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MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for April.

SOPHY.

A TALE.

BY MISS MEET M. DENCAN.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.

"What can the matter be now?" exclaimed a young gentleman, who, lounging upon a sofa in a half-darkened room, was writing a letter with a book in his hand, the oppressive hours of a long summer morning. The small apartment, which he occupied, communicated with a large old-fashioned summer parlor, the windows of which were open to the floor, and led to a beautiful lawn, overlooking a wild but lovely landscape beyond. From this room the sounds proceeded, which had aroused his attention, and as they grew louder, he arose and passed through the half-open door to investigate the cause of this annoyance. In the middle of the room stood a rather stout over-dressed lady, past the prime of life, whose countenance was inflamed by the anger which had elevated her voice. Fronting her was a young girl of about fifteen years, whose flushed cheeks and air of defiance, proved that she was undergoing, not without resistance, a severe rebuke. Her profuse golden hair fell tangled and disordered about her face and neck, and her muslin cape was twisted all awry. In one hand she held an old straw bonnet, in the other a basket containing books; while over her arm hung, in full view, a pair of most suspicious looking stockings. By a very natural process of thought, the young intruder's attention was directed downward, where a bare, and very white little foot, hastily thrust into a shoe of questionable cleanliness, peeped out from beneath a dragged skirt.

The lady's back was turned as Robert Ashleigh paused at the door, but a quick glance of the eye, and a varying expression of the countenance, showed that the child marked his approach, which, however, did not prevent her answering in tones of passionate defiance, the torrent of fierce and angry invective which her stepmother—for in this relation she stood to her—poured upon her. There was an intensity of feeling, a precision, and force of expression in her language, as she rapidly and indignantly retorted upon her companion, and replied to her charges, that surprised, as well as pained Ashleigh; for, young as she was, it was evident that all the superiority which mind gives, was upon her side. The whole scene shocked Ashleigh, while, at the same time, his feelings were naturally enlisted in favor of one, whose years, whose relationship to himself commanded his sympathy.

"My dear aunt," he said, stepping forward, "what is the matter? Sophy, I am sorry to see this."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the lady angrily, drawing herself up; "you may well be sorry!—Such a disobedient, ungrateful girl is enough to bring sorrow into any house."

"What has happened?"

"Why, what happens every day! Instead of attending to her studies, her music, her sewing, she neglects everything, to run about the country, and follow her own wilful and unladylike pursuits."

"It is not true," said the child, passionately. "I have not neglected my music, my studies, a single day since we came into the country."

"Nor your sewing, miss?" said the lady, tauntingly.

"The sewing, I acknowledge, I neglect," replied the child, "for you have no right to burden me with such heavy tasks. Disobedient I may be, for you have rendered obedi-ence impossible. Ungrateful I cannot be, as you have never given me cause for gratitude; and as for my pursuits," she continued, lowering her voice, and compressing her lips, "I think them as ladylike as any I have an example of."

"And, pray, miss," said Mrs. Ellis, "do you call your last exploit, which I have just witnessed from my window, an example of your ladylike propensities? I am certain, Robert," turning to Ashleigh, "that you will acquit me of injustice, when I assure you that I saw Sophy, not ten minutes ago, deliberately pull off her shoes and stockings, and with her petticoats tucked up, wade across the creek!"

The color deepened in the young girl's face, and an expression of humor fitted momentarily across her countenance, as this relation proceeded; but she replied immediately, "I never waded the creek before, and I should not have done it to-day, if I had had any other way to cross. The bridge is broken, and I did not choose to go a mile round; but," added she quickly, raising her large, violet eyes—the anger which had lately filled them, now replaced by a vivid expression of delight—"I will not promise not to do it again, for I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

"You see," said Mrs. Ellis, expanding her hands expressively, "she is perfectly incorrigible!" and she swept out of the room, in the most dignified manner, saying—"Your father shall hear of this, miss!"

For a few moments after the departure of Mrs. Ellis, Sophy stood motionless; her chin resting upon her bosom, and her eyes downcast. Her companion looked at her for a little while, and then said, in a grave voice—"Sophy, is this right?"

"The child raised her eyes to his face, with a look of surprise, but the next moment her expression changed, and she said, quickly—"What do you think?"

