

The Washington Union says that "the democratic party was never in a botter rendezvous; styled me ." the Reverend state of health than at present." May be so. Exercise on foot is said to be favora-سايحم بالاسميات فنغ

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and his wife sat musing thoughtfully, amid the passing scenes of life. To possometimes cheering each other with words sess resignation, calm and settled, under THE OPEN HAND.

BT J. A. WRITTARER. "How wonderful the common street, Its tunuit and its throng, The hurrying of the thousand feet That bear life's cares along."

"For the love of Heaven, good friend, a penny," said a feeble beggar one night to a wealthy merchant in Chestnut street. But the proud man, wrapping his rich manule around him, turned scornfully away; and the beggar passed on. You would scarcely have noticed the

scene, yet there was in it a whole history of life ; the calm, unfeeling coldness of an inhuman apathy, and the agony of a breaking heart. The one went to his fordly bome, where music and gladness, and the bright faces of his happy children were around the hearth-stone ; the other tottered along with trembling steps to the wretched hovel, where his pale-faced wife from the rich man's mansion ; but the beggat's home was desolate.

Follow now and tell me which of the two was above the other; the one in his wealth or the other in his rags !

and the lily trodden down, and their sweet Through the whole of that weary night. did the beggar and his wife sit musing babe lying cold and lonely in its little grave Thus passed the solitary vigil-and as over the past, and looking for some light in the future. Above, around them, on all sides they beheld nothing but the gloom which no ray might penetrate ; nothing | a kiss upon the pale brow of his wife, and but the impenetrable obscurity which is [ went forth into the silent street with the ever resting upon the wretched and the spirit of a stern resolve upon him. succest. For God knows, God knows, if sue de able that at all times, even at this moment, in many: a desolate bothe. by many a cheeries hearth, there are strong sity. Come, sit by the fireside and see menipewed beneath the weight of an over the red light fisch back from the polished whelming demain; scembling, women, pi ming away in groat desnondency Hand trighteyed hade children growing pale sweet music, breathe the perfume flung and ghasily from want of bread ! '

God knows, God knows, that even upon our meighbors and our friends, possibly judge whether with all his wealth, God's tipon the one next door, there is resting blessing rested upon that proud and hearts the cold, relentless hand of poverty, that neverty of which we can form no true conception, until we shall find ourselves like them over the last dead ember, and Tamishing like them for food.

God knows that in the crowded city ed in rags, yet knew not it was the very thousands die and are buried without an one he had spurned from him the night berepitaph, whose path through life was fore. Again, as he stood at his desk, that form went by the window-and sgain, one of sorrow, who struggled on bravely worhing and cheerfully, and nover came up and again, until at length it became a fafrom the darkness about them, but died of miliar sight to see that same forsaken, sorrowful man go past to his humble daily a weary heart.

"Could we enter into the homes so near toil. Before long the merchant could perus, go like the angels into every haunt of ceive that his rags had given place to better wo and grief, and touch the lins of the clothing, and his look of sorrow changed wretched ous there, what tales of agony to one of joy and thankfulness-vet all the should we hear. One would tell us of while he knew not the friendless beggar. sweet dreams of his sinless boyhood; tell Meantime a change had taken place in

of hope, then again giving away to tears ; all circumstances, is a high : at one time lured into torgetfulness of the Yet it is attainable : and blessed are they sorrow, at another, utterly desolate, as the who live under its benign influences. It full sense of their situation burst upon them. will shed a holy balm over the moral waste A vision of the past came over them, and of life, and cheer us amid the darkest hours in its light they looked again upon the of our pilgrimage.

dreary night, as we have said, the beggar fourish and shed forth its sweet fragrance

pleasant memories of old, and heard again Life has its cares and its afflictions, Its the love-legends of their native valley .--crosses and its conflicts, its disappoint-Once more the woodbine wreathed the ments and its sacrafices. But in every cottage window, and through its leaves scene of earth, resignation, like the strong the chequered light stole gently in upon and faithful anchor that holds the ship in their home of joy. Once more the rose was safety till the storm is past, secures its possessor peace and quietness, till the darkshedding around its rich fragrance, and the meek lily bowed in the summer breeze : nesses and danger of the tempest are over, and as the lily bowed without, and the and the sunshine of tranquility and joy light stole calmly in, they heard the prattle again beams upon it. Nothing is ever lost a saucer containing a few pennics. She to the just by the exercise of this virtue ; of their child and were blessed.

