

train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All those angels, who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the air, and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one who had his face, that once had lain upon the bed, was glorified and radiant, and his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?"
And he said "No."
She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "O sister, I am here!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night, and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come, and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:
"Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Not that one, but another."
As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:
"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."
Again at night, he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:
"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother."
A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star because the mother was reunited with her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "O mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "not yet, and the star was shining."

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"
And he said—"Nay, but his maiden daughter."
And the man who had been the child, saw his daughter newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the babe of olden time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."
And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "he is dying."
And he said: "I am; my eye is failing from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my father, now I think that if he has not opened to receive those dear ones that await me."
And the star was shining—and it shines upon his grave.

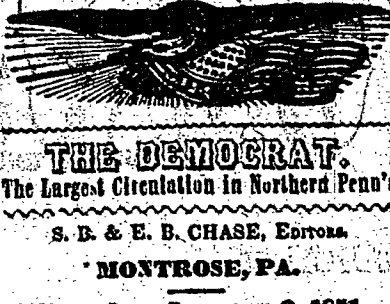
JENNY LIND.—Our city came very near escaping the Jenny Lind fever, and would have done so, but for the fact that Jenny, like her neighbors, must commit the very unphilosophical act of eating and drinking; and she, therefore, together with the other passengers from the North, set down to an excellent supper at Jarrett's Hotel on Saturday night, about 9 o'clock. No sooner was it known that the Nightingale had reached the Hotel, than multitudes flocked to it, determined, if they could not hear her sing, to see her eat. The rush and crush exceeded anything which has ever been seen in this "meek of woods."

Old women and young women were there, and there was rustling and bustling, and squeezing and pulling, and tugging, to get a sight of the fair Swede. Jenny, however, took it all very philosophically, and went to supper "with what appetites she had."

A gentleman who witnessed her performances at the supper table, tells us that she ate remarkably well; indeed, in fact, quite as well as any person whom he ever saw eat. He went so far as to say that she chewed her food and swallowed it, and that when she wished to drink, she raised the cup to her right hand, and holding it to her right lip, imbibed. Our informant seemed to be very enthusiastic in his description of the scene. The local motive Henry D. Bird drew the train in which the Nightingale left the city, and on starting, whistled the Bird Song in commendation of "that angel."

There is a report out that the cup from which Jenny drank is to be raffled off at \$100 a chance. Total number of chances 100. The four horses which drew her coach out to be a great speculation.—Their tails have been shaved, and hair for a large number of tickets, and breakfasts have been sold for a considerable sum.

Peterburg (Va.) *Intelligencer*, Dec. 24. Six bars were destroyed by fire, on Saturday evening week. It is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries, and the borough authorities have offered a reward of \$1,000 for the detection of the perpetrators of the act.



THE DEMOCRAT.
The Largest Circulation in Northern Penna.
S. E. & E. B. CHASE, Editors.
MONTROSE, PA.
Thursday, January 9, 1851.

Wanted.
We want 1000 SHARES of OURS at this office, on subscription, for which the highest market price will be paid. Also, Wheat, Rye, Corn and Potatoes.
To Correspondents.
"An Acrostic" is on file for our next paper. "Thought" will appear next week. We shall wait impatiently for that story, for we know it will be a good one. We observe a piece in Sartain's Magazine, by this correspondent, which we mean to copy ere long.

THE RETRIBUTION.—Our first page will undoubtedly be read with deep interest. It is a fine production.

TWO CONVENTIONS.
We had barely time and space, last week, to announce the session of the State Central Committee, which met in Philadelphia for the purpose of re-considering their action formerly had, fixing the Convention for nominating a Supreme Court Judge at Harrisburg, a week previous to the annual convention at Reading.

