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FOR THE MOUNTAIN BANNER. PREFATORY REMARKS. The following sketch may appear too uncon-

of the writer. He did not ind it as a tale merely to amuse without any instruction. He wished to unfold, not only the the marriage bond can never bind us together .power and purity of woman's love, but also the strength of Christian faith; and to show how calmly and serenely a christian can die. Deatl is usually painted for us in too herrible colors -Life is deprived of half its pleasures in the contemplation of so awful a figure as he is generally represented to us under. If we could be taught to look upon him in a less intolerable form, and to regard him rather as a friend than an enemy, the great source of disquiet and unrest-the fear of death-would be taken away.

In a word, if the reader can only enter upon its perusal with the same feelings, and actuated by the same spirit which influenced the writer, he may find some source of interest-otherwise he will probably discover little or nothing-to attract his attention. As it is, it goes forth without the be purified-not quenched-by death. I look onfear of censure or the expectation of praise; for the author neither dreads the one nor seeks the other; and no matter which may be his portion he will remain alike unmoved.

THE NARRATIVE,

WOMAN'S LOVE.

I am young, and yet I am gradually dying .-Consumption-calm, gentle consumption is preving upon my vitals and devouring them with its ! never relaxing tooth. It is possible I may live for years, but it is probable, and highly probable that my life will be measured by months or even I lived.

I know it is generally said that persons laboring under consumption never admit the fact, but always think they will soon recover: thus deluded by the Dewitching siren until they sink into the grave. But it is not so with the Fancy, indeed, suggests that I am not consumptive—that I will soon be restored to health; but reason, your brow." aided by the knowledge I have of diseases and their symptoms, teaches me too surely that I dure, the effects of her constant attendance on must soon depart that I must soon leave this me upon her health. She would not listen to beautiful earth, which seems to grow more beau- ine. tiful as my stay upon it draws nearer to a close. The grass looks greener, the flowers brighter, the trees more majestic, and the mountains tower with more sublimity. Yes, it is a beautiful world, for God made it; but I must leave its charins, and close my ears against all its sweet sounds. This harmonious machinery of my frame must stop its operations, and cold and stiff and senseless I must lie down in the dark mansions of the dead. The winds will sigh above reflection to her. She acknowledged the justice my low and lonely dwelling, the grass will of my argument and was satisfied. She only dever me: but I can neither see nor hear any of to her deserts.

I have said that earth has many ties for me,-I have a father and a sister whom I love, and by hand and say, Farewell! for the last time. It will be hard to see their tears and hear their moans as they bend over me and bid me a last adieu. But there is yet another-and how shall I speak of HER? or how command my emotions so as to be able to speak ! | She is a fragile flower of earth, and one that will one day be transplanted in Heaven. She is a young girl just and an orphan, oh! it is very hard. And to think signed, but even content and happy. that I must be dust-dust! mingling with other sad, very sad reflection !

but now it blends with all my thoughts and is it. Shall I not sleep calmly and undisturbedly ? and shall I not wake again where death and par- rest with my head upon her bosom. ting are not known? Shall I not rejoin my mother ?- O what a holy word is that !- She sweet disease that is now conducting me to her. And shall not father and sister and she follow Yes, we shall all meet again in a world of But even while my body molders in the tomb, shall not my spirit hover over those I loved and left on earth and whisper dreams of Heaven

disagree with me, oh! do not tell me so do not even for necessary retry to make me disbelieve it, for I would not be anticipates my wishes it. convinced of its fallaciousness for worlds. It fills me, while even here on earth, with Heavenly joys. And then when they are released, one by one, from their mortality, what a sweet office will be mine to fly forth on angels' wings to conduct them to Paradise and welcome them to conduct them to Paradise and welcome them fade from her cheek, a to its endless bliss. How enrapturing will be dance on me, and the the meeting and the fond greeting! I cannot

comprehend the extent of the bliss-I should not

be mortal if I could. Nothing but spirits, disencumbered by any thing of earth, can grasp it.

