COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

TERMS: One Dollar & Seventy-five cts, in advance.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

Published every Saturday Morning, by

LEVI L. TATE,

In Bloomsburg, Columbia Co.,

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Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, by the laws of this Commonwealth, it is made "the duty of the Sheriff of every county to give notice of the general elections, by publication in one or more newspapers of the county, at least twenty days before the election," and to enumerate therein "the officers to be elected," and to "designate the place at which the election is to be held." Therefore, I, STEPHEN H. MILLER, High Sheriff of Columbia county, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of Columbia county, that a GENERAL ELECTION will be held throughout said county, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, being the second Tuesday in said month, at the several districts within the county to wit:—

Benton township, at the house of Ezekiel Cole.
Beaver township, at the house of Christian Shuman.
Bloom township, at the Court House, Bloomsburg
Briarcreek township, at the Town House, Berwick.
Catawissa township, at the house of the late Stacy Mygersian, Catawissa.
Centre township, at the house of Jeremiah Hess, dec'd.
Fishingcreek township, at the house of Abraham Kline, now occupied by William Long.
Greenwood township, at the house of Joseph R. Patton.
Hemlock township, at the Beck Born
Locust township, at the house of David Reinbold.
Franklin township, at Klaytown's School House.
Mifflin township, at the house of John Keiter.
Madison township, at the house of Jno Wetliver, dec'd.
Mountpleasant township, at the house of William Hutchinson
Montour township, at the house of John Richards, now occupied by William Hollingshead.
Main township, at the house of Isaac Yetter.
Roaringcreek township at the house of G. W. Jones' heirs, now occupied by Franklin Shuman.
Orange township, at the house of Peter P. Kline, Orangeville.
Pine township at the house of Albert Hunter.
Sugarloaf township, at the house of Alinas Cole
Scott township, at the house of Enoch Howell, Espy'n.
Conyngham township, at the house of F. R. Wolforth
Jackson township, at the house of John Savage.

It is further directed that the election at the said several districts shall be opened between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue open without interruption or adjournment, until 7 o'clock in the evening when the polls shall be closed.

The officers to be elected at the time and place aforesaid, are—

A GOVERNOR,
TWO JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT,
A CANAL COMMISSIONER,
A MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
A STATE SENATOR,
TWO MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
A COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
ONE PERSON FOR PROTHONOTARY, CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE, ORPHAN'S COURT, AND OF THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER,
ONE PERSON FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
A COUNTY TREASURER,
A COUNTY AUDITOR.

And the said election of Congressman is held in pursuance of a writ to me directed by the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, wherein it is directed that because a vacancy has happened in the representation of this State in the House of Representatives of the United States, in consequence of the death of John G. Montgomery, Esq., elected a member of the Twenty Fifth Congress, from the Twelfth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Luzerne, Montour and Wyoming, that I, Stephen H. Miller, High Sheriff of Columbia county, shall hold or cause to be held, in each township, at the time and at the places aforesaid, an election for choosing a Representative of this Commonwealth in the House of Representatives of the United States, to fill the vacancy aforesaid.

And, whereas, I have been directed by the Governor to give notice that a joint resolution, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this Commonwealth, has been agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each House of the Legislature, at two successive terms of the same, and that it is provided by the Constitution, that such amendment or amendments shall be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection. Therefore, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the citizens of this Commonwealth in regard thereto, I, Stephen H. Miller, High Sheriff of Columbia county, do give notice and proclaim to the qualified electors of said county, that an election will be held in each of the townships, wards and districts therein, on the SECOND TUESDAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1857, for the purpose of deciding upon the adoption or rejection of the said amendments, or any of them; which said election shall be held at the places and opened and closed at the time at and within which the General Elections of this Commonwealth are held, opened and closed; and it shall be the duty of the Judges, Inspectors and Clerks of each of said townships, wards and districts to receive at the said election, tickets either written or printed, or partly written and partly printed, from citizens duly qualified to vote for Members of the General Assembly, and to deposit them in a box or boxes to be for that purpose provided by the proper officers; which tickets shall be respectively labelled on the outside, "First Amendment," "Second Amendment," "Third Amendment," and "Fourth Amendment," and those who are favorable to said Amendments, or any of them, may express their desire by voting each as many separate written or printed, or partly written or printed ballots or tickets, containing on the inside thereof the words "For the Amendment," and those who are opposed to such Amendments, or any of them, may express their opposition by voting each as many separate written or printed ballots or tickets containing on the inside thereof the words, "Against the Amendments."