When the subject of a separate Convention, for the nomination of Judges exclusively, was first agitated we favored the idea, and gave our reasons therefor. When the Committee met and fixed the time and place we were not wholly satisfied, for we thought a week's difference in the time was by far too short.—Now, we see no reason for holding the Conventions separately, as the Committee have determined that the one for nominating Judges shall be held at Reading also; and only two days subsequent to the other. This makes no effect on our reasons for holding a separate Convention at all. We saw, or thought we saw, good and sufficient reasons for holding two conventions. An experiment is to be tried, the success of which, in a great degree, depends upon the selection of candidates by the Democratic party. We cannot bear the thought of failure in this matter; hence our anxiety that every necessary precaution should be exercised at the out-set, and every means used calculated to give us candidates for Supreme Judges every way unexceptionable.

We thought then, and think still, that for this once when a whole Bench is to be nominated, a Convention for that special purpose would be likely to give us better candidates than otherwise, if it could be wholly disconnected with the other; which we conceived, was for the interest of the great Democratic Party of the State. We wanted no bargaining, no sacrificing of talent to sections, or sections to availability; which often characterizes the action of conventions for the nominating of candidates for several different offices. Take away these objections, with others of a kindred nature, and we see no reason left for holding two Conventions; indeed, we believe one to be better than two. Most likely the same one for nominating Judges will be held last; hence it will be but a counterpart of the same political maneuvering that will no doubt be carried on by a few men in the other. Disappointed men; those smarting under the defeat of some cherished design in the former, will be quite likely to enter the latter with bitter and revengeful feelings, and with "all the energy that madness lends the weak" will labor to carry out their purposes regardless of the true interests of their party, and consequently their principles.

We do not say that such will be the case, but it is very easy to imagine it so; and under such circumstances, we can see no real good likely to result from two conventions.

U. S. SENATOR.
What kind of a man do the people of Pennsylvania need in the Senate of the United States? All will answer, we need a man of commanding talents, inflexible integrity, high moral worth and popular with the people of the State at large. Then the Democratic party needs a man who will add to all these a constant devotion to the principles of that party in their broadest sense; in short, a man who will reflect honor upon his constituents, the State and the nation.

The *Susquehanna Register*, (a journal as for the consideration) last week unwittingly betrayed the policy of the Whigs to be: "if they cannot succeed with their own man, and a portion of the Democrats present a worthy candidate, then they will support him to support and elect him. What kind of a Democrat he must be in order to be a worthy candidate for the Whigs, the editor tells us no further than this;—he would not be satisfied should the Whigs of Pennsylvania go in for Dickerson of New York, or any one of his "school." *SMITH* seems to think that, as Mr. Dickerson was bent on his own State, it would not be policy for the Whigs to run him for Senator in Pennsylvania!

We ask again: what kind of a Democrat will be acceptable to Whigs? Will it be a high-minded man; one who would seem to sacrifice any one of the principles he professes as a Democrat, as the consideration for the office by Whig votes? No, farthest from it possible. He must first sacrifice his honor as a man;—his integrity as a politician, by consenting to be half Whig; and when that is done, when he stands before the country, the humiliating picture of a man so weak and treacherous that the love of office has triumphed over principle; when he has placed himself in a position to be despised by the men of honor who occupy our Senate Hall, then he is a fit subject for hearty Whig support.

We appeal to candid men;—to honest men of both parties: had you not rather see the most indignant and open opposer of your political opinions elected to that position, than one who demonstrates by his treachery his faithlessness and duplicity? We are confident of an affirmative answer. Then what think you of the men who would disgrace the highest branch of our National Legislature by re-

sisting to such means for success, instead of standing by the principles they profess, though the consequences be defeat? Is not such a defeat more honorable than success by such corrupt means? What confidence can be placed in the Whig party by honest men, when that party scruples little to place a notorious dishonest man for what better evidence can be given of a lack of honesty and integrity, than that he barter principle and professions for office and spoil? We expect two weeks will disclose a strange page in the history of whiggery.