To-morrow—how I wish it was past; but I have a duty to perform, a sacred duty, and I away from me, and t must not shrink from it. I dread it even as the final trial; but I am to meet MER to-morrow, and will nerve myself for the occasion. I will tell How different from the neart of the coy maiden her all, for as yet she knows nothing of the gentle hand that is leading me from this world. I know it will wring my heart, and—ah! far worse—hers too. I would gladly spare myself the pain of telling and her of hearing if I dared. I know she will suffer—it will be to her like the last cloud payroise the cloud remaining pure and part c dark cloud usurping the place it is best that she know it now.

errect; out it is in accordance of her happiness, just rising in splendor, suddenhow deeply, how unalterably I love her, but that I cannot imposé upon her such a task as she would have while I live and such misery as would be hers when I am gone. I know she would cheerfully bear all and suffer on without repining for my sake; but conscience would upbraid me. Still there is another and a weightier consideration. Perhaps some may think I ought not to allude to it; but I will not stifle my soul under false delicacy. If any offspring blessed our union would they not inherit my pulmonary constitution and sink a premature prey to death and leave a broken hearted mother to weep over their early graves? Thus should I also transgress a great moral principle. And yet my fate is hard. To feel the fire of love forever burning at my heart, to know I am beloved by one as pine and innocent as the angels themselves; and vet to be debarred the sweet communion of that love which the married state alone can give. But I will not murmur. Love's fires will soon ward, beyond the bounds of time and passion, and the future opens a glorious prospect to me. must lose her on earth that I may find her in

> But to-morrow! I can write no more now, but will record the future when it shall have be-

It is past. Strength was given me to perform my duty. I broke it gently to her, and yet it came like an avalanche upon her. She clung to my neck and wept inconsolably. I, too, was unmanned; and it required a mighty effort for me to regain a partial composure. She laid aside all false delicacy and begged to share my lot while

"I will be to you," said she, "a ministering angel. I will watch over you, smooth your pillow, and read to you. With my care you may equalled patience, and endeavored to be as little live many years—sweet years to me if I can be troublesome as possible to those who loved him at your side and attend to your wants. And when, at last, you resign your life into the Hand that gave it I will wipe the dews of death from

I spoke to her of the miseries she must en-

"I will bear all cheerfully, even gladly," said she, "and my greatest happiness will consist in relieving your wants, and alleviating, so far as can, your pains. Then banish me not from you." "My more than angel!" I exclaimed, "you beauty. It has strong ties for me, but they must | shall not be banished from me. You shall hover be severed. I must shut my eyes upon all its over me and strew the path of death with flowers. But I can never call you by the holy name of wife; for remember the legacy-the constitutional legacy our offspring would inherit."

She was silent and thoughtful, for it was a new spring up green and fresh over and around me, sired to be near me and to smooth my passage to the birds will sing their melodious strains, and the grave. This she will do, and be with me the tall trees will bud and wave their foliage o- unto death. May Heaven reward her according

And now I feel happier than I have for a long time. I am conscious of having performed a great and trying duty. My mind is calm, but whom I am beloved. It will be hard indeed to my bodily sufferings have increased. I feel part with them-to extend my cold and stiffning weak and languid, my cheeks burn and my temples throb. A clammy sweat is upon me and my hand trembles as I write. I must retire to rest, and God only knows whether I shall ever again be able to resume my narrative.

The night is at length past. I was feverish and restless, and I have arisen this morning weary and unrefreshed, and am now barely able blushing into womanhood, and vows of eternal to sit in my armchair and write. The sun is rilove have been exchanged between us. I need sing over hill and vale and mountain top and banot tell you how beautiful she is, how gentle and thing the world in a flood of beauty. The sumconfiding. The tendrils of my soul have reached mer is dying. The white frost covers the ground forth and twined themselves around her, and and sparkles in the beams of the unclouded sun. hers have laid hold of my heart with a tenacious. It is the Indian summer; and the sky assumes After holding their hands for a short time he mo- ments of the same, another cross of filagree, two court dress—thus excluding every Ameriness that even death, I trust, will not be able to that mellow melancholy aspect that tells of the unloose. Ah! how can I endure to part with approach of Addustin. Committees are beginning her! how bear the idea of never more seeing to fade and fall, and the face of nature, will soon her fair form and lovely face, nor hearing the be changed. She will not be robbed of her lovemusic of her voice? But even if we could both liness, but will only put off her robe of gorgeous live to old age, would we not have to part at beauty for one more simple, but no less attract- his eyes and gazed out upon the world. I was silver, and weighs 38 marks. The silver lamp year and figuring regularly at the court last? And might not evil arise? or change ive. Nature changes her garments lest we come over one or both of us, and destroy the should grow tired of always seeing her in the sweet communion of soul that now exists be- same dress; but in all her changes she is still tween us? Better die voung, when all the af- beautiful. This morning she seems fairer to me fections are in their purity and innocence, when I than usual, and as I look forth from my chamber heart responds to heart in every throb, than live upon her varied charms the desire to live rushes to see the blight of early ardent love. But the upon me; but I turn my eyes from visible things parting pang !- to leave her, so fair, so fragile, and penetrate the future, and am, not only re-