"Thus called upon, Ashleigh did not hesitate to speak to her with the frankness which he thought she required. His manner was grave, and his tone serious. He expressed his surprise, his pain, in beholding the terms on which she lived with her stepmother. He spoke, with strong displeasure, of her disrespect to one whose years and position, as her father's wife, entitled her at least to the decent forms of respect; and, while he touched with feeling up-

on the evil consequences which such a course must entail upon all connected with her, he adverted feelingly to the higher and more solemn obligation which she was violating. He did not attempt to conceal his sense of Mrs. Ellis' defects of character, but dwelt upon her kindness of heart, her generosity, and her excellent qualities, all of which, he said, were inducements to one who herself possessed an excellent understanding, to exercise forbearance and good feeling.

Sophy listened to these remonstrances with a flushed cheek and swelling heart, and it was evident that she was preparing to defend herself; but ere he ceased, she had changed her mind, and throwing up her head with a movement of haughtiness, she said—"Thank you, Mr. Ashleigh, I dare say you mean to be kind," and left the room.

While the three persons, just introduced, are smoothing their ruffled tempers, according to their several necessities, we will endeavor to enlighten the reader somewhat as to their relative positions in the little drama before us.

Mrs. Ellis was a native of Philadelphia, the dispenser of a large income, which he derived from his second wife, a wealthy widow, whom he had married some years after the death of his first. Absorbed in politics, and for a number of years actually engaged in public life, he mingled very little in the domestic circle, leaving his two daughters to the guidance of their stepmother, a woman whose slender intellect by no means qualified her for so important a charge. Mrs. Ellis was warm hearted and good natured in the main, but violent and obstinate when opposed. Weak, opinionated, and narrow-minded, she was fond of excess of dress and show, while her whole life was spent in a routine of busy nothings. During the first years of her marriage, the children were left very much to the mercy of servants and teachers. Mrs. Ellis contenting herself with furnishing them plentifully with fine clothes, and occasionally costly presents. But as Emily, who was four years older than her sister, grew into womanhood, she began to take a more active interest in them. Emily was growing up a beautiful girl, and though far inferior in capacity to her younger sister, as her tastes and pursuits were congenial with her stepmother's, she became a decided favorite with her, notwithstanding some symptoms of independence and self-will which occasionally showed themselves.

Sophy, on the other hand, fell far into the shadow of her mother's favor. From the commencement of Mrs. Ellis' interference in their pursuits and conduct, Sophy had never been able to accommodate herself to her wishes. The child was quick and shrewd, and soon learned to fathom all the weaknesses of Mrs. Ellis' character, and with the presumption of precocious childhood, she decided that she could not be a guide for her. The consequence of this conviction, was a system of perpetual warfare between the two. Sophy began to nourish contempt for all the conventional refreshments which her stepmother laid so much stress upon, and to take a pleasure in violating them; while Mrs. Ellis, with the petty tyranny of a weak woman, enforced with injustice the rules which she had determined to carry out. The result of this we have seen, in the interview just described—rebellion and disrespect on one side; impotent rage and undignified conduct on the other.

Robert Ashleigh was the nephew of Mrs. Ellis' first husband, to whom, at the death of Mrs. Ellis, the whole of her large fortune was bequeathed. With a sentiment that did her honor, Mrs. Ellis cherished a strong regard for her late husband's young relative, and, by her attentions and kindness to Ashleigh, strove to exhibit the warmth of her gratitude to him whose watchful care had followed her beyond the grave. Amid the schemes which filled Mrs. Ellis' mind, was one which lay very near her heart. This was to bring about a matrimonial alliance between Robert and her favorite Emily, by that means to draw closer the tie which bound him to her, and, at the same time, to secure, in her own family, the large property which would revert to him at her death. She had, however, womanly tact enough not to hint her wishes to either party; but encouraged Ashleigh's visits, and admitted him into her family, on such a footing as to allow him every opportunity of falling in love if so disposed.

Robert Ashleigh was some four or five years older than Emily, and at the time of Mrs. Ellis' marriage, while pursuing his studies in a law-office, he took very little notice of the well-bred little Miss, who at her rice-pudding occasionally beside him at his aunt's well spread table; but as years went by, and Emily's beauty developed itself, he became more observant. Time, which had expanded her into a beautiful woman, had matured him, a dreaming youth into an active, thinking man. During the summer months, the Ellis family usually retired to their country-seat, a few miles from town, and here, in pursuance of Mrs. Ellis' plan, Ashleigh was considered a regular guest. Robert's seat at the table, and Robert's regard, being as universally respected and acknowledged, as those of any member of the family. Heretofore, however, these privileges did not seem to have been very highly valued, and it was not until the present summer that hope began to whisper in Mrs. Ellis' heart. Robert had devoted himself very obviously, during the latter part of the past winter, to Emily, and when the regular summer invitation came, he accepted it immediately, and left them only occasionally for short periods. Mrs. Ellis watched the young people closely, and was rejoiced to perceive that Emily was by no means indisposed to be as sentimental as Mr. Ashleigh might desire.

