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C. S. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

For the Democrat.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY S. H. DURAND.

The rising sun shines brightly,
With glad, enlivening beams,
Awakening the dewy earth
From Night's delicious dreams.
The sky is gemed no longer,
Nor veiled in night's dark hue;
Far from the east, the golden light
Sails softly o'er the blue.

Nature's wild songsters sweetly,
And joyously sing;
And all the woodlands far and wide
Harmoniously ring;
And through the tree-tops floating
Their songs, with gladness rife,
The budding boughs seem murmuring,
And bursting into life.

Each bud so young and tender,
Of softly swelling green
With fragrance and with beauty gives
A sweetness to the scene.
And flowers, too, are blooming
In all their beauty rare,
While zephyrs light are wafting
Their incense on the air.

I look with pleasure now upon
Those meadows dressed in green,
And on the hills and woods around
All decked in vernal sheen
But, ah! this glowing landscape, long
So bright cannot remain,
And [illegible] will be left
To winter's cheerless reign.

These blooming flowers will perish
In autumn's blighting blast—
Alas! that things so lovely,
So brief a time should last!
'Tis thus with all the dearest,
In this brief world of ours
And they, the loved, the beautiful,
Will fade as fade the flowers.

Herrick, Pa., May 1850.

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it poisons our life
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.
Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,
But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark;
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,
Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it cannot be good,
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood,
Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe—
Wait to sharpen the weapon and ensure the blow.
The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,
When it lieth in secret to wound when it can.

Oh! never "hold malice;" dislike if you will,
Yet remember humanity linketh us still;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,
With petitions for pardon or pleading for love?
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God, yet deny to a brother?

Miscellany.

Selfishness Unchristian.

Live for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so as that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a manner, that they are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved amongst millions on the shore; and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Who has been the worse for death? Whose tears have they dried up? whose wants supplied? whose miseries have they healed?—Who would unbar the gate of life to re-admit them to existence? Or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse—it is a starving vice. The man that does no good, *gets* none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

We are sent into the world to do good; and to be destitute of public spirit, is to forget one half our errand upon the earth.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

THE WANDERING JEW.—The story of the Wandering Jew is of great antiquity, and obtained full credit in England before 1228, as related by Matthew Paris. He was porter to Pontius Pilate, and when they were dragging our Savior out of the judgment hall, he struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?" Our Saviour frowned on him, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." He lives forever, but at the end of every 100 years falls into a violent fit of illness, out of which he recovers and turns to a state of youth.

Why is a tallow chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men?

Ans.—Because all his works are *wicked*, and all his *wicked* works are bro't to *light*.

Some slandering bachelor says it is "much joy" when you first get married, but more jawy a year or so after.

From the Lancaster Gazette.

THE VOLUNTEER OF '47.

BY KATE SWAN.

We will ask the reader to go back to the close of a calm, pleasant day, in the autumn of '47, and then accompany us to the shores of Lake Michigan, where we will find a large and splendid looking mansion, situated near the eastern bank of that broad ocean-like expanse of waters.

The dwelling is almost hid from our view, by the towering shade trees, clustering vines, beautiful shrubbery, and the gay prairie flowers of the west. But we will not, at present, wait to describe this rural paradise, but walk up the finely graveled carriage road, pass into the house, and take a view of its inmates. As we are about to act the part of listeners, we will suppose that we enter a large parlor unperceived. The room is occupied by four persons, who appear to be reading. It does not require the second glance, to convince us, that wealth, taste and refinement are not confined to our Atlantic cities and large towns, but that they ramble through our wide-spreading country, and that they had bestowed their gifts liberally here, on this beautiful home of the west.

Mrs Clifford, the lady of the mansion, is seated in an arm chair, near one of the large open windows, which look out upon the now smooth and peaceful lake. She is one of those angelic beings we [illegible] from the first moment of our acquaintance, for in her open and benevolent countenance, we see that in her dwells all that is good and noble in woman. It is evident, too, that the gift of beauty had not been sparingly dealt out to her, for she still retains an unusual amount of that attraction rarely met with in a woman on the shady side of fifty.

