NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Proprietor. MONTROSE PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1848. VOL. V, NO. 49.

TERMS OF THE "DEMOCRAT."

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year, in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year, or Subscription. No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" 6 months,	4 00
" 1 year,	5 00
Business Cards, of four lines or less,	3 00
Yearly Advertisers (who occupy not over 4 squares,)	7 00
One column, one year,	30 00

☞ Post-paid communications only will receive attention.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

EVENINING CONTEMPLATIONS.

BY R. P. TEWKESBURY.

Upon this bright and lovely scene
Oh! I could ever fondly gaze,
And prise the pale moon's pearly sheen
Far better than Sol's dazzling blaze.

You snowy clouds that float above,
And sparkling gems that stud the sky—
Creations of a God of love—
My spirit call to soar on high,

And the gorgeous universe,
Where cluster fairer worlds than this
That ne'er have felt Jehovah's curse—
Sweet Amaranthine bowers of bliss.

Methinks, e'en now, in life's young morn,
While still my youthful pulse beats fast,
And hope's bright phantom lures me on
With dreams of happiness at last—

I fain would leave this world of care
And earth's delusive visions spurn,
To wing my way to world's more fair,
Where blighted hope's I ne'er might mourn.

Brooklyn, Pa., 1848.

From Godey's Lady's Book

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG.

BY "LILY, OF EGYPT."

"I'm blind, oh, I'm blind!' yes, I know that I'm blind,
And I know, too, our Father in heaven is kind;
Though the beauties of earth have been shut from my view,
Though I see not the bright flowers so much loved by you
There are flowers of the mind which I prize full as high,
Their soil's a bright fancy, their birth-place the sky.

They tell me that darkness e'er follows the day,
That Autumn destroys all the beauties of May!
They tell me that sunshine is followed by clouds,
That dark howling tempests the earth oft enshrouds:
Though I see not the sunshine, I dread not the night;
Though your sky may grow gloomy, mine always is bright!

They say that the sun in the blue sky doth shine—
Though we see everything sun the rainbow brightly in mine:
They say that the moon beams most sweetly at night,
Yet they've seen not the moon that my own mind doth light:
They speak of the stars that glow brightly in heaven,
Yet they know not the stars that to me have been given

They tell me of those who are maimed, who are deaf,
They think by this telling they bring me relief;
They tell me of those who are writhing in pain,
How they've tried every method their health to regain—
Though they're lame, deaf, in pain, yet thou sayest they see,
And I hope they are happy, as happy as me.

Above me, beneath me, beside me, around,
Most beautiful spirits forever abound;
Their faces are bright as thou callest the sun,
Though numbering thousands, in action they're one;
They sing me sweet songs, and they call me their own
They tell me of a heaven where sorrows ne'er come.

Sometimes I can see them far up in the sky,
Each bearing a star as a torch-light on high;
Sometimes all around me a circle they form,
I then fear to move lest I might do them harm;
Sometimes like a zephyr my cheek they will kiss—
Oh, who that can see hath such pure joy as this!

I'm blind, and thou thinkest 'tis hard thus to be:
Yet tell me—dost thou e'er such bright visions see?
Then answerest "No"—then remember that God,
Though some he afflicts with a chastening rod,
Though a blessing's withheld, still others are given
To cheer us on earth and conduct us to heaven!

MISCELLANY.

Never Deceive a Child.—Never promise what you do not intend to perform. Never forget to do for him as you promised. "Train him up in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Do not parents forget the importance of this precept in respect to *deception*? Do they not deceive their children without a thought that they are thus teaching them to *deceive*? The importance of truth without art or deception in the management of children is illustrated by the incident narrated in the following paragraph from a New York paper:

"Two small boys met on the side walk, and after some minutes spent in conversation, the one remarked to the other, that some little thing might be obtained, if he could obtain a few cents from his parents. "But," said the other, "I do not want any money to obtain it, for my mother told me I should have it at such a time." "Phoe!" said the first, "my mother has promised me so a great *many times* and I did not get it, and I do not think you will either." "What!" said the other. "O yes," replied the first, "our mother only tells us so to get rid of us, and I think it will be so with yours." "*What! my mother tell a lie!* I would sooner believe the *Bible tells lies* than *my mother!*" exclaimed the little fellow, and immediately left his companion with a countenance filled with indignation. What a lesson should this afford to parents, guardians, and those who have the charge of youth!

Causes of Failures in Business.—The leading cause is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much it defeats itself. Another cause is aversion to labor. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way. Another cause arises from the want of some proper principle for distinguishing between right and wrong, taking reference merely to what is established as honorable in the society in which our business is to live.—*Hunt's Magazine.*

From Godey's Lady's Book.

