

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. WEAVER, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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*John East*

## THE STA. OF THE NORTH

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count allowed for payment in advance.  
A liberal discount will be made to those  
who advertise by the year.

## From God's Holy Book.

### NO LETTER.

"No letter!" and the maiden said;  
"And low the jolly ladies bend;  
To shield all those dreamy eyes  
From gaze of foe or gaze of friend,  
The leaping pulses quicker time  
To music of the falling tress,  
And tender sounds the heart's low chime—  
For love is ever 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 constant as its source above,  
God bless thee, maiden, if thou art  
To taste of sorrow's poisoned cup,  
To know man can betray the heart—  
God bear thee up, God bear thee up!

No letter!" and the mother bends,  
"To kiss her infant boy so fair,  
While quick a single out-drop sends  
To glitter in his sunny hair.  
He smiles from out those eyes of blue,  
A smile that wakes both joy and pain;  
It tells of him, the loving, true,  
Now far upon the tossing main."

Fair Faith and Hope their garlands wreath  
"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!

"No letter!" and the father's brow,  
"O'er which the white locks thinly stray,  
Grows paler, and the pulses slow  
Within their hidden 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 love has but the brighter shone;  
Till, in the waning of his years,  
The very soul of life is grown.  
God save thee, father, if that Love  
Shall set in darkness sorrow's night,  
And help thee home to Heaven above,  
Where on the heart can fall no blight!

## SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

BY CATHARINE B. BODWICK.

I DREAMED I was sitting on an eminence  
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  
befit wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned  
a perplexed gaze on the multitudinous human  
family, and asked him "Who is it that so  
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  
rarely 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.

"Why, then, are so many pursuing her?"  
I asked; "why do they not learn from the  
experience of others?"

"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 defiled 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,  
Tranquillity, Contentment and Patience."

"Take this," said he, giving me a curious  
eye-glass, "it will enable you to see the dis-  
tant, to penetrate every secret path, and dis-  
cern untold thoughts."

I took the glass, and it fulfilled its promise,  
I saw beheld the whole world in pursuit of  
this enchanted being. Some were crossing the  
wide sea, some treading the wilderness;  
masses were crowding into cities, and others  
flying to the country in quest of her. They  
looked for her where she was never heard  
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.

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

"Why do they confine me here?" she  
exclaimed pettishly; "they tell me I was born  
for Happiness, and I have not so much as  
heard the rustling of her wings in this tire-  
some 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 operate and battle,

## 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 reveal themselves into a capital  
hoax, his pleasures are heavy penalties, his  
pride is the snuff of a candle, his power but  
volumes of smoke. The editor is the most  
ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone, a  
thousand pretensions about town with-  
standing, is indeed the identical martyr,  
commonly talked of as the most ill-used in-  
dividual. He seems to govern opinion, and  
is, in reality, a victim to the opinion of others.  
He incurs more than nine-tenths of the  
risk and responsibility, and reaps less than  
one-tenth of the reward and reputation.  
The defects of his work are liberally assign-  
ed to him, the merits are magnanimously  
imputed to his correspondents. If a bad  
article appears, the editor is unparagonably  
condemned; if a brilliant article is inserted,  
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 re-  
puted to make; his niche of fame is merely a  
parenthesis; he is but a sort of admiration to  
genius; his life is spent in ushering clever  
people into deserved celebrity; he sits as a  
charioteer, outside the vehicle in which pro-  
digious talents are driven to immortality. It  
is his fortune to insert all his contributions  
in the temple of glory, and to exclude him-  
self from want of space. He always hopes to  
go in, but expires unblest at last. He be-  
lieves present popularity on thousands with-  
out securing posthumous renown as his  
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  
from the corner of his eyes, and with brows and lips  
pursed up, quizzically ejaculates "who is he?"  
If by chance, praise instead of censure  
should be meted, the wrong man is im-  
mediately mentioned. People are only cer-  
tain of their editor when they are going to  
convict him. Is there a bright passage or  
two in an indifferent article, you may be  
sure that they are not indebted for that  
polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull  
phrase or harsh period in some favorite  
contribution? Oh! the editor has alerted 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  
curious feature in his destiny that if he  
strikes out but a single line of an article,  
whether in poetry or prose, that very line is  
infinitely 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  
for the best thing the author ever wrote.  
Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones  
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 industriously in-  
quired for, an author is condemned in a review,  
he is unparagonably disgusted with the editor.  
Week after week, month after month, the  
said editor weeps the oppressed, raises up  
the pen, applauds virtue, exalts talent;  
he weeps or promulgates the praise of friends,  
of their books, pictures, acting, safety-  
lamps and steam paddles, but from the  
catalogue of golden names his own is an  
eternal absentee.