At an opposite window, sits a young man, apparently twenty-three years of age, near him sits another youth about two years his junior; and seated on an ottoman near Mrs Clifford, is a young girl of about fifteen summers, who is carelessly, yet softly, running her fingers over the strings of a harp, while her attention seems to be directed to a piece of music, in one of the late numbers of Graham's Magazine.

The striking resemblance, we perceive between the three last mentioned persons and Mrs Clifford, convinces us that there exists a near relationship between them, that of mother and children.

Mrs Clifford has been a widow many years. The severe, and to her, the irreparable loss of an affectionate and much-loved husband, in whom she had placed all her hopes and happiness, had taught her to look to that source from whence unchanging happiness can alone be found. Her naturally noble, intelligent, and energetic mind, purified at the fountain of religion, had enabled her to discharge the double duties of parent to the treasures entrusted to her care, with that approving conscience, which none but a truly pious mother can feel.

Charles and Edward Clifford were young men with minds of the finest cast; and with the advantages of the training and counsels of their religious pure minded mother, they were all that the most fastidious mother could have deserved.

Charles, the elder son, looked up from a paper he had been perusing, and said,

"Mother, I see that the company to which Lee attached himself, has arrived safe in Mexico, without the loss of a man; and that the officers and men, are in good health and high spirits."

"I am happy to hear that they reached Mexico in safety, and that they are in good health, but we know they are not *all* in high spirits; there is an exception to that part of the statement," said Mrs. Clifford, sorrowfully.

"Lee Horton's high and manly spirit has met with such a crush, that even if he knew the lost notes were found and the mystery cleared up, his spirits would be far from being in a high key."

But since Blake's dishonesty has been found out, Lee's character will no longer be subject to suspicion;—he certainly has a claim upon the sympathy of all who know him," said Edward, earnestly.

"True," replied his mother, "but it will cost him much, before he gets over the loss he has sustained in losing the beautiful and accomplished Permela Alden; I hear she is to be married to Dr. Axtel, the first of next month. Although the tongue of slander has been made to stop its hissings, and his character is exempt from all doubt and suspicion, yet, it will require time alone to heal the wound envy and falsehood have inflicted on a noble heart, which once beat high with hopes of future success and happiness."

The reader may probably ask, who this Lee Horton may be. We reply, that he is a young man who had been left an orphan at the age of twelve years. His parents were from one of the New England States, and had settled on a farm some six miles from the village of B., near where Mrs. Clifford resided, when Lee was six years old. His father was an eminent physician, and in easy and comfortable circumstances, but having an earnest desire to try his fortune in Michigan, he disposed of his beautiful home among his own "New England hills," and with his wife and three children, embarked for the wilds of the west. Here the unexpected difficulties and trials of a new country awaited him. Three years after he emigrated to the west, he lost his wife and two children. In two years after the death of his wife, Mr. Horton died, leaving his little Lee to the mercies of a fickle, unfeeling world. Lee had been taught by his parents, to look forward to this lonely hour, and young as he was, he felt that he must depend upon his own exertions; for sickness and unexpected misfortunes had greatly reduced his once ample fortune. By his father's directions, Lee maintained himself for four years by his own industry; the winters of these four years, he devoted to study at the Academy of B. The fourth winter that he studied at B——, Lee, and Charles Clifford made each other's acquaintance, and became constant companions, and true friends. When Charles was made aware, by their mutual confidence, of his friend's perseverance and industry, his was a nature to admire and cling still more closely to the orphan boy. And Mrs Clifford, who was ever ready to befriend the friendless, and assist the destitute, took a deep interest in the lone boy, and requested him to consider her as a mother, and friend, and regard her house his home.

