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COLUMBUS:

Wednesday Morning, May 5, 1852.

Young America.

Below will be found some extracts from the *Democratic Review*, for March. We cannot, as we desired to do, give the whole article, it being too lengthy for insertion in our columns. We have presented some of the more slashing paragraphs, and from these the reader can conclude what the spirit and temper of the whole is. It is time that old Hunkerism, *alias*, old Fogyism, ceased to rule in party matters, and we hail the advent of the *Review* as a favorable omen. We take this occasion to recommend the Review to the consideration of our friends. It is worthy of patronage.

Young America is *not* the offspring of old fogydom. Being wise in our generation, and being determined not to be burthened with more fathers than there is any need for, we declare that the young democracy, either in its principles or its action, has no connection either in blood, policy consanguinity or look, with those antiquated, stiff-cravated personages, who have hitherto regarded themselves as the owners of the democratic party, as the holders of the key of its principles—which they can lock up or draw forth just as it suits them, and to what extent it suits them—who have been incubi and mere clogs upon progress and Republican advancement; who individually are deficient in everything, excepting a questionable mediocrity; yet who have, from the over-generous prodigality of the people in "piping times of peace," obtained positions as a boon and as a charity, the continuance of which they now claim, in times of imminent peril, and to the detriment of their benefactors, as a right; and who, in the party, have been drones, toying idly after the genius of the Republic, and sipping thanklessly the honey, and sleeping in the domiciles earned and reared by the energy and the soldiership of the people.

The very kindness of the democratic party to them in past times, however mistaken or overdone, gives a sanctity to their follies, and an impunity to their incompetency it would be ungenerous in us to disregard farther than is necessary to justify ourselves in the course we have pursued, and are bound in honor to pursue. No party which has ever been known in the history of the world, excepting only the Democratic of the United States, could have existed under the pressure and parasitical ruin of so vast an aggregate of incapables, as that which we have had the unexampled honor of supporting.

"Immortal principles of our forefathers!"—old fogyism, ever deficient in originality, purpose, aim—unless a selfish one—in capacity to grapple with the time, to conceive the necessities of the time, or measure the desires or wishes of the people among which it lives—has nothing for liberty or progress, or even policy, but to mumble over "the immortal principles of our forefathers."

They did not sit idly on the grave of their fathers, rattling old bones, and saying "they did well—we can do no more." They *did* more—they justified their existence on earth by reclaiming earth to freedom, and by assiduous work. So must any party which would justly succeed them.

Any man who is afraid of the natural conclusions from his principles, or from the principles of his party, is unfit to profess them, or to belong to it. This want of faith in democratic principle, in the rectitude and inevitable success of its development, has been, and is, the vital weakness of our party during all its defeats. We want no man, who shivers at the idea of his own thunder, to grasp, with shaking hands, the bolt. We want no advocate who is "afraid" of the most utter development of democratic principle; for an advocate not convinced of the justice and truth of the cause he assumes to defend, is of more aid to his antagonists than to his friends, and of right belongs to the former. We want no dextrous or timorous defence—for the infidel priest makes but a poor missionary.

It proves what we have asserted; that old fogyism assumes the rule of the people as a right—that it conceives it *owns* the party and the Republic—that all blessings and boons must come through it—that it can "ameliorate the people" or not as it pleases, and that the people should be very much obliged to it, if it settles its family quarrels with itself, gets into the White House, and begins to try! Such besotted folly becomes well the ancient section and the advocate. But as for the people, we incline to believe that *it* will "ameliorate" old-fogyism after the most approved fashion, and that over-soon. The American people may endure folly in an ancient favorite, but not insult, either from him or one of its *quasi* represetatives.

