"The Democrat."

S. C. HUMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

From the National Era

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home,
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song,
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its waning blends not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there—the light, which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The songs of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrel's tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal day.

From the Tribune

COWARDICE.

BY B. C. BARLEY

The veriest coward upon earth,
Is he who fears the world's opinion,
Who acts with reference to its will,
His conscience swayed by its dominion

Mind is not worth a feather's weight,
That must with other minds be measured,
Self must direct, and self control,
And the account in heaven be treasured

Fear, never sways a manly soul,
For honest hearts, 'tis ne'er intended,
They, only they, have cause to fear,
Whose motives have their God offended.

What will my neighbor say if I
Should this attempt, or that, or t'other?
A neighbor is most sure a foe,
If he prove not a helping brother.

That man is brave who braves the world,
When o'er Life's sea his bark he steereth,
Who keeps that guiding star in view,
A conscience clear, which never veereth.

Tales.

From the Home Journal

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY HETTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

"Tink—tink—tinkle!" rang out the little, silvery-toned bell through the boudoir of Isabel Linn.

The white hand of that peerless lady replaced the soft-toned bell upon an antique mosaic flower-table, and she relapsed into her former attitude of elegant repose The boudoir boasted nothing but the beautiful being who was its mistress. It was a small room of circular shape—looped, like a tent, from the centre of the arched roof, with rich curtains of rosy silk sweeping down the sides and caught back by the glittering mirrors, lovely statues, soft pictures, slight tables and rare vases placed between slender pillars of marble. In every unoccupied recess, luxurious heaps of velvet cushions, the same soft color as the drapery, were thrown. The lady herself reclined on a low, yielding sofa, nearly concealed beneath the splendid dress which floated over it, but whose rose-color still softened the dazzling whiteness of the bare arm and the rich glow of the round cheek nestled upon it. It was evening—and a lamp, tinted with the same softening tinge, flooded the beautiful apartment with a dreamy and eloquent light that made the fair ornaments, the sweet pictures, the perfumed flowers, the young statues and the elegant lady appear more fair and sweet, and young and elegant still.

The lady was evidently dressed for an assembly. Her fine voluptuous form was draped in rich crimson satin, with an overdress of exquisite lace, rare and delicate Ornaments of gold and rubies caught the lace upon her snowy bosom and held it up from her exceedingly lovely arms; and from them it waved back and fell around—like—like nothing; for nothing was ever so beautiful! Her black hair was twisted with rubies and wound around her head in magnificent folds. Her style of beauty was so brilliant that all the jewels upon her hands, and arms, and bosom, and hair, seemed a part of her loveliness, and were not misplaced. If the rubies were bright, her lips were as red and her eyes as flashing; and the beautiful contrast of her raven hair, waved back from her high, white forehead and haughtily curved neck, was still more dazling. After ringing the silver bell, she sank into her former listless attitude, and when a servant entered at the door, she said, without raising her eyes—

"When Mr. Cleveland Merefort calls, show him in here."

The servant departed, and she was again alone with her thought. That they were pleasant was shown by the gay smile which broke gradually over her face—the rich lips parting, the fair cheeks crimsoning and the dark eyes shining like deep waters beneath their drooped lashes. Isabel Linn was not young—she was thirty-five and looked twenty-five; but she was peerlessly and voluptuously beautiful; more splendidly so than a younger lady could be. A strong will and powerful passions breathed in all her attitudes and glances, and features—the motion of her firm but graceful foot, the curve of her delicate nostrils, the superb turn to her full, red lips, the sleeping fire in her large, slow-moving eyes, made her a fascinating and fearful creature. But she had made it a study through all her life, till she had attained a wonderful degree of self-possession. There was something that breathed of power and passion in the very calmness of her slow, graceful motions—And now, though there were a thousand emotions making her heart throb, she stirred not one of her delicate fingers, nor the small slipper revealed beneath her flowing dress.

Presently the door again opened softly Her bosom heaved quickly and a deep flush broke over her cheek, and with a smile of ineffable brightness she slowly raised her deep, bewildering eyes towards the door.

But she paused in the welcome that rose to her lips and the flush went back from her face—for it was not yet *him* who had come.

A young girl stood timidly within the room, hesitating whether to go in or remain, for the lady did not bid her to enter She was sweet and fair—not more than fifteen—with a slight form, and hair like an angel's wing, changing and bright, and golden. There was something in her gentle hesitation very different from the proud repose of the beautiful woman before her.—Her dress was of delicate white and some bright roses lay on her bosom—her face was the purest thing out of heaven!

