The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

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March 18-1y tf.

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apr21-7-41*

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may-10-1857-tf.

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SPRING IS COMING.

BY FRANK MYRTLE.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
Don't you hear her in the rills,
Tripping gaily o'er the valley,
Flying o'er the sunny hills?
Nature leaps to meet her coming,
With her teeming babbling throng;
Gladsome Spring! with joy we meet thee,
With a cheerful voice of song.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
She is in the Southern breeze;
Merrily the bird are singing
Mallins in the forest trees.
Modest violets are springing
From the sadsome earth the while,
And the butter cups and daisies
Greet her with a lover's smile.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Tiny leaflets venture out;
Torrents, that for months have slumbered,
Hasten seaward, with a shout.
Wanton breezes kiss the flowers,
Butterflies are on the wing,
Birds have set the day to marry,
And invited guests to sing.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
Joyous beats the pulse of life;
Weary ones, almost desponding,
Start anew to meet the strife.
Nature's bosom throbs with pleasure;
Spring has set the captives free;
Earth with all her teeming millions,
Chants the song of Jubilee!

ROBBIN'S COME.

From the elm-tree a topmost bough,
Hark! the robbin's early song,
Telling one and all, that now
Merry spring time hastes along;
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring!
Robin's come.

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow:
Gladly when we hear thee sing
The reveille of the spring.
Robin's come.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lovely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers;
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil,
Robin's come.

Then, as thou wast wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear the young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among,
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come

DORA DEE.

She was not the daughter of the celebrated Doctor, although she was such an enchanting little witch she might have come of a necromantic family. Indeed, she may have had ancestors connected with the black art, and been descended from a whole line of sorcerers for aught I know; for her whole history, from a very early period of her existence, was wrapped in the profoundest mystery. Dora was found in an ash barrel, an appropriate place enough for such an offering, ashes signifying, according to Mr. Mitchell, desolation. The ash-barrel selected for the repose of Dora stood exactly in front of the residence of Mr. Pluff, sexton of the well-known and fashionable Episcopal Church of the holy Symphony. Mr. Pluff was justly proud of the reputation of his church. He could give you, sir, the very best music in the city. None of your heavy old sacred music, which it was sinful to play, seeing that it was composed for Romish services, but all the newest and pleasantest music that could be had for the money.—Why, Sir, at the Church of the Holy Symphony they actually played the beat *morceaux* from the Trovatore before it had even been produced at the Academy of Music.—Then Pluff was also proud of his clergyman. Show him in the city such a clergyman as his was—what donations he received, what fashionable audiences he had! All the upper ten, Sir, crowded into the Church of the Holy Symphony to hear the sweet rose water sermons of the Rev. Arthur Atlantus; sermons so soft and velvety that they would not have disturbed the moral repose of a Sybarite?

Mr. Pluff was at first rather disturbed that any low person should have been misguided enough to drop a nameless child into his ash-barrel; and worthy Mrs. Pluff for a moment had her misgivings. But they were a good-natured pair, and after a midnight consultation, while the unexpected gift was slumbering in an impromptu cradle, they declared that, since Providence had sent this mortal waif to their door, they would not reject it; accordingly the little creature was adopted by the sexton and took the place in the household of the offspring which Heaven had denied him in the legitimate manner.

As Dora Dee grew up, she more than repaid the care of the old sexton and his wife. She had the sweetest of soprano voices, and more than one young lady who had been taught all the "extras" at Madame Cancan's fashionable academy, envied the possession of that pure liquid organ whose notes floated through the nave of the Church of the Holy Symphony. Although Dora Dee—she had been christened after a deceased and beloved sister of Pluff—did not go to Madame Cancan's, she yet received a very excellent education. She understood music tolerably well; painted a little in water colors, and possed a quick, intelligent style of conversation.