In those golden days of the Democratic Review, which Mr. Breckinridge has so warmly praised, in contra-distinction to its present unhappy errors—in those blissful days for small politicians, when—as has been for years, and is, at present, the custom of our cotemporary, the American Whig Review,—any gentlemen could have a beautiful map of his countenance, tastefully decorated, and set off in its pages, together with a gorgeous and high-flown biography, enumerating events this hard-memoried world had altogether forgotten, or had never remembered, and distributing virtues about as prodigally and as falsely as a stone-cutting artist in the epitaph line of business—in those splendid days of literary independence, when the Democratic Review was not the organ of any political principle or party, in any sense but the factional one, when it was the Congressional "book of beauty," and universal depository for general puffing—when, in fact, it had to depend, no on strength, or originality, or vigor, or the interest felt in it by the Democrats of the Union at large, but upon the will and personal interest, more or less, of the democratic members at Washington.—We are not guided by any desire to please Washington, and probably we could have secured the aid and good-will of Mr. Breckinridge and all others concerned, had we published the likeness of several old fogies, with biographies of their own manufacture. However, we decline further trade in soap, having on hand a large quantity of the article, in the shape of grand biographies of small men, each beginning with the love affairs of the celebrated subject when a wonderful infant, and ending with a last great oration over a complimentary supper table, which we will present to the organ now in the soap trade, as puffing agent for the old-fogy folks of our party, who are still afflicted with itch of seeing themselves in print at all hazards to their personal reputation and to historic truth,—the Washington Union. We really delight to see these ancient persons showing themselves up, and would have continued the operation of "shaving" them in our glass—of filially shampooing them, inserting a curl here, a compliment there, a strong democratic look of impudence, (a little drunk) in a third; a solemn, sagacious, stupid aspect in a fourth, as if putting his tongue in his cheek at common sense; but that, with all its dirty little perquistes, the thing would not pay. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence, the fret of the fogies. We prefer personal loss to the questionable service of telling lies about these old gentlemen, inasmuch as the simple truth would answer our purpose much better. What! no more portraits of little men!—no more immortallity purchasable at the old broker office, which had sold more great characters, and had "gotten up," by the aid of a clever artist, more illastrtous statesmen in clean shirts, on copper, than America ever in the days of Washington had been conscious of possessing. What frighfully youthful perversion of "Democratic principle!"—what "wild and visionary progress!"—what infamous disregard for the "immortal principles of our forefathers!" Not a single bill of exchange on the broken fogy bank of fame, not a single draft on the credulity of posterity, to be further had at the old exchange office at any cost! Our Democratic Review had taken a vow of literary chastity, declared its determination not to accept the office of a literary prostitute, and to take to its fresh and virgin sheets none but those worthy of immortallity's embrace.—What a terribly cold, and freezingly virtuous resolution! What a marble-hearted Diana!—and with such virtue and hauteur and *taste*, what was to become of the old fogies? poor old fellows—too old to hope to win with worthy effort, or manly wooing of Republicanism, the smiles from the new deity, they had so easily and extravagantly obtained (at all times) from the old harridan; with her dingy, red and wizened face, her weak and unsteady body dizened out with the huge "Washington-head" brooch, on her quadroon and wrinkled bosom! Ah, me! what *was* to become of old fogies? Some declared it "positively ridiculous"—others that it was all very good in a different state of "society," but "with us it would not do—pay, sir, was the thing."

When the the Democratic Review, during each and every year, cobbled up, put into shape, thrust upon the public, and sustained with its best ability and the most surpassing effrontery, several, and as many and distinct, and often antagonistic candidates for the presidential chair, no violent indignation, not even a murmur or look of jealousy was excited in the breast of, now, the most erate and virtuously indignant fogy.

It would be as afflicting to the reader to detail the facial contortions of the venerable fogies, as each came before their obligingly universal artist, as thy struggle to put the best face on their effrontery, was painful to the venerable sufferers. Some old gentleman sat for hours contorting and pursing their lips, so as to look implacably stern, and awfully democratic, and powerfully Jacksonian. Others, stiffened up and threw back some few hairs, so as to appear of a statesmanlike character, on the outside of their baldness, resembling, even *longo intervallo*, the noble Calhoun. Another distinguished democrat, more sagacious, and withal, adventurous, discovering a steel plate copied from the English one of the late Sir Robert Peel, of which the body had been finished, but the face merely touched in outline; and, conceiving that the attitude given by the artist for the great British Tory would be exceedingly dignified for an American democrat, and would be, withal, becoming to *himself* actually purchased the plate, preserved the body, had poor Sir Robert's head cut off, and his own countenance inserted in its place—and the American democracy, not the club at Washington, but the people, the only democratic party we will stoop to recognize, have for years been worshiping this senseless mask, located on the shoulders of a British body, as "a great American democratic statesman;" and the same may, at any time be seen in our office.

