

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE Dews OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

ISSUED WEEKLY, FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY THE EDITOR, AT THE OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL, NO. 104 N. 2ND ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW SERIES.

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Twelve lines constitute a square.

For the Democrat & Sentinel. The following lines were suggested on hearing of the death of Margaret Williams, daughter of the late Rowland Williams, deceased, who recently died near this place.

To the Memory of our Departed Maggie. Sad, sad, are the causes for sighing,
And mournful the message I hear;
Enveloped in sorrows most trying,
The tidings are borne to my ear.

What tidings?—For whom am I mourning?
Why thus are my tears freely shed?
Ah! heard ye not what? 'twas this morning
I learned that our Maggie was dead.

Dead! Yes.—Never more shall we see her,
No more shall we hear that sweet voice,
Which echoing gladness and pleasure,
Made all in her presence rejoice.

On earth our communion is ended:
No more in this world shall we meet;
But our voices were wont to be blended,
Right glad one another to greet.

This done,—for awhile we are parted,
Awile has she left us behind,
To mourn her thus early departed,
And strive the same Heaven to find.

But why dearest,—why hast thou left us?
And whither thus soon hast thou fled?
I left you to go to my Jesus:
To Heaven my way have I sped.

My body the while will be lying,
Enshrouded in coffin and pall,
Where cometh no sorrow nor sighing,
Where Peace is the portion of all.

There silently leave me to slumber,
And when the last trumpet shall sound,
I'll burst the tomb's fetters asunder,
I'll leave my imprisoning mound.

And soaring aloft at his bidding,
My Judge's right hand will I seek,
There to await the glad tidings,
"Come hither ye lowly and meek."

"Come hither—inheritor of the kingdom
Prepared for the host of redeemed,
Who rescued from death by my ransom,
By me are now kindly esteemed."

My body and soul thus united,
I'll enter that haven of rest,
For ever and ever delighted,
I'll join in the song of the blessed.

That song which shall never be chafed
Of praise to Emanuel's name,
Who down from his Father descended,
On earth to establish his reign.

Then weep not, O! weep not dear parents,
Dear sisters who loved me, dear friends,
O! weep not though now I am absent,
Time but in eternity ends.

To me,—be assured that eternity
Happy as endless will prove,
Then strive ye my friends and my family
To ensure you a treasure above.

Written in her memory by
A FRIEND.

CIVILITY NEVER LOST.

Why did you not make a bow to those ladies when you passed them? said Frank Masters to Joe Burns, his companion.
"Bow to them," repeated Joe, "why should I? I don't know who they are."
"Nor do I, but that does not signify," returned Frank; "they are ladies you may be sure, and we ought to show them respect."

"How do I know they are ladies?" said Joe; "ladies are not likely to be walking here; besides, I don't think they are so fine after all."
"Well, it don't follow that they ain't ladies, and real ladies for all that, mister Joe," returned Frank; "I should sooner think that they are for the very reason that they are not so very fine; but I am certain, quite certain that they are ladies."

What makes you so sure? demanded Joe. I should like to know how you can tell real ladies from others?
Frank was puzzled for an answer. It is not always easy to convey to others the impressions upon our own minds, however correctly they may be formed, the mental vision may be correct, whose definitions may be entirely false.

Yes, yes, urged Joe; I thought you didn't know much about the matter any way. You don't know anything about it, I reckon. I do know, though—said Frank, warmly. There is something—I don't know what to call it—very different in the appearance of real ladies, and those who wish to be thought such; they do not look conceited, and they don't walk proud; and when they pass you, it is so because they are so grand that they are afraid to push near them, but something that is so sweet and yet so—I don't mean serious—I don't mean severe—something that makes one feel it is right to touch one's hat to them; and they don't seem to be thinking only of themselves, they will give you a kind look and a kind word, when the others will do nothing.

I don't see it, replied Joe; and I won't bow to any body but I do.

"You are a very civil, clever little boy," said the lady whom he had principally guided. "What is your name?"
"Frank Masters, ma'ms," replied he.
"And your companion's, my guide?" inquired the lady whose name appeared to be Emily.
"Joe murmuringly answered he.

"Well, Frank," said the first lady, "I am very much obliged to you, and I shall still be more so if you assist me to procure what I now see, after all our perils, it is impossible for me to procure for myself. Look at that plant."

"That pretty one growing out of the water?" asked Frank following the directions of her finger. "O! you can never get that; and there is another like it, and another handsome still."

"How vexations!" exclaimed both ladies; "how we shall be laughed at when we tell the result of our adventure!"
"But you shall have them," said Frank with animation, and motioning to Joe to do the same, he turned his back to the ladies, took off his shoes, pulled up his trousers as high as he could, and waded through mud and water to the prize. "And this, and this," cried he; "would you like this?" as other plants attracted his notice. At length he returned laden with his spoils, which he gave up with great satisfaction to the ladies, who had stood by the water's edge eagerly directing him, and who now expressed in lively terms their obligation to him, and their pleasure at the addition they had gained to their botanical treasures.