At the age of eighteen, our hero and Charles Clifford, left their boyhood's homes for one of the Eastern colleges, where they, in due time, graduated with the highest honors. Some months after their return, Lee was admitted to the bar, and with confident hope of future success, he had solicited and obtained the consent of Judge Alden to his union with Permela, his only daughter, a lovely girl whose sympathising kindness had long since won Lee's heart's best affections.

A few days after this happy circumstance Mr Gray, a merchant for whom Lee clerked, previous to his departure for college, called and earnestly solicited his assistance for a few days, adding that one of his clerks was dangerously ill with a fever, his spring goods had arrived, and that he would have to leave home the next morning for Detroit, to attend a law suit.

Influenced by gratitude to the merchant, for past kindness, and a disposition to oblige, Horton complied with his old friend's request, notwithstanding it would put him to some inconvenience; and aware too, that Mr Gray had in his employ, a clerk by the name of Blake who was destitute of every honorable principle, and who could stoop to anything mean and contemptible to carry out his own plans of revenge. And he knew also that Blake regarded him as his rival, and had always felt envious and revengeful towards him.

When Blake heard of the attention Horton paid Miss Alden, he felt quite uncomfortable, for he admired the beautiful girl, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to win her affections, but when he heard that she was engaged to Horton, he was furious.

The second day after Mr Gray's departure the fiend, for we can call him by no other name, went silently to work to injure the hitherto high reputation of his rival, the man he looked upon as the great barrier to his wishes. He procured two false keys and proceeded first to unlock a desk, and taking out a small safe in which he knew Mr Gray kept money, he next unlocked it, and took out three hundred dollars in bills, and secreted them in a small drawer in the desk, among some old letters and papers. He had locked the safe and desk, and was about to throw the keys into a well in the back yard, near the store, when the thought occurred to him that he had not yet completed the business.

"May I not be suspected of taking this money instead of Horton?" asked he of himself, "Mr. Gray has a high opinion of his integrity." He stood for some moments in deep thought, at length he hastily put the keys in his pocket and walked back into the store to resolve on future plans.—Three days after this, a circumstance occurred which gave him hopes of being able to remove the idea of any suspicion resting upon him.

Horton was standing near Blake unpacking a bale of goods; he took a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, and wiped the perspiration from his temples. The quick eye of Blake caught a glimpse of his name on one corner. To get possession of this handkerchief was now to be his aim; his plan would be complete, then he would be safe from suspicion, and Permela might yet be his.

But the second thought convinced him this could not be so easily done. Horton's cold and reserved manner towards him, kept him at such a provoking distance, and he was conscious that Horton was his superior in every thing, and this kept him in fear.

He was sitting in the office the next evening about twilight, apparently in a deep study, when Harry, Mr Gray's oldest son, a boy about thirteen years old, entered, apparently in distress.

"What do you want, young man," said Blake, scarcely raising his head. The boy burst into tears. "What now? What has spoiled your fun?" added he, bitterly.

The boy continued sobbing for some minutes, but at length said, "I went out gunning this morning with some boys—when we were coming home, my gun accidentally went off and killed one of old Ben Walter's hounds, and he says he must have five dollars for it."

"That is not much, not worth bellowing about: your father can easily pay for the hound, and old Ben has only to get another," interrupted the listener, impatiently.

"Oh, yes! but what will my father say? How can I tell him?—he has often told me not to go gunning when he is absent. Will you not tell him and excuse the matter, for you know mother is not at home," said the boy, taking Blake's hand and looking imploringly in his face, "and say I am very, very sorry for the accident, and grieved that I was so weak as to be persuaded to disobey him?"

"Yes, I will apologize for you, or give you the five dollars to pay for the hound, then your father will know nothing of the affair, but you must grant me a favor in return," said Blake, his countenance lightening as he spoke.

"I will do anything for you, if you will only help me out of this scrape. What do you wish me to do?" asked the young culprit, eagerly.

