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POETICAL.

Dryburgh Abbey by Moonlight.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among, When beauty walks in gladness forth with all her light and song; 'Twas morn—but mist and cloud' hung deep upon the lonely vale, And shadows like the wings of death, were cast upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life, That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife, Whose genius, like the sun, illumined the mighty realms of mind— Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind.

To wear a wreath in glory wrought, his spirit swept afar, Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star; To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth, To breathe, before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth.

There was waiving on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky, When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by; Methought—St. Mary shield us well!—that other forms moved there, Than these of mortal brotherhood—the noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft in sleep we ask can this be true? Whilt' warm imagination points her marvels to our view! Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that which we behold! When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—Methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by— The proud 'Fiz James' with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye; That 'Marmion's' haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake; And she, the bold, the beautiful sweet 'Lady of the Lake.'

The 'Minstrel' whose last lay was o'er—whose broken harp lay low, And near him glorious 'Waverley' with glance and step of woe. And 'Stuart's' voice rose there as when, 'mid fate's disastrous war, He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave 'Vich Ian Vohr.'

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the 'Dominie' stalked past, With 'Benram, 'Julia,' by his side, whose tears were flowing fast; 'Guy Mannering' moved there, o'erpowered by that adflecting sight; And 'Merivales' as when she swept o'er Ellan-gowan's height.

Solemn and grave 'Monkbarns' appeared, amidst that burial line; And 'Ochiltree' leant o'er his staff, and mourned for 'Auld Lang Syne'; Slow marched the gallant 'M'Intyre,' whilst Lovet mused alone; (For once Miss Wardour's image left that bosom's lawful throne.)

With coronach and arms reversed, came forth 'MacGregor's' clan— Red 'Dougal's' cry pealed shrill and wild—'Rob Roy's' bold brow look'd wan. The fair 'Diana' kiss'd her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray; And 'Wae is me,' the 'Baillie' cried, 'that I should see this day!'

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf, Sir Edward, Lord of Ellielaw, the far-renowned 'Black Dwarf,' Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white looks flowing free— The pious sculptor of the grave—stood 'Old Mortality.'

'Balfour of Burly,' 'Claverhouse,' the 'Lord of Evandale,' And stately 'Lady Margaret,' whose woe might nought avail! Fierce 'Bothwell,' on his charger black, as from the conflict won; And pale Habbakuk, 'Mucklewath,' who cried 'God's will be done!'

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms 'mid wildest scenes, Passed she, the modest, elegant and virtuous 'Jeanie Deans.' And 'Dumbiedykes,' that silent laud, with love too deep to smile, And 'Ellie' with her noble friend, the good 'Duke of Argyle.'

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'Dalgetty,' 'Duncan,' Lord Monteith, and 'Randall,' met my view— The hapless 'Children of the Mist,' and bold 'Alrich Connel Dhu!'

On swept 'Bois Gilbert,' 'Front de Bouef,' 'De Bracy's' plume of woe; And 'Cœur de Lion's' crest shone near the valiant 'Ivanhoe.'

While, soft as glides a summer cloud, 'Rowena' closer drew; With beautiful 'Rebecca,' peerless daughter of the Jew.

Still onward, like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train; Like billows, when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main; Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen Dark plume, and glittering mail, and crest, and beauteous woman's mien.

A sound thrill'd thro' that lengthening host!— Methought the vault was closed, Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia's band reposed. A sound thrill'd thro' that lengthening host!— and forth my vision fled; But ah! that mournful dream proved true—The immortal Scott was dead!

The vision and the voice are o'er! their influence waned away; Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day. The vision and the voice are o'er!—but when will be forgot The buried Genius of Romance—the imperishable Scott!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jenny Lind.

BY FREDERICK BREMER.

There was once a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard a voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days after, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelus. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and he was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Pune, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and morbid temper. Crelus introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "elive" for the Opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her! Away with her!"

The music master misted almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the whole world." The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elves at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombasin was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the elves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a young elve acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Fieschutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who had now grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene, as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners—in fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural gentility and grace. She seemed to move, speak and sing, without effort of art. All was

nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo voce" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of overflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And year after year she continued so, though after a time her voice being overstrained lost something of its freshness, and the public being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightful than ever in Panania (in Zaubertote) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia in Paris, and so gave the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to be equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark and charmed Germany; she charmed England. She was caressed and courted every where, even to adulation. At the courts of the kings, at the houses of the great, and noble, she was feasted as one of the grantees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusty October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away and the crowds still gathered and waited and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out on the entrance of the harbor and was greeted with a general buzz on shore: "There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, towards the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowd on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the levitation of the waters was heard thundering nearer, now it retreated, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And there on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of the lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again—our poor plain neglected little girl of former days, who came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had become celebrated; and she had in her slender person the power to inspire and charm multitudes.