In time the sexton's adopted daughter attracted attention from his fashionable congregation; on Sundays, I grieve to say, young men would gather on the porch of the Church of the Holy Symphony to catch a glimpse of the pretty brown-haired Dora as she passed out. It did not surprise Mr. Pluff one bit when Mrs. Trapeze of Fifth Avenue came to him one day, and proposed that Dora should go and live at her house as a companion to her daughter, Miss Aurelia Trapeze. He was accustomed to look at everything connected with the Church of the Holy Symphony as so far above the common run, that he was prepared for what other men might have looked upon as uncommon occurrence. Much as it grieved the worthy old sexton and his wife to part even partially with their little Dora, still the advantages to be derived from a residence with Mrs. Trapeze were too obvious to be reasonably declined. The use of Miss Aurelia's masters; good society, or at least what passed for such; and after all, the separation was only for a time, and Dora was to spend every Sunday with her adopted parents.

And so Dora went to live with Mrs. Trapeze.

II

"Dora Dee! Dora Dee! you are bright enough to be a sunbeam; why, will you be nothing but a Will-o-the-wisp?"

"I am sure I am not leading you, estray, Mr. Halbert Kimball."

"Yes, but you are, though. It's not your fault, Heaven knows, for you avoid me on every occasion; but you are like the bird with tailsman in the eastern tale, and I, like the Prince cannot keep from following you."

"First you call me a Will-o-the-wisp, then a bird; have you any more complimentary similes for me, Mr. Kimball?"

"A thousand if you will only let me tell them to you. You are like a rose about to blow."

"That's been done."

"You're beautiful as the morn."

"Herrick said that of a young lady years ago."

"I have no objection to his having the first of it. It answers my purpose just as well."

"But not mine, Mr. Kimball. I don't want old compliments, and to be frank with you, I don't want compliments at all."

"Why not?" said Mr. Kimball, mournfully.

"You know as well as I do; but as it may impress the reasons more powerfully on you, I will recapitulate them."

"Now for a lecture," murmured Kimball, half reproachfully, sinking back into his easy chair.

"First, you were brought here by certain high and mighty powers, in order that you may marry Miss Aurelia Trapeze, your amiable cousin."

"I don't like red hair," exclaimed Kimball, pettishly. "I should have to put an extinguisher on her head every night."

"Mr. Kimball, I am ashamed of you.—Miss Trapeze deserves to be spoken of more respectfully."

Kimball groaned.

"Secondly," continued Dora, dogmatically, "it would be a very good match for you. You are not very rich. Aurelia will have a hundred thousand dollars."

"I have enough for my wants."

"So every man thinks. But if you were married you would be perfectly miserable if you could not keep your carriage and go to the opera. Don't say no, for I won't believe you."

"Have you ended?"

"No. I am now going to be selfish.—You know my history—that I was adopted by a poor sexton and wife, who died last year, shortly after I came here; and whose death left me with scarcely a friend in the world."

"Don't weep, Dora, don't weep. You have a friend—one who will die for you."

"Well," continued Dora, suppressing her sobs, "you know on what footing I live here. It is my only home. Your attentions to me have already drawn on me the suspicions, and I fear the dislike, of Mrs. Trapeze and her daughter. Heaven only knows the little persecutions I have to suffer; and I really do not know the moment I shall be told to quit the house. Now for my sake, if not for your own, cease this pursuit of an object that is not worthy of you. The Trapezes are worldly people. They long for the family connections which a marriage with you will give Aurelia; for of course, they know that Mrs. Trapeze's marriage with Mr. Trapeze was a *mesalliance*. Do give over these romantic notions of yours; settle down into a respectable member of society, and let the poor lady's companion shift for herself."

"Never by Heaven!" cried Kimball, bursting suddenly into a passion, all the more violent for the efforts he had been making to suppress it. "Dora, here in the face of Heaven I ask you to be my wife. I will never wed Aurelia Trapeze. Let her buy a husband, if she chooses, with her hundred thousand dollars; Halbert Kimball is not for sale. But you, dear girl, sweet orphan, my heart yearns to you. I am not poor; believe me, I am not poor, and with such an incentive as you by my side, I would conquer every difficulty. Dora, Dora, I love you! Give me your heart, I implore it!"

The twilight deepened suddenly in the bay window in which Dora and Kimball were sitting. Both looked up startled, and behold Mrs. Trapeze in black velvet looming behind them like a hundred and twenty gun frigate with every cannon shotted.

"Get up Mr. Kimball," she said, in a tone of suppressed rage to Halbert, who, in his earnestness had knelt. "I do not permit my drawing room to be converted into a theatre for domestic scenes, though it must be confessed that this little adventuress here is a consummate actress."