"I want you to remain in the store tomorrow morning, and watch your opportunity and get Horton's handkerchief and hide it in one of the drawers, and then come and tell me. I will be unpacking and putting up goods all day, or I would get it myself. He sometimes forgets it, and leaves it on the desk when he is writing. If you are cautious you can slip it into your pocket without being seen."

"Why! that would be stealing," said the boy, with contempt. "No; I would rather tell father myself, and be punished, than commit such a dishonest act," said he, firmly. "What can you want with his handkerchief? There are plenty in the store as good as his."

"I am aware of that," said Blake, who saw he was about to be foiled by the boy's honesty, "but I want to give him as much trouble in looking for it, as he gave me yesterday in hunting for my hat."

Thus by his artifice, the boy's scruples were silenced, and he gained his point.

A few days after Mr Gray returned, a note was presented to him for payment.—He went to his desk, and what was his astonishment on opening the safe to find three hundred dollars missing! What could this mean? The keys had not been out of his possession for more than a year. No person had access to this desk but himself. Here was a mystery. He called Blake into the office and asked him if he could in any way assist him to solve the mystery. Blake was prepared for this, and with apparent sincerity, denied his knowledge of the affair.

Mr. Gray was perplexed. "It is evident, false keys have been used to enter this desk," said he, "some vile scoundrel has opened the store and desk by false means, and probably this is not all I will find missing."

While these thoughts were passing thro' his mind, his eye rested on a cambric handkerchief, which, until now, had escaped notice. "What is this?" said he, taking it out of the desk. "How did this get here?"

"Whose name is that on the corner?" asked the clerk.

"Lee S. Horton," said Mr. Gray, turning pale as he spoke.

"It is likely the owner of that handkerchief can, if he wishes, give more information on this subject than any one else," said Blake haughtily.

"It is impossible for Lee Horton to be, in any way, concerned in this. His noble soul would not for a moment harbor such a thought," said the merchant, angrily.

For to suspect Lee Horton, was the last of his thoughts. After some reflection, however, he sent for Horton, and made him acquainted with the circumstance, and asked if the handkerchief in question was his. Horton was utterly astonished, but recovering himself, he said, firmly,

"Mr. Gray, that handkerchief is mine, I lost it while I was attending in the store during your absence. But how it came in your desk, I know not. And as to your money, I am as ignorant about it as yourself."

"Do not for a moment think, Horton, that I wish to impute anything to your charge," said the distressed merchant.

"This," continued Horton, "is the work of envy and malice." Turning to Blake, who was standing behind him, viewing with satisfaction, the distress he had caused, he said, sternly, "Ah! demon, this is a scheme of your planning. It has been done by some one in this store, and there was none here to do it but you."

It is needless to cite the high words that followed, but it will answer our purpose to say, had not Mr. Gray interfered, Blake would have paid dearly for his villainy on the spot; for Horton had, in his passion, seized him by the collar, and was about to drag him out of the office.

As soon as Blake was at liberty, he hurried out of the office, threatening vengeance against Horton for daring to impeach his character.

CHAPTER II.

Horton returned to his own office with his feelings wrought up to the highest degree of excitement. He had walked the room more than an hour in the greatest distress of mind, when Charles Clifford entered. He happened to be in town, and heard the unpleasant news, which, in so short a time, had spread like fire on a western prairie.

Charles did his utmost to console his friend and assure him that none of his friends would believe anything against his character, and finally pursuaded him to take a seat in the carriage and accompany him home.

The amiable Mrs. Clifford, who regarded Horton as one of her own family, endeavored to calm his agitated mind, and advised him to go the next morning, and see Judge Alden and his daughter, and state the circumstance as it occurred. His feeling can be imagined better than described, when Judge A. coldly informed him of his knowledge of the affair, and refused him an interview with his daughter, until he should be able to exculpate himself from the suspicion now resting upon him.

This was as unexpected to Horton, as he felt it to be unjust. He at once resolved to leave B—— forever, and try his fortune in some distant land, where, if he could not forget the past, he would not be met by the cold withering look of suspicion. He immediately informed the Cliffords of his determination, and desired Charles to settle his affairs. He next wrote to Miss Alden, releasing her from her engagement, and bidding her adieu, with a full account of all that had happened.