"You may come," at length said the lady.

The maiden glided in and sat down on a cushion by the sofa.

"Effie, my daughter!" said the woman with unusual tenderness, for she was chary of the affection she bestowed on her only child; but love was busy at her mother's heart, and love softens the manner towards all. Wild, wild dreams of love were waking in her bosom and changed her cold bearing unconsciously

"Mother," said the fair girl, hesitatingly, raising her sweet face, and then dropping her eyes till the silken lashes touched the cheek where a delicate glow was wavering out into a blush; "Mother"—and her cheeks were crimson—"you know I am but a child, only fifteen; and I have never yet kept anything from you, and may I not tell you how very, very happy I am? and how my heart is still trembling with its new delight? you know"—

The bashful girl paused, and the mother, wondering if that mere child could have found a lover, laid her white hand on those

"You know Cleveland Merefort, mother?"

"Yes! yes! what of *him*?" suddenly exclaimed the mother, withdrawing her hand and fixing her burning eyes intently on the blushing face before her; "what of *him*, Effie Linn?"

"Oh, mother, you will not be offended, you cannot be; he is so good and manly, and gifted! I could not think it a harm to love him. He is so beautiful and gentle, and loves me so earnestly—I am sure he does"—murmured the timid girl, as her cheek grew pale and the tears sprang instantly to her soft eyes.

"Indeed! did he tell you this; did he say he loved *you*?" asked the lady, in a tone of withering contempt. "Or are you only guessing at all this happiness?"

"He *did* tell me that he loved me," was the proud and earnest reply; "and I knew that it was the truth he uttered, for his eyes were solemn and looked into mine so gently, and his lips trembled as he spoke these happy words, and when he drew me close to his heart, I felt it beat so rapidly and—"

"Effie—Effie—Effie!" almost shrieked the woman.

"You frighten me, mother; you look so fearful. What have I done? Is it wrong to love him? Tell me, dear mother, is it?" pleaded the quivering voice of the young girl, shrinking from the intense gaze of the dilated and burning eyes.

"Do not look at me so!" she still pleaded, as that motionless look and the spot of livid red on the cheeks of her mother made her tremble.

"Effie Linn, remember!" was uttered in the distinct tone of deep passion, "you will *never* marry that man—never! Receive no more vows of love from him! cast him off—forget him—you are no child of mine! remember!"

"Cast him off? never—never!" murmured the young creature, whom this sudden shock to her sweet happiness startled from a whole world of life-dreams to a scene of utter misery; and with these words, she slid from the ottoman insensibly upon the rich carpet whose gay hues mocked the pallor of her cheek.

Again the bell sounded a sharper summons than before; and to the servant who appeared, the lady spoke in a cold, calm tone: "Summon her maid and assist my daughter to her room—she is not well."

The maid came and they bore the fainting girl from the apartment. The moment they disappeared, Isabel Linn passed her hand over her forehead as if to feel if all traces of her passion were smoothed away. The game she had to play was now more difficult and at this moment required all her skill.

Resuming her former position, with her feet half hidden in a cushion and her head nestled in the high corner of the sofa, she arranged her glittering dress around her, folded her small hands, quietly smiled a dreamy smile, and fixed her languishing eyes with a still look on the carpet.

Five minutes afterward, Cleaviand Merefort stood within the room. He glanced around the exquisite boudoir, with a look of surprise, mingled slightly with embarrassment He was a very handsome man of thirty, with a polished and frank bearing—with a singularly fascinating smile, though he seldom smiled—dignified almost to coldness—evidently a most perfect gentleman. There was a kind of sadness in his eyes and reserve in his manner, which told of passionate feelings repressed and hidden—a kind of mournfulness in his smile which went quick to the heart—a kind of pride that mingled with his reserve which made him deeply interesting; and all these things said that he was evidently a talented *poor* man And this was perhaps the reason why he had never loved or married hitherto

"Mr. Merefort," said the lady, raising her eyes slowly with a sweet smile upon her lip, and holding out her small hand without rising from the sofa.

As he advanced towards her with slight confusion, her heart told her that this consciousness was not, as she had fondly hoped, an evidence of her power, but was owing to the thought that Effie had probably revealed the new relation in which he stood to her. *This* then was the mortifying cause of his frequent calls and delicate attention The deference of his services were those he paid to his future mother, instead of—oh, she could have gnashed her teeth in bitterness; but it would not do then, and she looked up so eloquently.

