

# NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

C. G. HEMPSTEAD, Proprietor.

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## POETRY.

THE NEW WORLD FOR COLUMBUS.

BY DUGANNE.

On the crowded quays of Genoa,  
Walked a discontented man—  
Gazing forth upon the ocean,  
Far as straining eye could scan.  
Fixed and pallid was his forehead,  
And his arms were tightly locked  
O'er the heart that in his bosom  
Like a surging billow rocked.  
Gazed he forth upon the ocean,  
Through the cloudy mist of night,  
Gazed he forth when dancing sunshine  
Clothed the sea with golden light;  
And his lips would mutter strangely,  
And his forehead wrangle a frown;  
While he hugged his heart more tightly,  
As 'twere hard to keep it down.  
Gathered the people oft around him—  
Jeering men and laughing maids—  
Mocking scorn and freezing pity,  
Nodding chins and wagging heads;  
And the greybeard said, "Good Jesu!  
'Tis a sight should make us sad!"  
This poor man has gone demoted—  
Poor Columbus sure is mad!"  
Like that madman of Genoa,  
Stand the People's prophets now,  
Fixing on the Future's ocean,  
Earnest eyes and pallid brow.  
Throb their hearts with mystic longings—  
And they hug their spirits in;  
Tost the might of their conceptions  
Should be crucified by men.  
Like Columbus, gaze they outward  
Through the gloomy clouds of night—  
To a world of glorious beauty  
Shining in their sight,  
Heed they not the jibes and mockery—  
Heed they not the words of scorn:  
For the act is in the future,  
Though the thought be newly born.  
Brother! Hope shall be our ocean—  
Hope shall bear our swiftest bark;  
Like the noble Genoese mariner,  
Press we onward to our mark.  
Golden lands gave him Columbus  
To the grasping kings of Spain:  
We shall give to man his birthright—  
Freedom for the People gain!

## La Fioraja.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Mild, solemn October—the twilight of the year! The winds have not yet forgotten their summer softness, and the late asters twinkle like stars through the shade of thickets. But the leaves are falling; morning after morning frequent, loosened by the early frock, and more day long there is a shower through the tall woods. There she drooping around me now with a sound like soft rain, and the many clasping arches through which I see the sky are fast losing their tracery of painted arabesques. A clear, broad stream is low, blue and fathomless; for it holds the autumn heaven; and away, through the light haze, some purple hills rise with a long curve above the horizon. The crystalline brightness of the sun sphere touches them with a clear, glowing purity; and, gazing on their soft outlines, my soul goes back to Italy.  
It is but a thought—a moment of desiccated fustiness—and I am in Florence. I wander over the Ponte Vecchio, looking through its central arches at the Appennines, or bargaining for luscious figs with the merry contadini, or stroll for hours through the Royal Gallery, or in the matchless Tribune, lose myself in captured traces before the divine St. John, or the sad beauty of Guercino's symbol. How freshly, after two years' absence, come up again the slightest incidents, the most trifling objects, even the very thoughts of my happy sojourn! There is scarcely a stone in the streets I do not remember, I could paint the laurel-avenue, the cinnamom of the pine, and the spiny shafts of the cypresses in the Boboli Garden, bought for thought, as they looked when I last saw them. Delightful Florence! how do I climb in thought to the convent of San Miniato, and look down on thy dome and airy bellies, and over that paradise of Val d'Arno! Many a sunny morn'g will pass before I shall see again the fair valleys of Tuscany—yet to-day I will re-trace my old wanderings, for Memory needs neither passport nor conveyance, in her travels. Will you hear a simple, yet I trust, not entirely profane record of a character, whose remembrance I cherish with a deep and romantic interest?  
Opposite my rooms in the Via Veccherecchia, was one of the handsomest cafes which abound in Florence—spacious, showy establishments, where men of all nations meet, to talk over the gossip of the world, over their coffee, or a flask of the golden nectar of Orvieto. The tourist is always certain of finding there the principal sheets of Paris, Marselles, Rome, and Genoa, as well as Gallucci's universal "Messenger," and the equally familiar Augsburg Gazette. The Politics, however, are tacitly avoided, at least in the lingua Toscana; for, though the government is disposed to be liberal, other influences are mingled in the affairs of Italy, and the stranger is by no means certain that there is no secret agent of the police within hearing of his words. Social intercourse is less transacted, and the cafe often proves a convenient neutral ground, from which friendships of the strongest character often date their commencement. From the Englishman, there at times, I forgot his nationality; the German, who is everywhere at home, and the American, who can make himself so, if he will, have less difficulty in domesticating themselves to cafe life.

