VOLUME 3.

THE STA OF THE NORTH

From Godey's Lady's Book.

BY JENNY GRAY. No letter!" and the maiden sighs; And low the jetty lashes bend; shield alike those dreamy eyes from gaze of fee of gaze of friend, a leaping pulse beats quicker time. To music of the fathing tears, all londer sounds the heart's low chime for love is eyer full of fears.

Not that one thought dreams him untrue, Him love with all a woman's love; First love, as pure as morning dew, As coustant as its source above. God bless thee, maiden, if thou art To taste of seriow's poisoned cup; To know man can betray, the heart—God bear thee up, God bear thee up.

God bear thee up, God bear thee up.

*
No letter !? and the mother bends,
!'To kiss her infant boy so fair,
White quick a single enr-drop wends
To glitter in his sumy hair.
He smiles from out those eyes of blue,
A smile that wakes both joy and pair
It tells of him, the loving, true,
Now far open the tossing main.

Fair Faith and Hope their garlands wreat "Another kiss, my darling boy!"—
While from her heart the soft lips breathe A prayer of mingled grief and joy.
God bless thee, mother, if the knell
Of death comes booming o'er the sea,
In low, deep, heavy tones, to tell
The depth of woe prepared for thee!

The depth of woe prepared for thee!

"No letter!" and the father's brow,
O'er which the white locks thinly stray,
Grows paler, and the pulses slow
Within their bidden channels play.
"O God! preserve my dearest son,
To be my stay in life's decline!"
How close around his absent one
The father's fond affections twine!

Through weal and woe, through cares and

That leve has but the brighter shone;
Till, in the waning of his years,
The very soul of life it's grown.
God save thee, father, if that Love
Shall set in darkest starless night,
And help lace home to Heaven above,
Where on the heart can fail no blight!

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

I DREAMED I was sitting on an emin where the whole scene of life was before me; seas, plains, cities, and country, the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that be-fit wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned a ish it keenly." perplexed gaze on the multitudinous human family, and asked him "Who is it that so

arely visits it. Her companionship is re-served for those who, in the language of the Scripture, 'shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him.' Her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for

"The desire of her presence," he replied,

"is born with them. The child cries for her: some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the manner of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still receive the truth that she does not abide on earth with those most worthy of her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission,

Transcullity, Contentment and Patience."
"Take this," said he, giving me a carrious eye-glass, "it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and discern untold thoughts."

I took the glass, and it fulfilled its promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanted being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness; the wine sea, some treating into cities, and others quail before its frown.—Thron flying to the country in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard its touch, as if smote by the glance of designs. of, and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never by any chance found her.

found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of Me together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillants, whom I saw in a French boarding school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of

and worldly pride.—It is the offspring of pattishly; "they tell mn I was born poinces, and I have not so much as he rustling of her wines." eard the rustling of her wings in this tire-me place. Well, I must worry it through; heard the rusting of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through;
but when school days are over, and I am
out and surrounded by friends, followed by
lovers, and go at, will to operas and balls,

then Happiness will be my constant compan

The golden future became Brillanta's present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building on the south side of Main street, third square below Market.

Teams—Two Dollars per annum, if paid with jewels; admired and flattered, and burrying from one scene of gaety to another; but instead of the companions she within six months from the time of subserial bing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid bing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid bing; two dollars are not present places and Excitement, and, at their beels, and ware the companions of the companion

Satiety and Weariness.

"Alas!" exclaimed Brillanta, "Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my ng, with the bridal gifts and festivities she will take up her abode in my luxuriou she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!" But true love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed with the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. "Happiness had never been, never will be here!" exclaimed Brillants: "My husband is so tresome! my children teasing! my servants so tor-

Brillanta: "My husband is so thesome.
my children teasing! my servants so tormenting! I will go to fereign lands, I will
menting! I will go to fereign lands, I will
menting to the service so explore other countries; surely where so many rush to seck Happiness, she must be found."

Away went Brillanta, but the chase wa vain; she never got so much as a glimpse o Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook hor. A mist that had been gathering round her settled into darkness,

and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the eareer of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came fouth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God-fearing pareats, to her school tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was unlikeness to the rest of the world.