"Sit here," she said, retaining his hand a moment, and motioning to the ottoman where Effie had sat.

The gentleman felt grateful and gratified; for he had no doubt now but that she was prepared to receive him as her son-in-law; and previously, notwithstanding her marked kindness to him, he had entertained a fear that his poverty would be an objection to his claiming the hand of the daughter of the rich widow Linn.

"Is Miss Effie well this evening?" he asked, taking the seat she assigned him close by her side.

"A little indisposed—nothing serious," was the reply; "she retired to her room a few moments ago."

"Indeed!" was the remark in a disappointed tone.

"I have not ordered the carriage for an hour yet continued Mrs. Linn sweetly, "and we will have a quiet chat, which will be charming, will it not? By-the-by, do you fancy the arrangement of my boudoir?"

"It is delightful—a fairy palace," replied her visitor, glancing through the elegant apartment with a pleased eye. "How very kind she is to give me this opportunity to speak," thought he; and the beautiful lady whom he had always admired, appeared doubly brilliant and lovely to him then

But if he had the opportunity, he had no way to improve it; for the fascinating woman reclining on the sofa before him, in her splendid attire, with the rosy light falling over her, fixed her large, dark eyes upon him and murmured, in a low voice of music, a thousand eloquent things; leading his thoughts even from the subject that engrossed them.

She spoke of beauty, and he felt how very beautiful she was. She spoke of love and he realized that she was capable of intense love; that passionate emotions throbbed beneath that bosom heaving in those rich folds of satin and lace. Burning words of poetry fell in liquid cadences from her lips; and he wondered at, and then was carried away by, her irresistible eloquence He was a worshipper at the shrine of beauty, genius, poetry, love; and here before him was a lovely, nay, a glorious woman, radiant with one and gifted with another, breathing with the third, and glowing and blushing with the last The hall, and even sweet Effie in her lonely room, was forgotten. He bent forward with smiling eyes and heightened color to listen; his own eloquence, so often concealed by reserve, was awakened, and he rivalled her in the utterance of beautiful sentiments. Oh! it was a feast of intellect and passion.

In the midst of all this, the carriage was announced; and the splendid siren, with a gay laugh at their forgetfulness of time, took the arm of her companion, and they were whirled away to the ball; while young Effie lay moaning upon her restless pillow.

It was late when the two entered the brilliant hall.

Many eyes were centered upon them.—They were certainly the most striking couple in the room. Mrs Linn was the leader of the *ton*, and the handsome Cleveland was even more interesting than usual; something sparkled through his dignity that was very pleasing. He was always a favorite in society, though poor, he was noble, fine-looking and peculiar. The mammas and daughters all liked him as a visitor and companion, but the former warned the latter to beware of anything more; which fortunately was unnecessary, the reserve and particular taste of the gentleman keeping him from any declarations, which might alarm parents and please young ladies.

Cleveland was a fine waltzer, so was the superb widow. They waltzed till every eye was upon them, it was so beautiful. They floated around in the music, perfume and light. The lace dress waved and the satin glistened about that lovely form; her cheek was glowing and her rubies flashing. Cleveland himself was enchanted; it was perfectly entrancing to hold that magnificent creature, and to circle and glide and float away in that bright atmosphere, breathing with bewitching melody. He felt his companion, dizzy with the motion, press closer to him, and he wished that it was Effie that was sharing this delight; and he whirled on till the bright head sank on his bosom, and then he was obliged to seat his beautiful partner. No, no, he did not wish it was Effie, was his after-thought—not Effie with all those eyes upon her, bold and admiring; he was almost sorry that it was Effie's mother. But he forgot this presently, and after a time they waltzed again. It was a brilliant party, and this couple, for two, were delighted It was late when they drove home, but the spirits of Mrs Linn were hardly yet fatigued.

"You will call to-morrow?" she said, as Cleveland left her at the door. The flattered man consented with pleasure to come to a private tea with Effie and herself in the boudoir; for Mrs. Linn added this to her invitation.

CHAPTER II.