Having, therefore, rendered my countenance familiar to the Swiss garzone, I felt perfectly at home at the "Cafe di Minerva." In the mornings, when the bell of the Palazzo Vecchio woke me with its musical chiming, I hastened down to enjoy "Le Sicile" over a cup of coffee; and often, after our jovial dinner in an old palace but a few paces from the birth-place of Dante Alighieri, we returned—a general company of painters, sculptors, and one humble scribe—to lounge an hour over the marble tables, and talk of our homes beyond the sea.  
At such times we were sure to be visited by La Fioraja—charming Fioraja—whose vivid Italian beauty we admired even more than her basket of breathing flowers. At least, I always saw the eyes of my friend, the young painter, grow bright with admiration, or they came up to us with a graceful courtesy. He tried hard to catch their color and dewy lustre; but his memory invariably forgot its duty. He would have painted them from the lovely model, but La Fioraja was proud—her very glance checked the artist, when he would have proposed this.  
Perhaps I have already said enough to explain the melodious title by which we knew her. She belonged to a class, which, springing up originally in Florence, seemed to have been a growth of the simple and poetic Tuscan character. The foreigner is charmed with the beauty of these flower-girls, who, in their broad straw hats, the rim of which falls on their shoulders, and their fragrant baskets on their arms, enter the hotels and cafes, and bestow on the guests these offerings of their genial climate. They ask nothing for their daily gifts; every morning they are brought with a smile, or when the face grows kind and familiar, a few words of cheerful gossip, and it is left to the stranger's generosity to repay this delightful attention by a parting donation. There is something exceedingly poetical in this absence of all bargaining—a recognition of sacredness in the delicate gifts themselves—which invests the custom, and those who follow it, with a character of beauty not always belonging to them. The profession, if such it may be called, is now invaded by less worthy followers, and having adopted in other cities, is beginning to lose its local characteristics. The flower-girls of the Champs-Elysees, witty and vivacious as they undoubtedly are, still cannot borrow the charming simplicity of the Tuscan Fioraja. The language spoken by these latter, is that of Petrarca and Boccaccio, and it loses some of its music on their lips.  
Although generally of humble extraction, they have a taste, and natural refinement of feeling, which strikes notice and surprises the stranger. But when Florence is more familiar to the traveler, and he through its unequalled treasures of Art, with a less perfect admiration, doubtless, but with a deeper felt admiration as the prince—he ceases to wonder.  
Where every street is adorned with some work of an immortal master, which is familiar from childhood to the eyes of the people, the common mind partakes unconsciously of a pure spiritual fount, too often sealed to the rich and prosperous in our own land; and hence it is, that a love for the arts seems to be a natural element in the Italian character. Our Fioraja seemed to have an unerring perception of character and taste, and never failed to bestow her flowers accordingly. It was to me an interesting study to watch her quick choice of bouquets, and its justification, in the countenance of the receiver—and rarely indeed did she seem to make a wrong disposal. Once she laid a few blossoms before an old gentleman who was sitting opposite to me, buried in the perusal of a newspaper, which he had monopolized the whole morning, notwithstanding the polite hints of the waiter, that others had repeatedly declined it. He merely lifted his eyes, and looked at her; the hard, cold expression of his countenance was unsoftened by a single gleam of feeling or "speculation," and as he rose to leave, he left the flowers where they had been laid. They were the last she ever offered him. Another time, I observed a young man, apparently a German, whose face was marked deeply by the traces of some settled sorrow. She hesitated but a moment in approaching him, and placed upon the table a cluster of roses. I thought her gift inappropriate; but a second glance showed me that the blossoms were white, and bound up with them was a sprig of the mournful cypress. The stranger took them mechanically, and though his face did not change its sad expression, I saw that his eyes grew dim with tears. She had recognized the tone to which his spirit soonest responded.  
La Fioraja and I were soon acquaintances—as far as my broken Italian would permit conversation. My room in the tall house opposite was kept continually fragrant by the myrtle, heliotrope and roses, she brought me every morning. As the clear cold days of November came on, and sharp winds, that had been sweeping around the snowy top of Monte Moricco, came down into Val d'Arno, some of the more delicate blossoms faded, and at last she had only the hardy geranium and the beautiful Tuscan rose, which blooms along sunny terraces the whole winter through.  
"Fioraja," said I, one cold morning, "why do you not bring us the same sweet flowers as formerly? Your basket is getting much lighter than it used to be."  
"Ah, signor," she answered, speaking of the flowers with a manner that reminded me of Nydia's song:  
"Hark what the poor things say,  
For they have a voice like ours!"  
"Ah, signor, non vogliono fiorare piu." They do not like to blossom in these cold days. I shall have to let them sleep until the spring comes; and then I shall have violets for you."  
"But, Fioraja, I shall not be here when the spring comes. And when the violets blossom, I hope to gather them at home."  
"Signor, can you leave Italy—can you leave beautiful Florence?"  
"My own country," said I, "is dearer to me than even Italy; and if you were there, you

