were constantly making war upon each made. She was calm as the bright waters other. I do not know who was the most to at our feet. And when she came to pray for the whole of us-for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy; when she gave thanks to God that he had so long comforted her heart with her son; and when she gave that God had given her such a son to give back to Him; it was awful! we could not sob aloud! You preachers talk about sub-limity, but if this was not it, I do not know what it is. Well, there we buried him, and there he sleeps vct. In the morning, I got up at daylight, and came up here to place haps she had been here all night. - She was trying to do the very thing; and so, without saying a single word, I took hold and helped her to put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground but it stands just as we placed it. When we had done, the widow turned and said, Rogers,' but tears came, and I was thanked enough. I have sat on this log many times and thought over the whole scene; and though the mother has been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now just as she looked when she turned to thank me, and I can hear her voice just as she spoke to her dying boy!"-Christian Keepsake.

SELECTION OF BOOKS.—Biographies of good men, well written, and, by the way, out to one of those big trees, and there en- such books are scarce, cannot be too much sought or too closely perused. Works of sought or too closely perused. Works of down like mildew upon her life. Love had "this description, if they are what they ought been a portion of her existence. Its tenike it. Besides, a few moments ago, 1 to be, exhibit human character in portrait, drils had been twined around her heart in of benevolence, of virtue, and, not unlikely of errors to be shunned .- They often tend which shrouds from the inexperienced eye be so. The winds have gone over my life, would which the steamboat has just pass-of the young and obscure, the frailties and d, when I heard a stick crack, as if broken imperfections of the great man's character. their own valets-and why, but because these, their dependants, are witnesses of their hours of relaxation, and have discovered the important secret, that they are not thing but men, and in most respects very much like themselves

The fact is, that, without enjoying the unreserved intimacy of the great, or learning from biography, the means by which they have become so, we are prone to look at them as they are, and not us they were, tellectual elevation to superior mental endowments by nature, when in all instances. at any rate in this country, they are both, almost exclusively, the fruit of the " perseverance that never relaxes, and the vigilance that never tires." We need not commend to the perusal of any young man the biography of Dr. Franklin, for all, under whose eyes this article may fall, have probably read it. If not let them do so and good purpose that in a few minutes we were out in the river, beyond the reach of their rifes. We knew they had no canoes, bepages (the form in which we have read, and re-read it,) has, by its circulation in the horses were all dead, or dying, one child United States, done more in redeeming badly wounded, the boat half filled with talent from obscurity, than any—than all water, and the young man in his blood at other works of the kind that have ever been the bottom of the boat. By this time the read bere; and did the Doctor's fame rest simply upon that production, as a model of sink into darkness and nothingness. Else critically correct biographical writing, it

would be imperishable. From biography we learn, or ought to learn, the "small beginnings" with which distinguished men start in their career of greatness, the embarrassments under which they labored, and obstacles they encountered, the points in which they failed, and those in which they succeeded, the causes of failure in the one case-of success in the other, and last though not least, the estimation that was put upon their capacities in ""(Can you swallow, John ? said she, dred of renowned men that ever existed, will be found to have given no evidences of will be found to have given no evidences of constant and over, and dipping up some superior endowments by nature, from which those who best knew them could have predicted their future distinction.-Learning from biography these facts, young men learn to feel that fame is the fruit of exertion, not of circumstances or natural endowment; and the worth of this one lesson, if its convictions are so felt as to result in a determivealth.—Olive Leaf.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for a sinking flower, to the grave—the strong the first time tears filled her eyes. Till man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the that moment; you would have thought she field of battle—the miserable convict stand-had been talking to a child just going to ing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse sleep, her voice was so calm and so mild, quivering upon his lips; I have viewed She was a widow, and he was her only child, death in all its forms of darkness and venand a noble fellow he was. But she was a gennee, with a tearful eye; but I never religious woman. I never saw religion could look on woman, young and lovely like that before or since. We lay off the woman, fading away from the earth in river till dark, and then silently came to the beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always see it. We milked our only cow, and fed terrible-but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the brought the body of the young man up the sleepers, the heart feels that something bank, and when the moon arose, we dug lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation over the lonely thoughts that come up like spectres

Two years ago, I took up my residence

for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival. I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idel of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were ever resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped-her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers-her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom-and she moved through the crowd with such a floating unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creature of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her the stone at the head of the grave. It was feelings. She smiled, but there was some bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I thing in her smile which told that its mournfound the mother was here before me; per- ful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear-and her eye-lids at times closing heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence; and l became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lip was faint, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were dried. " I to unravel and rend that mysterious mantle am passing away," said she, "and it should and the bright bad of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, None respect men of eminence so little as and lie withering in the dust. And yet cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life, and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grove, where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around and hence to attribute their political or in- me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; that pensive star, in which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me on to his own bright home-every flower, and rivulet, on which our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the sinking of a breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of roses, and then dies, as it were, from very sweemess.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon the wave, and then why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering around unsatisfied ?-Why is it that the rainbow and the closed come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited facultiesforever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in cold and Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for higher deswhere the rainbow never fades where the

now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the dream that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim love-lines, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a stiell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of plessedness and peace.