It may seem to some the most suitable time to dust, when, if life could be spared unto me, I die, now that the flowers are withering and fallcould enjoy such happiness with her-it is a ling, and nature seems clothed in mourning, for the loss of summer's children; but it does not But am I appalled ? Do I shrink from death? seem so to me. The early spring is the time to No, no. I have associated it with all my die, when every thing is renewing and putting on schemes and anticipations ever since I was able its fairest robes. The loveliness of spring faintto comprehend its import. At first it was an aw- ly delineates the glories of Paradise. How ful monster, grimly rising in the distance; but | sweet to look forth on its beauties, then close the by degrees, as I approach it, it loses its hideous eves and open them on the beauties of Heaven! form. Once I could not connect it with myselt, What a glorious transition! how easy! how natural! Yes, spring is the time to die; and I oneven lovely to me. I have grown familiar with ly pray that I may live until the winter is past spring appears. Then let me sink calmly to

But I am becoming too weak to write. I will send for HER, for I promised to do so when I has gone before me, led gently away by the same | needed any attention, and I feel that I have need of it now. She will be with me to the end, and that is nigh.

Two months have passed since I last laid aside my pen. During all that time I have been confined to my chamber, and most of it to my quick succession; and then arose the contrast into their minds! This is a sweet thought, a de- bed. And hew shall I speak of HER! She has with the present. Oh! was it not enough to olightful belief-for I do believe it; and if you been constantly with me, refusing to leave me verpower me! My heart rose into my throat, and consisting in part of two sets of torch stands l'other."

She is ever near, co my brow, and her ave sunk into my soul. and happy in my presealth is beginning to know her close attenf-canker at her heart, are doing their work. beg her to take more o; but my solicitations exercise and more seem to wound her feel gs. It grieves me im-declining; but I am measurably to see her to HER still more to be d and won by flatteries te heart when its love is eriled! Why wonder n and keep his love to with it!

by blotted out; the fountains of her joys all dried. I might now enterty some hope of recovering, But I must and will tell her—I will tell her for I feel much better. But I know it is only a momentary respite from suffering, and that I shall soon be laid again apon my bed. I know I must die soon; but I believe Heaven will grant my prayer that I may live to see the beauty of

return. I have taken idvantage of her absence to continue my narrative; and I feel a presentiment that this is the last time I shall ever hold a pen, and therefore, for the first time in this narrative, I will write her name-IDA CARLETON.

In accordance with the presentiment above expressed the writer of the preceding portion of. this narrative, was never again able to resume his pen, and I feel it a duty I owe to his memory to attempt its completion; a step to which I am influenced by many considerations, which I hope the reader will be able to gather from the context: I will only add that his example in his last moments is not the least of them.

Of the time intervening between the period at which he last wrote and his death I have but lita tle to say. I might, indeed, say much, but it would seem too presump uous in me-besides, being topics rather for private conversation among friends and acquaintances than suited for the public mind, which would have no sympathy with their relation faither than curiosity would prompt. He bore his sufferings with almost unnarrative shows, had been for many months fully convinced of his approaching end, which he met with true christian for itude and an unshaken reliance in the mercy of God through the death of his only Son. My tears blind me as I write, but my duty to my departed friend-no! no! that is too cold a word, and why should I refuse to write the truth?-to my lover urges me on and gives me strength to proceed.

