The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

ROYAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN BELLEFONTE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY HENRY HAYS.

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Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

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OF COLUMBIA COUNTY

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,

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OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,

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Do 7th—DAVID LAURY,
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Do. 24th—JOHN KEALTY,
Do. 25th—VINCENT PHELPS.

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Of every style and variety. Being practical workmen, and pay particular attention to our business, we hope to give general satisfaction and receive a share of the public patronage. We respectfully invite all wanting anything in our line of business to call and examine our stock of goods.

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jan16 J. B. AWL & Co.

For the Democratic Watchman.

The Purpose of Free Government.

Governments, like men, differ. Old monarchial Europe cannot boast of having a government with institutions as liberal and as free and uninfluenced by the reigning powers, as the United States. Old England, though governed by crowned heads, can boast to some extent, of the liberal policy of her government, which somewhat approaches in similarity to that of the United States. But, with Britain mentioned, all that is free and liberal in Europe is told. Switzerland is often mentioned as the country with the most liberal institutions in Europe, but this is doubtful. The confederacy is composed of a number of small States, in some of which opposition to free thought, as far as religion is concerned, has been evinced. One of the main pillars, implanted by our sagacious forefathers in in the republican form of government of the United States, is toleration of all religious creeds—and this praiseworthy doctrine they have especially engrafted upon the tree of Liberty by an emphatic clause in the Constitution, which will admit of no ambiguity. This clause is so plain and so clearly to the point, that no one can be a true "Son of the Sires of '76," who willingly lends opposition to this great principle.

But what is the purpose of a free government? This is easily ascertained on becoming familiar with the history of the Revolution and the causes which led the old thirteen colonies to oppose the mother country in the system of oppression which she was about to inaugurate upon her subjects in America. In every man there exists a desire to be free and independent, for he knows it will greatly conduce to his happiness if he can live so. The head of a family, in order to move on smoothly and peaceably with the small group of which he is the patriarchial governor, endeavors to place all upon an equal footing. If a distinction were made, if some were by him set above the others and allowed privileges which to others he would deny, the seeds of dissatisfaction would thereby be sown, and the house become divided against itself, which would inevitably lead to its downfall. This, then, would go to show that *equality* must be established in a community or government in which it is desired to have peace and prosperity reign. This plant of equality already sprouts in the most tender age—and, at even a hasty glance, will establish itself as an axiom. This principle belongs to free government, of which it forms a necessary and integral part; therefore we find that one of the purposes of free government is, to establish an equality among the subjects thereof.

The founders of our government, as already stated, were not unmindful of this great principle. It was by them inoculated, to its fullest extent, in our free institutions, as the mainsail of the ship which was to carry the barque of Liberty safely over the sea of despotism, "whose surging waters like a mountain rise" to dash to atoms all that may tend to republicanism.

Equality is the sheet anchor of our government. How rapidly have we risen in power, wealth and population! Our rise and *progress are unexampled* in the history of nations. But, there certainly must exist some cause which had a tendency to bring about this wonderful result in our prosperity as a nation. Scarce half a century ago we occupied but a narrow strip of land along our Atlantic coast, and our population then summed up but three millions—now we have unlimited boundary, with a population of twenty-seven millions! *This* has not been produced by magic, astonishing as it may seem. Therefore some cause must exist to bring it about—and what is that cause? What led Roger Sherman, William Penn, and other pilgrim fathers to seek a home among the wilds of the Western Hemisphere? What induced the early colonists to leave their homes, their kindred, the land of their birth, and seek an abode among the savages of North America, where never a tree had been felled, or a plough uprooted the earth? Three thousand miles of ocean separated them from their friends, and the scenes of their childhood, and certainly more than a mere trivial cause must have existed to induce the pilgrims to forsake their Fatherland with so many and great disadvantages laboring against them.

They left the land of their birth on account of religious intolerance. They fled from their native land because a system of equality had not been established by which every one might be free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The pilgrims came hither to establish a system of government by which all men ought to be free and equal. And, thank God, their efforts were not in vain.

This glorious principle was by them indoctrinated as the very part of a free government. How admirably it has worked! We can now return to the question—what is the cause of our rapid growth in wealth and population? It lies in the fact, that the oppressed and liberal minded persons smarting under the iron rod of despotism, beheld that here an asylum had been established in which equality was a cardinal principle, and where freedom of thought was tolerated:—thousands, and tens of thousands, were thereby induced, and are still induced, to seek our shores; they brought with them their wealth, their industry and their talent, and, combining capital with skill, our internal resources were rapidly developed—the treasures that lie hidden in the bowels of the earth were dug up, and thus our foundation for wealth was laid. But for a just code of naturalization laws, and we would number, at this day, but seven millions in population, or about thirty years behind the times. And to say it were otherwise, were falsifying history.