ANCIENT CLERICAL TITLES. The word "pope" is derived from the word papa, in Greek and other ancient ongues, signifying father, and is the same in import as Abba. These are evidently copied from nature, being the sounds emitted by an infant to its parent. The term papa, or pope, was, in primitive Christian

of clergy, just as we call a venerable old minister, by the honoured title of "father." But just in the same manner as the true ministry lost their parity of rank and office by the successful ambition of city ministers, ording it over poor country ministers; so by degrees the title of papa or pope, gradully passed to the ambitious number of lordlings; and finally it passed to one pompous and aspiring character, who, in his turn, lorded it over his former equals in the

We discover evidently from St. Gregory the Pope's Letters to the bishops of Constantinople, and of Alexandria, that the title of "pope" was confined, after a time, to

each of those three aspirants. The title "uestra sanctitas," and the corresponding Greek word for " vour holiness," was the common title of a minister. The word "Reverend" was never used in the ancient Greek, Syriac, and Egyptian churches. The title was invariably "your holiness." This prevailed in the Greek church first, as that church is more ancient than the Latin or Roman church. Hence we find this title of "your holiness," in the most ancient Culdee churches of ancient Britain, and Ireland. And the use of this Greek title of the ministry, is an additional proof, by the way, that these ancient primtive churches of Britain and Ireland were planted by Greeks, and not by Romans originally. Archbishop Usher notices this fact, and puts it in a strong light. The Culdee churches of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, kept Easter on the day commemorated by the Greek Church, and not on the day kept by the church at Rome.

This is a striking fact. In Scotland and Ireland particularly the itle of " your holiness" was applied to every pastor. But, it was translated into what is rendered "SAINT." When St. Patrick from Scotland, landed in Ireland about five hundred and thirty-two, he found St. Ibbar at he head of the pure Culdee churches. Hence Ireland was said to be the land of SAINTS." Now this really meant just curious branches of geology. this:-it was a land that abounded with many venerable and faithful ministers .-The word "Saint," in these times was precisely used as our common title of "Reverend" is applied to each minister of the Gospel now.

In Pope St. Gregory, Lib. 7, Epist. 36 we have an instructive historical exhibition of "the antiquity" of Popery. The Bishop of Constantinople had claimed the title of universal bishop, or pope," over all. The bishop of Alexandria, Egypt, wrote an epistle to Gregory of Rome, and called him also " universal bishop, and pope." Gregory thus replied :- "If you call me the universal bishop, you then own yourself to be NO pope. Let NO SUCH TITLES BE MENTION. ED, OR EVER HEARD OF AMONG US .- Your holiness says in your letter-" I command you." / I command you! I know who you are, and who I am. In rank, my brother; in manners, my father. I, therefore, did not cammand you, and I beg you will ever, henceforth, forbear that word. I only pointed out to you what it was right you should know.

These sentiments are well known to every pope, and Romish bishop, and priest, who have seen the works of St. Gregory. And yet, with most marvellous consistency they worship him as a saint; and their poper at the same time, assume all the powers, and honours, and supremacy of universal bishop, and holiness, and rope exclusively! How remarkably has the prediction of this pope St. Gregory been fulfilled !- "He who shall thus call himself, universal bishop and pope, is truly antichrist !!"-Prot. Vm.

VERY TRUE AND SENSIBLE.—Bulwer very pertinently observed that the newspaper is the chronicle of civilization; the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual rigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper informs that he is making augur holes with a gim-legislation of public opinion and it informs blet. the most practical morality; in its reports I slands that alumber in the ocean; and tance of climate or the difference of face. of her belief that arrangur hole can be made where the beautiful beings that here pass The newspaper is a law book for the indo. by a gimblet. before us like visions, stay in our presence lent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library in that realm I shall see thee again. Even different, it may instruct the most profound. the gimblet. He was a farmer. His father with a lighter heart.