Christmas Presents.

A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?" asked Margaret Granger of her cousin Lizzy Green.

"No, not even of a strawberry cushion," spoke up Lizzy's sister Jane, "that he might have bought for a sixpence. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I did; and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

"I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting yet half in earnest. "Let Christmas go by and not make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of Memory' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of 'Mrs. Hall's sketches,' the most interesting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents."

"You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; "much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

"But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good-will and affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Magga, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formality."

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season."

"Certainly he might," said Jane. "Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission but meanness—that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly."

"It isn't right to say that, sister," remarked Lizzy. "Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons, I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it."

"Well, I do then," said Cousin Margaret. "Why, if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present."

"Yes—or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane.

"Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it."

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed—more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do with the omission.

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; "it it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since.

"I am not so sure of that," he added, after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some minutes.

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with himself; "the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount *in elegant books for* Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go in the way I propose."

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

"Better let it all go in the other direction," he said, after thinking awhile longer; "it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed."

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived, he remained firm. No present of any kind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had been falling all day, driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing northeaster; and now, although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad, the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing office all day, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household.

"You needn't come to-morrow, John," said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work: "to-morrow is Christmas."

The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned round: as he did so, the printer took up a half dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said—

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you."

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said—

"Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John, without hesitation.

"Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with strongly-marked hesitation—

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending.—Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said—

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since."

"Are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a little sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

"She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

"Give me that order," the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

"Take this," he said, presenting it to John. "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and your little sister; and here is the half dollar, my boy—you must have that also."

John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

"John is very late to-night," said the poor Widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home. Little Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed. As Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured—

"My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?"

The mother had hardly uttered those words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a delighted voice; "and here is mine, and there is Netty's!" displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

"Where did all these come from, John!" she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added—

"I knew the number you wore, and I tho't I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake."

"And the tea, sugar, and rice, you bought with the half dollar he gave you?" said the mother.

"Yes," replied John; "I bought the tea and the sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll all have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice-pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John—a very good boy," said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son displayed. "Yes, you shall have a rice-pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet—and dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit her," replied John. "If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try yours on—may be they won't do."

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

"Just the thing," she said.

"Now try on yours," urged John.

"They couldn't fit me better," said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly—

"How do you do, Mrs. Elliot?"

"Oh—how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat," and she handed her visitor a chair.

"How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliot? Are you able yet to take my washing again?"

"It's better I thank you, but not well enough for that: and I can't tell when it will be. A strain is so long in getting well."

"How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield. "Can you do any kind of work?"

"Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you don't earn anything at all?"

"No—nothing."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?"

"We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week."

"Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible."

"It's all we have," said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he arose to go away, he said—

"I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I cannot do better to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliot's?" asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir, replied John.

"Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring in."

John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced up about his ankles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was tiring, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No—and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliot, fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the lovely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes—besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to the house. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sewing—

"I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliott. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I should not wonder if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane. "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel bad."

"To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel good," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I had rather not go."

"Oh yes, Jane," said Lizzy; "you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?"

"Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeing the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was very cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied—

"I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came."

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow and in whose eyes was bright light.

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance.

"Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrancer he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him.

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told her father about the widow—Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject—Mr. Green said—

"That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover."

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel."

Minesota.

In the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser we have the following notice of this new territory:

"This is the euphonious name given to an extensive region north of Wisconsin and Iowa, in which, as the western papers advise us, incipient steps have been taken toward the formation of a territorial government. Several promising settlements have already been commenced within the limits of the new territory; the soil for the most part is represented to be very good, the country is finely watered and timbered, and the climate is milder and more congenial than the corresponding latitude of New England. We well remember—it was but a few years ago—when flour, pork and potatoes were sent from this port to supply a few families settled where now is the beautiful and flourishing city of Milwaukie.—Iowa was then unknown, save as a wild hunting ground of the Indians, and we remember publishing by request the proceedings at Dubuque—then without the limits of the organised states and territories of the Union—of a self-constituted court to try a man accused of murder. The few people then at that remote point, though beyond the jurisdiction of law, elected a judge, sheriff, and prosecuting attorney, empanelled a jury, assigned the prisoner counsel, tried, convicted, and hanged the murderer, and, to show that everything was done right, sent us a certified statement of all their proceedings for publication. This was but little more than ten years ago. Now Dubuque is a flourishing town in the limits of the state of Iowa. In a few years more Minesota, whose name sounds so strangely, will be knocking for admission into the Union as a sovereign state. Nothing in history surpasses, or even equals, the growth of the far North-West. The ear scarcely becomes familiar with the names of its territories, and geographers are at a loss to define their limits on the maps that grace our walls, when, like Minerva, springing into life in full panoply, they challenge our admiration as firmly constituted, prosperous, independent commonwealths. In truth, we have a great and glorious country. Its history is a romance, surpassing in its facts the wildest creation of fiction."