His prayer was heard and answered. He lived to see the buds burst and the young leaves tremble in the breeze, and the early flowers of spring come forth. He died on the first of May. He had been very weak for many days, but was full of gratitude that he had been spared to see the time for which he prayed, and even longer than he expected. He was no doubt conscious that his time was very near at hand, but he seldom alluded to it; for he knew it pained us to hear him speak of it. He was always cheerful, and appeared more like our comforter than we did like his .-On the morning of his death he was propped up on his bed, and a window was raised in front of him the air and give him an opportunity of looking out upon the earth. He beckoned to me, and I went and laid my ear close to his mouth, for it

smile. "Summon my father and sister to me that I may bid them farewell."

I turned away with a swelling heart to do his bidding. His sister seldom left him, but she had watched with him the whole of the previous night, and I had that morning prevailed upon her to go to her chamber and take a little sleep.

His father and sister came and took him by the hand and he faintly whispered "Farewell."-His father's bosom heaved, and the big tears rolled down his cheek. His sister sobbed convulsively, but he made no effort to restrain her. precious stones, with its pedestal and front ornationed for them to kiss him, which when they reading desks, and two peace plates. had done he desired them to be taken from the room. His eyes we d them as long as he tion, likewise of solid gold, ornamented with rich could see them, and then with some emotion he jewels, and weighing 6,984 castellanos, (a Spansaid, "Thank God! that is past!" and turned ish coin.) The image of Conception is of pure Himself receiving a salary of \$9,000 a standing beside him with my hand upon his brow. After a few moments he looked at me and said, "It is a beautiful world, but there is one more beautiful. I must leave you now .--Give me your hand and lean my head upon your bosom." I did as he directed, and he looked up gratefully into my face and repeated my name .-"Ida Carleton," were the last words he spoke, and spikes of iron, weighing 1,650 pounds. as they had also been the last he had written .-His eyes gradually closed as though he was sinking into a sweet slumber, his lips slightly quiv-

ered, and his soul departed. Hitherto some secret power had sustained me.and though my heart swelled almost to bursting, I had been enabled to appear calm and to restrain my rising emotions. But when I saw that his breath was gone, and realized my irreparable misfortune in his loss, a thousand thoughts rushed at once upon me. Memory carried me back to the time when we first met-when first he spoke of love, and I contemplated the happy prospect that the future promised. The looks and tones of former days came thronging through my soul. I saw him as in youth and health-the clear blue eye, the manly brow, the curling masses of dark hair | twenty-two diamonds. clustering so gracefully about his temples and contrasting so beautifully with his fair complexion. I thought of the joy that once thrilled through my veins when I reflected on him and rejoiced to think that my destiny was committed

a dark mist began to cloud my sight; but tears came to my relief and I wept-wept long and bitterly; but they were sweet tears and I shed them freely. I prayed for strength and resignation, and then my mind turned from the contemplation of the past and present to that of the future, and I felt a Heaven sent balm diffuse itself through my soul, and again I was calm.

I had but just resumed my self-command when his father and sister-my father and sister tooentered, and I was enabled to speak to them words of consolation; though it was long before

they could appear calm and resigned. But why linger over this scene ! It makes my heart bleed, and yet it is sweet to me, and I have perhaps dwelt on it too long. I will pass on .-We laid him to rest in a peaceful and lovely ers are blooming above him; for his sister's hands and mine have planted them there, and our constant care has caused them to flourish .-A little weeping willow also, which I planted at his head, has budded forth and begun to grow.er, but the weather We daily visit his grave. His father, too, fream stronger than I quently accompanies us. My home is now time that strength where once his was. His father is my father,

And now in conclusion permit me to say a dote of him : word of myself and of the change which has come over me. I once shuddered at the thought of death. I could not bear to think of the cheerless silence of the tomb. I was full of health board. The boat being very crowded, these poor and vigor, and my youthful imagination painted fellows had been very uncomfortably stowed athe early spring.