Mrs. Clifford, and her sons, used every argument in order to induce Horton to change his mind, but to no purpose. He was as inflexible as the mountain oak. His proud spirit could not brook the idea of suspicion. The sixth day saw him on board of a steamboat for a neighboring State, to join a company of volunteers, who were about to march to Mexico.

Reader, we will not go with the young volunteer, but turn our attention to B——. After the circumstances in his office, Mr. Gray felt disposed to observe Blake narrowly. Yet he felt unwilling to believe his own misgivings of his clerk's integrity. He was a son of one of the wealthiest and most influential men of the town; and he intended to take him into business with him in the spring. Two months after Horton's departure, there was a party going out a hunting, to a place ten miles distant, called the Beach Ridge; and not having guns enough, one of Mr. Gray's neighbors sent for his. As the merchant handed it to the boy who came for it, he asked if this was the one that shot old Ben's hound. Mr. Gray answered that he did not know that Ben had lost a hound. The boy then told him how Harry had shot the dog. The father felt mortified at his son's duplicity, and instantly sent for him and asked him if he had been hunting in his absence. The boy at once confessed his faults, and related what passed between him and Blake, and that the latter persuaded him not to mention the accident to his father.

"I now see how the handkerchief came into my desk, and this, no doubt, will throw some light on the mystery of the lost money," said Mr Gray, "and you, by your disobedience, have been made the instrument of a vile wretch to injure the character and happiness of a worthy young man."

"But he got his handkerchief again, father," said Harry, trembling at his parent's unusual agitation. "Blake said he did not hunt long for it till he found it."

"He wished you to think so, my son, but such was not the case.

Mr. Gray went directly to Blake, and informed him of what he had heard from his son, and added that he had reason to believe he knew where the three hundred dollars were that were taken from his desk. Intimidated by Mr. Gray's resolute manner, and his own guilty conscience, he acknowledged his guilt, and muttered that he did not intend to touch the money, but hid it with the intention of returning it at some future opportunity, and a number of other excuses.

It would be too tedious to repeat the long lecture Mr. Gray read to the now crest-fallen Blake, but we will now mention that Mr Gray took him by the arm, led him out of the store and requested him never to enter his door. The merchant sat down and wrote Horton an account of the discovery, and begged him to return as soon as possible to B——. He next called on Judge Alden, who also wrote to the young volunteer, apologizing for his treatment to him, intimating that he feared his daughter would find an early grave, unless he returned soon. It is needless to say that the Cliffords were rejoiced at the discovery of the lost notes; and they were also much cast down at the false report of Miss Alden's marriage with the young Dr. of B——.

But it may be asked why did not his Permelia write? She had written to her lover before he left New Orleans, assuring him of her firm belief in his innocence, and her constancy for him.

Reader, our tale is now finished. Blake has gone, no person knows where, and the volunteer, we are informed, returned with all possible speed to B——, where he was rewarded for all his sufferings, by receiving the hand of his beautiful and constant lady-love.

ANOTHER PROPHET.

The following curious statement is made in a recent letter of the regular Paris correspondent of the London Atlas:

