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our days.
--Beware of a counterfeit signed
All genuine have the name of
& Co., on each box. Also the
. White & Co. All others are
A. J. WHITE,
Sole Proprietor,
10 Courtlandt st., N. York.
wanted in every town, village
the land. Parties desiring the
dress as above for terms.
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W GOODS
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with a *beautiful variety* of
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ID LOT of
RDWARE,
cheaper than I have ever offered
y grateful for past favors, I re-
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JOHN G. ROBINSON.

E NEW GOODS.
S W. ANDERSON invites the
n of the public to his large stock
APLE AND FANCY
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from Philadelphia, comprising
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ess Goods and Gentlemen's
Wear,
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the largest stock and greatest va-
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in this market—all of which will
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Cambridge Democrat.

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LEFT BEHIND.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

It was the autumn of the year;
The strawberry leaves were red and sere;
October's airs were fresh and chill,
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me,—
Me, whom your keen artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past,
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,—
That every step of fresh emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes;
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face;
You did not hear my proud heart beat
Heavy and slow beneath your feet;
You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone;—
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely
'Till lost amid the hungry blue,
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of Fate;
The wise-world smiles and calls you great;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness;
And you have blessings manifold,—
Renown, and power, and friends, and gold;
They build a wall between us twain
Which may not be thrown down again:—
Alas! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth
Have kept the promise of your youth;
And while you won the crown which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you
Across the ocean's yearning blue,
While, unencumbered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star
Through darkness, struggling into view,
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years,
Of patient faith and silent tears,—
That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,—
Would reach the pathless darkness thro',
And draw me softly up to you.
But that is past. If you should stray
Beside my grave some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Will half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
"She loved you better than you knew."

Napoleon on the Divinity of Christ.

The remarkable conversation of Napoleon while imprisoned at St. Helena, with General Bertrand, on the Divinity of Christ and the Christian Religion, though often alluded to, has seldom been read.

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the Divinity of Christ, when General Bertrand said:

"I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, face, mouth and eyes."

"Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who ever existed, I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius and Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored, because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time, was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude—if he has revolutionised the world—I see in that only the power of genius, and the action of a commanding spirit which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, Mohammed, with a sword."

Napoleon replied:

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions.—That resemblance does not exist.—There is between Christianity and whatever other religion, the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion, 'You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.' Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and temples of paganism.

"Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, nor Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and doctrines of the gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. Charlemange and Louis XIV.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa and Mohammed, only legislators who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals Divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them Divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself; foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

"His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution, his gospel, his apparition, his empires, his march across the ages and the realms—everything is, to me, a prodigy, a mystery unsoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape—a mystery which is there before my eyes—a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

"The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is above me, everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers.—His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of a man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and from the commencement his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart, than by any display of method and logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has re-conquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*.

"What a master, and what a word, which can effect such a revolution? With what authority does he teach men to pray? He imposes his belief. And no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate.—Who is the insensate who will say No to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous. But no one can venture to say,—*It is not so*.

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.

" 'They are about to take me, and crucify me,' said He. 'I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciples will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, Divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me; for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies; and I shall send to them, from Heaven, a Spirit that will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my gospel. In fine, they will believe it; they will preach it; and they will convert the world.'

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul, the 'foolishness of the cross,' the prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished. And the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the Apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other, I see no army, but a mysterious energy; individuals scattered here and there, in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the Man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the punishment of the Man-God. On the one side we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence. On the other there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand that slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures.—Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithfully and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthagenian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us and adversity crushes our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal Emperor of the Roman Senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum, governing the empire, and watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage, and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon *love*, and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

"In every other existence but that of Christ how many imperfections? Where is the character that has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles?—Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influences of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same; majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

"It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, '*I am God*.' He declares it. What an abyss he creates, by that declaration, between himself and all the fabrications of religion. What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse, and the proof of atheism.

"Moreover in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious?—The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also in the creation of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are solutions of them for every one who believes.

"The gospel proposes a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades every thing which opposes its extension. Behold it upon the temple, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor deferentially placed his hand upon it;) I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotions which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night, with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirits, the faithful gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union of that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by strictly closer ties than those of blood; by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flames of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence.—So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is, the reign of charity.

"I have no inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier, and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

"But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I never could impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physicial means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena; now that I am alone chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendour, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflected the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The reign of misfortune and outrage, with which I am daily deluged, has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten.—And the fame of a conqueror and an Emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me; assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny near at hand, of him whom the world called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live?—The death of Christ! It is the death of God."