But suddenly, amid their dreams, there but it will secure to the anxious, the impotent, and heavy laden, much joy, blessedcame a ghastly phantom form-the spectre of their present and most woful poverty. awaited his return. The light flashed forth How it followed and haunted and cursed afflictions, blessings : and crosses, pleathem, peering into their very faces, driving sures ; our disappointments, unexpected the warm blood back again to their hearts, good : and our sacrafices, either for our of well-dressed ladies, who were standing reminding them that the cottage was deserted, and the window broken in, and the oblations to God. 'Then,

Though Heaven affiict, I'll not repine ; Bach heartfelt camfort still is mine-Comforts that shall o'er death provail, And journey with me through the vale."

ARISTOTLE AND SOLOMON. the grey light came stealing through the Solomon says ; "There is nothing ney casement, the beggar started up, imprinted nder the sun :" and I may illustrate this by showing that, as probably Paley borrowed much from the "Ethics" of Aristo

ile, so Aristotle himself borrowed from oth-Come now with me to the home of the er sources. A Jew, who kept a bazanr. man who had so scornfully refused him a came one day to my rooms to exhibit a pittance in the hour of his extreme neces bill of his goods. He saw a volume of Aristotle lying upon the table-look it up and read it with great fluency. "I was infurniture ; look upon all the gorgeoue ap4 ended," said he, "for a rabbi, and these plinness of weath and ease ; hsten to the from the unseen censors, behold all that unbounded wealth can purchase----then

lesaman, The next morning his magnificen

woodbine blasted, and the rose withered

coach bore him away to his counting room. As he passed down the busy street, he caught sight for a moment of a man cloth-

he writings of Solomon's and there are hvious reasons why he should not acknowledge the sources whence he derived whatever he might choose to borrow from our sacred books." I have frequently since thought of the Jew's remark, and it eems very possible that he was not far vrong.-Church and State Gazelle.

You ofter hear of a man "being in selus how he started in life, all gladly and, his own fortunes. Silently, but surely, woman being in the same predicament. i-Goethe.

I was born !" Here is a contrast, indeed-a contrast

in which the blind themselves may discern between the righteous and the wicked. between the man that loves, and the man that hates the word of God .-- Rev. Dr. Plumer.

a glory in his conduct towards me now,

what will it be to see the Lamb in the less time than I can shap my fingers threa

then."

GIVE ME YOUR BABY. The Cincinnati Commercial tells the

following :---We saw a poor woman sitting on the steps in front of a hotel on Fifth street, the other morning, holding a pale yet beautiful infant in her arms ; in one hand she held was apparently about thirty, and nearly clad, although the dress was of the cheapwould not do for this time. est material. One could see that her noness, and consolation. It will render our sition in life had been better, and perhaps a happy one for years.

Our attention was arrested by a crowd own or the well-being of others, acceptable around and endeavoring to beg the baby. lars." "What a sweet child !" said one.

"Poor little dear !" said another, "how should love it if it was my own !" The mother drew her child closer

osom, but said not a word. Another lady, in whose fice one could

ten at a glance a fountain of charity and love, seemed more intent on the child than any other.

"Give me your baby," said she, "and I will take good care of it."