In its heart, it was the focus and stronghold of puffery, of political deception, of fanfaronnade, of literary wire-pulling, biographical blowing and Barnumage, of "distinguished political career;" Buncombe, and all the vile and and contemptible arts and subterfugas by which old fogydom has so long imposed itself upon the public and upon the country, pressing like a horrid nightmare upon the young and surging bosom of the American democracy. The horrid and vile phantom sat there a grinning and blowing spectre, its hoary hair streaming with the small devils of every political vice, a male gorgon; with legs lean and skinny, dangling on our sides, carelessly spurring us on beneath its phantasmic horrors, and fists like harpies' claws, beating on our pained and suffocating breast its own praises in a "devil's tattoo."

Vices we have attacked, mean, paltry, contemptible vices, which have already brought our party to one defeat, and would now bring it to another—wretched driveling practices we have attacked; the practice of electing imbeciles to power, because they are not fit for it, and good for nothing else; the practice of basing a suppositious fitness for ruling a nation, on personal unfitness to rule one's self; the practice of regarding the democratic party as a property, the practice of smothering the people's instinct and will and voice, and cobbling up a nomination, by dexterously intriguing with several individually small, but unscrupulous factions, and so by personal promises, sacrifices of honor, virtue and progress, riding into the Baltimore convention, "in a daring feat of equestrianism," on a whole crowd of mules, asses and canucks; and thus—when mischief-workers and personally ambitious wire-pullers render it impossible for the convention, without time and rest, to elect a good man—getting into the nomination a tenth-rate and convenient nobody, "just to settle disputes." These practices we have attacked, having sworn years ago to do it, and now we have done it, and mean to continue in that precise course, till not a vestige of the abominable system be left to cumber the path and trip the footsteps of Young America.

When Jefferson died, Jackson became the mouth-piece and vehement arm of Young America, and died its hero and its leader. But since the great old hickory soul of him was gathered into the choicest circles of the society of Elysium, Young America has known no leader, no fit mouth-piece, no master-hand. Now it wants one, and must have it, whatever old lumber stand in the way. And though we desire to respect the old lumber, and handle it gently on its removal, we cannot be incited to leniency by its presuming to liken itself to the great and living heroes of Young America. Out, fogydom! out!

We have our manhoods, and our self-respect, if others are deficient in such vulgar and unpolite qualities; and will none of your toadyism, at any cost. Nay, do you hear, Fogy! stupid old driveler that you are! we *are* democrats—democrats to the back-bone, and we hate a man who leans on his grandfather, or boasts kin with any one.—Rather than be your toady, and your organ, and your vile conveniency, and your partisan of genealogical pretensions, we will condescend to be the partisan of any body who is a man. We will even condescend to be the partisan of Judge Douglass, as Mr. Breckinridge has falsely charged we were. We will take up even Judge Douglas, or any intelligent hod-carrier, if he have the needful brains and courage, and bind ourseles to the uses of, at least, somebody who is a man, who is in himself something, not descended from "fiery ordeals" and "mountain crossers," and nothing else. We will say of Judge Douglass, as an example—*here* is a man who *never had a grandfather*, that we know anything about—who never was related to any of the ancient states that we ever heard of.—He is not as tall as Mr. B——; he does not weigh two hundred pounds, and has no family inheritance of "legislating" for as good men as himself. In short, he is *not* anybody; we do not even know that he was ever born, and it may be, that he never was, but that possibly he came into the world in some outlandish and democratic fashion. His primogenitors, from Adam down, *never* wrote poetry; at least, if they tried, history has carefully, and with, no doubt, most sensitive discretion to the feelings and ears of posterity, burned the manuscript, instanter. Who his father was, we never asked. All we know about him, "in point of fact," is, that he is a good democrat, and a very queer sort of a go-a-head individual, in his own person, without a "grandfather," yet learned, wise, practical—and if he only had confidence in Young America and its destiny, and courage to grasp the helm, and not stay mewing himself up in Washingtonian "circles," palsied by fogyism, but resign his seat in the Senate, leave that fogy atmosphere which doth "make cowards of us all," and get out among the people, put on a clean shirt every day, patronize his barber, and abjuring the short-sighted policy of questioning the Democratic Review about anything it does, and go-a-head with a will—he would make a most excellent and truly democratic candidate. Who his family may have been, we cannot inform polite circles, or the public. He is simply "Judge Douglass, of Illinois, carpenter and senator," and his friends are naturally anxious he should now renew his former trade of "cabinet-making." Who his father may have been nobody knows—probably he is the son of a gun, or an axe, or a plane, or a mallet, for he shaves opinions, cuts deep, and strikes hard. What gymnastic performances he may have exhibited in his nurse's arms, we cannot inform the public.—Probably he was wet nursed on a chisel. The possibility of this fact fully accounts for his having cut his eye-teeth so early. He sawed up his genealogical tree long ago, and has nothing but himself left to put in the presidential chair. He was turned out of the university of the lathe, a proper democrat; and finally, after much exertion, graduated on the bench, first carpentorial, then judicial. And now having some more jobbing to do, he presents himself, not with an old platform, but with the materials, and the mind, and the energy, to shape, fashion, and make enduring, a platform of his own design, very democratic, very Young American, and very go-a-head. And so he takes his stand as a carpenter! We would prefer, we repeat, to play "organ," even in this style, to a man without a grandfather, than to puff, and blow, and slaver, as old fogydom requires us.—And if Jndge Douglass carpenter and senator, will not do, then let us have the hod-carrier, or the brick-layer, who is himself a brick; or the joiner, to "save the country," or anybody who is a man, and has *no* gaandfather. If the press is to be a slave, let us not have disgusting old fogies for masters—let us have at least men to choke us.