would say that it was nearly as beautiful. We have flowers, too, in America, as bright and abundant as these."  
"In America!" she exclaimed; adding, in a suppressed tone, "you are then an American?"  
"Yes," replied I; "did you never see one before, you seem so surprised?"  
"I never ask the signori whence they come, but I know some one once who went to America."  
"Ah, bella Fioraja, is it some one very dear to you who has gone to my country?"  
"Forgive me, there was something like a proud dignity in her countenance; but, resuming her usual placidity, she answered with a thought, some sadness in her voice,—"Yes, signor, it was one dear to me—molto, molto caro," and it is impossible to describe the melting tenderness which these words have on an Italian tongue.  
She took up her basket and left me. I reflected what I thought an artless avowal of some early attachment; and though she sometimes questioned me with great apparent interest respecting America, I was careful to avoid referring to a subject which I supposed might awaken sorrowful remembrances. Still, I could not help feeling some curiosity as to the domestic relations of La Fioraja. Words escaped her almost unconsciously, at times, that showed her to be possessed of a mind, which, even though it might have been expanded by a limited share of education, must have been naturally superior to those of her class. But there was a quiet dignity in her manner, which repelled the questions I felt tempted to ask. I was convinced that there was serious thought, and perhaps experience, hidden behind her every-day gaiety.  
One evening I was sitting alone in the Cafe di Minerva. There were but few guests present, none of whom were known to me. La Fioraja entered as usual, and, laying aside my paper, I watched her coming up the hall, stopping here and there at the half-deserted tables. But a short distance from me, sat a young Frenchman, whose gay, careless, dependent, and air of unabashed freedom, and self-possession, marked him for one of those wandering roses, who often find it convenient to leave Paris for a season, and seek amusement in the intrigues and jealousies of Italian society. As she was in the act of leaving him, he questioned her, she seized her hand with a bold familiarity. She quietly withdrew it, and was about to proceed, when he made some whispered remark, whose insolent freedom of speech had the indignity of her nature.  
Stepping back hastily, she cast upon him a look whose withering scorn even he could scarcely support. As she turned towards me, her lips had still its disdainful curve; and the soft lustre of her eyes, which my artist-friend was so enthusiastic in praising, had kindled. She was now alone, and she usually kindled.  
I could not but mark how suddenly she changed again to the lively flower-girl.  
There was always an under-current of earnestness even in her gaiety, which prevented the thought of lights; and I knew she was not one of those who heart the memory of either injury or kindness would easily pass away.  
"Fioraja," said I, with some share in her own indignation, "in my country, you would find more respectful treatment. You must not think, as many do here in Italy, that we are a nation of savages. We have something of the chivalry which your ancestors once had, and we pay every where honor and respect to woman."  
La Fioraja's heart must have been a proud one for her glowing look seemed to thank in my country's sentiment. She paused, as if pondering some sudden thought; she looked at me, in doubt—then, as if something had confirmed into resolution the half-formed design floating in her mind, she bent nearer and whispered:  
"Signor, since I know you came from America, I have wondered whether I might ask a favor of you. But it is a favor which cannot be granted without your learning a secret of my own—a secret known to no one beyond the walls of my dwelling. After what has passed I think I can trust you; and the more especially as you say you have but a few days to spend in Florence. It would be a happiness to my father to see one who comes from America, and you may, on your return home, be able to do me a great kindness. I can tell you no more now, for the signori are noticing my delay;—will you not meet me, to-morrow evening, at this hour, at the Fountain of Neptune, which you know stands in the square beside the Palazzo Vecchio?"  
I assured her earnestly that she might trust in my compliance, and in the faithful keeping of any trust she should deem me worthy of receiving, and parted from her, made completely impatient for another day; for the least trace of romance in one single human history is far more interesting to follow, than the novelist's most elaborate and exciting inventions.  
Eight was chiming from the tall, turret-topped tower of the Palazzo, and the rich moonlight came pouring into the square through the arches of the Uffizi, silvering over the dryads before the palace door, and the colossal David—the divine work of Michael Angelo—as I stood beside the fountain. Neptune and his bizonzo Tritons cast up sparkling showers from their twisted shells, and their muscular figures seemed animate in the moonlight. I did not wait long for La Fioraja. She came lightly and quickly across the open square, with an empty basket in her hand. "Thanks, signor," said she, hurriedly; "let us not delay!"  
We passed down the brilliantly-lighted Via Calzajola, the Florentine Broadway—crossed the Cathedral square, with the shining marble helix towering above us, till the stars seemed but ornaments on the tracery of its needle-like spires. Then we entered one of the long narrow streets which lead in the direction of the Porta della Croce. We said but little; La Fioraja had lost her spiritfulness, and I was too deeply interested in the issue of my adventure, to question her prematurely. We passed between the tall black prison-like palaces, as old as the days of Cosmo de' Medici, with