"Madam," began Dora, her face paling with indignation at this insult.

"Miss, I do not intend to have any words with you. You have betrayed my confidence; you have abused my bounty. You shall leave my house this instant."

"As you please, Madam," said Dora, proudly, but with a bursting heart.

"Good God! Mrs. Trapeze, not to-night! cried Kimball, in a tone of consternation, she is not to blame; you must let me explain. There are five feet of snow on the ground."

"This moment," repeated Mrs. Trapeze, coldly; "my house affords no shelter for females who sin and call it misfortune."

Kimball was for a moment stunned by this artful speech, but only for a moment.

"Then I leave it too, Madam," he cried; "leave it forever. As for your insinuations with regard to this young lady, they are false, and unworthy of a soul as mean as yours. Beware, Madam, how you insult a lady whom I intend to make my wife."

No one saw the white figure sitting from the room. No one heard the agonized sob that burst on the threshold of the door; no one saw the tottering form, though softly, or saw the delicate feet sinking in the cold snow.

"No one will prevent your departure, Mr. Halbert Kimball; but one thing I must beg of you to remember, that when you grow tired of that girl, there is no admission for you ever again."

"Come Dora!" cried Halbert, not caring to trust himself to a reply. "Come with me. No father ever watched over you more sacredly than I will, until you give me the holiest of titles, that of husband. Come!"

He turned to where she had been standing, but there was an empty space. He ran into the hall, opened the heavy oken door, and peered anxiously out into the icy night. There were small foot-prints in the white snow that covered the stoop. Without another word he seized his hat, and rushed into the street like a madman.

III

Oh, he cold it was that night! The snow had frozen on the top into a treacherous crust that broke at every step and let the foot sink into a stratum of damp, clinging flakes. A bitter wind swept through the streets, until the wooden blind of the houses seemed to shiver in the blast. There was a moon, but so obscured with dull, stormy clouds, that she only shone as it were by winks, looking out seemingly upon the world when, finding everything so cheerless, she wraps herself up hastily again in her fleecy vapors. The policemen cowered in secret places, and nothing stired in the white melancholy streets. The very gass lamps seemed to feel the drowsiness consequent upon extreme cold, and looked through their frosty dimmed panes, as if they could scarcely keep their eyes open. It was a night of bitter cold!

And something living still was moving in the city. Down along Washington places, something dragged feebly along, but what it was one could scarcely determine in the dim light. Now it crouched, as a more than ordinary bitter blast swept down the gastly sidewalk now it clung feebly to the railings and dragged itself along; and again it would stop fearfully and listen, like some animal hunted to death, listening for the sounds of pursuit.

At last it crossed Washington Park, after a painful and laborious struggle, and entered Fifth Avenue, and there where, there is a lane lined with stables, it sank apparently exhausted—sank in the dark corner, huddled and senseless, where even the moon could not see it. Ten thousand flakes of pitiless snow came down upon the one, and as each drift flew by, it flung a frozen alms to the dark mass that lay huddled in the lane.

Why, the city seemed alive that night!—There was another out, not faint and weak with trailing limbs, but stout and swift, and hot with eager hope. Down the street he came tumbling now and then in the deep snow in his haste, but raising fearless of his fall, and pushing on as madly as ever.

"The snow will cover her tracks," he painted to himself, as with head down, like a hound on the trial, he ran along it is covering them fast. God grant that I may find her soon. She has passed here. These small prints are her's—but this cursed snow falls fast, and I will lose the trail; foolish girl—O Dora! Dora!"

And so calling, stopping to examine the path, tumbling in the snow and raising not to fall on again, went Halbert Kimball.—He paused at the junction of Fifth avenue and Washington Park.

"She paused here," he muttered; "the track is faint but I can detect it—and—ah! I lose it here. It is covered with snow. O God! I have lost her—she will perish—what shall I do!"

He was standing opposite the lane where the dark mass lay motionless, with the patches of freshly fallen snow mottling its outlines. The moon was hid, and Halbert looked savagely up, for the thought crossed his mind at the moment that by the aid of her light he might yet continue his search. I do believe that at that moment he said in the depths of his heart some thing exceedingly bad about the moon.