Frank was now as happy as possible, and even Joe could not but partake of his gratification; but there was a consciousness and a consequent shyness about him that made him much less possessing than Frank. The ladies were conducted by a drier path on their return, though the guidance and skill of the boys were not more necessary than acceptable. Before they had reached the direct road, however, much of the family history of Frank had been divulged. He had five brothers and sisters, all younger than him; two of them were very sickly, and his mother worked night and day; only himself went to school, and he helped his mother in the evening to teach the little ones to read. His father was out of employ, in consequence of the death of a gentleman in whose service he had been for some years, and he was now trying to get the under gardener's place at the mill. He succeeded, all would be right, his mother said; they should have good wages and a cottage, and many other advantages; but a great many were after the place, and his father was very much afraid he should miss it, so he had nobody to speak for him, to the Duke, who was a very kind gentleman, or to the Duchess, which would be better still, for, though such a great man, he would not refuse for anything; if he had, there might be a chance,

his father thought, of his getting the station. "Do you know the Duke when you see him?" asked one of his attentive auditors.
"No ma'ms," replied Frank. "I never saw him that I know of, nor any one else at the hall, for they have not been here for a good while till now."

"And who teaches you the good manners which I must see you possess?" demanded she. "I was pleased with the way in which you bowed to me when we met you first, and surprised, I own, at your companion's rudeness. Oh! mother teaches us to do that," replied Frank; "she often says disrespect is not a single fault, there must be always something wrong at the root of it, and that is a word of ignorance, it is not what I seem."

The lady commended him highly for following the instructions of his mother so strictly. Frank listened with profound attention, but neither dared reply or take his leave. He was wishing the ladies would tell him to go, and thus relieve his embarrassment, when turning an angle of the road, a gentleman came suddenly upon them.
"I began to be uneasy about you both," said he hastening to them. "What I heard were you gone, and without any one with you. I was coming in search of you. But how have you here?"
"The ladies, now laughing, related their adventure, and the assistance they had received from the boys, but particularly from Frank."

"And now," said the lady, whom Frank ever called his lady, "you have an opportunity of speaking to the Duke yourself in favor of your father, or if you prefer it, I will do so for you. Had all chances of success depended upon his son, Masters would certainly have failed, so completely was the poor boy overcome with surprise and alarm. The Duchess smiled."

"This little boy's father," said she, addressing the gentleman, has applied for Tompkins's place as under gardener, and I must entreat you to bestow it upon him. The conduct of children is pretty sure evidence of the character of parents, and I have seen and heard enough of his to prepossess me in his favor."
The Duke shook his head and smiled.
"You are apt to be partial," said he. "What says Lady Emily?"
"That I cannot possibly interfere with the Duchess's wishes," replied she. "I must give my vote, too, in favor of our little guide's father."

The United States Bank.

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But though thus defeated, it managed to perpetuate its infamy by a new phrase of corruption. Under the pretence of "improving the common schools and assisting the internal improvements of Pennsylvania," the old bank was re-chartered as a State institution, upon condition of immense largesses to the State, and after a well-known expenditure of money among the members of the two Houses. But this concern could not corrupt others without becoming corrupt itself. There is a law that regulates the intercourse of vice, and threatens it with dreadful punishment, having its source of mental foulness.

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Do not do it.—Never make use of an honest woman's name at an improper time, or in a wicked company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a most reckless manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

From the Albany Atlas, July 16.

From Callwin's "Party Leaders."

Both were denied the advantages of education. Both made a new country the theatre of their earliest exertions. Both were natives of the South, and emigrated to a Southern State, with a population like that of the State of their birth. Both were dependent solely upon their own exertion, and equally independent of adulations said. Both were architects of their own fortunes. Both chose the profession of the law as their first introduction to the public; and both, though in an unequal degree, encountered the same opposition, and met with early success. Both displayed from the start the same "enterprising spirit," the same obstinacy and "vehement will," the same almost arrogant defiance of opposition, the same tenacity and continuity of purpose, and secreted himself behind a large standing rock. The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked for release. The rock that shielded Complanter from Brady's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian in a recent trip down this river. It is known as "Complanter's Rock." The old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farm, beautiful villas and bustling towns. The Indian, too, has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable, decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet:
"Chieftains and their tribes have perished,
Like the thickets where they grew."

AGRICULTURAL DIVISION OF THE PATENT OFFICE.—THE PRESERVATION OF POTATOES.