The purpose, then, for establishing our free government was to establish an equality. The Baptist, the Catholic, the Lutheran, can here worship God as he sees fit. The Constitution protects each one in his religious profession. Why should this not be so? The trial has been made in the United States—and how admirable have been its workings? How fruitful has it been of good? Pittiable is the being who enjoys the benefits of this great principle, and yet is so narrow-minded, so selfish, so bigotted, as to deny it to others. To uphold this great doctrine is American—to oppose it is anti-American.

How can one claim to be an admirer of Washington, and yet oppose the great principle of equality, for which he contended? To proscribe a Catholic on account of his religion, is establishing an inequality. It is denying to him that which is allowed to another. Washington fought side by side with the soldiers of a Catholic army from France, for liberty; he never doubted their love for freedom, because they differed from him in their views on religious affairs. Who of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was so narrow-minded as to object to Charles Carrol, *of Carrolton*, because he was a Catholic? Not one. Did not Mr. Carrol subscribe to all that Jefferson, Franklin and Adams did?

This government was established for the purpose of affording an asylum to the downtrodden of other nations. That is what the pilgrim fathers sought to establish here; and that is what the revolutionary fathers fought for in a sanguinary struggle of eight years duration. Now, just as the last of that Spartan band is passing from existence, their works are to be cast aside, the principles they laid down are to be treated as false and obsolete. Is such a course becoming one who styles himself an American? Certainly not. It is casting a reproach upon the wisdom of our forefathers; it is committing political sacrilege.

Every true American will resist this new policy which is sought to be engrafted upon our government. The history of the past—the history of the United States - proves its fallacy, and every one who at heart desires to see the United States continue to increase in her strides in wealth and population, must disavow this new doctrine of fanatics and demagogues, and adhere to the great principle of our forefathers, Equality. By so doing the purposes of our free government will not be defeated. When proscription has accomplished its object on one religious sect, will not one of the other sects in turn, be liable to attack? A great many affirm that the German Reformed Church borders upon the Catholic; without pausing to inquire as to the truthfulness of this assertion, is it not reasonable to suppose, that it will next come in for its share of persecution? Where will this end? Would it not finally lead to civil war—a religious war—the worst of all national calamities? Then in order to avoid such a sad catastrophe the time-honored principles of our forefathers must be adhered to. F.

The Probable Effect of Peace in Europe.

The Washington *Union* of Saturday closes a long article on the conclusion of peace in Europe, with the following remarks as to the probable effects upon this country:—

With respect to its operation on the interests and repose of the United States—for that is the point of view in which it should be contemplated by Americans—we are by no means assured that, however we may rejoice at the cessation of the effusion of blood in one quarter of the globe, it may not react disastrously on another. Should the Anglo-French alliance still adhere to the policy announced at the commencement of the war with Russia, and having settled the equilibrium of power in Europe, proceeds to regulate the affairs of America, we apprehend we are rather too disinterested in our rejoicings at the conclusion of a peace which will leave the *entente cordiale* at perfect liberty to take measures for arresting "the grasping ambition" of the United States, similar perhaps to those brought to operate against Russia.

There are not wanting premonitory symptoms indicating that such a thing is possible. The *organ of the British Premier* (*whose* hostile feelings towards the United States appear to have become chronic and incurable) recently announced a plan for "regulating" affairs in that quarter not altogether compatible with his repeated professions of "a sincere desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with the United States." Both members of the Anglo French alliance are augmenting their naval and military forces in this quarter. The British squadron lords it over the *Gulf of Mexico*, the Island of Cuba, and the Caribbean sea; large reinforcements of troops are on their way to Canada; and it is stated that 15,000 French soldiers are to be permanently stationed in the Island of Martinique. What are the reasons for this last procedure have, so far as we know, not been avowed; but those alleged by the other party are so frivolous and inadequate that we have a right to conclude there are others more secret and substantial.

Without the slightest desire to excite unnecessary or unfounded apprehensions, we cannot forbear expressing the opinion that there is quite enough in the present aspect of affairs to warn us of the necessity of preparing to meet a crisis that sooner or later *must* come. The discovery of America was equivalent to the creation of a New World. Previous to that memorable epoch there was but one material world; now there are two, with opposing interests, and, what is more, opposing principles. Europe has long been accustomed to domineer over the other quarters of the globe, and, though she has lost her supremacy in the West, has, in the meantime, extended it over the East. That the two great m[illegible] powers of Europe are anxious to re[illegible] footing in the New World, such or [illegible] like that they once enjoyed, we [illegible] every day becoming more evident.