She droops and I fear for her health. My sister, too, looks wan. Both are ever with me and both watch over me with the tenderest solicible both watch over me with the tenderest solicible broken—the sweetest cord is severed. It sick men all transferred to their places. He tude. My father, too, is kind; and truly may I life is broken-the sweetest cord is severed. It sick men all transferred to their places. He say my passage to etergity is smooth. Fam sor- is true I yet have ties, but they are comparative- himself took a blanket and gave up his berth .ry to cause them so much trouble, but I cannot ly weak and easily rent asunder. My early The night passed, and in the morning there was help it. I fear that Consumption has also taken hopes are dead, my dreams of happiness have a good deal of inquiry for Gen. Taylor; but nohold on HER vitals. I have seen the crimson spot upon her cheek; and at my earnest entreaty she withered. All are buried with him, and I look the servants in the boat mentioned that a man has left me for a little while this morning in or- forward with a patient longing to the time when was lying wrapped up in a blanket, on the foreder to take exercise and inhale the pure fresh I shall rest by his side. I now look on death as castle. The officers repaired thither, and found air. She only went to gratify me, and will soon a friend, a sweet friend who will take me to him. the old man truly there, and still locked in his And death is not idle. The same "sweet dis- honest sleep, with his blanket wetted and soiled to him. Like him, I only pray to see the "early him to be some common soldier, had carelessly spring" once more.

sympathise with me. Drop one tear to his mem- The conquering General of the American Army, ory and one for my blighted love, and may you profit by the example he has left you. As he ended with my name I will end with his -EDWIN LORAIN.

From the St. Louis New Era.

Reminiscences of a Mexican Campaign. Description of the great Cathedral in the City of

Mexico, translated from the papers on file in the State Department of the Republic. four flights of stairs,) is surrounded by a balus- day, Santa Anna was in full retreat. The Atrade composed of a mixture of metals, commonly called pinchbeck, ornamented with statues Soon, messengers returned, informing the Genebearing the candelebras for torches. This bal- ral that the Mexicans, broken and scattered, ustrade extends along both sides of the gallery were in rapid flight, but that the roads and the until it reaches the choir, which occupies the opposite part, with its steps, railing, and gates all and wounded soldiers, all of whom, in the precipitation of Santa Anna's flight, were left to die trade which extends all around the choir, and contribues to the formation of the Tribunes, Upon receiving this information, Gen. Taylor within which, on the side of the choir, rest two immediately ordered twenty wagons to be furbeautiful and powerful organs. The interior of nished with all that was required for the relief the choir is ornamented with handsome stone of those whom the Mexican General had left to carvings. The gallery and frontispiece of the suffer and die. These wagons were promptly choir, were constructed in Macao, or city of Chi- despatched, accompanied by surgeons who were na, and first exhibited to the public in 1730 .-The total weight of the pieces which enter into sufferers. And to the Quarter Master who the structure, is 534 quintals, or 53.400 pounds.

the edifice, are situated, on the Western side, any doubt should arise of the propriety of thus the saloon of the chapel, the claveria, tithe office, relieving the enemy's wounded, I can pay for and public librarary of the church; the latter, them myself." though contiguous to the temple, constitutes a distinct and separate building. This library was presented to the cathedral by the illustrious members of the Chapter, Don Luis and Don

olate room, and college of infantes. Finally, on the main front, towards the Eastern angle, there exists another temple, occupywhich, designates a cross of equal dimensions.lent, serving as a parochial church, and is con- of great beauty and fragrance." was with much difficulty that he could speak | nected by an interior communication with the cathedral itself. It contains three naves, and "This is the time to die," said he with a calm | embraces within its angles, an office for the dispatch of business, a sacristy, and a small chapel Journal, is prevalent among the kings and used as a place of deposit for the corpses of the nobles of Europe. Cass copies it from

> The Cathedral of Mexico possesses jewelry of great value, and vastly rich ecclesiastical ornaments of every description. Among the former to France he not only idolized Louis are to be enumerated as most remarkable, the al- Phillippe and wrote a sycophantic book tar service, all composed of solid gold, such as in his praise, but established a regulation six large candle-sticks, six floral pyramids, four chandeliers, two incensories, two fumigatory vases of a smaller description, a cross inlaid with

> In addition to these, is the image of Assumpthat embellishes the front of the cipriss, weighs of St. Cloud in gold and lace, he did not 4.373 marks, of which 1,710 are gift, and the remainder white. The cost of this lamp alone was \$71,343 37. The whole piece consists of fiftyfour chandeliers; its height is twenty-five feet, countryman not glittering in extravagant its greatest diameter ten feet, and its circumference thirty-two feet. It is sustained by a chain

> The Tabernacle was purchased from Mr. Jose Borda: it is about three feet high, and weighs. 88 marks of gold. Its front is studded with five the awful presence of Louis Philippe and thousand eight hundred and seventy-two diamonds, and its opposite side with two thousand six hundred and fifty emeralds, five hundred and forty-four rubies, one hundred and six amethysts, and eight sapphires. It was purchased by the Cathedral for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, although its intrinsic value far exceeds that amount. This, it will be borne in mind, is the cost of the Tabernacle alone.