**Property Exempt from Execution.**—By the  
new code of Virginia, the following is a list  
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,  
two dishes, two basins, one pot, oven, six  
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  
one barrel of flour, two hundred pounds of  
bacon or pork, and five dollars in value of  
forage or hay."

**THE YANKEES IN SWEDEN.**—The different  
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-  
egraph. He has been granted a privilege  
for the enterprise, which is to endure for  
fifty years; and a company, including several  
heavy capitalists in New York and Stock-  
holm, has been formed under his auspices.  
A charter for a similar undertaking will, it  
is expected, be obtained from the Government  
of Denmark.

**SHOW FURNITURE.**—Furniture too good  
to be used is a nuisance. Nothing is more  
unpleasant than the aspect of a room, or suite  
of rooms, where everything is bagged up  
in chairs in pianofortes, mirrors in muslin,  
a drugged carpet, a hearth rug worn rags  
out, and a chandelier in a sack, wrong side  
of light that struggle in edgewise through slits  
in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar  
brown-holland fragrance which belongs to  
drawing rooms in masquerade dress, form  
one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, un-  
human-like spectacles, in the drama of do-  
mestic life.

**The guilt of one sin is a greater mis-  
ery than the burden of a thousand misdeeds.**

## From the Christian Statesman.

### A GOOD MOVE.

Mr. Cobden has made a motion in the  
British Parliament, that the Government in-  
sist on a treaty of agreement with that of  
France, for mutual and proportional reduc-  
tions of their naval and military armaments.  
It is a wonder to us that this sensible and  
rational course has not been taken long ago,  
instead of the vicious policy of attempting  
to outstrip each other in the means of de-  
fence. If there is a mutual enticement 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 force at command, one party  
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-  
lishments 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  
reductions, the English and French might still  
safely act upon it by entering into an alli-  
ance offensive and defensive. They would  
receive the hearty sympathy of the United  
States Government 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 unnecessary 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 pay the interest of her public  
debt! It must be a gloomy thought to the  
English people, that they are forever to carry  
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 in-  
fluential classes are deeply interested in not  
only continuing the debt, but also in keeping  
up the army and navy at their present stand-  
ard. The national debt is a convenient and  
certain investment for capital, while the  
army and navy enlist the support of all the  
great families as an honorable provision for  
their younger sons. In this way everything  
seems to conspire to saddle the people with  
debt and taxes.

**COAL:**  
THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS—THE  
GREATNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

During a brief sojourn of that eminent  
geologist, Hugh Miller, in England, he criti-  
cally examined the carboniferous districts,  
especially the coal fields of central England,  
and which she has for so many years owed  
her flourishing trade. His area, he remarks,  
scarcely equals that of one Scottish lake—  
thirty 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 Birmingham 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 basins  
laid down by Lyell in the geological  
map of the United States? When glancing  
over the three huge coal fields of the United  
States, each surrounded with its ring of  
old red sandstone, I called to mind the pro-  
phecy of Berkeley, and thought I should  
lengthen what he could not—the scheme of  
its fulfillment. He saw Persia resigning the  
sceptre to Mædonia, Greece to Rome, and  
Rome to Western Europe, which abuts on  
the Atlantic. When America was covered  
with forests, he anticipated an age when  
that country would occupy as prominent a  
place among the nations as had been oc-  
cupied by Assyria and Rome. Its enormous  
coal fields, some of them equal in extent to  
all England, seemed destined to form no mean  
element in its greatness. If a patch con-  
taining but a few square miles has done so  
much for central England, what may not  
England, containing many hundred square  
leagues, do for the United States?"

"Westward the course of empire takes its  
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 boy  
to be a man—the man would grow old and  
die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant  
more than a hundred years from us. But  
what is this compared to Neptune's dis-  
tance? Had Adam and Eve started, by our  
railway, 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 Nep-  
tune is more than six thousand years from  
the centre of our system.

**Destruction of Dead Letters.**—In Wash-  
ington City, on Wednesday morning last, one  
hundred and sixty-four bags of dead Letters  
which had been opened and examined at  
the Dead Letter office, were carried off to  
a valley near Monument Square, where com-  
pletely destroyed by fire. Each bag con-  
tained about five bushels.