which this part of the city abounds. Scarcely a single person was to be seen; the iron-barred windows, and huge massive gate-ways had something stern and forbidding in their appearance; and the narrow, crooked streets shut us out from the genial moonlight. Down a narrow alley I caught a glimpse of Santa Croce, and knew that we could not go much further without reaching the city wall, whose square embrasures were already visible. Turning into a street which ran parallel to it and opened upon the Arno, we stopped before an old palace, which, in its palmy days, might have been among the richest in Florence. But its aspect was now dark and deserted. No light came from its grated windows, and no sound was heard within to give token of cheerful existence.  
"This is the place, signor," said La Fioraja; "knock, and you will be admitted. The rest you will learn within." With these words she entered a small garden-door, and disappeared. I did not hesitate, but knocked at once, and loudly. After a pause, footsteps were heard slowly approaching, and the rusty lock gave with the turn of an unwilling key. The door was at length opened, and an old servant, holding in her hand a tall iron lamp, saluted me.  
"Enter, worthy signor," said she; "the lady Fiorajetta is expecting you."  
"But," I asked, somewhat surprised at this speech, "where is La Fioraja?"  
"You will see her before you leave." She closed the door after me. We crossed a low hall, the ceiling of which was admirably painted in fresco, in the style of the old Tuscan master, Volterrano. In the centre was a sculptured escutcheon. At the end of this hall, a flight of broad marble steps led us to a lofty vaulted chamber, hung with old knightly portraits, which, from their lines of resemblance, and the changing styles of costume, were evidently those of a family which could trace back its ancestry to the days of the Medici. A few master-pieces by the old painters completed the decorations; the only furniture was a marble table, wrought in rich arabesque, and a few stately-looking chairs, which seemed as ancient as the palace itself. A light stood upon the table, behind which a tall mirror doubled the cheerless splendor of the apartment.  
I waited some minutes in intense expectation, wondering what mystery had made me its subject. I looked at the table, the pictures—I stopped to the window which opened upon a terrace filled with flowers—and gazing into the moonlight, was last losing myself in a labyrinth of conjectures, when I heard a footstep. A side door opened, and a lady entered, before whose stately beauty I involuntarily made a low reverence. Her dark hair was braided on her head, and clasped by a circlet of small pearls; she wore a rich satin robe, and a single diamond of surpassing value glittered on her breast. She came up to me with a smile, and I started back astonished at beholding La Fioraja! The same, yet how changed! Her pure peasant beauty was heightened into the grace and lofty bearing of a princess; the gleam of the dark eye was firmer—the curve of the red lip prouder, and though the pure sweet brow was unaltered, it seemed radiant with the joyous halo of thought. She might have been placed with the jewelled dames who looked on us from the walls, (and now, for the first time, I saw their features in her own, and been honored as the noblest of them all.)  
"Fioraja!—pardon me, signora!"—I stammered.  
"Nay, my friend," said La Fioraja; "in the same sweet voice as ever, yet without its tone of careless gaiety; you must forgive me for this evening's mystery. You now know the secret which I scarcely dared to reveal. This is the palace of my father, Andrea di Lavagna, and I have asked you to dinner in the hope that you might tell him of the country in which his unfortunate son has found refuge, and it may be give him the clue to some knowledge of my poor brother. I am now his only child, and the last of the Lavagnas. It is a bitter thought to my father, that his name, once among the proudest in Genoa, should be extinguished—and he so loved Antonio! Oh, signor, if you know of any comfort for him, Fiorajetta di Lavagna will bless you for it!"  
"Lady," said I, deeply moved, "doubt not that I will do all I may, to serve you. But tell me of your brother."  
"Alas, signor, it is a sad story. I was many years younger when Antonio was forced to leave us. All my father's hopes were fixed on him; he had seen his other children, taken from him, one by one, till only were left Antonio, the best and bravest of all, and myself who was then a child. He had given all his estates in Lombardy and Parma to Antonio's keeping, reserving only this and some other trifling property, for the support of his remaining years. Antonio was generous and noble-spirited; he could not bear the foreign yoke which was upon Italy; and, stimulated by the remembrance of his heroic ancestor, Besso, in an unfortunate hour joined a conspiracy against the government. The terrible fate of the Carbonari, but a few years before hung over him; but when the band was broken up, and its members seized, he escaped to the Appennines, and after the most cruel hardships, reached Florence. A day only could he remain with us—he had committed himself to eternal banishment, and tearing himself from our embraces, hastened to Leghorn, whence he sailed to America. Our poor father was heartily broken. His property too, was lost with Antonio's condemnation. The little left us was not enough to provide for our wants, and I preserve the last dwelling place of our ancestors. The two or three servants we retain were faithful to me and have kept my secret—but signor, my father does not, must not know that you have seen me as La Fioraja."  
"What, lady! have you thus nobly sacrificed your pride of birth to filial affection, supporting him by the painful alternative of assuming the soul you inherit?" Oh, lady, this is nobly done; but could you not have spared yourself this experience which must be hard