"Wonders will never cease in Paris. A discovery which has lately been made of an extraordinary individual living at the Barriere d'Eufo, and who proclaims himself to the world as the heir and successor of Jesus Christ, has created the greatest curiosity among the miracle-hunters of our capital. This man is a peasant of the name of Perimond, about five-and-forty years of age, of simple and unpretending manners and homely speech. He is, however, manifestly under some extraordinary magnetic influence, for he has cured, by the effect of his touch alone, many hundreds of persons who have been to visit him. He receives all strangers who seek him with the greatest simplicity, disclaims any credit for the wondrous miracles he performed, merely repeating the assurance of his appointment by our Saviour, who appeared to him in a dream, to go forth to the world to testify to the truth of the Gospel. He is of short stature, and of full and expressive countenance. His hair, parted on the forehead, descends on either side of his temples. There would be nothing remarkable about the person of the man, were it not for the circumstance which has given rise to the wilful lie, or the unhappy delusion, whichever it may be, that he thus openly advances, were it not for the extraordinary *stigmates* on his hands and feet, and the deep cicatrice in his side, whence, during the whole of Passion Week, have issued large drops of blood! Many people worthy of belief have told me that there is no delusion about this. The hands and feet are pierced through and through, and the wound in the side is about two inches long, and very deep; that they have seen the blood ooze from those wounds slowly and drop by drop for hours together during the past week, and that during all this time Perimond remains exhausted on his bed, lying, as it were, in a trance, without food or nourishment, and, to all appearances, dead. After sunset he revives; the bleeding ceases; he recovers his senses, partakes of some slight refreshment, and passes the whole night in prayer! His dress consists of a short tunic of white linen, reaching to the knee, with long, full trousers of the same. On his head he wears a white linen turban of the Jewish form. He carries no ornament on his person save a gold clasp, which fastens the band to which his waist is confined. The police have been most active in causing the strictest investigations to be made into the history and antecedents of the man; but as yet nothing has been discovered which can, in any way, serve as excuse for molesting him. All that is known is the fact that he has recently arrived from Grenoble, where he had lived a holy and religious life, much beloved by the old peasant woman who had reared him, and who, even to the hour of her death, declared to have found him one morning lying beneath a hedge near her cottage. No trace of his parentage has ever been discovered. He never stirs abroad, and discourages all meetings or assemblies at his house; therefore the authorities of Paris have nought to do in this case. Several physicians of eminence have already been to visit him, but none have, as yet, been able to solve the mystery of the long fast and bleeding. Dr. C., the great anatomist, after remaining two hours in his room last Friday, left in despair, declaring, with an oath, that the juggle was too well managed for discovery, and, therefore, the mystery, like that of the ecstatic virgins of the Tyrol, remains a mystery still."

They Shall not Blush for their Father.

Two men had entered into an agreement to rob one of their neighbors. Everything was planned. They were to enter the house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the gold and silver they could find.

"He is rich and we are poor," said they to each other, by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happier. Besides, what right has one man to all this world's goods?"

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children, went home and joined his family, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other, at the darkest hour of the coming night.

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I am so glad you have come."

The presence of the child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away, but his arms clung tighter about his neck, and he laid his face against his cheek, and said in a sweet and gentle voice:

"I love you, father."

Involuntarily the man drew the innocent and loving one to his bosom, and kissed him.

There were two elder children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness in the father than from lack of employment. These children came in soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

"O, father!" said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened. Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbing. They took him out of our shop, when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so sad when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame—for shame of his own father! Only think of that."

The man did not reply to the words of his son, but he turned his face away to conceal its expression.

"Ashamed of his father!" thought he. "And will my children hang their heads, also, in shame? No, no. That shall never be."

At the hour of midnight, the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better intention, was waiting at the place of rendezvous for him whose children had saved him. But he waited long in vain. Then he said;

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word.—When the other man went forth to his labor on the next day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in the act of robbery, and was already in prison.

"Thank heaven for virtuous children!" said he with fervor. "They have saved me. Never will I do any act that will cause them to blush for their father."

Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency of life. Learn to work, and be not dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors and darn your stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress and receive into your company, those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds to live in fashion. If you are wise, you will look at this subject in the light we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer an honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to a fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "such a young lady has married a fortune," we tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft delicate hand, and the splended form and the fine appearance of the young gentleman.—Let not these foolish considerations engross your attentions.

In what respect does a coquette resemble Cupid?—She keeps her *beau* in a quiver.

BIGOTRY ILLUSTRATED.