Nothing is more senseless, and yet so common as the wise tone of censure adopted by people, in dilating upon the vanity of woman, and the love of admiration! So long as women see, and feel that mere external beauty is sufficient to enchain the wisest and most exalted of the other sex, so long will they prize, strive for, and cultivate, at the expense of more estimable qualities that which they know to be their strength. The example before us illustrates these remarks. Emily Ellis was, in truth, a

shallow, designing girl, with very little feeling, but her beauty, and the good humor usually engendered by self-complacency, won for her popularity abroad, impotence at home, and the regard of a man of mind, high principles, and warm affections.

Heretofore, though on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, Ashleigh's mind had been little occupied by them; but, since the spell cast upon him by Emily's attractions, his interest deepened in all that concerned them, and it was under the influence of these feelings, that he had spoken to Sophy, as he believed, a brother would have done. After the scene described, however, and when left alone, Ashleigh felt some regret at the tone of harshness which his remonstrances with his little kinswoman had assumed. The strong and impetuous feeling exhibited by the child, her bitter sense of injustice, though marked by unrestrained temper, surprised, and, at the same time, interested him, and he now questioned, whether a more soothing, gentle course would not have been the wiser plan to adopt.

With a sensitive mind, ripened far beyond her years, every word that Ashleigh had spoken during that painful scene, fastened upon Sophy's memory, there to ripen, and bring forth its fruits of good and evil. Her pride, as well as the sensitiveness peculiar to girls of her age, revolted at thus being schooled by one of another sex, whom no tie of blood entitled to be her censor, and she exhibited, by her cold and sullen reserve, her childish sense of injury.—But beneath this waywardness, there was an under current scarcely known to herself. She had to much quickness of mind, too much natural good feeling, not to appreciate all that Ashleigh had said, and even while she told herself that he was unjust and presuming, his words were silently and imperceptibly, working an important revolution in her character.

Fortunately, in aid of this moral change, an entire alteration took place in the conduct of Mrs. Ellis towards her. While the painful impression remained fresh upon Ashleigh's mind, after the angry discussion which he had witnessed, he sought his aunt, and held with her a serious conversation relative to Sophy. Mrs. Ellis' affection for Ashleigh gave him great influence with her, and though obliged to soothe, palliate, and reason, by turns, he succeeded in persuading her to change her mode of discipline with Sophy. With a mind not sufficiently enlarged, however, to comprehend the full scope of his advice, and unable to pursue any middle course, Mrs. Ellis fell into the opposite extreme; and instead of interfering with Sophy every hour of the day, she now left her entirely to her own control. This would have proved, with most children a ruinous course, but with Sophy it produced happier effects. No longer teased, tormented, and scolded, she applied herself to her appointed tasks with cheerfulness and regularity, and even the hateful needle received a share of attention.

Too proud to let this change be seen, and unwilling that Ashleigh should suppose his remarks had possessed any influence, these events bred in Sophy a degree of reserve to all around her, and she experienced that feeling, so common with the young and sensitive, of being singled out of standing alone in her family.—Much of this, it is true, was purely imaginary; but, in some respects, it was not without foundation. Mr. Ellis was an indifferent, selfish man, and a negligent parent. All the affection he had bestowed, was given to his oldest daughter, of whose beauty and spiritiveness he was proud, Sophy chiefly presenting herself to his mind as a self-willed child, who was a source of great annoyance to him, through the incessant complaints made of her by his wife. Mr. Ellis did not like to have the serenity of his mind ruffled, even for the welfare of his children.

Between Sophy and her sister, there existed no sympathy. Emily scarcely noticed her, unless to find fault, or assist Mrs. Ellis in her lectures. Now, even the questionable interest which Mrs. Ellis had taken in her ceased, and in the utter indifference of all connected with her, it is not astonishing that her morbid sensitiveness should have increased.