She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect. She was so occupied with her tasks and desires, that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eage enough to obtain the acquaintance of Hap-piness for others. What disinterestedness what self-forgetfulness she practiced to a chieve this! and strange to say, when asked and sought this eluding being, and when the clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, she sent her helpful handmaid, Patience, and Serena was content and grateful.

"How many unexpected, undeserving meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. Happiness daily saluted her on the lovely aspect of nature in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience. To Serena in due time also came the wedding day, and with illimitable hope and right confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said, "Happiness, you will of course preside at his festival."

"Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wed-

ding day-love, fidelity, and moderation-am I ever absent? But remember, my dea Serena, my stay can not be long; care, trial, with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you rel-

to all, did come to Serena, but they were many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?"

"She is immortal," he replied, "whose home is not of this world. In truth, she My eves followed the whole conver

this "traveler between li'e and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many elevation in her life, at many a bright spo or sudden turn; and finally, when the gate her own sake,"
"Why, then, are so many pursuing her?"
of death opened to her, I saw her celestial
friend, with open arms, awaiting her, to
abide with them for ever and ever.

It is noble in its origin, for it is born of the Christian Religion. It is exalted in its purposes, for it seeks the greatest good of all mankind. The foundation of Justiceit is no respector of persons, but its protec-ting wing, like the dews of Heaven, falls equally upon all. It distinguishes not be-tween the prince and peasant—for it is no worshipper of titles. It is as much the friend of the poor as the rich, and it is not friend of the poor as the rich, and it is not less the protector of the oppressed than the enemy of the oppressor. It acknowledges no tyranny over the mind or body of man. It is the foe of despoism in every where—it is freedom itself. It knows no bounds—for, like charity, it is universal in its motives and seeks to dispense its blessings in every clime. Tyrants quake at its approach, and annul before its frown.—Througes tremble at tiny. Superstition flies from it like the early dew from the morning sun. The rubbish of ages-all the refined systems of de potism crumble to aloms at its presence.

It has no deceit. It assumes no artificial of unreal character. It wears no borrowed of e en livery. It has no trifling vanity ject is not "empty show," but the freedom and happiness of men. Of Heaven it is heavenly, and free from worldly passions and worldly pride.—It is the offspring of

THE EDITOR-By one. The editor is the dupe of destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take in. His land of promise is a mountain stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles His honors resolve themselves into a capita hoax, his pleasures are heavy penalties, his pride is the snoff of a candle, his power but volumes of smoke. The editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone, a thousand pretenders about town notwith-standing, is indeed the identical martyr commonly-talked of as the most ill-used individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is, in reality, a victim to the opinion of othis, in reality, a victor to the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him, the merits are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad ar-ticle appears, the editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant article be ins anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist in substitutions of "if it be," for it is, and the insertion of the word however, here and to impede the march of fine style. Commas and colons are the only marks he-is reputed to make . his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis : he is but a note of admirati genius; his life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity; he sits as a charioteer, outside the vehicle in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality. It in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself for want of space. He always hopes to stows present popularity on thousands without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery "to be continued in our next." He is only thought of when things go wrong in the Journal. Curiosity then looks out the corner of his eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, queriously ejaculates "who is he?"
If by chance, praise instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they are going to cowhide him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are not indebted for that polsure that they are not indebted for that polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or harsh period in some favorite con-tribution? Oh! the editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the proof! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he neglects. It is a strikes out but a single line of an article whether in poetry or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the pro-duction. It is not a little odd that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be far the best thing the author ever wrote. Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is exactly the quality which the editor has not. An author is praised in a review, he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industrically inquired for; an author is condemned in a review, he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor. Week after week, month after month, the said editor succors the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent; he pens or promulicates the praise of friends. said editor succors the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent; he pens or promulgates the praise of friends, of their books, pictures, acting, safe-ty lamps and steam paddles, but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee.