Now the difference between our management of this Review and that of our predecessors, is just this—and the sooner candidates for the presidency, and for everthing else in the immortality line, understand it, the better—our predecessors held toll on the presidential course, kept a turnpike, "in point of fact," on the path to immortality, admitted any fine horse, small nag, rickety pony or spavined old carrion, that offered himself on any principles, provided he could pay the toll, and paid it. Having pocketed the funds, they gave him a cheer and biographical "aside," to keep up his heart on his way, of length, and heartiness, and sincerity in precise proportion to the amounnt of his toll. We, too, stand on the course, as democratic care-taker; but we will take very good care, should spavined nags or lame ponies, like our beaten old fogy hacks, or rickety cobs, present themselves for admission, to tell them at once that they are humbugs; that they are calculated to injure the credit of the course, and our own individual credit, as one of the keepers of the same; that they had better go home and lie up; that what look like strong legs in them are merely wind bags of chronic puffing: that they are "no go;" that they cannot come it, &c,, &.; and finally, that, without knocking us down, *they cannot get in.*

Do they think that gentlemen wishing to be presidents are so very scarce and hard to be purchased, that we will stoop to make terms with a "candidate"—that the market is so high, or burthened with so few competitors, that we must silver the pill of liberty to get a "president" to swallow it—that we must get up cautiously a platform, and carpet it over, and take out the democracy and the fire-boys, to induce a candidate to govern us? Fogydom had better get rid of that mistake, and quickly too. General Butler endorses the compromise measures! Indeed! Well, we are much obliged! We, the American democracy, are very humble, very low, very poor, and must ask some one of the old gentlemen to patronize us, to rule us, and distribute the proceeds of some two hundred millions of dollars. Really, these fogies might be crazy! We rather think, that instead of telling us that they endorse the Apostles' creed, or the asses' bridge, on the fugitive slave law, or the Declation of Independence, they should ask us to endorse them, and court our favor and support, and offer, not to agree to that which has been done without them, and which they could not displace—but to go a little, ever so little, farther—to wake up this country to its destiny, and to tell us what they will consent to graciously permit in the way of allowing the United States to grow to their natural manhood, and position, without them! Poor old fogies! cannot they even go and be absquatulated!

Public Printing.

We have kept our readers posted up in regard to the Congressional public printing, and have showed that a coalition of the most base and detestible character existed between the Washington *Union*, and the *Republic*, newspapers—*whig* and *democrat*, with the avowed object of defeating the Southern Press, and distroying the only Southern organ at Washington. Mr. Borland, Senator from Arkansas, was the chairman of the joint committee on printing, and he felt called on in order to save himself from misconstruction and abuse, to make a public statement in his seat as Senator. He said:

"I have been censured because I refused my vote to give the printing to Donelson & Armstrong, and the *Republic*—especially because I refused to give it to Donelson & Armstrong. In my opinion they do not fairly represent the views which I entertain upon matters of public interest and policy, now before the country. However binding, then, I might have felt the obligation to give any patronage at my disposal to a political friend, instead of a political opponent, the *Union* newspaper, as conducted by them, does not sustain towards me, at least, such party relation as would require or justify such consideration at my hands. I am not disposed to quarrel, nor will I quarrel, with them, or any one else, because they differ with me on matters of public policy. But I am bound, nevertheless, to act from my own sense of propriety and convictions of duty, in all such cases; and when I do so act, I am not amenable to censure—no one should quarrel with me on account of my opinions; and surely no one who claims to think for himself, or to act from his own convictions, can justly charge me, for my course, with any want of regard for public duty, or party duty fealty.