The great sacramental vase contains thirteen marks of gold, and one thousand six hundred and seventy-six diamonds. The chalice contains ten and a half marks of gold, and one hundred and

The Tabernacle used on Sundays, designated in Spanish, "Domingos de Minerra," is also garnished with diamonds. Most, if not all of the jewels, were presented by Charles V. There are, moreover, twenty golden chalices, many of into his hands. All these, and many other which are set with diamonds, and six small thoughts, came flashing through my mind in plates of silver with their respective, wine vessels for the celebration of the mass.

The silver service is most abundant and rich,

composed of four pieces each, a great number of floral urns, incensories, candlesticks, chalices, and wine cruets, three statues, eleven large chandeliers, and four perfume vases, all of which are of pure solid silver.

The sacerdotal vestments are superior to any in the Republic, and among the finest and most costly in the world.

Charles V. made a donation of many of the most magnificent ones; and subsequently others were presented by his successors, as also by private individuals; while others of great splendor have been purchased from the funds of the church.

The wealth of the cathedral may be regarded as almost incalculable; millions of value in precious stones, jewels, &c. &c. being concealed, place. A month has since passed, and the flow- and their place of deposit only known to a few of the principal priests of their order.

Such is a hasty and imperfect sketch of the great cathedral in the city of Mexico.

To be continued. General Taylor's Humanity.

One of the most striking characteristics of Gen. Taylor is his universal kind-heartedness. Col. Haskell, of Tennessee, who was with Gen. Tay-

On one occasion, Gen. Taylor was descending. the Rio Grande, on a small steamboat, with a large number of discharged sick soldiers on ease" that led him to his mother is leading me by the slop water which the servant, supposing swept against him. Was not this a study for But I am lingering too long. Kind reader, the admirers of benevolence and self-denial !sleeping in his blanket, in the open air, on the forecastle of a steamboat, whilst his berth was occupied by a poor soldier, without rank, but receiving his generous consideration because disa bled by disease, contracted in the service of his country.

To show that courage and humanity are kindred virtues, the Albany Evening Journal, on the authority of a venerable Chaplain who was attached to the army in Mexico, states that " after the battle of Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor made his dispositions for the renewal of the conflict on the The entire chancel, (the access to which is by following morning. But at the dawn of the next merican Cavalry were despatched in pursuit .waysides were strewn with exhausted, famished without either food, water, or medical attendants. directed to find and administer to all the executed this order, Gen. Taylor said: "Keep Towards the North, in the two extreme ends of an exact account of every article sent, so that if

Cass aping Royalty

A correspondent of the Washington U-Cayetano de Torres; on the Eastern side is to nion says that he called upon Gen. Cass to be found the sacristy, the anti-sacristy, the choc- congratulate him upon his nomination, when, "greatly to my gratification and that of the friend who accompanied me," in order to let in the sweet spring fragrance of ing a surface of 165 square feet, the platform of says he, "I found his reception room gracefully festooned with wreathes of Its structure and external distribution is excel- flowers, and surrounded with bouquets

This custom of decorating receptionrooms with flowers, says the Louisville them. He has a great passion for every thing aristocratic. When he was minister that none of the citizens of the United States, his own countrymen, should be admitted to the King's court except in full can who should be either unwilling or unable to pay a few hundred dollars for the privilege of looking upon royalty .chose that his own inflated vanity should be mortified by the entrance of a fellowand tawdry costume like his own. He could not bear the thought that a fellowcountryman in the plain dress of an American gentleman should verifire into himself and the French nobles. And this man is called a Democrat! and a convention, calling itself Democratic, has nominated him as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency!

HARD TO CHOOSE.—The Locos have now the choice between Cass and VAN BUREN, and it makes very little difference which they vote for. They are in the situation of the traveller at the crossroads;-

"Stranger, which is the way to-village?" "There's two roads," responded the fellow. "Well which is the best?" "Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've gone half way you'll wish you'd tuck