The Hoosier's First Trip on the Railroad.

A genuine denizen of the Hoosier State, who had never, in all his 'natural' born days, been twenty miles from his daddy's house, and who was one of the most verdant specimens of humanity that ever sported a pair of cowhide boots, or left his paternal roof for the purpose of having his eye teeth cut, concluded that as how he had reached that age to which all ambitious young men look forward with feelings of joy and hopeful anticipations, namely, 'twenty one,' he might just as well be traveling round this green garden of Uncle Sam's and increasing the contents of his knowledge box by examining some of the tall curiosities to be seen in a journey of observation over some of the great thoroughfares of the United States.

The first place of importance he designed visiting, was the splendid capital of our country, thence he embarked on board a steamboat at Madison, under the prayers, benedictions, tears and farewells of his anxious maternal parent.

We will now leave him for the present, and in a short space of time meet him again at Cumberland, Maryland. From here he continued his journey, not, however, until he was 'chisselled' out of a 'hull' dollar by one of the landlord's of the place. He entered a car of the evening train and was off for the monumental city in a whistle.

After the train had got pretty well under way, and was running with the greatest speed, he observed to a stranger who occupied the seat with him—

"Mister, this is a going it with a perfect rush—it beats the steamboats all hollow."

"We are running very rapidly, I admit," answered the stranger, looking the Hoosier in the face, at the same time discovering that he was not a little touched in greenness. "But this is very slow travelling to what they do on this route, when the locomotive runs off; and I'm of opinion it will do so to-night, because it roared and kicked so wonderfully when it started this morning; and if it does we will surely be killed dead, or murdered!"

"Run off! did you say? I hope it don't do that," exclaimed the Hoosier, with a look of alarm depicted in his physiognomy. "We are running now like a streak of greased lightning, and I don't see how on airth we can go faster."

In this manner and at this gait the train advanced over the track, through and around the hills and mountains, until it approached a place where there is a considerable of a grade in the road, and in going to Baltimore they had the decline of it. This place was well known to the occupant of the other seat, who wishing to verify his assertion, and have a little sport with the "green 'un," commenced by telling him that they were very close to the place, where the locomotive generally becomes frightened and runs away.

"Are we?" asked the Hoosier, with a look of sincere inquisitiveness "I hope the darned thing will keep cool this time."

The space where the grade spoken of is located, lies between two stupendous mountains, whose towering summits almost form a subterranean passage for the track. It so happened that these mountains had been fired the day previous by a spark from the locomotive, and were now in a general conflagration, burning with perfect fury, in awful and majestic grandeur, on both sides of the road. The night being dark, the whole sky was beautifully illuminated.

"Here we are at the very place," said the eccentric wag as they were entering the gorge. "Don't you hear the puffing?" and away they went with a velocity only known to those who have witnessed the like.

The Indianian noticed the sudden addition to their speed—there he sat, a perfect picture of despair, and the most awful specimen of a "scared chicken" ever beheld by mortal eyes. The person that caused this sudden alarm seemed equally frightened—yes, if possible more—and gave vent to his counterfeited feelings thus—

"Oh, my poor wife and children! Oh if I could but once more see them! Oh dear!"

After which he heaved a deep sigh, that lasted just one minute and a half by a regular old fashioned Dutch clock. Then he was mute also. The other passengers likewise caught the hoax—and you would have presumed, had you seen them, that they all expected they were journeying to a place where brimstone is as plenty as rats in Pittsburgh, and where fire is kept constantly burning without the necessity of "barnburners" to ignite and feed it.

The one in reality alarmed, could endure it no longer. From the noise of the cars, and the roaring of the fire on the mountains, he concluded that his hour, and peradventure, his very moment to die, was at hand; so raising himself up in his seat, his hair standing erect like the quills of the "fretful porcupine," his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his face ashey pale, he let down the window—thrust out his head—and the first thing that met his bewildered gaze was the lurid glare of burning leaves and timber. This so dazzled his optics, that he drew back in horror, and exclaimed at the top of his voice in accents of fear, pity and remorse, and I don't know what all—"Running into h—l, by thunder! For heaven's sake, gentlemen, some of you jump out and rain up the critter." Then sinking down in his seat, he remained unconscious until the train reached Baltimore.