"Lost!" he uttered and through my fault. She will die cold horribly this bitter night! Mad girl that she is! O what can I do to find her?"

A moan—a very faint moan in the lane. Halbert listened, listened so eagerly that he made the silence seem painful. Again the moon came, but fainter than at first; still it was enough. He ran like a deer into the dark lane. "Dora!" and in another moment he was warming the cold cheeks and wet curls of the lost one on his bosom.

How tenderly he lifted her up, and how proudly he walked through the snow while she lay in his arms, with hers clasped around his neck and her head nestled in his breast! And in spite of his haste to take her to his own warm home, how often he stopped to kiss her pale cheeks!

"Dora," he muttered to her pressing her close, as if he feared that she would again escape him, "how could you been so mad, so reckless, so cruel as to rush out into this wild night?"

"I was mad, she said faintly. Did you not hear what she called me? It seemed to me as if all the world had turned against me, and I wanted to die.'

"But you will not die. You will live for me, Dora, will you not?"

Her head nestled closer to his bosom and she said nothing; but her heart was so near his in that moment that I have no doubt it beat out a response.

[illegible] inaugurated his bachelor home that night! what splendid wax candles he lit, what a roaring fire he made, and how he produced his most tempting stories, in order to tempt little Dora Dee to eat? How he made wonderful coffee for her in a magical self acting coffee pot, and how, when she grew wearied out, he retired discretely to a neighboring hotel, which he left at 6 o'clock the next morning in order to have an interview with a clergyman! I know I need not describe all this. Your kindly imagination will supply all those thousand details which crowd around every such domestic romances as that which I relate.

There is one fact however that you should know. Important, because such events are generly supposed to be the end of romance and the beginning of reality; and as I never wish to trespass much on the domains of the latter, I wish to finish off the first with a flourish!—

In the morning they were married!

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENSE.

Mr. Silas Dean, our secret minister to Paris during the revolution, related the following story of John the Painter.

While Mr. Dean was in Paris, a stranger, rather advanced in years, called upon him, and requested to talk with him in private. Dean, surprised at such a request, was rather on his guard, and interrogated the stranger as to his business: but he could get nothing from him till they should go into a private room. Dean suspected him as an emissary from the British Ministry, but at length determined to gratify him. When alone he made many excuses for his errand, but finally told him that he was an American citizen, though a Scotchman by birth; that he lived in Amboy New Jersey, where he had a comfortable house; that while the British Army was in possession of Amboy, they had suspected his principles and treated him very ill, in various ways, and finally burnt down his house and gave him much personal insult; that he had determined on killing George, for which purpose he had come to Europe; that he had been to England and laid his plan, and was now ready to execute it; but thought it his duty to make Mr. Dean acquainted with it, as the minister from his country, and take his advise, that he had passed by the name of John the Painter. Mr. Dean was much surprised at this communication, and at first thought him deranged. He then suspected that he might have been sent as a snare by the British Minister. After talking with him a little, and finding him very determined, he desired him to call again. The next day he returned, revealing as determined a resolution as ever. Mr. Dean reasoned with him that it was mean and cowardly to assassinate a man in cold blood, who had never injured him personally. He answered that his servants had insulted, abused, and finally ruined him; said he would have revenge and that no earthly consideration should prevent him. He developed his whole plan, and Mr. Dean said he was surprised at the wisdom of it to accomplish the end, as he seemed to have laid it in such a manner as to render success certain. Mr. Dean told him that if he must have revenge, he should take it in a manly, generous way. He should go into the American army, and meet his enemy fairly in the field—or, if he could succeed in killing his generals—it would be lawful; but the private assassination of an innocent man, off his guard and suspecting no ill, would be abhorred by all mankind. That he could not encourage or give him aid in so wicked a purpose; but must overstling to persuade him from it.—On this he left him. When he returned, he came in a little Transic, saying: "I thank you, sir, I confess, it is unlawful to lift my hand against the Lord's annointed. You have convinced me. But I am determined to burn the naval stores at Portsmouth." Dean answered as that would tend to weaken the enemy in carrying on the war, if he could accomplis it, he would have no objection; but he would not aid him in it. He said he could do it, and would go over to England and reconnaitre the place. Dean reminded him that if caught he would assuredly lose his life. He said he should not attempt to save it. He was an old man, had no connections, and whether he died now or three or four years hence, it was a matter of little consequence to him, so that he could but get revenge.