And further, I do hereby give notice, direct and proclaim, that the election on the said proposed Amendments, shall be opened and closed at the same time and in all respects be conducted, as the General Elections of this Commonwealth are now conducted, as well as respects the qualifications of voters, the time and manner of making returns, as in all other particulars.

It is further directed that the meetings of the return judges, at the Court House in Bloomsburg, to make out the general returns, shall be on the first Friday succeeding the general election, which will be the sixteenth day of October.

The Congressional return Judges of the Twelfth District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Luzerne, Montour and Wyoming, will meet at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for member of Congress.

The Senatorial return Judges of the Thirteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Snyder, Northumberland, Montour and Columbia, will meet at the Court House, in the borough of Sunbury, in the county of Northumberland on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for State Senator.

The return Judges of the Representative District, composed of the counties of Wyoming, Sullivan, Columbia and Montour, shall meet at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for members of Assembly.

And in and by the said act, I am further directed to give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is, or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State, or of any incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the select or common council of any city, commissioners of any incorporated district, is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or any officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office then to be voted for.

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bloomsburg, this 31st day of August, A. D., 1857.

STEPHEN H. MILLER, *Sheriff*

Bloomsburg, Sept 5, 1857.

HOWARD EXPRESS COMPANY.

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Philadelphia, Aug 29, 1857—y

AN assortment of Confectionery, Jewelry, Perfumery, Soaps, Hair Oils, Pomades, &c. to be had at C. CLARK'S Book Store.

Bloomsburg, May 30, 1857.

Select Poetry.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shadows round us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest and comfort call
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies;
It is the light at home; he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! when ere at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blasts
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which she then shed
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er.
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

Original Essay.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY KATE.

A kind and beneficent Providence has allotted to man and his lovely helpmate, very different spheres in which to move. To man he has given the wide world, as the theatre on which to act the drama of his life. Around woman he has breathed the divine spirit of Love, and bade her assert a gentle sovereignty over the hearts and homes of the "Lords of creation."—The one, as a due meed of his merits, receives the laurel crown of worldly distinction; while the other, for the purity of heart, and the nobleness of her nature, is decked with the myrtle chaplet of Love. Ambition, with its syren tones, beckons man forth from the sacred joys of home, and leads him amongst the busy crowds of men, to enter its arena and strive for its honors. And often to accomplish his ends, he offers up before the shrine of his idolatry his most cherished principles. Wealth, the great lever power that moves the moral universe, sheds its glittering light around his pall, and poor, frail man often unconsciously worships the "Almighty dollar," with more than eastern devotion! Like Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego, he has often to wade through a fiery furnace.—His life is one of hardship and bitter trial. A thousand temptations await him on every side; a thousand allurements entice him from the path of rectitude; disappointments, dark and dismal, oppress him; cares weigh him down like an incubus.—Atlas like, he bears a world of troubles on his shoulders; Niobe like, he stands disconsolate and spiritless! Often the very circumstances that surround him, work out his ruin. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" so often pierce his flesh, that his very nature becomes changed, and that nobility of soul that once characterized him, is now lost in selfishness. Daily contact with the miseries and vices of life, harden his heart, and render him incapable of those delicate feelings and emotions which find so congenial a home in the breast of woman. But she, far away from these temptations, excluded by her nature from the rude contact of the external world, her heart free from its contaminations, and her soul unspotted by its vices, stands forth amongst the rougher sex, like a star in the darkness of night, clad in the beauteous garments of purity, and wrapt in the sunny robe of innocence. Unmoved by the false glare of gold, she does not auction off her hand and heart to the highest bidder, but she bestows them on him whom she loves; and when once the "tendrils of her heart" are entwined around an object, she clings to it with unwavering fidelity and loving confidence. There is nothing earthly in the love of a true woman; it is divine. It is something borne, fresh from the "flowery mounts of Paradise," on angelic pinions. It is the breath of the Creator, for "God is Love." It is deeper than ocean's unfathomable depths; it is purer than the "icicle that hangs on Diana's Temple" and more lasting than time itself. It blesses the first "young more" of our life; it gilds our youth with the rainbow tint of hope and happiness; it wreaths around manhood's brow a sweet chaplet of unfading joys, and it supports age's feeble steps with its magic influence. In health, the sweet music of her angel voice nerves our arms to meet the ills of life; her cheering smile revives our drooping spirits. In sickness, her soft hand calms and soothes our aching brows; her tender, kind heart deeply sympathises with us; and when the flickering "lamp of life" goes out in death, this "ministering angel" lingers longest and oftenest by the green mound that covers our remains.

