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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Proprietor.

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POETRY.

The Grave of Bonaparte.
On a lone barren hill, where the willowing billow,
Amid the fiercest night, and the low tempest rattle,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.

The lightning may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He seeks his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rushed but to conquer when thou ledst them on!
Alas! they have perished in far distant regions,
And all save the name of their triumph is gone.

The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, thy tomb cannot bind thee,
Fly like thin owl's wings, that soared to the sun,
Thou sprangst from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name, which binds thee, no mortal had won.

The nations may combat, and wars thunder rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleepst at thy last sleep, thou dost fight thy last battle,
No sound shall awake thee to glory again.

The Love of Later Years.
BY DENARD BANTON.

They er who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming youth is known,
In purest, tenderest, blithest power, in after life is shown,
When passions, chastened and subdued, to riper years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that is not in the flesh of youth, or days of cloudless mirth.

We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted word;
Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sun-
And objects mirrored in it, seem to share its sparkling light.

As when the howling winds arise, life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows wave in the skies, lashed by the storm's commotion;
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunder bolts around us,
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness around.

Oh! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's twinkling ray
Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless day,
E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in marriage's darker years,
The gentle light, true Love imparts 'mid sorrows, cares,

It beams on minds of joy bereft, their refreshing brightness finds,
And shows their life has somewhat left to which their hearts can cling;
It leads upon the sick and faint, the desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart, and points a brighter goal.

It is such as Love's triumphant power o'er spirits touched by time,
Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness sublime?
In youth 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles and is
In after life its splendors seem linked with eternity.

MISCELLANY.

TOO HANDSOME.
A TRUE TALE.

It is quite possible for a man, or a woman either, to be too handsome. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still, confess to be true. Therefore we intend to enter the list in behalf of ugliness, and it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "over true tale," as the annals would write.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town where he was the beau par excellence—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome.

He was, besides, one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for every thing. His conversation was winning; he was a man of infinite humor; and possessed that ever welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best fiddler, for miles round; wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble forever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful to tell, she was quite insensible of her prize. She was not in love with any one else; that was certain, and that the sweet, gentle Margaret, heartless, oh! that was quite impossible; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to walk with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So for months and months, these two moved in the circles of country gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters, both were even-tempered; neither very poor—well matched as the gossips said; but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it, paid attention equally to every new and pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm, with out ever really loving, or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's

dereliction, as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not love Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of society wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear ma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities, and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant; he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband? 'No,' she says, 'I should want another six weeks' days; your grace is too costly for every day wear.' And, continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, 'I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote—he is in truth, too handsome for me.'

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more selfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of all-broom, the admirer and the admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character, and Margaret was right when she said that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one not particularly welcome at any time—the news-renter of the place, a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of city visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of the human varnisher. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes, which showed she was brimming over with news; and out the information came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What! not about the fire at Farmer Westem's, and young Mr. Heathcote, and his assistant?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Mrs. Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly.

"What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known; but no, I forget. Well, he is not quite killed—almost."

Both the ladies started, and, to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words: Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights—especially in a lonely country place—a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance; but too late. The house was wrapped in flames, and the farmer's aged mother was still within. No one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and there never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden in his arms, and fell insensible upon the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, and one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the gray morning twilight, disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity, at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender compassion smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his feelings rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet, so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected, or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him, sent to inquire after the poor young man for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away, and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the manor-house where he lived; all had forsaken him, except one or two kind spirits, who sent him a look now and then, out of charity.

Among these was Mrs. Lester; and when, at last, the young man recovered, gratitude—or something else, warmer still—led him thither the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident, except his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognizable; for the deep scars left in his face, and his finely moulded figure and elastic gait were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock—such as none but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply, and his external appearance was hardly more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all this courage, he could not repress many a bitter pang, as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, which so often begetteth, reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened, and Margaret entered, he could have sunk any where from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colorless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then, advancing, took his hands in both hers, and said, in a frank, earnest, friendly tone, that went to Philip's heart, "I am very glad indeed, to see you here again. Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened; so that Philip's dread and embarrassment were off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was deeply engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's eye fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home, certainly happier than he had often been in the day of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said but very little, but that night she heard the old church clock strike one, before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's re-appearance in society caused the usual nine days wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance, in which he had shone so brilliantly a fortnight; he was often silent in company, and the belles who had so often gazed delightedly in his handsome face, now passed by him with a slight recognition, or an audible "Poor fellow! how handsome he was once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the "has been" gazed harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society, in a great measure, pleading as his reason, the ill-health which he really did still labor under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She too had changed; not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph, but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round—treated with neglect, or wounded by rude pity—Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humble, self-distrusting, as he was, never saw this; yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