He accordingly went to Portsmouth, and on his return communicated to Mr. Dean his whole plan, with the instrument made of tin, with which he was to accomplish it.—The scheme was well laid and promised success. Some days after, he came again and said: "Now, I know that you will think me a rascal; I am come to borrow money; I have expended all I had. I want one guinea to carry me to Portsmouth. Dean told him if that was all, he should have it; he gave it to him, and he went off. Dean received the following account of his proceedings, from a friend who attended his examination before the privy council: He arrived at Portsmouth, and took up his lodgings with a very poor woman at the skirts of the town. Early next morning he went out to reconnoitre. The old woman, anxious to know who or what her guest was had the curiosity to look into his bundle. She found a shirt and a pair of stockings, with a tin machine which she could not comprehend. John the Painter, wanted a top to his machine, and took it to a tinman and had [illegible] hundred pounds, [illegible] morning every person in town was ordered to report if any stranger had lodged there.—The old woman reported John, the Painter, with the extraordinary tin machine: the tinman reported his making a top for it.—John was fixed upon as the incendiary, and it being taken for granted that he was sent properly prepared for the purpose, and relays of horses were prepared for his escape, horsemen were sent on every road, and orders to pursue and take up any and every person they found riding past. By daylight in the morning John had taken his bundle, trudged on foot up to London. About noon, the horsemen set on that road came up with John, and asked him if he had seen any person on horseback riding past that day. John answered in the negative, and requested to know the reason for their inquiry. They related the story of the fire, and that they were in serch of the incendiary. John told them that they were wholly mistaken in their pursuit, for that he was the man that set fire to the stores, and gave them his reasons for doing it. At first they thought him crazy; but on his repeating it with some particular circumstances, they seized and brought him back to Portsmouth. He was there recognized by the old woman and the tinman, and sent to London where he was examined by the privy council. He candidly told them the whole story, declaring that he should certainly have killed the king, had not Mr. Dean dissuaded him from doing it, and convinced him that it was unlawful to lift his hand against the Lord's annointed. That he was ready to die, and he did not care how soon. He denied having any accomplice, and said he rejoiced for having obtained revenge for the cruelties with which he had been treated by the British army.—He was tried, condemned and hanged. A very unfair and false account of his examination was published at the time, and no notice taken of Mr. Dean's having saved the king's life.

CHINESE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA FOURTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, James Hanley, a Chinese interpreter, directs attention to the fact that Chinese history contains descriptions of a vast country many thousands of miles eastward from them which they called Fusang, and which it is conceded must be California and Mexico. Their account states, that in A. D. 459, Budhist priests had gone to Fusang, (or America) and distributed Budhist tracts and images among the inhabitants. In A. D. 499, forty years afterwards, several Budhist priests arrived at Hingchau, and reported various particulars in reference to this country.

The Chinese historian calls the country Fusang, from the name of a particular tree that grew there, and which he describes thus:

"The leaves of the fusang, when first produced, resemble those of the bamboo. The inhabitants eat the fruit like pears, and weave its bulk into cloth for clothing and articles of embroidery. They have books which are written on the bark of the fusang." Of this tree (the maguey) Prescott says, that its "bruised leaves afford a paste, from which paper was made; its juice was manufactured into an intoxicating beverage, pulque, of which the natives, to this day, are excessively fond; its leaves supplied an impenetrable thatch for the more humble dwellings; thread, of which coarse stuffs were made, and strong cords, were drawn from its tough and twisted fibres; pins and needles were made of the thorns at the extremity of its leaves; and the root which properly cooked, was converted into a palatable and nutritious food. The maguey, in short, was meat, drink, clothing and writing material for the Aztec! Surely, never did nature enclose, in so compact a form so many of the elements of human comfort and civilization."