to bear! Here are paintings, which would bring you gold in abundance."  
"Signor," replied Fiorajetta, with the staidness in her look and tone; "this palace and these paintings are all that is left to me from father to son for centuries. They will be the only legacy we can give to Antonio, if he ever returns. I would beg in the streets of Florence, sooner than part with them. They are my own consolation—they remind me that I am of princely blood. If in the streets and cafes I put on the soul as well as the costume of La Fioraja, here, at least, I feel myself a Lavagna."  
The excited blood rushed to her cheeks and forehead, as she stood with one arm extended towards the rare paintings on the walls. In the silence of the moment, as the loud melody of her voice died away, I could have believed myself existing in that romantic age, whose very spirit seemed to live again in her.  
"Let us seek my father; he has been told that a stranger will visit him," she said at length.  
I followed her through a vaulted passage, at the end of which she knocked gently, and a door opened. "Enter, my child!" said a voice that trembled with excess of age. We passed into a cheerful, and even luxurious chamber. Vases of rare flowers filled the windows—divans of velvet graced the walls—and a lute, curiously carved and inlaid with pearl, lay upon the floor. An old man, whose beard, snowy with eighty winters, fell upon his breast, was seated in a large cushioned chair. Fiorajetta, pressing his hand tenderly to her lips, said to him: "This, my father, is the signor whom I spoke of." The old man bowed his head, and faintly beckoned me to advance.  
"You are from America, signor, my Fiorajetta tells me. My poor Antonio fled to your country. Oh, if you have heard but one word of him, tell it to me. I am old and feeble; I cannot live long—but before I die, I would hear of Antonio, since I may not see him on earth."  
His voice grew indistinct; Fiorajetta's face was hid in his bosom, and his tears fell upon her head. How I longed for some angelic messenger—some spirit of earth or air, impelled to my will, to bring tidings of the exile! How I tortured my memory in the vain search for some name or form which might have been that Antonio! Taking the hand of the old man, I knelt beside him and tried to soothe him. I told him that many of the political exiles of Italy had found refuge in America; that some of them had risen to honor; that in my country there were paths of honest life and ambition open to all, and that the generous, manly spirit of his son would be sure to win him friendship and a home. Finally, I promised to seek for him on my return, and send, if possible, some word to him.  
"He listened and his grief seemed quieted; laying his hand on Fiorajetta's head, he murmured, "God has been merciful; he has left me one dear child!" Oh, the unutterable love and devotion which answered from the eyes of that child! "Blessed Virgin!" she cried, "watch over our Antonio, and lead him back to his home and the hearts that are breaking for his loss!"  
I joined my tears to their own; the fountain of the heart, which had been early dried to my own sorrow, gushed forth again at the words of others. I asked and received the old man's blessing and we rose and departed.  
When we again reached the picture-chamber, Fiorajetta said, as she gave me her hand at parting: "Forget that Fiorajetta di Lavagna lives, when you again see La Fioraja. We have been happier for this interview; may you be able hereafter to make us happier still!"  
I wandered slowly back to the Via Veccherecchia, deeply touched with his unexampled instance of filial love and heroic devotion. I wished for gold, for rank, for political power, that I might aid them, and haply restore the exiled Antonio. But I was a poor, powerless wanderer, and could give them but a wanderer's sympathy.  
A day or two afterwards I left Florence. In the cafe I again met La Fioraja—the same bright, artless creature as ever, to all but myself. I took her offered bouquet in silence; this time it was composed of the rarest and richest flowers. My words at parting, were for a while in her heart, and she forswore my intention, and said, in a low, firm voice, "not to me, signor!" Many a day after that, in talking through the wintry Appennines, on my pilgrim-way to Rome, did I rest at the foot of an olive or wild fig-tree, and, opening my knapsack, inhale the faded fragrance of the last Tuscan roses I received from her hand.  
Two years have passed since then, and I have not found Antonio. Meanwhile a new freedom is dawning over Italy, and I still trust that he may one day return to Florence—to his old father, and Fiorajetta, the princely Fioraja!