"Blest as the immortal God is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile!"

God bless thee, Woman!

From the Philadelphia Press.

An Eloquent Oration.

From the able oration of the Hon. Geo. W. Brewer, State Senator from the Adams and Franklin District, delivered before the people of Chambersburg on the 4th of July last, we make the following beautiful extract. His theme is the character of WASHINGTON:

"And now the smoke of battle has passed away, and left the sky clear, serene and beautiful. Peace, like the shadow of an angel's wing, smiled in all her loveliness over this blessed land. The clang of arms melted into the whisperings of joy—the noise of the conflict was mellowed into the music of the reaper's song. Glad nature once more wore the gorgeous livery of verdure, beauty and fragrance. The nation, that like Judah beneath her palm trees had mourned the desolation of her temples, was now clad in the bridal garments of the altar, rejoicing in the beauty of her heritage and the promise of her days. The country, that like Rachel, had wept over the fate and sorrows of her children, now clapped her hands on the hill-tops, in the valleys made glad her heart, and on her lips murmured in perpetual praise the hymn of Freedom! But, although the lion of England had quailed before the pride of American arms, a mighty and majestic work remained yet to be accomplished. The jewel of great price, purchased by copious blood and heroic sacrifice, was still to be made safe—secure—perpetual. The discordant elements of national greatness and growing prosperity were to be moulded into just and substantial forms of strength, harmony and proportion. The illustrious spirits of that day were equal to the task. Under the eye and counsels of him who had led armies to victories, and delivered his people from the house of bondage, the Constitution was framed, marked by talent, attainments and statesmanship, which are still the wonder and admiration of the world. Upon its wide platform of wisdom, justice and equality, in the simple majesty of eternal truth, and with the massive columns of undecaying strength, sprang the proud temple of the American Union, chaste, towering and sublime! And now the new and gallant ship of *State* lay upon the tranquil breast of an unexplored sea, ready for her first voyage. Her hull was strong—her rigging well appointed—her main mast spired up like a beam of light—her yard arms stretched themselves out in the pride of strength—her spars glittered in the morning sun, and her white sails fluttered in the balmiest breath of heaven. Should that noble vessel come back again or go down in the first heavy gale? The whole nation conducted to the crowded shore the saviour, the deliverer, the father of his country, George Washington! His step was still elastic, and in the calm blue of his eye slumbered yet a world of energy. The eloquence of that paternal voice, that idolized form, with its charmed life, kindled hope and inspired confidence. Amid the smiles of heaven and the plaudits of the people he stepped on board: his chart was the Constitution, Liberty his compass, and the Union of the States his guiding star. That majestic ship, bearing the hopes and destinies of a gazing world, moved away upon its path of waters like a thing of life. For eight adventurous years his hand guided that vessel safely through the perils of the sea, and when he brought her back to the haven, no timber was shattered—no spar broken—her beauty unmarred—her strength uncrippled and her sails untorn. His great mission was ended; and he bade farewell to the cares and honors of public life forever. Tearing himself away from the embraces of his loved countrymen, he found for declining years a sweeter happiness and a more grateful tranquility at his own hearth, in the honored shades of retirement. And there the greatest man of all this world set his house in order, and, sustained by an unfaltering trust, was gathered to his fathers,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and he lies down to pleasant dreams."

☞ The edition of the *London Times* each morning makes a pile fifty feet high. Every four days it would make a column as high as the London Monument. The entire force employed in the printing department is three hundred, including reporters and proof readers.

The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania.

The Board of Trustees of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania have just issued an address. They state that in 1855, after the most patient and careful examination of several points in various quarters of the State, they have fixed the location of the School in Centre county, on the southern slope of Penn and Nittany valleys, within, perhaps, five miles of the geographical centre of the State, where the land is limestone, fertile and beautiful. As a place for practical agriculture, nothing more favorable could be desired; and it is sufficiently removed from those intrusions and annoyances of a town or public place so prejudicial to the pursuit of study, or the security of a well managed farm or garden.

Two hundred acres of this land were generously donated to the Institution by Gen. James Irwin, with the privilege of purchasing one hundred acres upon each side, at any time within five years, at sixty dollars an acre; and in the meantime to have possession of the whole, upon the payment of the interest upon the value of the last mentioned two hundred acres.—The Board of Trustees took possession of the whole, and having appropriated of it, to the apple and peach orchards, 21 3-4 acres; to smaller fruits, 5 3-4 acres; to the gardens and nursery, 16 1-4 acres; and to the campus, 12 1-2 acres. A system of record of all the doings on the farm has been arranged, and the plan of education is believed to be as perfect as possible.