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"There's a good time coming, boys" for true hearts—a wide field of labor for the best.
"The Home Journal," for the cultivation of the Memorable, the Progressive, and the Beautiful, has appeared with many new features, new type, and new attractions. It contains the commencement of a new copy-right story of peculiar interest, entitled "Old Whitley," several remarkable poems, which will be read with great avidity, the "Portrait of a Belle of our Time," a "Returned Love Letter," "Parian Gossip," "New York Fashionable Society," &c. &c. Address: M. S. Willis, 107 Fulton St., N. Y. Terms \$3 in advance.

"The Genealogy Farmer," "Student's Journal," for January, and "Godley's Lady's Book," and "Sartain's Magazine," for February, are received.

"The International Monthly Magazine," for January is ahead of your former number. This is a miscellany of sterling merit, embracing as it does in its pages, both our own and European Literature. The intelligence it imparts,

though mostly confined to our own country, also pertains to the whole world, making it the vehicle of the progress of the Age. Its contents reflect great credit upon the editors, and show talent, research, and judgment rarely combined in the same person. G. P. R. James Esq., is now giving one of his most excellent tales, which will extend through several numbers. It gives about 154 pages of matter, neat typography, and frequent illustrations. Terms \$3 per year, or 25 cts. a No., 5 copies for \$10. Address Stringer & Townsend, 223 Broadway N. Y.

Littell's Living Age.—No. 347.—Contents: Radham and Hussey on the Fungus; Great Salt Lake City; Southey's Life and Correspondence; a leaf from my journal in Mexico; Personal Adventure in Hungary; Manrico Terzaghi's XVIII to XX; the French President's Messages; the root of the evil; Rights of Inventors; Poetry; Short articles. A new volume has just commenced. Published weekly, at \$6 a year, by E. Littell & Co., Boston.

SIFTINGS.
—An Agricultural Convention will assemble at Harrisburg on the 21st of this month.
—The Georgia State Convention, which recently assembled at Hillsgrove, adjourned after the adoption of a Union address and resolutions by a vote of 237 to 19.

FIRE IN DANVILLE.—We learn from the *Columbia Democrat*, that a fire broke out in that place on the evening of the 27th ult., which consumed four stores and a building occupied as a dwelling and barber's shop. Loss about \$5,000, partially insured.

Dr. Franklin's father had seventeen children. He was the fifteenth. He says in his autobiography, that his father died at the age of eighty-nine, and his mother at the age of eighty-five, and that neither were over: known to have any sickness, except that of which they died.

THE SULLIVAN EAGLE, after a respite of some three months is again regularly visiting us. We are glad to see the Eagle on its wings once more, and hope the bird may not cease its flight again.
The Legislature met at Harrisburg, Tuesday last; but as yet, of course, we have no news to give our readers from there. We shall publish the message next week.
BRISBANE ELECTED.—We have sufficient returns from the Special Election in the Eleventh Congressional District, to say that Brisbane, the regular Democratic Candidate is certainly elected.

OUR BOOK TABLE.
"Graham's Magazine," for February, has given us our table for two weeks. Graham gives his reader the following very appropriate lecture upon the important duty of taking the *Courier* paper, which we like too well not to copy:
TAKE YOUR COUNTY PAPER.—We hope that there is not a subscriber to "Graham," who has overlooked the propriety and duty of sustaining by his subscription and advertising, the paper of his own county. This duty is the first, even before subscribing to "Graham," which is well worth the money it costs, and prior, is a matter of interest merely to a subscription to any Journal whatsoever. The prosperity of the country in which you live—its thriving character—active intelligence, and more than all, its very moral strength depends upon the liberal policy of each and every one of you, towards the central point of your greatness—your own COUNTY JOURNALS.

Now think of this!—before you squander your dollar upon some ephemeral trash, and perhaps pernicious sheet of a transient, the telegraph and rail-road, have brought the news early to your editor—earlier than you will get it from afar by due course of mail. Now, encourage his heart and strengthen his hands by a manly support, and let his sheet widen, lengthen, and brighten, under the genial influence of a generous and proper estimate of his position.

If you want literature, as well as news and general miscellany,