Mr. J. N. Chandler, a correspondent of the Patent Office, speaking of the preservation of the potato for seed, says the potato, when first obtained from its native mountains, was a small, watery, and even bitter tuber, but by cultivation it has been brought into so high and refined a state that most of the countries of the "civilized globe look at it as one of the most important articles of food. In answer to the question by what means has it been made a chief article of food, he says by violating the laws of Nature. "Every one who has ever noticed the difference between the flavor of a potato in the fall, when first dug, and one in the spring which has been kept in a large dry cellar, has observed that the flavor becomes much improved—much more so than those which are buried in holes in the earth, where they retain nearly all of their freshness and vitality. It has also been observed that farmers who have small and inconvenient cellars keep their potatoes in better condition than those who keep them in large cool ones. Hence by storing them in the latter, and letting them wilt before planting, they become weakened in their nature, and are subject to degeneracy, and finally to disease. In order to obtain good potatoes for seed, make choice of a small spot of arable land on which water will not stand—an eastern slope and new ground are the best—ploughed early in the spring, and furrowed 4 or 5 inches deep, 2 1/2 feet apart. Select middling-sized potatoes which have touched the ground during the winter previous, but do not cut them. Drop one every 3 inches along the furrows, and cover them by filling the furrows with earth. Then cover them with a top-dressing of forest leaves or straw 2 inches deep. As soon as the tops of the young plants are 2 inches high, pass between them with a shovel-plough, follow with a hoe, destroying the weeds and leveling the ground; do not hill. This is all you have to do until fall. When the ground begins to freeze, cover with straw, chaff, or forest leaves, 6 inches deep, to keep them from frost. Your potatoes will now have it "shoveled to ripen and rest during the winter. In this way, you will have the greatest yield and best quality. Continue this course from year to year and the rot will not only disappear, but your crop will increase from 25 to 100 per cent. The third year you may increase your field crop by ploughing in sea manure. You will now have had nature's course."

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Thus is life.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly, to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our lamentations. Is he dead? It will be the "holiest inquiry" of a few, as they pass by their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate acquaintances, and in a short time they will forget us and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes!

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THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS ANNOUNCE THAT THE TRUSTEES OF THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES WILL MAKE THEIR FINAL DIVIDEND ON THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER, WHEN THE CONCERN WILL CEASE IN ANY SHAPE TO EXIST.

The Philadelphia papers announce that the Trustees of the Bank of the United States will make their final dividend on the 20th of September, when the concern will cease in any shape to exist. It has taken thirteen years to wind up the concern; and at the end the stockholders have all, and the other creditors get little.

The bank was originally chartered at a period of great financial depression and distress; when the failure of State bank, after the war, had deprived the people of a currency. The constitutional objections to its existence were lost sight of in the desire to somewhat advantageously.

When the question of its re-charter came up, the exigencies which had called it into existence had ceased, and the objections to it subsided. The old Democrats, who never believed that such an institution was embraced in the objects of the Constitution, or was to be endured under a Democratic interpretation of the Constitution, renewed their objections to its re-charter. (The Jackson believed, rightly, that all the public services required could be rendered by an agency, more purely governmental, and which would not interfere with or "regulate" the monetary function of the country, and assumed to hold a national jurisdiction over State banks, while its own administration was based on the same vicious system which made the local banks so often a delusion and a nuisance.

How Mr. Biddle undertook to perpetuate his character by the purchase of presses and the bribery of politicians, is well known. With as much folly or wickedness he contented that the bank had a right to expend the money of the institution in a warfare and upon the government, its leading stockholder. The panic, the distress committees, the suspension, the "regulation," bloodless as yet, the attempt to control the cotton market, the immense speculations of the bank followed. The energy and wisdom of Jackson and Van Buren were successful; and the monster was prostrated; though in its fall it brought down State credit and cast the deep stain, not yet eradicated, upon the American name.

But though thus defeated, it managed to perpetuate its infamy by a new phrase of corruption. Under the pretence of "improving the common schools and assisting the internal improvements of Pennsylvania," the old bank was re-chartered as a State institution, upon condition of immense largesses to the State, and after a well-known expenditure of money among the members of the two Houses. But this concern could not corrupt others without becoming corrupt itself. There is a law that regulates the intercourse of vice, and threatens it with dreadful punishment, having its source of mental foulness.

The old money of Abominations was rotten to the bone. Patches and paint would not conceal the internal ravages, and, after wading about a few years in bloated vice, and rolled over and died.

There were gay young politicians that haunted the house as they lived in. What are they? What did they become?
The story has a moral in it, which Time has not failed to engrave deeply on the history of the country, where politicians may gather future instructions. It is that accumulation of wealth, however great, can hold a contest with a free people; that corruption cannot reach the masses; and that politicians wholly themselves in a contest on the side of associated wealth and monopoly, against ideas of popular liberty, becomes suspected by the people; and no talents or virtues can outweigh the burden of their suspicion.

"Don't speak so cross."—"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross, there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or rather exhortation, for it was made in a hortatory manner, we set the juvenile speaker down as an embry philosopher. In sooth, touching the point involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remark, he might properly be considered an authority. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he hath put it on record that a "soft answer turneth away wrath"—and this being taken as true, and everybody knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of