ARCTIC REGIONS.

A late number of the London Foreign Quarterly Review makes known for the first time to English readers some of the conveyances, sledges and dogs; over the the shore, under the charge of Lieutenant Van Wranzel, and occupied nearly five years, amidst the severest hardships. The sufferings of the party from cold, even in the mild season, were very distressing. As that in one of their night encampments, muffled up and protected by warm clothing and furs, ice was formed between their stockings on their feet from the vapor times, universally applied to all the orders thrown off by the skin; chronometers were could not be kept fluid by any precaution, in a temperature often forty degrees below the zero of Reaumur—equal to fifty-eight degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit.

The result of the expedition may be generally stated as having traced the boundaries of Asia in their highest northern latitude, and, connecting with the English discoveries and examination, as demoustrating a continuous sea or expanse of water of indefinite extent, bounding the continents on the north and entirely round the world. The problem remaining to be solved is, whether there be in still higher northern atitudes, beyond the belt of ice which skirts the coast, a Polar continent or a large body of land. It has been found in all latitudes, that, beyond a comparatively small distance from the coast, the Polar sea is always open and free of ice. This distance rarely exceeds sixteen English miles, and the concurrent reports of the natives of those frozen regions, of different tribes in the high Siberian as well as in the American latitudes, lead to the impression that there is land, and inhabited land, not many miles across this water, and around the poles of the earth.

One of the natural curiosities which this egion has presented to every traveller is particularly noticed in the accounts of Van Wranzel's expedition. It is the prodigious quantity of the bones of the mammoth which are found. The further north the greater is the quantity; and some of the Aslatic Arctic islands are found to be composed of little more than a mass of mammoth boncs. For eighty years Siberian traders have been conveying them away by ship loads, and they are still apparently undiminished. The like phenomenon of the existence in this inhospitable climes of immense multitudes of these herbiverous warm-blooded animals appears along the whole northern coast of Asia and America, and affords scope for a great deal of scientific speculation upon the natural history of the earth and the most

[From the Albany Cultivator.]

MAKING AUGUR HOLES WITH A GIMBLET .-My boy what are you doing there with that gimblet?" said I the other morning to a tear could she shed. After a fearful a flaxen headed urchin, who was laboring struggle for some time, one evening, as she away with all his might at a piece of board was retiring to rest, she burst into a flood before bim. "Trying to make an augur of tears. The effect was most beneficial: hole!" was his reply, without raising his from that moment she began to recover. eves or suspending his operations.

"Precisely the business of at least two with a gimblet;" I said to myself, as I Anatomy of Suicide. valked musingly onward.

Here is young A., who has just escaped rom the clerk's desk behind the counter.-Ie sponts his mustaches; wears his bair ong; has acquired power of being shaved; sided, and to preach in different places. carries a ratan; drinks champaign when Adam heard him every where; and in ree can command an X. to purchase a bottle and treat a friend to a dinner; talks large of the price current of all the western delight in literally treading in his steps: this stocks and profits of banking; stands in his boots two inches higher than Astor or ance with him. One evening Mr. R. no-Appleton; and speaks of foreign exchanges | ticing a little lad trotting after him, whom as would Rothschild or Biddle. He thinks he is a great man, when all others know he s only making augur holes with a gimblet.

Mr. B. is a rabid politician. He has lapored hard at caucuses, at ward and town neetings, has talked of the dear people till the words flow parrot like from his lips. and has done a full share of the dirty work of party for years. Office has been the lure held out to lead him onwards, and which has made him neglect his business, spend they are young: then, thus I seek, and his time in hunting up recruits, drilling the thus I will seek the Lord. He said also, refractory, and qualifying himself for barroom argument and stump oratory. He can settle the affairs of the nation in a trice; diplomacy has no intricacies for him; he has shaken hands with the President, and is ome and drink. It is the newspaper that a great man. He will soon be used up, and cast aside; and will then see, as others now do, that he is chasing a jack-o lantern;

the people of the acts of legislation. And There is Miss C., who is really a pretty this is not all. The newspaper teems with girl, and who might become a woman a man of sense would be proud of. Now of crimes and punishments you find a daily she ages the ton in all things; reads excitwarning against temptation; not a case in ing novels; goes to the opera, admires Cea police court, not a single trial or a wretch. leste's dancing, has nearly ceased to blush ed outcast or a trembling felon, that does at the most indecent nudity, lounges on sonot preach to us the awful lesson how im- fas, glories in her idleness, keeps her bed prudence leads to error, how error conducts till noon, coquets with male animals as femto guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of inine as herself, imagines she is a belle, fortiny than that of earth. There is a realm anguish and degradation. The newspaper gets that her father was a cooper, lisps of is the familiar bond that binds together man high life, and plebian presumption, and is stars will be spread out before as like the and man-no matter what may be the dis- in a fair way to ruin herself. All this comes