The United States alone stand in their way, and it would seem that Providence has imposed on them the high obligation of maintaining the independance of those States which have adopted republican institutions, for on their safety, in a great measure, depends their own. By being prepared to sustain this position, they will be able to do so, in all probability, without resorting to actual war, which will only be provoked by their remaining defenceless. If we cannot say, with Patrick Henry, "We must fight, Mr. Speaker, we must fight!" we should be prepared to fight. While human passions sway the human heart, the hand will obey their impulse, and the word be followed by a blow. Of all the *Fata Morgana* that ever danced before human vision, that of universal and perpetual peace is the most delusive. The wolf will never cease to devour the lamb until he loses his instinct, *nor the strong to* oppress the weak until men become angels. Let us, then, be making preparations in time to maintain the position which has not been assumed, but imposed on the republic by destiny; in other words, by the position in which it has been placed by the great Arbiter of Nations. Above all, let us not be prevented from commencing these preparations by the puerile objection that they are "warlike demonstrations." Everybody must see they are not offensive but defensive measures of prudent precaution, forced on the United States by the warlike demonstrations of others. Degraded below the dead level of degradation must be that nation which dares not adopt measures of self-defence in the apprehension of giving umbrage to its enemies.

Penna. Legislature and Mr. Buchanan.

The undersigned, Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives, in their individual capacities, respectfully announces to their constituents, and to their Democratic friends throughout the Union that they unanimously approve, and cordially endorse the proceedings of the late State Convention held in Harrisburg, in March last, in presenting the name of James Buchanan as the nominee of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania for the next Presidency. In declairing their sentiments on the subject, they disavow all intentions to make unjust or invidious distinctions between him and other eminent Democratic statesmen, who are or may be candidates for nomination; but they believe it is the spontaneous wish of a large majority of the people of Pennsylvania, (and from all indications of those of the United States,) that Mr. Buchanan should be nominated, because he is looked upon as eminently qualified, as a safe and sound statesman, and as the man for the times. Entertaining this opinion, and inspired by deep feelings of respect, confidence, and attachment to the candidate of Pennsylvania, they most warmly, and with entire unanimity, endorse and applaud the action of the Democratic State Convention, in the nomination of Mr. Buchanan.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

Chas. R. Buckalew,	Thos. P. Knox,
John C. Evans,	N. B. Browne,
Thomas Hoge,	Jos. Laubach,
Harlan Ingram,	Jonas R McClintock,
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Samuel Wherry,	William Wilkins,
William M. Piatt.	

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Seth A. Bacchus,	S. Hibbs,
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Joseph Bernhard,	Samuel Hipple,
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David Riddle,	John Roberts,
James Salisbury,	George Shenk,
Samuel Smith,	G. Nelson Smith,
George Smith,	John V. Smith,
John Thompson,	N. W. Vail,
Frederick I. Walter,	Murray Whallon,
Harrison Wright,	R. L. Wright,
Townsend Yearsley,	J. H. Zimmerman.

It will be observed by the foregoing, that the name of every Democratic member of the lower branch with the exception of Mr. Robinson, of Adams, is appended. That gentleman, owing to indisposition, had not occupied his seat for the last four weeks. Every Democratic Senator, except Messrs. Crosswell, of Blair, and Ely of Bucks, have placed their names thereto. The former gentlemen had left before an opportunity was taken to present it to him; and the latter had been confined to his room dangerously ill.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, in one of his speeches at New York uttered these sentiments: "I have been abroad in other lands; I have witnessed arbitrary powers; I have contemplated the people of other countries—but there is no country under God's heavens where a man feels to his fellow-men, except in the United States. And if you could feel how despotism looks on; how jealous the despotic powers of the world are of our glorious institutions, you would cherish the Constitution and the Union to your hearts—next to your belief in the Christian religion—the Bible for Heaven, and the Constitution of your country for Earth.

UNION COUNTY has 51 [illegible] on the Issue list. Snyder has 33, making 84 for Union county *as it was!*

HON. JOHN Y. MASON.—The Paris correspondent of the *New York Express*, in his last letter, pays the following well-merited compliment to Judge Mason:

"Judge Mason is the most popular ambassador ever sent to France from the United States, and is deservedly so. A kinder, better, or more unpretending Virginia gentleman never existed. Judge Mason's house is always open to every honest man who lays claim to the name of American, and, when events shall occasion his return to the United States, all his countrymen in Paris will join in regretting the event."

MURMURS.

Why wilt thou make bright music
Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
Into a weary chain?

Why turn each cool grey shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why think the winds are wailing?
Why call the dew drops tears?