The lady did not awake her maid when she reached her room, but unfastening her heavy ornaments, she laid them aside and threw herself upon her couch. Though very weary, she did not sleep. Her feelings were of very mingled character—triumph, for she saw that she impressed Cleveland Merefort—bitterness that he had not paid homage to her power before, but had dared to pass her by and bestow his love on a mere sweet child—anxiety for the result of the game she played—and—taxing her ingenuity to know best how to manage Effie, and compel her to resign him of her own consent.

She lay sleeplessly till long past sunrise, busy with her thoughts, and then, throwing on her morning-gown, she sought the chamber of Effie. The fair girl lay on the bed, dressed in the same attire, and with the same roses lying withered on her bosom as on the evening previous. She had not undressed, but was now sleeping nervously Her eyelids were covered with tears; her cheek was feverish, and she moaned and muttered in her dreams.

Her mother sat down by the bedside and looked upon her. A thrill of remorse shot through her heart as she gazed; but it was momentary—she herself could not be the sacrifice—her child must be. She reasoned that her love was strongest, for it was the love of her passionate and developed nature. No! Effie must be the sacrifice!

The eyes of the maiden opened presently, as if she was awakened by the gaze fixed upon her.

"Oh! mother," she murmured pleadingly

"My darling child, did what I said last night distress you so much? I was afraid that you were suffering, and have come thus early to talk with you about it"

"You have come to take back those cruel words—to take them all back. I know you have, you speak so kindly," said Effie, eagerly.

"Not to take them back," said the mother, in the gentlest tone, "but to give you reasons for what I said—good reasons that will reconcile you to them"

"Reconcile me!" replied the fair girl mournfully, laying her small hands together tightly on her bosom.

"Effie, I will take you into my confidence. You dare not betray the trust of your mother—you cannot rival her. *I love* Cleveland Merefort as never woman loved Speak, my child—your mother's happiness is in your keeping"

"Do I not, too, love him wildly, devotedly? Mother, it would kill me to give him up!—mother—mother—mother!"

"Listen, Effie. I would not be selfish. I do not wish to be selfish; but I am older than you, and know the heart better. I *know* that with you it is but a school-girl affection—in two year you will smile at the idea of dying for love; but with me it is life, hope, being, all If I thought that you would suffer in all as I have already suffered since you told me that he loved you, I would sooner perish than require it."

"But, mother, he loves *me*; shall I wrong myself and *him*?"

"Act coldly to him, and he will forget you—only consent, and I can *make* him love me."

The young girl hid her eyes and moaned—"Mother—mother!"

"Listen again, Effie. I have not told you all—you cannot dream how utterly my hopes are fixed on this. Effie, I will reveal my heart to you—this is my *first* love, as it is my last From my infancy till I was married, I suffered the pangs of poverty; I was beautiful—but beauty was a mockery, for I was poor. I longed for the means of gratifying my tastes—for arraying my loveliness in jewels, silks and laces. I longed to be a belle—to be admired. Oh! I forgot that there was anything to be prized but wealth. In vain my mother warned me. At your age I married a man whom I could not like—but he was rich—very, very rich. What mattered it, if he was old and ugly and ignorant?—he was as rich as Croesus. I was his wife; I lived in splendor, and was courted, flattered, and envied I was beautiful and wealthy, but miserable indeed. I hated your father—I could not endure his caresses. If he had not loved me, I should have been grateful to him for the luxury that surrounded me; but his love—the love of one so ignorant and withered up, and vile—was dreadful. Yet, all the ten long years he lived with me, I was compelled to conceal this; for, should he know it at his death, but my third of his immense wealth would be mine. He was blind to my aversion, and at his death left all to me. At last I was free—free as the wind—with all things at my command. You was my only child, and everything you asked was yours; you have always been gratified in every wish; but all this time that I loved you and cherished you, *could* I imagine in what way you was to rise up and crush me?"

Again the young girl moaned helplessly.

"At last I have loved with all the intensity of sentiment and passion, hoarded up, and stifled for long years, I love. To my I love is an empty term. I feel that my very reason is bound up in this feeling. Effie, *could* you be happy married to this man; and your mother, perhaps—I feel so"—and she pressed her hand to her forehead—"perhaps a maniac, or, happily, in her grave? Never! And I would not have said this—I would have suffered and died—but that I am convinced that your happiness is not really concerned in this. Remember, you are a mere child, just from your books and aprons—it cannot be! But you say nothing. You forget that I am your mother, that my life is in your childish hands—you will marry Cleveland Merefort."

The woman who had always been so cold and proud and calm, that the young girl had almost feared her, was now on her knees before her child. It was enough and too much.

