

The Democratic Watchman

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prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having
purchased a large collection of type, we are pre-
pared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Watchman
STANZAS TO A DAUGHTER.
BY JULES JANIN, JR.

And must it be, that far away,
Amid the stranger's magic scenes,
Where all who love and all who pray,
Forget the stranger's hope and fear—
You, too, so young, so sweet child,
Are over in my prayers at night—
And ever, my dear little girl,
In memory's grasp my weary ear.

Oh! how I've sighed since last we met,
And longed and wished your lips to touch;
And in my dream I've often wept,
While thinking of the joyous part
That happy days have passed so bright,
May God in love return to you,
To guard and fill with pure delight,
Your soft increasing years of life.

Sweet Aunt—nursing mother of my heart—
For thee a father often prays,
That from his nest may never depart,
The wild dove he bears for thee.
Thy tender years—thy gentle mind—
All, all are precious in his thoughts,
Thoughts which can only be defused
By hopes of future joys for both.

And they will come—and as they shine,
Together will great their bliss—
Together mark the changes time
May mark life's weary pilgrimage
God will surely guard and bless
My tender daughter's gentle steps—
Preserve her through this wilderness,
And guide her foot to victor's path.

BELLEVILLE, December, 1855.

MEMORY.

BY JOHN A. STANLEY, JR.

Soft as the rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day,
Sweet as a child's low bells pealing
Through the night,
Had a smile at night that meant
Through the health, or mountain's tone,
Come thoughts of days now gone,
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the Heaven
Hills as they float light;
As the bells when faint the even
Peal not on the night,
As the night-wind's cease to sigh
When the rills fall from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From Agon's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Purth again shall break;
And the bells give sweet-toned warning
To the world to wake
Soon the winds shall freely breathe
O'er the mountain's purple height;
But the Past is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

Historical.

RECORDED AND REPRODUCED FROM
REAL JACKSON.

FROM BENTON'S "THIRTY-YEARS' VIEW."

On Friday, the 30th day of January, the President, with some members of his cabinet, attended the funeral ceremonies of Warren R. Davis, Esq., in the hall of the House of Representatives—of which body Mr. Davis had been a member from the State of South Carolina. The procession had moved out with the body, and its front had reached the foot of the broad steps of the eastern portico, when the President, with Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Mallon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, were issuing from the door of the great rotunda which opens upon the portico. At that instant a person stepped from the crowd into the little open space in front of the President, leveled a pistol at him, at the distance of about eight feet, and attempted to fire. It was a percussion lock, and the cap exploded without firing the powder in the barrel. The explosion of the cap was so loud that many persons thought the pistol had fired. I heard it at the foot of the steps, far from the place, and a great crowd between. Instantly the person dropped the pistol which he held ready cocked in his left hand, concealed by a cloak, leveled it, and pulled the trigger. It was also a percussion lock, and the cap exploded without firing the powder in the barrel. The President instantly rushed upon him with his uplifted cane, and the man shrunk back; Mr. Woodbury aimed a blow at him; Lieutenant Oedney, of the navy, knocked him down; he was secured by the bystanders, who delivered him to the officers of justice for judicial examination.

nor could any reason be found for the two failures at the rotunda. On his examination the prisoner seemed to be at his case, as if he had been thinking of nothing, and was refusing to cross-examine the witnesses who testified against him, or to give any explanation of his conduct. The idea of an unusual mind strongly impressing itself upon the public opinion, the marshal of the District invited two of the most respectable physicians of the city (Dr. Cassin and Dr. Thomas Sewell) to visit him and examine into his mental condition. They did so, and the following is the report made upon the case:

"The undersigned, having been requested by the marshal of the District of Columbia to visit Richard Lawrence, now confined in the jail of the county of Washington for an attempt to assassinate the President of the United States, with a view to ascertain, as far as practicable, the present condition of his bodily health and state of mind, and believing that a detail of the examination will be more satisfactory than an abstract opinion on the subject, we therefore give the following statement: On entering his room we engaged in a free conversation with him, in which he participated, apparently, in the most artless and unreserved manner. The first interrogatory propounded was as to his age, which question alone he cheerfully declined answering. We then inquired into the condition of his health for several years past, to which he replied that it had been uniformly good, and that he had never labored under any mental derangement; nor did he admit the existence of any of those symptoms of physical derangement which usually attend mental alienation. He said he was born in England and came to this country when twelve or thirteen years of age, and that his father died in this District about six or eight years since; that his father was a Protestant and his mother, a Methodist, and that he was not a professor of any religion, but sometimes read the Bible, and occasionally attended church. He stated that he was a painter by trade and had followed that occupation to the present time; but, of late, could not find steady employment, which had caused much pecuniary embarrassment with him; that he had been generally temperate in his habits, using ardent spirits moderately when at work; but, for the last three or four weeks, had not taken any; that he had never gambled, and, in other respects, had led a regular and sober life.

"Upon being interrogated as to the circumstances connected with the attempted assassination, he said that he had been deliberating on it for some time past, and that he had called at the President's house about a week previous to the attempt, and being conducted to the President's apartment by the porter, found him in conversation with a member of Congress, whom he believed to be Mr. Sutherland, of Pennsylvania; that he stated to the President that he wanted money to take him to England, and that he must give him a check on the bank, and the President remarked that he was too much engaged to attend to him—he must call another time, for Mr. Dibble was in waiting for an interview.