Ashleigh was the only one who detected this trait of mind, and he strove, from time to time, by little acts of kindness, and delicately marked approval, to break down the barrier of reserve between them. This interest in her, though it failed to produce any increase of cordiality, or even to elicit a consciousness of its existence, on the part of the sensitive girl, was not unprofitable to her. Amid opposing feelings, the offspring of treasured resentment, and involuntary admiration, and esteem, there sprang unnoted, like a wild flower in some neglected nook, a sentiment of deep gratefulness in her young heart, which shed its brightness and its balm on all around.

In early youth to feel that we are valued, to receive discriminating praise, possesses an irresistible charm to us, particularly if surrounded by those who are carelessly and indifferently. It was thus with Sophy, and unconsciously, the opinions, tastes, and sentiments, of Ashleigh, became her standard of right and wrong. It would have been a curious study at this time, to watch the unfoldings of mind in this neglected girl. Heretofore to read for the sake of improvement never occurred to Sophy. She read, because she had an intense thirst for books; and though day by day the stores, which she was silently laying up, did their work in enlarging her understanding, there was no impulse from without, to incite or guide her in her mental progress. Now, that impulse was given; Sophy possessed a capacity which, in its yearnings after every thing that was good and exalted, led her fully to appreciate Ashleigh's superiority and cultivation of mind.

The books he commented, she privately read; the accomplishments he valued, she industriously cultivated; while the subjects which, from time to time occupied his mind and conversation, became to her secret objects of inquiry and interest. Sophy was, in short, one of those frequent, though unnoticed examples of marked character, developed and moulded by accidental circumstances.

Happily for her, her young and plastic mind received its bent from one whose influence and

example elevated her unfixed character; had she fallen upon evil counsellors and groveling mind, how different might have been the result!

Too little attention is paid to the influence which mind possesses over mind, in early youth. If the secrets of all hearts were laid bare, how many should we find whose promptings, either to good or evil, have been the result of accidental companionship? We have seen that it was thus with Sophy. Previously to the eventful day when she received Ashleigh's grave rebuke, she had exhibited little else than waywardness of will, and obstinacy of character, but those few simple words of reproach, gleamed like a flash of lightning into the inner depths of her mind, and laid it bare before her.

The rock was struck, and where all before was dry and lifeless, the waters of self-knowledge welled forth. "The truth and self-judgement, as it ripened, must have corrected her most glaring defects, but the sudden glimpse, caught of herself in the mirror of another's mind, did the work of years, and stamped her character for life.

But little occurred during the summer to change the aspect of things in the Ellis family, save a more obvious devotion on the part of Ashleigh to Emily. Mr. Ellis having been elected a member of Congress, and intending to take his wife and oldest daughter with him to Washington to spend the winter, it was decided that the family should remain at the country place, until it was time to repair to the seat of government, in order to avoid the trouble to make the necessary arrangements in the town house. So that, to Sophy's great delight, it was to be passed among the scenes she loved so well; and never did the woods, gorgeous in their drapery of tinted leaves, the clear, blue skies, shining in immeasurable distance, thro' the elastic atmosphere, the sparkling waters, a soul more hushed one evening, late in November, as Ashleigh was walking up and down the piazza, at the back of the house, he saw Sophy wrapped in a shawl, approaching the house on her return from a walk. He went forward to meet her with some jesting remarks upon her fondness for solitude. Sophy was shy and silent as usual, and Ashleigh seemed vexed at her taciturnity. "Ashleigh, he said, "Sophy, do you not mean to congratulate me?"

"Congratulations! upon what?"

"Why, have they not told you?" he asked, in a tone of surprise.

"Not that you have told me nothing?"

"Not that your sister is engaged to be married?"

"Emily engaged to be married!" he exclaimed, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, Sophy, Emily is about to give you a brother, who hopes to win your regard and confidence," and he took Sophy's hand.

Sophy looked at him for an instant, then withdrawing her hand, and blushing deeply, she said, with much embarrassment—"You have surprised me very much."

"But I have your good wishes, Sophy, have I not? I assure you, I build a great deal upon the affection of my little sister, and cannot dispense with it."

"Oh, yes, certainly," she replied, hastily, for they had now reached the house, and leaving her abruptly, she flew quickly up stairs to her own room.

"What a shy, reserved child she is!" exclaimed Ashleigh, as she disappeared.

For some time Sophy sat immovable in her chair, her clasped hands resting in her lap, and her head sunk upon her bosom. There was a tumult of strange emotions awakened within her, that she found it impossible to reveal.