Story of a Sailor.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship, bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I had married but six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelvemonth. I took all my money with me save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China, on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds, but when in the China sea a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered them to provide each for himself in the best possible manner, and forgot the ship as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me upon a rock senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me further upon the rocks. There were only four of us alive, and, when morning came, we found that we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our suffering there sufficient to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken into Canton, and there I had to beg—my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have insured. It was nearly a year before I found an chance to come home, and I a captain, was obliged to ship as a common sailor. It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of the streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak or move, but grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes. "Is my wife alive?" I asked. He said nothing. Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead, but he very soon said "She is alive." Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said, "Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we thought you dead for a long time." He said that my wife was living in our cottage in the interior of the State. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within twenty-five miles of my wife. Upon leaving the cars I hired a boy, though it was night, and I remembered how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window and asked "who was there?" "Sarah, do you not know me?" said I. She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door, and let me in for I wished to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child, whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dare not wake her. At length I imparted a soft kiss upon my little child. While doing it a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as I saw as though she had not been sleeping. I saw she began to get frightened, and I said, "Mary, it is your husband!" and she clasped me about my neck and fainted. But I cannot describe to you that scene.

She is now the happy wife of a poor man—I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.

A TOUGH YARN.—There is a place in Maine so rocky, that when the down easterly plain corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can so raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern Shore;—there the land is so poor, that it takes two kildeas to say kildead, and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty-acre field; and the humble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; and the mosquitoes died of starvation, and the turkey buzzards had to emigrate.

But there is a county in Virginia, which can beat that;—there the land is so sterile, that when the wind is in the northwest, they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark, they have to lean against the fences; the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a bief they have to hold him up to knock him down!

AN ECCENTRIC.—The Rev. Wm. Smith, of Weymouth, Mass., entertaining notions somewhat singular of subjects becoming the pulpit, was in the habit of preaching occasional sermons on the Lord's day after the marriage of his children.

When Mary, his eldest daughter was married to Richard Cranch, a match which he highly approved, his text was "Mary hath chosen that part which cannot be taken from her."

With the marriage of Abigail to John Adams, afterwards President, he was not so much pleased; as he imbibed some of the prejudices of the times against country lawyers. His text at this marriage was "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil."

The third daughter Elizabeth, was married to the Rev. John Shaw, of Haverhill. This was a connection which the father greatly approved, which led him to preach from the following text: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

POLITICAL.

Dissolution of the Union.
The following extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Houston, of Texas, and Benton, of Missouri, in the Senate, upon the Slavery question as connected with the Oregon Bill, are truly worthy of being read. They treat with just and proper ridicule this stale threat of Southern fanatics. The first are the remarks of Mr. Houston;

He remembered the cry of disunion and nullification when the high tariff was imposed.—The cry reached him in the wilderness, exile from kindred and friends and sections; but it rung in his ears, and wounded his heart. But now he was in the midst of such a cry, and he was bound to act as a man conscious of the responsibilities imposed on him. He had heard the menaces and cries of disunion until he had become familiar with them, and they had now ceased to produce alarm in his bosom. He had no fears of the dissolution of the Union, when he recollected how it had been established, and how it had been defended. * * *

He protested against the cries of disunion, and against every attempt to traduce the Union. He was of the South, and he was ready to defend the South, but he was for the Union. The Union was his guiding star, and he would fix his eyes on that star to direct his course.—He would advise his friends of the South and of the North to pursue measures of conciliation. He would discourage every attempt to sow discord, and to stir up the passions of the country, and kindle them up to war.