"Mother, rise I did not speak because I could not—but I am resolved. I cannot, after what you have said, marry that man. I only hope that he will love you. Go—go, if you please mother—I want to be alone."

"Bless you, my child—my darling, noble child. Of course your own good sense will suggest what is the proper manner for you to observe toward Mr. Merefort Try and forget this, dearest, and I will at length be happy."

She kissed the cold brow of her daughter and left the room. Well satisfied with the result of this skillful appeal to the heart of poor Effie, and fatigued with all this excitement, she again sought her couch and slept, undisturbed, many hours; while the one whom she had called on to make this bitter sacrifice, was pacing her room with the slow, heavy steps of misery.

It was after dinner before she summoned her maid to assist in dressing.

"Which is the most becoming, Margaret this green velvet or this black one?"

"The green velvet makes Madame look *magnifique*, the black very charming; the black makes Madame's eyes look very bright and her lips red."

"I will wear the black this evening, Margaret, as I do not wish to look magnificent in my boudoir.

So when the maid had finished attiring her, her mistress was herself pleased with the plain, elegant black velvet and with the delicate net-work of gold thrown over the back of her glossy hair, together with plain gold bracelets. She stood long studying this style in her mirror. Her hair was done up high in folds and shown blackly through the chaste and glittering net-work; the bodice of her dress was close and plain; her arms, bare to the dimpled elbow, looked rounder and snowier than was their wont, in the broad circlets of gold which bound them. Her dress gave a pensive, touching air to her brilliant beauty; her eyes did indeed look darker and deeper, and their curved lashes longer, and her bright lips freshier and dewier. A crimson thread would almost have destroyed the effect of this simple elegance. She decided that her dress, at least was perfect.

Mrs. Linn was in her boudoir, but no Effie when Cleveland entered. The two sat down at the little table which had been brought in and set with a dainty repast in delicate taste The young man looked anxious till his hostess informed him that her daughter was still indisposed and could not appear He then looked both anxious and disappointed.

"Is she seriously ill?" he asked earnestly

"Only a very little indisposed, yet she thinks she had better keep her room today."

"She must be really unwell if she will not come down to see *me*," thought her lover, and the expected pleasure of his visit vanished. He was silent and grave. In vain the winning woman exercised her powers of fascination; they fell unappreciated upon him, except that he thought that the sweet lady before him was too young and lovely to wear the title of *mother* to a man of his age, and he smiled to himself at the fanciful thought.

Thinking this he looked at her more earnestly, and thought her more beautiful than ever, for her brilliant charms were softened into a more pensive style; and the wild, impassioned love she secretly cherished, lent a melting, glowing sweetness to her tones and actions Her eyes were almost bewildering, but there was something about them that did not, could not touch his heart like the clear, pure, innocent ones of his soul's sweet choice.

This little tea-party was a failure.—Cleveland continued silent and sad, and rose at last to leave. The widow was chagrined, but she did not at all despair.

As Cleveland returned through the parlors alone, having begged his hostess not to trouble herself to accompany him, he saw Effie half concealed in the embrasure of a window in one of the apartments. He advanced immediately in surprise and held out his hand.

"And you are well enough to be standing here, and would not even come a moment to see me at tea," he said reproachfully, gazing fondly into her face.

The poor girl could not speak that moment. She had not known he was there, but dared not say so; and if she had not known it, what would it avail? She turned very pale.

"Forgive me, dearest, you do indeed look faint and ill," he continued, with anxious tenderness. "You are not going to be really so sick? oh, I hope not."

"I am not very unwell," she at length said, in a faint, cold tone, withdrawing from the arm he had extended when she turned so white. "I have a slight head-ache."

It was so unlike her usual confiding manner that he knew she was either ill or offended.

"Oh! my darling Effie, you don't know how I wanted to see you last night; and tonight I was so glad—I thought you would be with your mother, and we would have such a happy evening. I was so anxious I could not remain—I fear your mother the's me hardly polite. Oh! dearest, I wished to steal to your chamber and see how ill you were before I came away;" and he would have pressed his truthful lips upon her pure white brow, but again she shrank away.

Her heart beat almost to bursting—she would have given worlds to have received that earnest kiss. She thought of her mother, and her promise.

"Mr. Merefort," she said, in a constrained tone

"Effie?" was the sad and grieved reply

"Effie," he continued, "have I offended you unconsciously? Believe me, I do not know in what manner. Tell me, that I may atone. You are very much altered tonight, dearest."