Several of the buildings have been completed and others are in progress. The Legislature at its last session, appropriated $50,000 to enable the Board of Trustees to carry out their plan; twenty-five thousand of which is payable only upon condition that a like sum shall be raised from some other source. There is no other mode of raising this sum than by private contribution or that of County Agricultural Societies throughout the States. This sum contributed, will place the Institution in a prosperous condition, and encourage the Board of Trustees to prosecute the work to speedy and active operation. No such school, as is here contemplated, has ever yet existed amongst us; and it is most confidently anticipated, that whilst we are getting up a farm which will be a model for farmers—whilst we will be testing and disseminating the most valuable seeds and plants throughout the whole length and breadth of the State, having the guarantee of such an institution for their character and quality, we will be imparting to youth those principles of natural science, which, when intermingled with the practical operations of the farm, will give character to them, and dignity to their calling. Frederick Watts, Esq., of Carlisle, is the President of the Board of Trustees to whom all communications upon the subject may be addressed.

Dr. Burdell in Brazil.

In the new book on "Brazil and the Brazilians", by Rev. D. P. Kidder, and Rev. J. C. Fletcher, Doctor Burdell is curiously enough noticed as having been in Rio Janerio in 1851. The writer, in speaking of the ascent of the Sugar Loaf, a far famed mountain, near Rio Janerio says, on page 40:

On the 4th of July, 1851, Burdell, an American dentist, accompanid by his wife, a French *coffeur et sa dame*, and a young Scotch woman, made the ascent. From the latter I received an account of that adventurous night, when at times they seemed ready to dash into the foaming ocean beneath. Their toil and danger were of no small magnitude, and when success finally crowned their foolhardiness, they sent up rockets and built a bonfire to the astonishment of the gazing Fluminenses.

☞ Lambert, a pedestrian, has just completed the fact of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours, at Boylston Hall, Boston. The last mile was made in 25 minutes, and he is in very good condition, having lost only seventeen pounds of flesh since he commenced.

☞ It is stated that Washington Irving has the material for a life of KIT CARSON, the celebrated Mountain Guide, and they will probably be manufactured into a book in the course of the coming winter.

MARRIED.—On the 21st inst, Mr. Stranger to Miss Strange all of this city. This is a little strange, but probably the next event will be a little STRANGER.

☞ Montour county holds its next agricultural exhibition at Danville on the 8th day of October.

A Noble Boy.

The following touching episode in street life, life in Paris—is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with pearls of sweetest thought and gentlest sympathy:

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve years of age, whose jacket of white cloth and apron ditto distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs. When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents.—The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow, drew a ten sou piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and as its total amounted only to fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum, and then observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked up to her, and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to have shown himself more deserving of the public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

☞ The Reading *Gazette* relates that, during the recent visit of Dan Rice's Circus to Upper Canada, an English bully allowed that he could lick 'any two Yankees that ever were born'. Dan doubted this, and informed the Englishman that in the absence of a 'pair of Yankees,' he might try his hand on him. The Englishman off coat and pitched in. Dan countered and hit the Englishman under his left ear. The Englishman went up about five feet, leaving his boots behind. Englishman came down again and fell like a log. Dan got a physician, bled the Englishman, and brought him to. Having done this, he sent him home on a shutter. The affair occurred about 20 miles from Niagara. The licking was so well deserved, and so handsomely finished off, that it added to Dan's popularity. The day after this he performed to $1200; the day afterwards to $1800. The *Gazette* says it got the facts from a person who witnessed the whole affair. Again we say, three cheers for Dan.

☞ The trial of Mrs. Abagail Gardner for the murder of her husband, Hosea Gardner, late post master at Bingham, by administering arsenic to him, has occupied the Supreme Judicial Court in session at Plymouth, the whole week. The theory of the defence, is absence of direct proof, the want of motive and the probabilities that deceased poisoned himself.

Previous to the Judge's charge, Mrs. Gardner addressed the jury. She labored under much excitement, and frequently burst into tears, but solemnly protested her entire innocence of the crime. The jury returned to court this morning failing to agree. They stood, seven for acquital.—Mrs. Gardner will remain in custody until remanded.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—The whole capital of this company is $1,750,000, and been taken in shares of $5000 each. The proportions in which these shares have been taken are, one hundred in London, eighty-eight in America, eighty-six in Liverpool, thirty-seven in Glasgow, twenty-eight in Manchester, and the remainder in other parts of England. The cost of the cable is little short of $90,000.