But I never understood, until recently, that the proposition to give this printing to Donelson & Armstrong was placed upon the ground which I now find it placed by the committee; that is, the exigencies of the public service, or the necessity for having the work done, at once and promptly. The main, if not only, consideration suggested by Mr. Donelson himself, to me, and his active friends, to induce me to support that proposition, was the necessity of it to sustain the *Union* as a party press; it being alleged that in no other way could the paper be sustained and kept up. Sir, the appeal was distinctly, and repeatedly, and openly, made to me, as a party man, to do this as a party measure, whereby patronage would be given to that paper, which was a losing concern, and could not be sustained except by profitable jobs of public printing. Appeals were made to me upon that ground, and that ground alone, not merely in connection with this printing, but when Mr. Bright's resolution was reported from the Committee on Printing, to give to Donelson & Armstrong the printing of the Seventh Census, the appeal was made to me upon the same ground by the active friends of the *Union*, and by one of its conductors in person—I mean Mr. Donelson. I was told that it was necessary, in order to sustain the paper, that it must have that printing. Nay, sir, I was told—and I am sorry to have to say it, but it is necessary to my full justification—I was told by one of the most active friends of that press—one who had its interests specially in charge, in regard to this patronage, that unless the printing was given to Donelson & Armstrong, and that, too, within three weeks, the Democratic party would be disorganized and disbanded. The gentleman who told me so said he had agreed with some fifty others of the House of Representatives, that the proposition should be made a test of the Democratic party organization; and that unless it were conformed to, the party would be disorganized and disbanded.

Whether the gentleman making that declaration to me had the authority to speak for the fifty others, I do not know. I do not know, even, that he was really in earnest, for himself. But the declaration he did make repeatedly, and often most vehemently. My answer to that was in very brief terms. I stated, with perfect candor, that if the integrity and organization of the Democratic party, much as I loved it, depended upon the patronage to be given in the form of profitable jobs of public work to newspapers at Washington, or was to be sustained only by services to be paid for in money out of the public treasury, I would, at that very moment, vote for its disorganization and annihilation; and further, that if such was the conditions of service to be rendered by the Washington *Union*, the sooner the Democratic party was clear of it, the better. I am as thorough a party man as any one upon this floor. I have been devoted to the interests of my party ever since I first took part in the business of life. I do not care what cries may be raised against me—what statements may be made as to my position, or my associations, or the considerations which control me. I am willing to stand upon the declarations I have just made, as a rule for my conduct in all matters involving my public duties, or party relations. I feel, in my heart, that I have a clean bill of political and party health. I shall trust to it.

But, sir, supposing the *Union* to have satisfied me ever so well as a party organ—supposing its course to have been ever so acceptable to me, as a means of sustaining and supporting it, that I should support, also, a paper directly opposed to the principles and views I entertain—my antipodes in politics, and engaged in the daily denunciation of the party to which I belong, I would have seen the whole concern, and every other paper along with it, sink into the bottom of the sea, before I would have moved one finger; or said one word in acquiesence—or hesitated to declare, as I now declare, my disavowal and repudiation of all such means or arrangements. Tell me, sir, about Democratic organization, and party fealty, to be manifested by such propositions, and arrangements as this! Why, sir, what is it but a coalition with our political opponents? And for what? Not, sir, for political advancement, or party advantage. No, sir, it is political amalgamation, and abandonment of party, with the effect only of giving money to particular individuals—and one of those individals an active, unscrupulous, vindictive political opponent? To my mind, it has no considerations of propriety to commend it to favor—no item of party advantage to justify it. It is, to my apprehension, neither more nor less than an amalgamation of parties—an utter disregard of all party distinctions, for mere pecuniary gain. Such is my opinion. Let it pass for what it may be worth. I neither censure nor condemn that of others.

The following exquisite song was written in an eating house by a young man who was laboring under the agony of unrequitted love. We don't know where it comes from, and did not hear if its author survived:

"Oh, carve me yet another slice,
Oh, help me to more gravy still?
There's nought so sure as something nice,
To conquer care, or grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef
When youth and bliss and hope were mine.
And now it gives my heart relief,
In sorrow's darksome hours—to dine.

Beautiful Sketch.