For a moment the Emperor was silent. General Bertrand made no reply: he solemnly added: "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a general."

From Punch.

SLIPS OF THE PEN—*By an Elderly Woman of the World.*—After all, it is with men as with dinners—the plain and simple ones are those we have recourse to the oftenest, and of which we tire the least.

The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding.

Promises go further than performances, on the principle that Hope has as many lives as a cat, whilst Gratitude no sooner crosses our path than it is crushed with as little pity as a black beetle!

Every woman has some cosmetic in her cupboard.

Timidity in a man is admired by women a great deal more than it is liked.

Scandal is a visitor who never calls without bringing her work with her.

Abuse of women, like the abuse of wine, only falls on the head of him who freely indulges in it.

If it is difficult to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how it is possible that we should see any in ourselves?

Why are railway officials generally of a democratic turn? Because it's a way they have, in arranging the carriages, of setting 'class against class.'

[From Numberless Authentic and Imaginary Sources.]

MORE OR LESS OF IT TRUE.—London was destroyed by fire, and it has been built by a series of fires, as the tax upon coals to this day can prove, if it chose. The reader will be disappointed if he expected that we were going to indulge in the old familiar illustration of the "Phœnix rising from its ashes." We may probably do so on the next occasion, but will not bind ourselves by any rash promise.

There is no instance on record, that we are acquainted with at the present moment, of a black man ever having been the Prime Minister of England.

He is a bold man who knocks at a Dentist's as he would at any other door, unless he's going to dine there.

MRS. FUBBS AND MR. FUBBS—*Correct Views of the Former.*—"Fubbs, I want to talk to you awhile, and I want you to listen while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but I don't; I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a little Bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract which that fellow, called Porter, left one day, entitled 'Light to the Heathen.' It's well he left it, for you're a heathen, Fubbs; you may feel thankful you ain't a Mormon! Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you havn't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I had'nt told you, 'cause you're too stingy to take a paper! Now, Fubbs, I declare your name ought to be Fibs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week I lost a dollar and a half on butter I sold to a pedlar, because I did'nt know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down to the big marsh a hunting, because some one said that the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e-s y-o-u d-i-d. You need'nt deny it, Fubbs. Did'nt kill any, did you? It was a bad day for turkeys, was'nt it, Fubbs? Ha! ha! ha!"

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—*The Printer:* The master of all trades. He beats the farmer with his fast *hoe*, the carpenter with his *rule* and the mason in setting tall *columns;* he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attention to his *case*, and beats the parson in his management of the *devil*.

HAVE PATIENCE.

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner;
His name, we're told, was Joshua White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Nor could he guess what thoughts of him
Were to her bosom flocking,
As her fair fingers, swift and slim,
Flew round and round the stocking.

While, as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew few and fewer;
Though all the time, to tell the truth,
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,
She knit so fast and steady;
And he must give his aid, no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course the thread
Got tangled, snarled, and twisted;
"Have Patience!" cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was this for tongue-tied churl
To shorten all palaver;
"Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl!
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done; no more, that night,
Clicked needles in the corner:—
And she is Mrs. Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

PAT AND THE TRAVELLER.—An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with, "Your money or your life?"—Seeing that Pat was green, he said, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed." Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat; "divil a dhrop of powther there's in it."

A testy lawyer lately, in one of our courts, found himself bothered with a knotty witness, who would not explain, as he desired, the difference between the *thick* and *long* kinds of whalebone. "Why, man," he said, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long." "Ya-as, I dew." "Explain it, then." "Wa-al, you're plaguey thick-headed, but you ain't long-headed, no how," said Greeny.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing; it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

A rich joke is told at the expense of ex-Senator Foote, who has recently adopted a clever disguise, i. e., dying his beard and wearing a black wig. Arriving at his old stumping ground, Jackson, Miss., the other day, he was rejected as an imposter by the people, who knew Foote by his silvery beard and bald cranium.

"Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?" "Why, potatoes, of course." "No, sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs, and ate them all." The "old man" gave in.

The following question is now before the Sand Lake Debating Society: "Which do women like best, to be hugged in a polka or squeezed in a sleigh?"

The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

The man who was "moved to tears," complains of the dampness of the premises and wishes to be moved back again.

A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions:—"Shrouds have no pockets."

Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rooster is so tall that he has to get down upon his knees to crow.

You may always know that a young lady has been to boarding-school by her want of education.

Mother, Home, and Love, are the three sweetest words in the English language.

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