Was as she was beyond her years in many respects, Sophy was, as yet, a novice in all that concerns the intricate windings of the human heart. She dreamed not that the last half hour had crushed within her one of those latent preferences, which in time might have ripened and influenced her whole existence.—She knew not that her sister's shadow now fell between, and darkened for her the sunshine which for months had brightened her path.—She thought that the flutter and agitation of her feelings were occasioned by surprise, and with one of those strong and vigorous mental efforts, which her sex are so often called upon to make, she flung from her the heavy weight of oppression, which she was too impetuous to account for, and turned to her usual pursuits for employment; but not with the same results as formerly, for now there was a restlessness, a dissatisfaction, a desire for change, which she had never before experienced, and she longed for the time to come, when she should go to Mrs. Montague's, at whose school she was to remain during the absence of her family.

Emily never spoke to Sophy of her engagement, for with the intuitive quickness of woman in all that concerns the affections, she had detected in Sophy the little germ of preference for Ashleigh, which lay hidden even from herself. There was, however, no tender womanly compassion for her young sister elicited in the cold heart of Emily, by this discovery. Sophy, in her estimation, was a presumptuous, vain little child, quite too forward for her years; and to check her boldness, in thus daring to lift her thoughts to the lover on whom she had descended to smile, she preserved a scornful silence towards her. Mrs. Ellis spoke of it to Sophy, but it was as much to gratify her own love of talking, and to caution Sophy on the subject of secrecy with regard to the engagement, which was not to be announced till spring, as from any regard to her feelings.

The few weeks, that were now to intervene before the opening of Congress, soon passed by. The beginning of December found Mr. Ellis, and their oldest daughter, on their way to Washington, and Sophy quietly and unobtrusively remained at home.

The long winter months passed away unmarked by any unusual event, and the spring was at length come. One morning about this time, Sophy was summoned to the parlor to

see Mr. Ashleigh. He had come occasionally through the winter with messages and letters from her family; and she concluded that this visit was of a similar kind. When she entered the room, she was surprised to find Ashleigh awaiting her with a grave and troubled countenance; Sophy's first thought was, that some calamity had befallen her family, and she questioned him in alarm. He assured her that all were well.

"Then, what is the matter?" she asked, still marking his unusual manner.

Ashleigh took from his pocket a letter, and handing it to her, said—"Read this, Sophy."

Sophy received the letter, and opened it with a nervous quivering of her pulses, as she perceived that the letter was from her sister.

In a few cold and unfeeling words, Emily informed Ashleigh that she had been for some time aware that her regard for him was not of a nature to warrant her fulfillment of the engagement existing between them, and that, as she intended to enter into one more congenial to her feelings, she begged to release him from the tie.

The letter dropped from Sophy's hand, and she burst into tears.

"Is it not a cruel letter?" asked Ashleigh, as he paused in his rapid walk across the room.

"Cruel?—O, most unworthy, heartless, sinful!"

Ashleigh now informed her that he had received by the same mail, a letter from his sister, who told him that Emily had been flirting during the whole winter with a southern gentleman, who had been one of the most prominent persons in society during the season, partly through the elegance of his person and manners, and partly through his reputation for great wealth. Mr. Gaythorn finally addressed her, and Emily informed her father of her acceptance of his proposal. Ashleigh did not repeat all the bitterness and indignation expressed by Mrs. Ellis; nothing but the commands of her husband having induced her to remain in Washington after she became acquainted with Emily's intentions. Mr. Ellis had assented to her daughter's conduct, and consented to her new engagement; and Mrs. Ellis added that she believed they were to be married as soon as the adjournment of Congress allowed them to return home.

Ashleigh continued to pace the room, giving vent to his indignation and wounded feelings; dwelling upon the sincerity and trustfulness of the affection which he had lavished upon Emily, and upon her cold and deliberate heartlessness. But when he spoke of the effect which this must have upon his mind and future happiness—when he declared that Emily had rendered it impossible for him, henceforth, to believe in the truth and constancy of woman, Sophy, with a quick and impetuous movement, laid her hand upon his arm, and said, in a voice broken by emotion—"Oh! do not say so!—your love was unworthily placed! She did not appreciate you. She knew not how to value a love like yours. Do not say that all women would do the same—Oh! no, no."

Ashleigh gazed upon the eloquent upturned face beside him, with surprise, at this burst of feeling; and as he looked into those deep eyes, which now glowed with truth and sensibility, and beheld for the first time the fervent energy of a high-hearted woman, breathing from that youthful countenance, he replied, with a deep sigh—"Well, Sophy, for your sake, I will endeavor to think differently; nay, I believe that such treachery is foreign to your nature, and come what may, I shall never forget the kindness, the sympathy, which you have shown me this day," and wringing her hand with a hasty farewell, he left her.