Property Exempt from Execution .- By the code of Virginia, the following is

of the property exempt from execution:
"One cow, one bedstead, with a bed and
necessary bedding for the same, six chairs,
one table, six knives, six forks, six plates, iwo dishes, two passins, one por, com-pieces of wood or earthenware, one loom and its appurtenances, one spinning wheel, one pair of cards, and one axe; five barrels of corn, five bushels of wheat, or bacon or pork, and five dollars in value of forage or hay."

THE VANCERS IN SWEDEN _The differen nations of the world, even the most enlight ened, are restoring to American enterprise, science, and skill. A Mr. Robinson, of this country, is about to erect in Sweden and Norway a number of lines of magnetic tel-Norway a number of lines of magnetic tel-egraph. He has been granted a privilege for the enterprise, which is to endure for fif-ty years: and a company, including several heavy capitalists in New York and Stockholm, has been formed under his auspices A charter for a similar undertaking will, it is expected, be obtained from the Government

Show FURNITURE. - Furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. Nothing is more un-pleasant than the aspect of a room, or suite of rooms, where everything is bagged updrawing rooms in masquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, un-human-like spectacles, in the diorama of de-

The guilt of one sin is a greater mis-

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1851.

Mr. Cobden has made a motion in the British Parliament, that the Government institute a treaty or agreement with that of France, for mutual and propertional reduc-tions of their naval and military armaments. It is a wonder to us that this sensible and It is a wonder to us that this sensible and rational course has not been taken long ago, instead of the ruirous policy of attempting to outstrip each other in the means of defence. If there is a mutual cartailment of warlike preparation, of course neither party will be more in the power of the other than at present—in fact not so much so, for, with a large large, a company of the contraction. with a large force at command, one party with a large lotee at command, one pary may take advantage of an unguarded mo-ment on the other side of the channel to strike a fatal blow, whereas no such advan-tage could be taken if their respective estab-

ishments were no larger than is necessary for the preservation of internal peace.

If Russia and other countries cannot be induced to join the plan of proportionate resately act upon it by entering into an alli-ance offensive and defensive. They would receive the hearty sympathy of the United

States Covernment and people.

If the national debts of England, France and other European States, are ever to be paid, it must be by curtailing their enormous and unneccessary military establishments.

The average annual expenses of the British
Government are now, and have been for many years, about fifty millions of pounds sterling, or two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Of this immense sum, about two-thirds goes to say the interest of her public de et! If must be a gloomy thought to the English people, that they are forever to carry this immense load on their shoulders. ry this immense load on their shoulders. But when they reflect that it has been, for the most part, entailed upon them by the ambition of kings and statesmen in the maintenance of unjust wars, we wonder at the patience with which they submit to it. The only hope of being relieved from it, without open repudiation, is in the way we have indicated.

Unfortunately, the most wealthy and influential classes are deeply interested in not only continuing the debt, but also in keeping up the army and navy at their present standard. The national debt is a convenient and certain investment for capital, while the army and navy enlist the support of all the great familles as an hunorable provision for their younger sons. In this way everything seems to conspire to saldle the people with

debt and taxes.

One-fourth of the immense sums which are thus annually thrown away would provide for the thorough education of every child in England, besides maintaining the

Fortunately, the masses of the people are beginning to understand their true interests d the influence of wealth and station are of late years, much compromised by the in-fusion of democratic feeling. Every year sees some dream of reform realized : that another generation may see the British nation, and perhaps other countries of Eu-rope, released from the thraidom of a public

Selections for Newspapers.

Most persons think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error! It is by all means the most difficult.—To look, over and over, bundles of exchange papers, every day, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is indeed "no easy task." It every person who reads a newspaper, could have edited esting, and can absolutely find nothing. ery paper is dryer than a contribution box ; and yet something must be had-his-paper nust have something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing he loes is the easiest part of his labor. A paner when completed should be one the ediwilling to rand to his wife, mother, or his daughter; and if he that, if he gets such a paper, he will find his labor a most difficult one.