## Manners and Customs Abroad.

The letters of Mr. Dawson, of the Albany  
Evening Journal, while travelling through  
England, France, &c., are fresh and easy,  
and by no means so laden of useful infor-  
mation as most of the foreign correspon-  
dence 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  
anywhere, you might look for politeness—  
and, in crossing from Dover to Ostend, and  
from Boulogne to Folkestone, 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 dis-  
commode himself to oblige a lady. All this  
may seem apocryphal. And so I 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 cavaliers as Frenchmen  
treat them, there is not a backwoodsman  
east of the Rocky mountains who would not  
volunteer to pitch him into the Mississippi.  
"Nor is this intension induced by any  
want of appreciation on the part of the la-  
dies. I never saw gratitude more gratefully  
expressed than when a venerable Philadel-  
phian, with genuine Yankee promptness,  
extricated a lady, with a pretty little 'respon-  
sibility' from a crowd at a railroad 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  
her eyes. They were perfectly intelligible.  
In reply to her thanks, the kind-hearted old  
gentleman said, 'It's all right my girl, and  
just what any gentleman would have done.'  
'Anglais' inquired the Irish French-woman.  
'Not by a long shot; I'm a Yankee all o-  
ver.'

"Here is a bill, for a day, at one of the  
best hotels in France: Bed-room, five francs;  
breakfast, (coffee, warm bread, butter, and  
two eggs), two francs; dinner, (table d'hôte),  
three francs; tea, two francs;  
servants, one franc—\$2.50. Those (and I  
am always in that category) who desire a  
mutton chop, beefsteak, or slice of broiled  
ham, 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, how-  
ever, can live comfortably in Paris, by taking  
lodgings, for half this sum."

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

At eventide, the zephyrs  
Play softly o'er the sound,  
And rays of northern starlight  
Peep through the branches green.  
No sound disturbs the stillness—  
The quiet is supreme;  
And the lonely spot seems holier  
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 accord.  
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. Jeff-  
erson was desirous of the acquisition of Cu-  
ba by the United States—which object he  
proposed to effect through the Agency of his  
unborn, which were ridiculed so unmercifully  
by the federalists. The late Com-  
modore, of the United States navy, informed us,  
in the year 1837, that having on one occa-  
sion passed the night at the house of Sam-  
uel Gouverneur in New York, the son in  
law of Mr. Monroe had 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  
those letters, by Mr. Gouverneur's permis-  
sion he examined and found them to con-  
tain a plan drawn up by Mr. Jefferson to ob-  
tain 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,  
and can probably enlighten the public in re-  
gard 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  
tendency to effect the interests of this  
country; and as a mere matter of curiosity it  
would be gratifying to learn for what pur-  
pose and in what manner he proposed to ef-  
fect the annexation of Cuba.

**MADAME DE STAEL.**  
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 *et alia* of his mother, but who promised  
to have all the solid and modest qualities of  
a patriot and a good man; and also a daugh-  
ter, since married to the Duke de Broglie,  
who resembled the purest and most beau-  
tiful thought of her mother, incarnate in  
an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven,  
and to represent holiness in beauty. While  
scarcely yet in the middle age of life, she  
was blooming with that second youth which  
renews the imagination, that essence of love,  
Madame de Staël had married the dearest  
ideal 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  
the genius of Germany (in which she had  
poured out, and, as it were, filtered, drop by  
drop, all the springs of her soul, of her im-  
agination, and of her religion) appeared at  
the same time in France and England, and  
excited the attention of all Europe. Her  
style, especially in the work on Germany,  
without lacking the splendour of her youth,  
seemed to be imbued with light more lofty  
and more eternal, in approaching the even-  
ing of life and the mysterious shrine of  
thought. It was no longer painting, nor  
merely poetry; it was perfect *eloquence*; the  
temper of a soul was inhaled from its  
pages; it was "Corinne" become a priestess,  
and catching a glimpse from the verge of  
life of the unknown deity, in the remotest  
horizon of humanity. About this period she  
died in Paris, leaving a bright reminiscence  
in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-  
Jacques Rousseau of women, but more ten-  
der, more sensitive, and more capable of  
great action than he was—a genius of two  
sexes, one for thought, and one for love—the  
most impassioned of women, and the  
most masculine of writers, in the same  
being. Her name will live as long as the liter-  
ature and history of her country—*Lovellina*.

**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 big-  
ger wife than any other man, within two  
hundred miles.

**A LADY, RECENTLY, IN SPEAKING OF HER  
HUSBAND, WHO HAD FAILED IN THE POULTRY BUSI-  
NESS,** said that he had been heavily engaged  
in mercantile speculations in Turkey, and  
had been unfortunate.

**IT IS THE BUBBLING SPRING WHICH FLOWS  
GENTLY, THE LITTLE RIVULET WHICH RUNS ALONG,  
DAY AND NIGHT BY THE FARM HOUSE; THAT IS  
USEFUL, RATHER THAN THE SWOLLEN FLOOD, OR  
THE WARRING CATARACT.**

**CURRAN'S ADVICE TO ORATORS WAS "WHEN  
YOU CAN'T TALK SENSE, TALK METAPHOR."**

## SPRIT FLOWERS.

BY CHARLES D. STUART.