"God be merciful lo me a sinner, for nation to act, is knowledge, is honor, is forever. Bright creature of my dreams, for the poor. It may stimulate the most in-

left him a fine farm free of incumbrance; but speculation became rife, fortunes were made in a twinkling, and D. fancied "one thing could be done as well as another."particulars of the Russian Exploring Ex. So he sold his farm, and bought wild lands pedition to the Northern Arctic ocean. 1: in the prairies, and corner lots in lithographwas conducted by land; that is, by land ed cities; and began to dream of wealth, worthy of "golden Ind." Work he could ice, and often a considerable distance from not; it had suddenly become degrading .-Who could think of tilling or become contented with a few acres of land, when thousands of acres in the broad west were waiting for occupants or owner. D. was not the man to do it, and he operated to the extent a sign of the severity of the cold, it is stated of his means. At last the land bubble broke; lithographed cities were discovered to be mere bogs, and prairie farms, though the basis of exhaustless wealth, worthless unless rendered productive by labor. But D's beautiful farm is gone, and as he is now useless, the drop of oil within the works preparing on compulsion to become a pioneer in the west, he feels that it is difficult to make augur holes with a gimblet.

Mr. E. is the representative of quite a class. He had his attention awakened to the subject of religion, and obtained new views of its importance and his own obligations. Believing what cannot be disputed that love to God and good will to man, is the only true source of happiness and feeling, as every benevolent mind must, a desire for the welfare of his race he fancied himself to declare these truths to the world; and forsaking his lapstone, his anvil, or his plough, became without delay an expounder of the scripture, a self-delegated instructor of mankind. He forgot that the age of miracles had ceased and that the ability to teach must now be acquired by the slow but necessary process of human learning. He begins to have misgivings that he has mistaken his call; and will probably discover, when too late to rectify the error, that he has spent the best half of his life in trying to make augur holes with a

PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF SILENT GRIEF. -A young lady connected with a family of rank, and possessing great accomplishments, had formed, unknown to her parents, a secret attachment to a gentleman who often visited the house.-When it was discovered, he was requested to abandon all notions of the lady, as it was the determination of her relations to refuse an alliance with him. Both parties took it much to heart. The lady suffered from a severe attack of nervous disorder, which terminated in suicidal mania. She endeavored several times to jump out of the window, and would have done so had she not been most carefully watched. Her symtoms were, most distressing. The mind seemed to be weighed te the earth by an accumulation of mise. ry and wretchedness which she was unable shake off. "Oh! could I be but happy!" she would exclaim .- "Will no one come to my relief? What can I do?" She would walk about the room, occasionally giving utterance to expressions similar to re than observed, that could she cry, she felt assured her mind would be relieved; but not The copious lachrymal secretion had the offict of relieving the cerebral congestion, thirds of the world, in this blessed year of and in this way the brain was restored to our Lord 1840, is this making augur holes the performance of its healthy functions.

> A WORD IN SEASON .- Mr. Rutherford was accustomed to come to the parish of Agherton, where Adam Clarke's father returning from the places of preaching, was was before he had any personal acquainthe had often observed at the preaching, turned about and said, 'Well, child, God hath said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." He said no more, and Adam pondered these words in his heart and thus reasoned on them: 'What does be mean by." they that seek me early?" I rise early, and my first work is prayer -- is that what is meant? No. it is they who seek God early in life-when "they shall find me:" others, perhaps, may seek and not find: but God says to the young, "they SHALL find." This gave him great encouragement. Other preachers took no notice of him; probably supposing that one so young, could not be expected to have much concern for his soul. Experience, however, has indisputably shewn that the true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, shines often very powerful on infent minds: and that we cannot be too attentive to their cultivation, and that the best fruits may be expected from a careful management of such soils.

> Moses and Aaron .- Through the agenev of Moses and Aaron, the Israelites were delivered out of Egypt. It is a strange co-incidence, that Sir Moses Montefiore and Mons. Aaron Cremicux, should be the individuals who have now undertaken the mission for the rescue from oppression, of the Jews at Damascus .- Jamaica Gazette.

Help others and you relieve yourself. Mr. D., whom I have just passed, may Go and drive away the cloud from that dis-