The poor woman looked up for the first own calling. time, with a face so melancholy, and the tears trembled in her eyes ... . "Ne, madam I thank you for your kind feelings, but I cannot part with the only thing I have left on earth !" selves with spoils from me."

matters were once very familiar to me-This was enough. The lady dropped all eagle into the saucer, and turned away Does it not," he continued, "sometimes in tears. The others opened their purstrike you that you have read much of this in another place !" "Yes," I replied ; "I ses, and placed their offerings is charitable ociability with the gold piece. We added ometimes think that there are parts of the. Bible very like what I occasionally meet our might and walked away a happier with in this book." ... "Exactly so," said and botter man .....

he. "and no wonder !"When Alexander A GER .- One of the most beautiful visited Jerusalem, it is not probable that gems in Oriental literature is contained in he would forget his tutor's request to send him the learned works of the nations he a passage from a persian poet, Sidi, quoted conquered. We may, therefore, readily by Sir. W. Jones, the sentiment of which suppose that Aristotle was not ignoraut of is embodied in the following lines :

The sandal tree perfames when riven The axe that laid it low : Let man who hopes to be forgiven,

"Is your house warm ?" asked a man search of a tenement, of a landlord. "It ought to be, the painter gave it two coats recently," was the response.

It is only necessary to grow old to be come more indulgent. I see no fault com-

midst of the throne ! Blessed be God that times, by the son o' Eliney (when I'm fond Bilgand ) mead soon of all solt too One night on my way to, this cave. in these they es'd" M o' a guid load o' buckshou, 111 make as may a soliary gid man, in sur with a sully many holes through ye as xo cauld count, walking his humas dantiodaly, as if doubtin an anid ten lauthorne -- and d'll make, fut of the roaden Pire imonn shone only hot led rup through ve, for " the world by fig. from behind the clouds, and I like queck-selver through the reddle of a could not resign the opportunity of rifling Scotch fan, in ye dinpa dance right aff the this longly old coreaurest sydental and reel, like a hen upon a hot reddle." Now "Ston." said I-mer your money or you war Henrie life Men. Without uttering as sylable, but in

"Gil ye dinna at it wi' a' yere might, it

What could I do ! Feeling it was no flic most evident alarin; the old man made time to triffe, and almost fancying the a quick, bustling movement, and seemed to buckshot was already perforating me, I grasp something in the bottom of the vebethought me of a waltz, and whistling it hicle, and learing I had another Scotch in less than three minutes, belabored my- prize to deal with, for the first time in my

self into a perfect foam of perpiration in life. I fired on a lone man. the deep sand. Tired to death, I paused With a convulsive and shivering move to breathe, and asked the old tyrant if that ment, accompanied by a groan, he pitched from the carriage a lifeless trunk at my

which was our chief place of refuge and

"Na, na ; dinna flash yourself, dear .--- feet. am na tired o' lookin on, gif ye are na ti- My horror was unutterably inconediv red o' scollonin. Sac gae us twa or three ble, hardened wretch as I was, when I jerks more, and when ye has dane, I'll re- found I had murdered a gray-headed, deward ye wi' twa or three o' the silver dol- fenealest old man. Dragging the body to

I renewed the dreadful onset once more, busiles, a faint glean of the pale moon fell with a rooful heart; and, when I amppeds upon the , wan features Oh ! horror of again out of wind, he pitched the silver ut herrors In I discovered it was my aged me, and reccommending an tionest mode of father 14 suit analy a father 14 suit borrowing bade me clear myself, which 120.00 PHRENOLOGY.

por the des. Fights arb common enough in Philadel-It was now dask, and I turned into: phia. but the causes and occasion for fightroad that led into the interlor, through it large swamp, when I found my arms, is if ing have a charming variety. The follow by magic, pinioned to my back, in the rude ing case is by no means a common one, and may be thought worthy of commemograsp of two suffians, geatlouson of my ration. and the second second