A young child stood by its mother's side,  
Watching the shining mould  
Of a grave scooped from old grave dust,  
By a sexton grey and old;  
"And why do they bury me, 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,  
Softly the mother said:  
"Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest,  
Gently we bury the dead:  
Its bosom is warm my darling child,  
And under the sun and shower,  
The soil 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 love:  
The sun's warm rays, and the shining dew,  
Are shapes of an angel band,  
Who seek to gather the spirit-flowers,  
Over the grave-turf strand."

And silent, the young child answered not,  
But bloom from that blessed hour,  
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 to the spirit land,  
Over the shining star.

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And the willow waves above.

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No sound disturbs the stillness—  
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And the lonely spot seems holier  
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and can probably enlighten the public in re-  
gard 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  
tendency to effect the interests of this  
country; and as a mere matter of curiosity it  
would be gratifying to learn for what pur-  
pose and in what manner he proposed to ef-  
fect the annexation of Cuba.

**MADAME DE STAEL.**  
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 *et alia* of his mother, but who promised  
to have all the solid and modest qualities of  
a patriot and a good man; and also a daugh-  
ter, since married to the Duke de Broglie,  
who resembled the purest and most beau-  
tiful thought of her mother, incarnate in  
an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven,  
and to represent holiness in beauty. While  
scarcely yet in the middle age of life, she  
was blooming with that second youth which  
renews the imagination, that essence of love,  
Madame de Staël had married the dearest  
ideal 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  
the genius of Germany (in which she had  
poured out, and, as it were, filtered, drop by  
drop, all the springs of her soul, of her im-  
agination, and of her religion) appeared at  
the same time in France and England, and  
excited the attention of all Europe. Her  
style, especially in the work on Germany,  
without lacking the splendour of her youth,  
seemed to be imbued with light more lofty  
and more eternal, in approaching the even-  
ing of life and the mysterious shrine of  
thought. It was no longer painting, nor  
merely poetry; it was perfect *eloquence*; the  
temper of a soul was inhaled from its  
pages; it was "Corinne" become a priestess,  
and catching a glimpse from the verge of  
life of the unknown deity, in the remotest  
horizon of humanity. About this period she  
died in Paris, leaving a bright reminiscence  
in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-  
Jacques Rousseau of women, but more ten-  
der, more sensitive, and more capable of  
great action than he was—a genius of two  
sexes, one for thought, and one for love—the  
most impassioned of women, and the  
most masculine of writers, in the same  
being. Her name will live as long as the liter-  
ature and history of her country—*Lovellina*.

**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 big-  
ger wife than any other man, within two  
hundred miles.

**A LADY, RECENTLY, IN SPEAKING OF HER  
HUSBAND, WHO HAD FAILED IN THE POULTRY BUSI-  
NESS,** said that he had been heavily engaged  
in mercantile speculations in Turkey, and  
had been unfortunate.

**IT IS THE BUBBLING SPRING WHICH FLOWS  
GENTLY, THE LITTLE RIVULET WHICH RUNS ALONG,  
DAY AND NIGHT BY THE FARM HOUSE; THAT IS  
USEFUL, RATHER THAN THE SWOLLEN FLOOD, OR  
THE WARRING CATARACT.**

**CURRAN'S ADVICE TO ORATORS WAS "WHEN  
YOU CAN'T TALK SENSE, TALK METAPHOR."**

## FROM THE MINING REGISTER.

### TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The elements of true democracy are free-  
dom, equality, benevolence, christianity, and  
progress. Democracy and freedom are iden-  
tical; or rather without intellectual and moral  
as well as political freedom, there can be  
no true democracy. To be a democrat,  
means something more than to be a state  
adherent of a party,—a passive admirer of a  
certain form of government, or even a theo-  
retical believer in the capacity of the people  
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 so-  
ciety, and in the world.

Our democracy has no sympathy for much  
that usurps its name,—not for many who as-  
sume its colors, merely as a cloak to their  
evil designs or unholy aspirations. With  
the creatures of fiction and fraud—the  
slaves of party, and the enemies of all civil  
authority and constituted restraint, we can-  
not fellowship. These men are not democ-  
rats, though they may claim that title.

True democracy is faithful by nature  
and christianity. By nature, in the general  
laws which govern all her operations, and  
under which all her blessings 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 glo-  
rious 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 do unto you, are  
the sacred injunctions delivered to his fol-  
lowers. Who, then, that reveres the teach-  
ings 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 daily walk  
and conversation, as well as in the ordinary  
walks of life, let them never permit party  
interests, sectarian prejudices, or personal or  
business connections, to lead them to do vi-  
olence to the spirit of their political creed,  
and the world will not be long in determin-  
ing "who is a democrat."

**Madame De Staël.**  
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she was glorious in her genius. She had  
two children: a son, who did not display  
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