GEN. BUTLER A "BARNBURNER."—During the last war with England, Gen. Butler performed one of the noblest deeds of heroism on record. In one of the severest battles with the British and Indians, on the North Western frontier, a large number of the savages had found their way into a *Barn*, from which they poured a deadly fire upon the American troops. The American Commander said: "that *Barn* must be burnt," and inquired "who would volunteer to perform the perilous task?" After a long pause, the youthful Butler gallantly stepped forward, and, providing himself with a torch, proceeded to the *Barn* amid a shower of bullets from the rifles of the Indians, and soon fired it so completely as to envelop it in flames, and returned unharmed to the American lines, when every spectator considered his death inevitable. The firing of that *Barn* deprived the enemy of his strongest position, and soon gave the victory to the Americans. Gen. Butler is, therefore, the right sort of a *Barnburner*—he burns the *Barn* occupied by his country's enemies—and he is in every other respect a man worthy of the admiration and confidence of his countrymen! He and his great associate on the Democratic ticket, are bound to be elected by an overwhelming vote!

### Deferred Political Articles.

#### How the British like the Ticket.

The Canadian Press of the Tory school, says the Albany Argus, inulge, through their correspondents, in unmeasured denunciations of the democratic nominee for the Presidency; and the same spirit breathes through the press on the other side of the line. The New York Albion, a press of long standing and decided ability, devoted to British interests and conducted by an Englishman, partakes of all this feeling in no ordinary degree. No doubt, when the steamer brings back from England the arguments of the British press upon the democratic nominations, we shall find a reiteration of the same assaults from that quarter. Gen. Cass is of course the very last candidate that England and the English world of all others have selected, had they been permitted to have a voice in it. The agency of Gen. Cass in thwarting the designs of England in the matter of the quinquet treaty, and his truly American course in the Senate of the U. S., have earned for him an enviable unpopularity there, as they have the confidence and regard of his own countrymen. Fortunately for Gen. Cass, the preferences of the latter, rather than the former, were consulted in his selection, and the result will show, "in spite of lamentations there or elsewhere," that it was fully in accordance with the wishes and expectations of the democracy of the country.

To show the extent of British feeling against Gen. Cass, and how nearly it assimilates to that expressed by the allied opposition, the whig and barnburning leaders, we quote a paragraph or two from the Albion. Perhaps the Albany Atlas may find something in them herewith to eke out its "selected" attacks against the democratic nominee.

"Had any other candidate been nominated, we should have contented ourselves with announcing the fact; but Gen. Cass has on repeated occasions manifested so hostile a feeling to Great Britain, that we must add our expression of regret at seeing him in this prominent position before the country. We cannot forget his undisguised and repeated efforts, when Minister at the Court of France, to plunge Great Britain and France into a verred question of the right of search. The steps he then took might have been correct, *sub rosa*, according to the lax code of diplomatic morality; but urged as his arguments were, through the medium of public letters, they were dangerous to the peace of Europe, and offensive to Great Britain, with whom the country he represented was at peace."