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, also expressed similar sentiments. He spoke as follows:

All this talk about the dissolution of the Union gave him no concern. He was peculiarly constituted as to the subject. His observation of public affairs went back to that period of his history when Aaron Burr engaged in his enterprise of disunion. He (Mr. B.) was a boy of sixteen; but he was an observer of events, and a reader of the public journals. He acknowledged that he then read with mortification—and few things from the same source had ever failed to meet with his cordial approbation. He read, he said, with mortification, the proclamation of Mr. Jefferson, in which he denounced the project of Burr as "dangerous to the Union." For, at that time there was not a neighborhood in the West in which Burr would disclose his project. If he had done so, the women and children would have tied him down and sent him to the nearest place of justice, dragged by a dog-chain. As long as he presented mere designs of a dazzling nature, and not concerning our own government, he was listened to. But when, on the lower Mississippi, he did disclose his treasonable objects, he was immediately obliged to fly into the wilderness and become an outcast from society.—There, in his hiding-place—in his disguise—in a creek, where the alligator has his place—he was accidentally encountered, at night, by one who before affording him relief, demanded his name. Who are you?—As soon as he gave his name, he was taken into custody, and by a string led to the Georgia settlements. Burr having heard of the sympathy often excited in the behalf of great men struggling with adversity, appealed to some person in Georgia for his rescue. He addressed some boys as to his case, and, at first, very naturally excited their sympathy. But when these boys heard his name they refused to afford him any succor.—Such, said Mr. B., will be the end of all attempts to dissolve this Union—to divide it by any line. He would, he said, think that a man who might bring brick, mortar, and trowel, to dam up the mighty Mississippi had commenced a feasible and wise enterprise, in comparison with the project of that man who might undertake to run a dividing line between the States of this Union. All this talk of disunion was idle. It was like

enough to keep a wife. "What," said the gipsy laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guinea? With so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will in a year be a millionaire."

The Moral Party Candidates.
There seems to be a strange misapprehension abroad respecting the moral character of the Whig Presidential candidates. "Gen. Taylor is a good man—an honest man—a sincere man—a virtuous citizen—a model patriot." It is easy enough to say all this; but where is the proof? He is a good man, says some one, because he exhorted at a camp-meeting, and is said to be a church member; but what particular denomination is not stated. For the credit of Religion, we do not believe that he is a member of any church, or, if he is, we suggest that his immediate expulsion under the rules and discipline of such church would be advisable. We do not believe that any religious denomination would retain in their communion, a man who is a profane swearing. Read his wall-authenticated exclamation on the field of battle: "Give 'em h—ll—d—d—n—em." And for some other reasons which we shall show presently, we do not believe that he is a member of any church. "He is an honest man." Not if it can be showed he is guilty of double-dealing. Honest men generally express their sentiments without reserve—at least, they will not refuse to tell what they think and believe, without some very good reason for the refusal. An honest man will not prevaricate or equivocate, when a few plain words would answer a better purpose. Gen. Taylor has prevaricated and equivocated in his various letters. They are a record—read them, and satisfy yourself of the fact. An honest man will not say one thing and do another. Gen. Taylor said that he would not be the candidate of any party; yet he consented to be the candidate of the federal Whig party; and he would, no doubt agree to be the candidate of the Democratic party, if that party were not too widely awake for him. He is a candidate of any party—of all parties that will support him; and like a coquette that sets her cap for several lovers he talks pleasantly to all, and endeavors to say nothing that will prejudice him with either. This is the drollest kind of honesty, and a very funny kind of sincerity.

But Gen. Taylor is "a virtuous citizen." That naked fact appeared, we suppose, when he attended a model art exhibition at New Orleans, and threw a boquet to one of the "sordid beauties." But admitting that one slip should not make a permanent stain in a man's character, what shall we say of his regular practice, selling handsome mulatto girls of his own raising, to the brothel keepers of New Orleans? A virtuous citizen! Temperance is one of the cardinal virtues and Gen. Taylor's temperance principles may be inferred from the following oft-quoted extract: "I always keep a demijohn of ardent spirits by me. When used with moderation, I am not opposed to the use of alcoholic drinks." Some "moderate" drinkers would think a quart bottle full sufficient to keep by them, but Gen. T. keeps a demijohn!