Mr. Hanley also says: "Most people in California have noticed the similitude existing between the Indians and the Chinese, both in feature, and the accent of their monosyllable dialects, and from my own experience I find that they are nearly. The Chinese accent can be traced throughout the Indian language; though the most of the Digger Indians with whom I have conversed, speak a great deal of the ancient Aztec language!. Not wishing to pursue this subject much further at present, I will transcribe a few words for the purpose of shewing the analogy, as follows:

Indian.	Chinese.	English.
Nang-a	Nang	Man.
Yi-so	Soa	Hand.
Keok-a	Keok	Foot.
A-k-a-sao	Sao	Beard.
Yuet-a	Yuet	Moon.
Yecta	Yat	Sur.
Utyta	Hoto	Much.
Lee-lum	Ee-lung	Deafness.
Ho-ya-pa	Ho-ah	Good.
A-pa	A-pa	Father.
A-ma	A-ma	Mother.
Kole	A-ko	Brother.
Ko-chae	To-chae	Thanks.
Ngam	Yam	Drunk.
Koo lae	Ku kay	Hers.
Koo chee	Chuo Koo	Hog.
Choo-koo	Kow-chi	Dog.

Ti-yam in the Indian language is night. Ti-yam in Chinese means the god of the moon, or night. Ho ma in Indian is the sun. Hee-ma in Chinese means the god of the sun, or day. Walk-e is a word commonly used among the Indians to designate a friend; it also means "man." Walk in the Hindoo language means a man. Numbers of other words could be given, but I shall make these suffice for the present.

The time is at hand, when the school directors of the several Boroughs and townships, of the county, will convene for the purpose of choosing a County Superintendent, for the next three school years. It those whose duty it is, by law, to choose the Superintendent are fortunate in their selection, we may still hope that the benefits anticipated, by the supervision of such functionary, may be realized. Should however one be chosen merely because he professes the qualifications designated in the law, while he lack other and equally if not more important qualification, then we have little to expect by the creation of the office on the part of a well meaning Legislature in this particular act. A County Superintendent, should be in heart and principle a thorough school man, a true and tried friend to the system, one who regards with favor all schools that have for their object the culture of the human intellect and moral powers, but especially anxious for the prosperity of the Common School System. In short one, if needs be, who is willing to suffer academies and colleges to take care of themselves. It is therefore important, in the selection to know that the one to be chosen has been a real friend to the common school in time past. This is known by his acts.—Let the inquiry be instituted, has he done anything in behalf of the system? Is he known to have thrown his influences into that side of the scale where are the common schools? Has he by word and deed, in hearty cooperation with the friends of the people's college been found? These are important inquiries and the answers should be in the affirmative. For "actions speak louder than words" is an old and a true saying and by their fruits shall ye know them, will apply here as well as to the original special case.

A County Superintendant should be one who from feelings, principle, and sympathy, throws the whole weight of his abilities into the scale to cause it to preponderate in favor of the system of common schools, who seeing and appreciating the original design of the system will be likely to labor to build it up, as a unit—a separate and distinct interest. Opposed in every form and in every feature and provision to the schools of aristocracy as opposed to the schools of the great masses, "the toiling millions." The hardy sons of labor who produce all the comforts and luxuries of life. This thing should be distinctly understood. I mean the original and present design of the general school law. That in every neighborhood there should be a school in which all the branches of a thorough english education are taught and where boys and girls are taught to become good school teachers. The idea a boy should be sent away from the common school to an academy to be qualified to teach a common school in foreign to the intent and meaning of the system, has a tendency to lower the standard of the system, in the estimation of all who regard the idea as correct. Again a County Superintendant should most generally be a man who has a family and willing and ready at all times to send his own children to the common school—feels and appreciates that he has something at stake in the midst of society, has a conscientious regard for the development of the intellect and moral development of children. A man who is prepared to convene the people and converse freely with them in regard to the importance of sending their children to school, to place before them incentives and motives to sustain the great system of common schools. He should be a man who is governed by the highest standard of morality. But if a Superintendant is to be chosen by jesuitical manoeuvering, as is indicated in one township at least, in this county, then are the hopes of the true friends of the system withered and blasted. If religious political, sectarianism shows its fiend like hand in the selection of Superintendant, and should be able to succeed—then will the system be shivered to atoms "as a potter's vessel is broken." Let the citizens of the districts when they meet to select the Superintendant be one and indivisible, viz. the selection of the right sort of man, irrespective of his religion or his politics—who is a true friend of the system!

Y.