"When asked about the pistols he had used, he stated that his father left him a pair, but not being alike, about four years since he exchanged one for another, which exactly resembled the best of the pair; these were both flint locks, which he had recently had altered to percussion locks by a Mr. Boteler; that he had been frequently in the habit of loading and firing these pistols at marks, and that he had never known them to fail going off on any other occasion, that at the distance of ten yards the ball always passed through an inch plank. He also stated that he had loaded these pistols three or four days previous with ordinary care, for the purpose of attempting; but that he used a pencil instead of a ramrod, and that during that period, they were at all times carried in his pocket; and when asked why he failed to explode, he replied he knew no cause. When asked why he went to the Capitol on that day, he replied he expected that the President would be there. He also stated that he was in the rotunda when the President arrived; and on being asked why he did not then attempt to shoot him, he replied that he did not wish to interfere with the funeral ceremony, and therefore waited till it was over. He also observed that he did not enter the hall but looked through a window from a lobby, and saw the President seated with members of Congress and then returned to the rotunda and waited until the President again entered it, and then passed through and took his position in the east portico, about two yards from the door, drew his pistols from his inside coat-pocket, cocked them and held one in each hand, concealed by his coat, lest he should alarm the spectators—and stated that as soon as the one in the right hand missed fire, he immediately dropped or exchanged it, and attempted to fire the second before he was seized; he further stated that he had aimed each pistol at the President's heart, and intended, if the first pistol had gone off, and the President had fallen, to have defended himself with the second if defense was necessary. On being asked if he did not expect to have been killed on the spot if he had killed the President, he replied he did not; and that he had no doubt but that he would have been protected by the spectators. He was frequently questioned whether he had any friends present from whom he expected protection. To this he replied that he never had mentioned his

intention to any one, and that no one in particular knew his design; but that he presumed it was generally known that he intended to put the President out of the way. He further stated, that when the President arrived at the door, near which he stood, finding him supported on the left by Mr. Woodbury, and observing many persons in his rear, and being himself rather to the right of the President, in order to avoid wounding Mr. Woodbury and those in the rear, he stepped a little to his own right, so that should the ball pass through the body of the President, it would be received by the door frame or stone wall. On being asked if he fell on trepidation during the attempt, he replied not the slightest, until he found the second pistol had missed fire. Then observing that the President was advancing upon him with an uplifted cane, he feared that it contained a sword, which might have been thrust through him before he could have been protected by the crowd. And when interrogated as to the motive which induced him to attempt the assassination of the President, he replied that he had been told that the President had caused his loss of occupation, and the consequent loss of money, and he believed that to put him out of the way was the only remedy for this evil; but to the interrogatory, Who told you this? he could not identify any one, but he remarked that his brother-in-law, Mr. Redfern, told him that he would have no more business, because he was opposed to the President, and he believed Mr. Redfern to be in league with the President against him. Again being questioned whether he had often attended the debates in Congress during the present session, and whether they had influenced him in making this attack on the person of the President, he replied that he had frequently attended the discussion in both branches of Congress, but that they had, in no degree, influenced his action.

THE ESCAPE.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander McConnell, of Lexington, Ky., went into the woods on foot to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse in order to bring it. During his absence a party of five Indians, in one of their skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would soon return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, remained near the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and lay in wait for him, which he was expected to return.

McConnell thinking not of danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired on by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, overpowered and borne off a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed merry, good natured sort of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity by shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality. Having travelled with him in this manner for several days, they at length reached the bank of the Ohio river. Herefore the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very strictly, but on that evening he remonstrated with them on the subject and complained so strongly of the pain which the cord gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo rug about his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot and then attached the extremities of the rope to their bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example as not as he pleased.

reflection for a few moments he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire. Their knives and tomahawks were sheathed by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of arousing their owners, but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate preparing for them, and taking one in each hand and resting the muzzle on a log, within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal.

SELECT POETRY.

FORGET NOT THE AGED.
Forget not the aged!
Young maiden, I pray
Though thine eye is now sparkling
Thy heart be like and gay,
Yet time never flies,
And thy portion may be
A throeless tree.

Forget not the aged,
Young man, in thy pride
For the sake of thy neighbor,
Thy sister, thy bride,
Give heed to thy sorrows,
Lest thy loved ones be
And tempt and trial,
Of sorrow bereft.

Forget not the aged!
When sickness and woe
O'ershadow thy dwelling,
Thy spirit shall know
That our Father in mercy
Himself watcheth o'er
Their souls, who forget not
The sick and the poor.

Romanes of the Post-Office.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL BAGS:
OR NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A
SPECIAL AGENT OF THE POST OFFICE
FREE DEPARTMENT.

BY J. HOLBROOK.

Mr. Holbrook (who has been an energetic special agent of the Post Office Department for the last ten years) has produced a book illustrative of his career as a special agent, replete with amusing incidents, which have for the most part come under his personal observation, and containing much valuable information for the benefit of those who write and receive letters. Many of his narratives of the detection of mail robbers, whether committed by post office clerks or old-fashioned footpads, are of exceeding interest, which is by no means lessened by the fact that they are substantially true, (the author's regard for the feelings of relations or friends of detected letter thieves having frequently induced him to suppress or alter names,) and are told with a native humor and a skill of construction which mark the author as a man of no mean literary pretensions. We subjoin a few extracts. The following possess a dramatic interest:

CHEATING THE CLERGY—AN INGENUOUS TRICK.

Our collection of "outside" delinquencies would be incomplete were we to omit the following case, which was investigated by the author not long ago, and in which not a little ingenuity of the baser sort was displayed. It will serve as a specimen of a numerous class of cases, characterized by attempts to defraud some correspondent, and to fasten the blame of the fraud upon some one connected with the post office. We would give many instances of a similar kind did our limits permit.

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