Every subscriber thinks the paper is print ed for his especial benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him it must be stopped, it is good for nothing. Some people look over the deaths and marriages, and actually complain of the editor, if but few people in the vicinity have been so unfortunted as to die over forunate as to die over forunate as to die over forunate as to die over forunate. nate as to die, or so fortunate as to get mar ried the previous week. An editor should have such things in his paper whether they ccur or not .- Just as many subscribers as editor may have, just so many tastes has h to consult. One wants stones and poetry; another abhors all this. The politician wants nothing but politics. One must have some thing sound. One likes aneodotes, fun and chairs in pianafores, mirrors in muslin, a druggeted carpet, a hearth rug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack, seen rays of light that struggle in edgewise through slits the editor is a blackguard. Next comes light that straggle in edgewise through slits the editor is a unusquate, and the editor is in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar something argumentative, and the editor is so brown holland fragrance which belong to dull fool. And so between them all of the content of th and yet, to nicety-nine out of a hundred, these things never occur. They never reflect that what does not please them, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good nothing.

Manners and Customs Alroad.

The letters of Mr. Dawson, of the Alban The letters of Mr. Dawson, of the Albany Evening Journal, while travelling through England, France, &co., are fresh and raey, and by no means so barren of viseful information as most of the foreign correspondence of American newspapers. Here is an extract from his last Paris letter:

"I have seen ladies roughly jostled from the sidewalks on the Boulevards—where, if

inywhere, you might look for politenes and, in crossing from Dover to Ostend, and from Boulogne to Folkestono, I have seen Frenchmen stretched out at full length upon sofas, while ladies could find no place to sit down. But I never saw a Frenchman discommode himself to oblige a lady. All this may seem apocryphal. And so 1 would have deemed it but for the evidence of my own senses. Americans may be ignorant of many of the higher branches of politeness; but if one of the 'Universal Nation' should treat women as cavalierly as Frenchmen treat them, there is not a backwoodsman

teat them, there is not a backwoodsman east of the Rocky mountains who would not volunteer to pitch him into the Mississippi. "Nor is this inattention induced by any want of appreciation on the part of the ladies. I never saw gratitude more gracefully expressed than when a venerable Philadelphian, with genuine Yankee promptness, extricated a lady, with a pretty little 'responsibility,' from a crowd at a railread station When he had procured a cab for her,he held her little one until she was seated. She thanked him in French-not a word of which however, he would have understood, but for in reply to her manks, the kind-hearted old gentlema n said, 'li's all right my girl, and just what any gentleman would have done.' 'Anglais?' inquired the little French-woman. 'Not by a long shot; I'm a Yankee all o-

"Here is a bill, for a day, at one best hotels in France: Bed-room, five francs; breakfast, (coffee, warm bread, butfrancs; breakiast, (coffee, warm bread, but-ler, and two eggs,) two francs; finner, (ta-ble d'hote,) thur francs; tea, two francs; servants, one franc—\$2,50. Those (and I am always in that catagory) who desire a mutton chop, beefsteak, or slice of broiled bam, with their coffee and eggs for breakfast must pay an additional franc. This is about the average bill of sojourners in good hotels without wine. Those who prefer it, however, can live comfortably in Paris, by taking lodgings, for half this sum."

THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS-THE FU TURE GREATNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

During a brief sojourn of that eminer eologist, Hugh Miller, in England, he critgeologist, hugh anner, in augustic, ically examined the carboniferons districts, especially the coal fields of central England, to which she has for so many years owed to which she has for so many years. her flourishing trade. Its area. scarcely equals that of one Scottish lakes— threy miles long and eight broad; "yet how many steam engines has it set in motion How many railway trains has it propelled and how many millions of tons of iron has it raised to the surface, smelted, and ham-mered? It has made Birmingbam a great city—the first iron depot of Europe. And if one small field has done so much," he says, "what may we expect from those vast ba-sins laid down by Lyell in the geological map of the United States? When glancing over the three huge coal fields of the Uniold red sandstone, I called to mind the pro-phecy of Berkely, and thought I could at length see what he could not—the scheme of its fulfillment. He saw Persia resigning the sceptre to Macedonia, Greece to Rome, and who reads a newspaper, could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not untrequently is it the case that an editor looks with forests, he anticipated an age when me to Western Europe, which abuts on Atlantic. When America was covered place amning the nations as had been oc-cupied by Assyria and Rome. Its enormous

> leagues, do for the United States ?" Westward the course of empire takes way.'
> The four first acts already past;
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

.....