The venerable William Jay, in one of his sermons at Surrey Chapel a few years since, illustrated his views of the bigotry among different branches of the "household of faith," by the following anecdote:

Some time ago a countryman said to him, "I was exceedingly terrified, sir, this morning; and I was going down to a lonely place, and I thought I saw at a distance a huge monster; it seemed in motion, but I could not discern the form of it. I did not like to turn back, yet my heart beat; and the more I looked, the more I feared; but as we approached each other, I saw it was only a man; and who do you think, sir, it was?

"I know not."

"Oh, it was my brother John."

"Ah!" said I to myself, passing away from him, as he added it was early in the morning and very foggy—"ah!" said I, "how often, in a lonely place and in a foggy atmosphere, has brother John been taken for a foe? Only approach nearer each other, and see clearer, and you will find, in numberless instances, what you have dreaded as a monster, was a brother—and your own brother."

What the Californians Think.

A large and enthusiastic mass meeting of citizens for the adoption of some expression of feeling relative to the "situation of California," was held in San Francisco on the 30th of April, at which Wm. M. Steuart presided. The following resolutions, drawn up by a committee consisting of Wm. M. Steuart, Wm. M. Burgoyne, John B. Weller, M. S. Latham, and P. A. Morse were unanimously adopted as the sentiment of the meeting:

Resolved, That a large majority of the people of California being natives of the United States, have lost none of their attachment to the Federal Union, but if admitted to a participation of its blessings, will be among the first to defend its integrity and the last to abandon it.

That we regret deeply that our application for admission has produced angry discussion upon irrelevant questions, arraigning section against section, and seriously threatening to disturb the future welfare of the Government itself.

Resolved, That the territory belonging to the United States is the property of the Confederation, held by Congress in trust, for the benefit of the people of the Union, and that the Federal Government while invested with the power to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States" must exercise this power under the restrictions and limitations imposed by the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That the foregoing views of the relation of the Territories to the General Government and to the States of the confederation, taken in connection with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States and its express provisions, and also with the republican institution of the States of the Union clearly indicates that territorial condition is intended to be temporary and not to endure beyond the time when the citizens of the States shall have settled on this their common property, and shall have acquired such strength of numbers as will enable them to conduct a State Government of their own, and entitle them to representation in the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That a State can be admitted into the Union on one condition only: that is as the equal in all respects of the original parties to the confederation; and the Congress of the United States has no power to supervise State Constitutions, or look into them for no other purpose than to see that they are republican in form.—That the instrument we have presented, is a full and fair expression of the popular will, and was adopted by the people in the exercise of their sovereignty. That a State Government has been organized here, securing as far as possible the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, and that we cannot consent to abandon it to fall back upon a Territorial Government.

Resolved, That according to the true theory of representative government, all interests which enact, pronounce, and execute the law; that California possesses interests seriously affected by the revenue laws which tax her commerce and divert from her treasury into that of the United States the imposts collected in her ports; and that she possesses other interests still more harshly affected by the refusal on the part of Congress to establish a territorial government for the security of life, liberty and property within her confines, or by neglecting to recognise the State organization, which, in the exercise of the indefeasable rights of freemen, the people of California have established for their self-preservation.

Resolved, That the population of California, from the most reliable information we can obtain, is at least 140,000, thus entitling her to the representation which she claims in the House of Representatives according to the present standard of representation; and that if the Congress of the United States has failed to ascertain that fact by the mode usually adopted in such cases it is no fault of California, and affords no reason why that which is entitled to representation and subject to taxation should not be represented in its entire interests both of the sovereignty to which it is entitled and of the population which it actually possesses.

Resolved, That as far as our Senators and Representatives have, through the medium of the public press, advised the American Congress of the wants and necessities of our infant State, we fully concur, and trust that proper attention will speedily be given to them.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be signed by the officers of this meeting, published in the city papers and a copy transmitted to our Senators and Representatives at Washington City, and by them to be respectfully submitted to the Congress of the United States for their consideration and action.

A minister at church approached a little urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son I believe the devil has hold of you."

"I believe so too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

The preacher vamosed.