☞ To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a dog into her parlor.

A Popular Song.

Willie, we have missed you.

Oh! Willie is it you dear, safe, safe at home.
They did not tell me true, dear, they said you would not come.
I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep, and that dear familiar voice.
Making music on my ear, in the lonely midnight gloom.
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all.
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in the hall.
The little ones were up, till 'twas ten o'clock and past.
Then their eye began to twinkle, & they've gone to sleep at last.
But they listened for your voice, till they thought you'd never come.
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you, welcome, Willie dear,
Last night I wept and watched, by the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footsteps, then I wiped my tears away,
But my heart grew sad again, when I found you had not come.
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

A Tradition of the Arabs.

King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and he caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed urns. One of the urns was of gold, the second of amber, and the last of clay. The king desired his eldest son to choose among them that which appeared to contain the treasure of the greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold, on which was written "Empire."—He opened it and found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written "Glory." He opened it and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase—that of clay.—He opened it and found it empty; but in the bottom of it the potter had written the names of God. "Which of these vases weighs most?" demanded the king of his court. The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered and said, "The empty vase, because a single letter in the name of God weighs more than the entire globe."

True Greatness.

Chief Justice Marshal was in the habit of going to market himself and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one occasion a fashionable young man from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could get no one to carry home his turkey:

Marshal stepped up, asking him where he lived, said:

'That is on my way—I will take it for you.'

When they came to the house, the young man said:

"What shall I pay you?"

"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "if was on my way, and no trouble."

"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the young man of a bystander.

"That" replied he, "is John Marshal, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?"

"To give you a severe reprimand, and to teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True greatness never feels itself above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

☞ COMPLIMENTARY.—The editor of the Paterson Falls City Register, after making some lively remarks about the editor of The Guardian, regarding insects on his person, asks why he is like a two wheeled carriage, and answers, "Because he is a little *buggy*.

We think the editor of The Guardian has a perfect right to be a little *sulkey*.

☞ A very nice dodge was practised in Chicago last week. A fellow was arrested for passing counterfeit money, but it was proven that he stole it, so he must have believed it to be genuine. There being, therefore, no guilty knowledge and no larceny, the thief and "shaver" got free as the law does not consider counterfeit bills property.

Home without a Daughter.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine.

We know a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years:—

"Full of gentleness and calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy!"

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, a more reverential affection of her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her! did her father and mother; and of how many pictures of the future was she the subject.

"It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. 'Fearful!' It is maddening—it is a truth that it is linked with despair.

Suddenly like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child—saying that the Lord had need of her. She meekly bowed her head—and, at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month was hollowed by her death. She went and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was hers reposes among the congenial charms of nature and art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is kept wet with tears.

Of a truth, "a home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."

The Miner's boy and his Bible.

One of the most touching tales we ever heard we found in a letter from one of our young friends, [J. B., of B.,] the substance of which was, that a poor coal miner, who feared God, was in the habit of always taking his Bible with him when he went down in the pit, that he might read a few verses when he left off work to eat his meals. He had a lad who worked with him, and who, having received a Bible at the Sabath School, by the advice of his father, took it with him too. One day, when they were at work, the father turned round, and stepped a few paces to reach one of his tools, when lo! a part of the roof fell in between him and the boy. The father, who was unhurt, was in great trouble to know if the boy was killed. He shouted, and the boy answered, but it was to tell his agonized father that his feet were both crushed under heavy pieces of coal, and that he could not move.

"What can I do for you my dear lad?" exclaimed the father.

"Nothing, I fear," said the lad, "but my lamp is not out yet, and I am reading my Bible. The Lord is with me."

Help was called, and after some hours of hard labor, the miner's boy was found dead. His lamp had gone: but the Lamp of Life—the Bible—had shed light upon his soul, when the body, suffocating for want of air; was about to yield up the spirit from the darkness of that horrible pit into the more than sun's glory brightness of the central world!

What words but the Word of God, can sustain the soul when passing the boundaries of time, and entering the unseen regions of eternity?

☞ On one occasion during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he was to do before long, and wanted none but *willing* men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. 'Now, boys,' says he, 'I don't want to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any of you are dissatisfied, and wish to return home, they may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But, added the old war dog, 'I'll shoot the first man that steps out.'

PATRIOT.—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.