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.-In Household Words it is said, imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour without making any stoppage, the baby would grow to be a boy—the die-without seeing the sun, for it is distant what is this compared to Neptune's disrailway, at the creation to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.

ton City, on Wednesday moining last, hundred and sixty-four bags of dead Le hundred and sixty-four bags of dean Letter-which had been opened and examined at the Dead Letter office, were carried off to a valley near Monument Square, where completely destroyed by fire. tained about five bushels.

the local and Lakener speed on any and

SPIRIT FLOWERS

BY CHARLES D. STUART. A young child stood by its mother's side; Watching the shining mould

Of a grave scoped from old grave dust,
By a sexton grey and old;
"And why do they bury us, mother dear,
Down in the earth so cold?"

She asked, as she gazed at the grave fresh
scoped
By the sexton grey and old.

"The earth is not cold, my darling child,"
Sofily the mother said:
"Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest,
Gently we bury the deat:
Its bosom is warm my darling child,
And under the sun and shower.
The soul will rise from its quiet sleep,
A beautiful bud or flower.

And angels will bear it up, my child, Into the heaven above, Never again to droop or die, But bloom in the light of lo

The sun?'s warm rays, and the shining Are shapes of an angel band, Who sent to gather the spirit-flowers, Over the grave-turf strand."

And silent, the young child answered not;
But knew from that blessed hout
Why she had gazed and wondered so much
At every beautiful flower;
And ever in after years, the breath
Of the flowers were sweeter far;
They led her up ro the spirit land,
Over the shining star.

THE DEPARTED.

Away in the lonely church-yard, Is the grave of one I love; While flowers around are scattere And the willow waves above.

At eventide, the zephrys
Play sofily o'er the scene,
And rays of northern starlight
Peep through the branches g

No sound disturbs the stillness— The quiet is supreme; And the lonely spot seems holief In the moonlight's mellow gleam.

By the graves of the departed The heart is deepest stored, And the harp of universal love With the soul's best hopes ac

From the graves of the departed
We pass with thoughtful face—
And vain, and light, and heartless things
For holier thoughts make place.

Mr. Jefferson on Cuban Annexation

It is not generally known that Mr. Jefferson was desirious of the acquisition of Caba by the United States—which object he proposed to effect through the Agency of his un-boats, which were ridiculed so unmercifully by the federalists. The late Com Ridgley, of the United States navy, informed us, in the year 1837, that having on one occasion passed the night at the house of Samuel Gouverneur in New York, the son in law of Mr. Monroe he observed the next morning a box of papers in his room, which proved on examination to be letters from Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Monroe. A portion of Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Monroe. A portion of those letters, by Mr. Gouveneur's permission he examined and found them to contain a plan drawn up by Mr. Jefferson to obtain possession of Cuba when an occasion should arrive, by transporting an army to her shores in a fleet of gun boats, which should take their departure from New York, Charleston and other southern ports. Mr. Gouverneur is now a resident of Virginia. Gonverneur is now a resident of Virginia. and can probably enlighten the public in regard to Mr. Jefferson's plan. For one we should like to see his letters to Monroe on this subject, published The Philosophy of Monticello always kept a watchful eye upon the movements of foreign powers, having a tendancy to effect the interests of this country; and as a mere matter of our country.

who told us, a short time since, that who child, he was glad to receive the cold pota-toes from his neighbors table. Be good, my boy; and if you are poor, you will be respected, a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

A HINT TO BLACKSMITHS.—The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is attained more speedily, easily and neatly. Bring the iron to a white heat, and then, fixing it in a vice, spply the common saw, which, without being turned on the edge, or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as if it were

The lady who was obliged to take chloroform, when the nuptual safet was used, is doing as well as could be expected.

stend bred an time light of post esplane

NUMBER 38.