Before another month had elapsed, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and Emily, were again at home. Sophy, who had petitioned to be left with Mrs. Montague, was permitted to remain at school, and she was in consequence saved the pain of daily beholding her sister's heartless conduct. Emily's engagement to Ashleigh having never been publicly announced, her conduct towards him, which would have injured her in the eyes of the well thinking, was never known, and a few brilliant weeks previous to her marriage, were passed by her in exhibiting her elegant lover to the admiring world in which she lived.

The meeting between Sophy and her sister was colder even than ordinary; for the warmth which had heretofore been exhibited, was wholly on Sophy's part, and now even that was wanting. The first interview between Mrs. Ellis and Sophy was, on the contrary, marked by a greater degree of warmth than ever occurred before. Differing with her husband on the point which had so deeply wounded her, and on terms of scarcely decent intercourse with Emily, Mrs. Ellis turned to Sophy for sympathy in her distress. Sophy's most heartfelt sympathy she certainly possessed, and when we add to this, a decided improvement in her manner to her stepmother, we must not be surprised to find her on the high road of favoritism with Mrs. Ellis.

Robert Ashleigh, resenting the treatment which he had received from Mr. Ellis, refused to enter his house, even to visit his aunt; and Mrs. Ellis now only saw him, when she met him in society, or visited him at his lodgings. Sophy never saw Ashleigh, but during her weekly visits home, she heard from Mrs. Ellis all that she herself knew of him; for with Mrs. Ellis, Ashleigh, and the ill treatment he had received, were a never ending theme of discussion.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A being covered with rags, and dressed in five jackets, all of which failed to conceal his nakedness, bolted into a store on Green street a few days since, with the exclamation of—"Worse than I look, by—! Well, I've let myself for 14 dollars a month and find myself."

"To do what?" asked the principal of the establishment.

"To stand on the corner for a paper-mill sign. Cash for rags—that's all."

"Such a gittin' up! STAIRS!"—The wife of a Mr. STAIRS, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has recently presented her husband with four little Stairs as one birth!

POETRY.

THE SAW-MILL.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

In yonder mill I rested,
And sat the down to look
Upon the wheel's quick glimmer,
And on the flowing brook.

As, in a dream before me,
The saw, with endless play,
Was cleaving through a fir-tree
Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibres
With living motions stirred,
And, in a dirge-like murmur,
These solemn words I heard—

Oh, thou who wandrest hither,
A timely guest thou art!
For thee this cruel engine
Is passing through my heart.

When soon the earth's still bosom
Thy wood shall form the chamber
Whose walls shall close thee in.

Four planks—I saw, and shuddered—
Dropped in that busy mill,
Then as I tried to answer,
At once the wheel stood still.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

The "Marseillaise" has been once more revived by the existing news from France, and is played and sung wherever the intelligence has gone. We give an old but admirable translation of this splendid national lyric:

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark, hark what myriads loud you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsons hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Small hateful Tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms ye brave!
The Avenging Sword unsheath!
March on, march on—all hearts resolved,
On Liberty or Death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous Kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And low! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands embroiling?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The life-insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To choke and bend the light and air.

Like brants of burden would they load us,
Like tyrants bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Nor shall they longer lash and goad us.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame;
Can dancing bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept befalling
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

A JUDICIAL ANECDOTE.

Recently while attending a Court in J— county, where Judge S. presided, a very plain question of law was presented for the decision of the counsel on the wrong side, and when the opposite attorney (a real Paddy who had just waded thro' Blackstone and; Cuius? so as to obtain a license) rose to reply, he was stopped by his Honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no further argument. Paddy laid his hand solemnly upon the volume of Blackstone, and opening it where the leaf was carefully turned down, commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the Court.

"Stop, sir," said the Judge; "I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to contradiction, nor will I have any further argument in the case."

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I did not intend to argue the point, or expect to convince your Honor; I only wanted to show the Court what a tarnation Blackstone was!"

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the Court House was beyond the means of the Sheriff or Court to control for some minutes, when Paddy was fined a dollar for his slander of Blackstone, and the Court adjourned to liquor.

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.

It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the poor.—Sidney Smith.

THE NEWS OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

The news of the Revolution in France was carried by an express locomotive from London to Glasgow, 472 miles in ten hours—the average running time being 52 miles an hour.