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EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE.

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Poetry.

TO THE HUDSON.

Flow on, flow on, thou rock-girt sea! Feast where all else is free— Calm as that stormless resting-place Whose image earth upon thy face.

Miscellany.

THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

A Tradition of Christmas Night. BY GEO. LIPFARD. It was a dark and dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when, in an ancient farmhouse that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas hearth.

slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble. Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas hearth! He is thinking of the absent one—his manly, brave boy, who has been gone from the farm-house for a year.

FULTON'S FIRST VOYAGE.

Whatever relates to the introduction into use of that power which has become the muscle of the world, moving its entire machinery, must be of the deepest importance. The voyage from New York to Albany, of the first steamer, opened the door to a progress for the human race, equivalent at one bound, to the march of ages.

huzzas as ten thousand throats never gave before. The passengers returned the cheer, but Fulton stood upon the deck, his eye flashing with an unusual brilliancy as he surveyed the crowd. He felt that the magic wand of success was waving over him, and he was silent.

Well, thought we, as we laid down the paper, perhaps it must be so—we cannot force the people to be sober; so, as the bell rings for nine, we'll shut up the office, go home, and go to bed.

shores of her native land. She turned to give the last lingering look to her departing help-mate; and then, gathering around her form her flowing mantle, wet by the ocean wave, in an instant disappeared forever from the sight of her astonished and sorrowing companions.