"Not at all, Mr. Merefort; pray do not think I am offended," she replied in the same constrained tone.

She did not dare to raise her eyes to meet his look of surprise.

"Good evening, Effie," he said in a wounded tone.

"Good evening," was the chilling reply.

The next moment he was gone, and the unhappy girl sank down upon the floor and buried her face in her hands. Her heart was almost broken!

And she must still play this terrible part—wound his love, estrange his affections, when her own heart was yearning wildly—and she must see him give that love to another—see him at the altar—it was a martyrdom to her heart more cruel than death But she had resolved and promised to play her part—and she *would not* fail—it must be done.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"ALL SORTS."

The Veto and the Pardoning Power.—Federalism thinks that the veto power is a great blot of despotism upon the fair face of our republican institutions. The veto is cried down as a dangerous and arbitrary one-man power. But the pardoning power Gov. Johnston thinks is a wholesome and blessed provision of the law, which cannot be too strongly used—a good thing of which there cannot be too much.

We will give one instance to show how he uses the prerogative of mercy. On the 28th of September last four men were bro't up before Judge Campbell, in the Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia, charged with participating in the riots of which we have heard so much; and which have been so vexatious and dangerous to the peaceable citizens of Philadelphia. Each of the four men plead "guilty" of the crime charged against them, and they were on the same day sentenced. *Eight* days after this, and just *three days before* the election, the Gov. pardoned Robert Wallace, one of these men. Wallace is a Whig. The other three are Democrats, and have not been pardoned yet, nor do we hear that they expect to be. This case needs no commentary.

As to the pardoning power, we believe it was intended to operate only in cases where the person convicted was subsequently found to be innocent of the crime charged against him, or where such mitigating circumstances arise as plainly call for the prerogative of mercy to deal equitably with one for whose release the incorrigible universality of the law has not provided.—*Star of the North.*

"Base Ingratitude."

The Constitution of Vermont provides for the establishment of a Council of Censors, whose duty it is, once in seven years, to-see whether, in their judgment, the constitution has been violated, and also, if the constitution requires any amendments, to recommend the call of a convention of delegates to make them. An election for delegates to a constitutional convention thus called, has just been held, which, in one hundred and forty-nine towns, has resulted in the choice of ninety-five democrats and fifty whigs.

The Vermont Patriot says this is "a gain of seventy as compared with the same towns at the last September election;" and adds, "there can be no doubt but the democrats will have a decided majority in the convention"

In this way General Taylor is to be rewarded for selecting a cabinet officer from Vermont?—*N. Y. Post.*

Indictment of Bank Officers—The grand jury of Morris county, N. J, have found, bills of indictment against the President Cashier, and Directors of the Morris State Bank, at the time of the explosion, and the President, Lambert Norton, has been arrested and is now closely confined in the county jail He has been sojourning since the explosion, we understand, in New Haven, but had returned on a visit to Morristown at the instance of the Receivers to impart some required information; having done which he was arrested by the sheriff on the indictment just presented by the grand jury, and imprisoned in default of bail. The indictment against *him*, we understand, is for perjury, in having sworn according to the requirements of the law that the actual cash capital of the bank had been paid in, whereas it is alleged that it held nothing more valuable than worthless Susquehanna bank paper and other irresponsible 'promises to pay.'—*Daily News.*

Anti-Proscriptive Taylor Party.—Since the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, on the 4th of March last, notwithstanding his solemn pledges against proscription, we see it stated in the New York Herald, that not less than *twelve thousand* removals have been made! Of these, 4,000 were in the P. O. Department, 4,000 in the Home Department, 3,000 in the Treasury Department and over 1,000 in other Departments! Such vindictive proscription and hungry scramble for office has never been witnessed under any other Administration, since the first establishment of the General Government!—*Pottsville Emporium.*

☞ We regard the Railroad in Broadway as now pretty certain to be built.—The objectors, who at first were loud and numerous, have already become silent, and many are even warm advocates of this indispensable improvement. This shows what can be accomplished by the Press, when united and energetic. Now for enlarging the Battery and the Bridge to Brooklyn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

More about the Boston Tragedy.