" Stand sid deliver," said a stern vojec. John Dikeman is a "practised phrenoh "I have just been delivered myself," gist," and has an office, we think, in some said I "gentheren; and by my honesty, part of the Arcade, or somewhere else in the neighborhood. Andrew Mead,---a von may as soon draw blood from a turnip, or milt from a stone, as enrich your- stout middle-aged country gentleman, seeing an announcement in the philosopher's

window that the character and capabilities " No palavering," said my laconic incognito, at the same time quite uncoremo. of any man would be sifted out for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents, enterniously thrusting his hands into air nockets, while the other held me, and deliber- ed the sanctum and submitted his poll to stely drawing forth the fruits of my Scotch Philosopher Dikeman's scrutiny. latter, after stating his terms, payment in advance, and receiving the specified sum, proceeded at once to business.

"You have a very bad head, sir," said he, to Mr. Mead. "A very villainous head, sir. Facial angle almost as low as that of a monkey, sir. Signifies that you are

I however gave them abundant proofs of my sincerity and was admitted. very stupid, sir, and very foolish. You havn't enough constructiveness to make a We were in an jun die next evening in

the village of \_\_\_\_\_, just as the mail stage, pig yoke, nor enough wit to make a conunarrived. It required but half the time it drum, nor enough judgment to know the was changing to push out half a mile on difference between pea-soup and cider-royits route, build a fence across the roul, and al. And what's all this back here, sir ?cuncert tarious other mousures for the Those bumps signify that you will cheat,

vance of his age," but you never heard of a mitted that I have not committed myself. time, my comrades entertained me with a full of scrap-iron or a yard jull of millbrief account of their course of life ; and II stones. Such a secondrelly head I nevel

of the prominent men of the party are walking every day.

The Doviestown Democrat makes itself merry at the idea, that the choleral which did not make its appearance in this country duder Mr. Polk's Administration, has uddenly broke out under Gen. Taylor's. " Why do you not thank God," said an Amh chief to his subject. " that since I have been your ruler, you have never been afflieted with the Plague !" . Guil in tear good to send two scourges upon us at once," was the reply.

FOOTE ON BENTON.

Mr. Senator Foate, a geatleman who has acquired some distinction since his appearance in the public councils, has written a letter in reply to Mr. Benton's recent speech, which occupies nearly as many columns of the Union as the Troian war did years. It is characteristic of its author ; and since a great deal of praise has been bostowed upon Mr. Benton's affort, we consider it only fair that Mr. Fuote, who is a "Democratic" Senator. should have his opinion of its merits understood. The following extract furnishes a tolerable idea of the temper in which the letter is conceived and of the classical elegance with which it is indited. Referring to Mr. Benton's speech, Mr. Foote says: •

"It is evidently a long-meditated, laborously-prepared, and diligontly-memorised discourse, upon certain national topics of most surpassing interest; and yet do I feel hat I can observe of it justly and without

the smallest exaggeration, that its feeble and confused reasonings, its tawdry graudiloquence in some places, its coarse seurrility in others-its awkward and clownish attempts at a sort of Ciceronic facetiousness-its unmannerly dogmatismits nauscating egotism-and that infernal spirit of malignity which it breathes throughout, and which would have been far better suited to animate the outeries of some "goblin damned," or devil broke loose from hell, than to give grace and dignity to aught of human mould and temperament-would be sufficient to extin-The guish the glory and blast the fame of the most distinguished orator that either uncient or modern times have afforded,"

It would seem from this frank criticism, that our Democratic friends are not disposed to mince phrases, in measuring each other's merits. Mr. Foute ascribes the motives of this speech to a desire for the Presidency, which he predict Ool. Benton will never realize, and in which opinion we fully concur.

THE PRINTER'S SONG .--- The following has been used down east, as a very de sant sulutitule for a printer's dan y it in to be set to the music of the jugling of the

And bunnels every sour debts to day, And we'll pay our a to morrow.

llers," said he.

nrize.

" Have a few of the shiners," "Yes-and if you have up abjustions,

it is needless to say I did.

rill make due of your gang. - None of your tricks upon honest trav-