"Gen. Taylor is a model patriot." He shows that by accepting the nomination of the Whig party—a party that offered up prayers and applications for the defeat and disgrace of his country;—a party bent on dismembering the Union;—a party that swept over the glorious achievements of our army in Mexico,—a party that wished our brave soldiers might find bloody graves in that hostile region—a party that wishes to bring lasting discredit on the nation, by electing a most incompetent President.

We say incompetent, not disputing Gen. Taylor's bravery. He is brave; and so were many others; in fact all who fought against the Mexicans on the battle fields of Central America. Hundreds—we might say thousands of them, as worthy in all respects as Gen. Taylor—many who suffered more than he, will not even obtain a constableness as the reward of their services.

White Population of the United States in 1840.

Free State	Slave States
New York..... 3,377,800	Virginia..... 748,852
Pennsylvania..... 1,676,115	Tennessee..... 604,887
Ohio..... 1,592,135	Kentucky..... 480,255
Massachusetts..... 775,025	North Carolina..... 457,870
Indiana..... 673,895	Georgia..... 322,584
Illinois..... 604,426	Alabama..... 323,125
Maine..... 474,352	Mississippi..... 237,165
New Jersey..... 451,256	Maryland..... 226,284
Connecticut..... 301,242	South Carolina..... 208,084
Vermont..... 264,818	Arkansas..... 175,076
New Hampshire..... 242,254	Louisiana..... 158,819
Rhode Island..... 211,580	Delaware..... 127,634
New Mexico..... 103,287	Florida..... 87,874
Wisconsin..... 62,746	

So much for Gen. Taylor's morality, virtue and patriotism. That he is moral enough, and patriotic enough, for a majority of the Whig party, we grant; but let not the really good allow themselves to be deceived by a fictitious character of the man. Let him be weighed and measured as he deserves; and let not a childish enthusiasm in favor of a pair of epaulettes, lead us into the commission of a national folly, which may be sorely repented of for many years to come.

A WHIG PROPHECY.—Gen. Lewis Coombe addressed a Whig meeting in Buffalo, on Monday evening and made the following declaration:

"In 1844, at this time of year, Mr. Clay was elected President of the United States by over a hundred thousand majority. In December we found that James K. Polk had the most votes."

"I have travelled through ten States of the Union, and if the Whig party do not overcome themselves, Lewis Cass will be next President."

VARIETY.

"Nothing can be well done," says Doctor Kitchener, "that is done in a hurry." "Except catching fleas," adds the London Punch. "Life is a vast railway train, in which we are all compulsory passengers. On the outside is written, 'no stoppage by the way.' We get in at the cradle, and are put down at the grave; we have just time to change clothes in the transit." At Penrith Fair, lately, a man named William Scott, observing his child near a horse, ran forward to rescue it, but fell a corpse, being killed by fear and excitement. The best cure for melancholy is anger. We once knew a fellow who was saved from suicide by just pulling his nose.—A silly parrot, being in company, and wanted his servant, cried out: "Where is my blockhead?" "Upon your shoulders," replied a lady.

A TRUE HELPMAAT.—A young English traveller contracted in Valencia a love affair with a pretty gipsy girl. The mother wished that he should marry her at once; but the Englishman declared that he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What," said the gipsy laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guinea? With so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will in a year be a millionaire."

"Not our own handsome, Philip?—he will grow up almost as handsome as—"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote, with a smile not quite void of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms round her husband's neck, and kissing his white forehead, looked into his still beautiful eyes with intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I was foolish once—"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days. I did not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote. "And so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old star, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.'"

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

It is quite possible for a man, or a woman either, to be too handsome. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still, confess to be true. Therefore we intend to enter the list in behalf of ugliness, and it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "over true tale," as the annals would write.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town where he was the beau par excellence—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome.

He was, besides, one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for every thing. His conversation was winning; he was a man of infinite humor; and possessed that ever welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best fiddler, for miles round; wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble forever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful to tell, she was quite insensible of her prize. She was not in love with any one else; that was certain, and that the sweet, gentle Margaret, heartless, oh! that was quite impossible; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to walk with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So for months and months, these two moved in the circles of country gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters, both were even-tempered; neither very poor—well matched as the gossips said; but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it, paid attention equally to every new and pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm, with out ever really loving, or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's