Some days later we read, in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public, written by the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where elves for the theatre would be educated in virtue and knowledge."

The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there.—The first time she again appeared in the "Somnambula" (one of her favorite roles,) the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause, a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournele of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain:

"No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people.—She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with

a general feeling of joy. All have heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out: the expected guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of nature and art is—JENNY LIND!

A GOOD SPECULATION.—A youth from 'away down east,' just landed from the coaster in which he had worked his passage to our good city, dropped into a cheap victualling cellar and called for a bowl of fish chowder. The savory dish was forthwith set before our hungry adventurer, who dipped into it with a will. The stripping, however, had not got half way through with his mess, when, to his surprise, he fished up an ivory comb! 'Gracious golly!' whispered the young Kennebecker to himself, 'wal, if here aren't a streak o' luck, any how, to begin with: six cents for a bowl of chowder and a fine tooth comb—raal ivory, and worth a good nippence anybody's money—thrown in! Our thrifty but not over-squeamish youngster, pocketed the prize, finished his chowder, paid six cents from his wallet—all in cents, then went on his way refreshed and rejoicing. Boston Post.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:—"Oh, I wouldn't live forever; I wouldn't if I could, But I needn't fret about it, For I couldn't if I would."

Thoughts and Sentiments. To err on the side of feeling and humanity, is never a disgrace. Benjamin Franklin very quaintly remarked that, "it was once people's eyes that ruined us."

One victory over one's self is worth ten thousand over others. Envy and Caviling are powerless against true virtue. A rusbight may be blown out but not a sun.

The world, now-a-days, never believes praise to be sincere; men are so accustomed to hunt for faults, that they will not think any person can honestly express unmingled admiration. My notions about life (says Southey,) are much the same as they are about travelling,—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.

The mass of mankind hate innovation; they hate to unlearn what they have learned wrong, and they hate to confess their ignorance by submitting to learn anything right. It is a fearful, it is a delightful thing, to look on the face of a new-born infant, and feel that sorrow must mark those innocent lineaments. Well has it been said, that "to be born is more awful than to die!"

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

They who tell me that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, have had a very limited view of this world of ours. It is true with those whose views and hopes are merely and vulgarly worldly; but when human nature is not perverted, time strengthens our kindly feelings and abates our angry ones.

A nameless French author truly says:—"The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but, as soon as it is filled with grain bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

IDLENESS.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fall in their schemes, not so much for want of strength as for their ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous roar, and leaves no trace behind.—[Thomas Carlyle.]

PREVENTION.—"Madame," said Jeremy Taylor to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very neglectful of her son's education, "Madame, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, the devil will." The principle of the remark is of universal application. The best antidote to evils of irreligion and infidelity, is sound religious instruction. Fill the youthful mind with truth, and it is fortified against the assaults of error. Impress it with the fear of God and it will reject with horror the sophistry of impiety. Imbue it with sound principles, teach it to cherish holy feelings, and it will turn from the pollution of sin.

"You villain! Did you not say that the chocolate was cold?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I thought so; I spit in it, and it did not hiss!"

ELEMENTS OF POETRY IN MODERN TIMES.

Such persons see little that is poetical in the American struggle—no mighty romance in tumbling a few chests of tea into the Atlantic. Washington they think insipid; and because America has produced hitherto no great poet, its whole history they regard as a gigantic commonplace—thus ignoring the innumerable deeds of derring-do which distinguished that immortal contest—blinding their eyes to the "lines of empire" in the "infant face of that cradled Hercules," and the tremendous sprawling of his nascent seeking to degrade those forests into whose depths a path for the sunbeams must be hewn, and where lightning appears to enter trembling, and to withdraw in haste; forests which must one day drop down a poet, whose genius shall be worthy of their age, their vastitude, the beauty which they enclose, and the load of grandeur below which they bend.

Nor, to the vulgar eye, does there seem much poetry in the French Revolution, though it was the mightiest tide of human passion which ever boiled and raved; a great deal, doubtless, in Burke's "Reflections"—but none in the cry of a liberated people, which was heard in heaven—none in the fall of the Bastille—none in Danton's giant figure, nor in Charlotte Corday's homicide—nor in Madam Roland's scaffold speeches, immortal though they be as the stars of heaven—nor in the wild song of the six hundred Marseillais, marching northward "to die." The age of the French Revolution was proved to be a grand and spirit stirring age by its after results—by bringing forth its genuine poet-children—its Byrons and Shells—by needed not this late demonstration of all its power and tendency.