"The *Albion* has also, on the 22nd inst., furnished Gen. Cass with opportunities for venting his ill-will towards us, and his disposition to bring on a war. And still the animosity rankles in the midst of it, if we may judge by the late debates in the U. S. Senate, on the proposed relief to Yucatan."

#### "Homeward Bound."

Gen. Cass, having resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate, left Washington on Monday week for Detroit, via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany and Buffalo. Of his visit and reception in Philadelphia the *Pennsylvania* of Thursday thus speaks:

THE MASSES AND GENERAL CASS.—It would have done the heart of every Democrat in the Union good, to see how our candidate for the Presidency was received in this city during Tuesday and Wednesday. Van Cortlandt thronged and pressed about his place of resort, and there seemed to be an eager anxiety to catch even a glimpse of his manly and expressive countenance. The great scene of all, however, took place in Independence Square yesterday between twelve and one o'clock. A perfect sea of human beings poured in and out of that hallowed place. So vast was the throng, that it was necessary for the General to see the people in the open air. He stood under the shade of one of the noblest old trees, the living tide rushed on, each man vying to press the hand of our candidate, and to receive a nod and a smile in return. The scene was most inspiring. It was a proud exhibition of the feeling of the people. There was the grey-haired sire, coming forward to renew, in this pledge to the representatives of Democracy, his fealty of Democratic principles; his bright eye flashing with the fire of the olden time, and his countenance beaming with joy. There was the hard-handed mechanic, stopping on his way from toil, to participate in the universal greeting. There was the farmer, coming from the market, to see the man for whom he should vote. There was the lawyer, from his desk—even the children, the boys, with "shining morning face," clustered to get a glance at the man whom their fathers supported. It was indeed a glorious spectacle—not paralleled in our whole history of Presidential elections, save when the masses roused themselves to welcome Old Hickory. Indeed the enthusiasm was a Jackson enthusiasm throughout, neither more nor less—suspicions of great and commanding results.

While General Cass was receiving the people, in company with "Old Ballou," the fearless Senator from Missouri, Col. Benton, long the favorite of the people; and now the active friend of the Democratic nominee—the eloquent hero of San Jacinto, Gen. Sam. Houston, was addressing a spontaneous gathering in another quarter. His tall, commanding figure—his broad-brimmed sombrero—his Indian like expression—all combined to make him emphatically one of the most prominent features of the day. Familiar with his know-edges, and understanding the greatness of his achievement with all, he was always surrounded by a crowd, shaking hands, making speeches, or answering questions. Here, too, might be seen the commanding form of glorious "Albion" of Ohio. Here, too, was the illustrious Poo-