The teeth and jaw bone which were found in Mr. Webster's grate have been identified by Dr. Keep, a dentist, who operated on them a short time since. The jaw also fits a mould which was taken at the time by Dr. Keep. The family have claimed the body, and ordered it to be enclosed in a leaden coffin, preparatory to burial. The body has a stab in the ribs, through into the cavity of the chest. Mr. Webster remains perfectly calm.

Boston, Dec. 5—P. M.—The Jury's Inquest met this morning, and after considerable discussion, it was decided by the Coroner that the investigation should be private, and that the reporters should retire.

It is stated much new evidence against Webster will come before the inquest.

It is also rumored that the defence for Webster, in part, will rest on the attempt to prove that he was in Cambridge on the evening when the light was seen in his room after the alleged murder.

Ohio Legislature.

Columbus Ohio, Dec. 5th.

Senate.—There is no prospect of an immediate organization. Both members from Hamilton county claim seats, and are now to be sworn in. The speeches on both sides are warm and animating.

House.—This body is fully organized. The officers elected are all democratic.—The democrats from Hamilton county, whose seats were disputed have, been admitted—the free soilers generally voting with them.

The Chester Bank Swindle!—We learn that a number of business men in Philadelphia, have refused to receive the notes of the Chester County Bank, on the ground that it refuses to redeem any of the old notes that may be in circulation. This is just as it should be, and we sincerely hope that all will refuse to countenance the swindling concern. The Bank, through the carelessness of its President, was robbed of $50,000, and then forsooth, with probably hundreds of thousands in circulation, they refuse to redeem any portion of it!—Monstrous imposition! We say again don't touch the notes of the Chester County Bank, so long as the Bank itself repudiates them!—*Pottsville Emporium.*

☞ Spurious $10 notes on the Lancaster County Bank, are said to be in circulation They have a vignette, Neptune in his car drawn by horses—a locomotive and train at one end—and at the bottom (enclosed in a circle) these words, "real estate pledged and private property holden." The signatures are well executed.—*Columbia Spy.*

The insolent fellow, Randolph, whom Gen. Jackson discharged from the Navy, and who so grossly insulted the General in the cabin of a steam-boat; has petitioned the present Secretary of the Navy, to be reinstated. If he can satisfy the present whig Cabinet that he actually accomplished that disgraceful act, and really pulled the nose of a democratic President, he may rest assured that his request will be granted by the present whig authorities.—*N. Y. Globe.*

Coal Mines in the United States.—The papers are teeming with accounts of discoveries of mines of this valuable article, in all parts of the country. On the shores of the Mississippi; in the state of Alabama; in this state; in Massachusetts, and now again in Rhode Island.

The Bristol Phœnix announces the opening of a vein of anthracite in that town, by the sinking of a well, at the depth of fourteen feet below the surface.

There can be no doubt that Rhode Island contains within its limits extensive fields of coal, that will become of the highest importance in the furtherance and support of her manufacturing interests; and coal of a quality equal to any found in the country.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

California Marriage Contracts.—A private letter from a gentleman at San Francisco, to his friend in New York, says:

"I have been as you know, over eight years in California, and am yet unmarried My friend Mr. C——— has lately left for Scotland, and I have given him a commission to bring me out a wife of the following description: not less than six feet, blue eyes and auburn hair. I am either to marry her, or pay a forfeit of $10,000. I do hope, as soon as the country is a little more settled about ten thousand first rate girls will start for California: we have goods enough, and gold enough; now give us some wives."

Good—A lawyer not over young or handsome, made many attempts to confuse a young lady, whom he was questioning as a witness. She, however, remained calm. At last, determined to perplex her, the lawyer said—"Miss, upon my word you are very pretty!" The young lady very promptly replied, "I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath!"

☞ It is said that the Postmaster General will recommend in his report to Congress, that a uniform rate be established for letters from all distances. This is the system in England, where letters are carried any distance for a penny, and under which the revenues of the office have been greatly increased.

We have ever found, says an Exchange, that blacksmiths, by conversing with them, are more or less given to *iron-y*; and somewhat given to *vice*. Carpenters for the most part speak *plane-ly*; but they will *chizzle*, when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are *bores*, and often annoy she with their old *saws*.

A Conscientious Thief.—A hard case in Scioto county, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to six years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for the crime of cattle stealing. A few weeks previous to his trial, he and five others broke jail on Sunday, and being captured by the Sheriff on one of the neighboring Hills, he gravely remarked to the officer—"I might have escaped, *but I had conscientious scruples about traveling on Sunday*"

A wag has truthfully said, that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.