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.—All the air and the exercise in the universe, and the most generous and liberal table, but poorly suffice to maintain human stamina if we neglect other co-operatives—namely, the obedience to the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with the headache, and we set about puzzling ourselves to know the cause. We then recollect that we had a hard day's tag, or that we feasted over bounteously, or that we stayed up very late; at all events, we incline to find out the fault, and then we call ourselves fools for falling into it. Now, this is an occurrence happening almost every day; and these are the points that run away with the best portion of our life, before we find out what is good or evil. Let any single individual review his past life; how instantaneously the blush will cover his cheek, when he thinks of the egregious errors he has unknowingly committed—say unknowingly, because it never occurred to him that they were errors until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sicknesses and ailments, and a brief life, mainly depend upon ourselves. There are thousands who practice errors day after day, and whose pervading thought is, that everything which is agreeable and pleasing cannot be harmful.—The slothful man loves his bed; the toper his drink, because it throws him into an exhilarative and exquisite mood; the gourmand makes his stomach his god; and the sensualist thinks his delights imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, and the truth stares us in the face how much we are to blame.

BELL-BIRD.—One meets in the forests of Guiana a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards, called campanero or bell-bird.—Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell; it may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the campanero. He sings morning and evening like most other birds; at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues: second tinkling, and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally a third ringing, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes. "Acton," says an enthusiastic traveller, "would halt in the heat of chase; Orpheus would let fall his lute to listen; so novel, sweet, and romantic is the silver tinkling of the snow-white campanero." This bird is about the size of a jay; from its head arises a conical tube of about three inches long, of a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and which, when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

A STANDARD OF WISDOM.—We did not make the world—we may mend it and we must live in it. We shall find that it abounds in fools who are too dull to be employed, and knaves who are too sharp. But the compound character is the most common, and it is that with which we shall have the most to do.—As he who knows how to put proper words in proper places evince the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.—Lacon.

Flowers.

BY MISS M. E. CONKLIN.

Flowers may be justly considered the most beautiful part of creation. They exhibit to us the wonderful love of the Creator, who has bestowed them upon man to contribute to his happiness in this life, and they prove the existence of a Supreme Being, who has moulded them with his own hand. What exquisite workmanship is there manifested in the formation of a Flower. The loftiest intellect and the most skillful artists may labor for years, and still never be able to produce that beautiful blending of color so visible in the smallest Flower that blooms. Who can create perfume so sweet, or execute any thing so perfect, as the "queen of flowers," the lily, or the modest violet? Far above the reach of the human mind is the attainment of this art, yet some even dare call the variegated flowers of nature useless things which serve only to encumber the ground. Flowers are styled the poetry of earth, and the experience of man proves the appellation to be true. A love for flowers is a mark of a refined mind and an innate taste for the beautiful. The man plunged in crime and vice heeds them not; their various hues and rich perfumes are alike unnoticed by him. Flowers are the companions of the virtuous and refined from the cradle to the tomb. The happy child, with its loving laughter, clasps them in its hand, and with wild delight scatters their bright petals to the wind—and if it should come down to an early grave, the hand of affection spreads flowers over its narrow resting place, after the spirit has taken its final flight, and serve to perpetuate the love and remembrance of those loved ones. Flowers are emblems of joy, and they are also said to be the smiles of the Deity. They are found at the bridal as well as at the tomb, and they cluster around the pathway of our life, cheering us with their smiles and invigorating us with their sweet perfumes.

Some, perhaps, will ask, "for what were flowers made?" We answer "To comfort man—to whisper hope When'er his faith is dim; For who so careth for the flowers Will much more care for him."

They were made to beautify the earth, to make it not only a convenient but a lovely residence for man. They were given as tokens of the Almighty's love to show that though infinitely holy, he yet loves man, and delights to minister to his pleasure and comfort. The very nature of flowers is calculated to elevate and refine the feelings of man, to furnish him with new and interesting subjects for contemplation. Who would not adore that Almighty Being who has so beautifully given him all these sources of happiness. When man looks around him, his heart should overflow with thankfulness to the giver of all things—he should love and admire the works of his Creator, and especially those beautiful flowers which adorn and beautify this earth, the habitation of man.

"God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small, The oak tree, and the cedar tree, Without a flower at all, We might have had enough, enough, For every want of ours, For luxury, medicine and toil, And yet have had no flowers."

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world always did and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler—whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief for his overtaxed muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end—may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil—but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young man and young woman. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

A Few Things to Avoid.—A bottle of wine at a public dinner. A short cut when you are in a hurry. Walking between two umbrellas on a pouring wet day. "Just another glass before you go." Going to church without a shilling.—Being the mediator of a quarrel between man and wife. Bowing to a lady from the top of an omnibus. And lastly, taking a new hat to an evening party.

The Albany Dutchman says that a high Dutch debating society up Washington street, are now chawing on the following subject: "Which is do most different; a black horse mitout a leg, or a black leg mitout a horse." Although they have been hammering at the subject for more than a fortnight, they are no nearer its solution than they were two weeks ago.