TRUE DEMOCRA SY.

The elements of trace democracy, and progress. Democracy and freedom, are identical; or rather without intellectual and moral as well as political freedom, there can be true democracy. al as well as political freedom, there can be no true democracy. To be a democrat, means something more than to be a need adherent of a party,—a passive admirer of a certain form of government, or even a theoretical believer in the capacity of the Leople for self-government. By this designation, we mean one whose soul is imbued with the spirit of freedom and independence,—one who believes in the nobility of nature, who respects the individual man, and who scorns all the artificial distinctions and divisions which form and fashion have created in society, and in the world.

ciety, and in the world.

Our democracy has no sympathy for much Our democracy has no sympany to that usurps its name,—not for many who as-sume its colors, merely as a cloak to there are the colors, with a spirations. With evil designs of unboly aspirations. With the creatures of faction and fraud—the slaves of party, and the enemies of all civil

authority and constituted restraint, we caunot felfowship. These men are not domocrats, though they may claim that fille.

True democracy is taught alike by nature
and christianity. By nature, in the general
laws which govern all her operations, and
under which all her blesings are dispensed
alike to the ignorant and the learned—the
wise and the simple—the rich and the poor.
By christianity, in that she recognizes the
natural equality of all men, and holds out
to each one the same spiritual right and glorious hopes. These are the vital doctrines
of the great Teacher,—while to love thy
neighbor as thyself, and do unto others as
you would that they should de unto you, are you would that they should do unto you, are the sacred injunctions delivered to his fol-lowers. Who, then, that reveres the teachings of nature, or professes the doctrines of christianity, can scoff at the principles of

democracy.

Let all democrats be true to themselves and their principles;—let them exhibit the influence of the latter in their thaily walk and conversation, as well as in the ordinary walks of life, let them never permit party interests, sectarian projudice, or personal or business connections, to lead them to do violence to the spirit of their political creed, and the world will not be long in determining "who is a democrat." ing "who is a democrat."

Madame De Stael.

She was then as happy in her heart as She was then as happy in her heart as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son, who did not display the eclat of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the Duko de Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angolac form, to elevate the mind to heaven, and to represent holiness in beauty. While scarcely yet in the middle age of life: and scarcely yet in the middle age of life. and blooming with that second youth which re-news the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Stael had married the dearest scarcely yet in the middle age o idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was loved. She prepared herself to publish her "Considerations on the Revolution," which she had so closely observed, and the personal and impassioned narrative of her "Ten Years of Exile." Finally a book on tendancy to effect the interests of this coun-try; and as a mere matter of curiosity it without lacking the splendour of her youth, would be gratifying to learn for what pur-pose and in what manner he proposed to ef-fect the approximation of Cath. thought. It was no longer painting, nor coal fields, some of them equal in extent to all England, seem destined to form no mean element in its greatness. If a patch containing but a few square miles has done so much for central England, what may not The Poor Boy.—Don't be a shamed, my merely poetry; it was perfect adoration; the lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is escape from your lips. No good boy will died in Paris, leaving a bright resplendence shun you, because you cannot dress as well in the heart of her age. She was the Jeanas your companion; and if a bad boy some-times laughs at your appearance, say noth-ing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once as poor as you. There is our next door neighbor, the most impassioned of women, and the in pasticular, (now one of our wealthy men.) most masculine of writers, in the same being. Her name will live as long as the liter-ature and history of her country.-Larmartins.

> Some folks think the biggest newspaper is always the best. Wise people these-about as sensible as the fellow who turned up his nose at your common-sized woman, and bragged that he meant to have a bigger wife than any other man within two

A lady, recently, in speaking of her husband, who had failed in the poultry business, said that he had been heavily engaged in mercantile speculations in Turkey, had been unfortunate.

A carrot!

If A down-east editor has got such a gently, the little rivulet which flows good in his head that the water freezes on his day and night by the farm house; that is useful, rather than the swellen flood, or the warring calaract.

> Curran's advice to orators was "When you can't talk sense, talk metaphor."

was and the Danabian Principalities have