I have worshipped blue eyes, and their is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholy falls ever the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them. * * * If you will go with me now to a glen in the Highlands and a willow shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where, years ago, there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I write of sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling.—The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that know not whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D——, you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion.—I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved, for such as she lives on affection, and die for lack of it! Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—— was the gayest, best hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D——, you would have said that he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead, the pale face and the sparkling eye of Joseph S——, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy, then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was travelled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky, with a longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his out-stretched arms received her, and his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections.—Go reason with trees, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because, we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms into our own holy arms! I tell you, man that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you, that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffined pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife-grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a simple story.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul. He did not say much in her company, nor of her; but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with his eloquence. I have seen them seated on a bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul, step by step, with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell how it happened. Joseph S—— left his profession (which had been the law) and entered the ministry; nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D—— was not a religious man, and I am sorry to say, was one of the small class of men who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S——, and was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need of words to tell it? It would have been but a repetition of hacknied phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined, succeeded this command, during which they did not meet.

It was on a moonlight night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy, three years her junior,) and sat on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene and no sound disturbed, but the soft voice of the wind among the tree-tops made a pleasant music; and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S——.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it over and over since then, though the iron has entered my soul, and seared and scarred it, yet I have never seen, and I do not believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt, as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn, "forever." She awoke at this word, and exclaimed with startling vehemence—

"No, no, there is no such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one."

"And what is earth?" Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eye flashed divinely, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones, "And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a tryst, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, take care of her W——, and so I strove to recall the life that had left her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she awoke as we wake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming, swollen, senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all; and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob: and then fell on her knees by the bench, and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night; she was never well afterwards, and the next winter she passed at the south, returning in the spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—— was sen abroad by one of the boards of missions of the church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission, while he travelled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness.—To Sarah D——, they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryst she was longing to keep on the other side of the dark river which men shrink from. She grew feeble daily, as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend, Joseph S——.

The fair girl was reclining in a large arm chair, looking out through the closed window at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible, as her mother mentioned the fact, which to her was the most solemn yet most joyful news the world could give; for now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face, as the joyful news reached her ear; I saw her forehead raised to receive the caress which I knew she felt. She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I boyishly wept aloud. Then she smiled and looked at me with finger upraised, and said:

"Wait a little while longer, dear W——."

And then after a moment she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very dear; why do you ask?"

"Because if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the grave yard. Are all the head-stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live, only for one thing—I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death alone! But now I shall not. W—— will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother; I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and father and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so on, day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys, dear mother." As she uttered the last two words, she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet, watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious cheek! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress, escaping from its bond, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her opened lips. It hung there motionless. No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

Planters' Bank Bonds.

The following act was passed by the last Legislature of our State. It is an important act, and it should have been submitted to the people at a time when the merits of the question it involves could have been fairly, fully and impartially discussed before them. We may, at some future time, present some points in the history of this question; or at least attempt to elicit discussion.

AN ACT to submit to the people the question of the payment of the bonds of this State, issued on account of the Planters' Bank of the State of Mississippi.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi*, That it shall be the duty of the returning officers at all the election precincts of this State at the next presidential election, to propound the question to each voter where he presents his vote, "Will you submit to a direct tax for the payment of the Planters' Bank Bonds, issued by the State on account of the Planters' Bank of the State of Mississippi," and who shall keep a correct record of the number of those who shall answer in the affirmative, and of those who shall answer in the negative, and make due return thereof to the general returning officer of the county in which said election shall be holden, and it is hereby made the duty of the said general returning officer for each county in this State, to transmit to the Secretary of the State, within ten days thereafter, a true return of said vote in their respective counties.

SEC. 2. Provides for publication of the act.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted*, That unless a majority of the whole number of votes cast for electors at the said presidential election shall be cast against the payment of said bonds, the result of said vote shall be instructive to the next Legislature to provide the most suitable plan for payment of said bonds.

AN ANCIENT SWORD.—The sabre worn by Count Pulzsky, at the Bar Festival, on Friday evening, December 19th, was made in 1502. It originally belonged to Saltan Mahomond, was once owned by Napoleon, and finally passed into possession of the family of Count Pulzsky. The blade, which is of formidable dimensions and of the finest temper bears the date of its manufacture, and is covered with Arabic inscriptions. The mountings are of massive gold, and the scabbard of black cloth. It looks as if, in trusty hands, it might yet do good service.

"Go-way!" said Mr. Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense in me. Six feet in his boots! Bah! no man as lives stands more ner two feet in his boots, and no use talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat?"