Voices of happy Nature,
And Heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies,
Upbraid thy foolish dream

Listen! I will tell thee
The song Creation sings,
From humming bees in heather,
To fluttering angels wings.

Not alone did angels sing it
To the poor shepherd's ear,
But the shared Heaven's chant it,
And listening Ages hear

Above thy poor complaining
Rises that holy lay;
When the starry night grows silent,
Then speaks the sunny day

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The following remarkable occurrence is told in the *Pioneer Magazine*, published in California:

"In the summer of 1815, I was travelling on business in the western part of Tennessee. That portion of the State which lies between the Tennessee and the Mississippi was at that time a wild, dreary forest. No roads, nothing but horse paths through the woods, and the only marks to guide the traveller upon his journey were the blazes and notches upon the *trees*. I was dressed in true backwoods fashion, and I rode a fiery mustang, with a mane and tail as white as snow, a beautiful arched neck, and an eye like an eagle. He was a perfect beauty and as fleet as the wind. Across his back I had thrown a pair of saddle bags, containing on one side a dozen pounds of corn bread and a piece of bacon, and to balance them there was a pile of rocks in the shape of two thousand dollars in gold, which I had collected and was transporting to a bank in Kentucky to dispose for eastern exchange. Two large wooden stirrups hung dangling from my saddle, and the holsters in front contained two beauties, in the shape of enormous horse pistols. Over these to keep them dry, was squirrel skin cover.

"I had been riding several hours, swimming the rivers that crossed my path, snuffing in the rich perfume of the forest flowers, watching the squirrels playing about in the tree tops, and listening to the music which issued from the throats of the thousands of bright winged songsters, with which the woods abounded. I had not seen a solitary *human being since morning, and night* was rapidly approaching; indeed it had already begun to grow dark, and I had made up my mind I would have to "camp out" for the night. I was looking around to select some good place, when I was startled by the neighing of a horse ahead of me, and presently I saw two men approaching on horseback. They were rough looking fellows, dressed in hunting shirts, and with squirrel-skin caps on their heads. I did not like their looks, and unseen by them, I drew up my pistols, and cocked them, replaced them *in the holsters*, and casting my eyes ahead, I saw one of the men make a motion I did not like. I resolved that if they proved to be what I suspected, I would give them a hard fight, and die game.

"Pshaw! what I fool I was!" thought I, as they rode up and bid me good evening. We conversed about five minutes, when one of them said:

"My youngster, what have you got in your saddle bags that rattles so?"

"Nails," I replied.

"Nails," said he; "hey, Bill, let's examine the article!" and he seized my horse by the bit.

Quick as lightning I drew my pistols, and pointing the muzzles to each of their hearts, said:

"Gentlemen make a motion to draw a weapon and that motion seals your fate."

They were completely taken by surprise, and wheeling their horses around, they *struck off into the forests*. After getting a few rods off, one of them raised his fist in a threatening attitude. I drew the trigger of my right hand pistol, and the villian's arm fell upon his saddle; and uttering a yell of agony, they darted off into the woods. I reloaded my pistol, struck my spurs into the horse's sides, and after ten miles of the fastest riding I ever experienced, I reached a log house where I put up for the night.

Two years after the incident just noted took place, I was travelling down the Mississippi on an old-fashioned boat, when my attention was attracted towards an individual on board whom I thought I had met before, but where I could not tell. I was determined to follow him up and see if I could not call to mind where we had met and under what circumstances. At last I found an opportunity to get a good look at him, as he was seated upon an old barrel head, earnestly engaged in a game of "seven-up." I stepped up, and looking over his shoulder, perceived that two fingers of his right hand were missing. The game progressed, until in an excited moment he arose, and shaking his fist in the face of his opponent, in answer to some remark of the latter concerning the game, exclaimed:

"I swear you lie!"

I placed my hand upon his shoulder, and turning him around—

"Ah! ah!" I exclaimed, "we have met before?"

Lifting his maimed hand, his face turned white as a sheet, and hoarse with passion he vociferated:

"Yes, we have met before, in the woods of Tennessee, and I have sworn that you shall die! Take that!"

And the wretch attempted to draw a pistol from his coat, but the trigger caught in the ragged lining of his pocket; it went off, and he rolled overboard in the muddy waters of the Mississippi—a corpse!

"JUDGE NOT."

Many years since, two pupils of the University of Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked *with a firm and rapid step*. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of another.

"I do not; but, judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic!"

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under the unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious *savans* of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of *Leipsic* and Gottingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton, gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic from grade to grade was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had passed close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose grey moustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned towards the priest and said—

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use does he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic."

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine the Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative!"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected, at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning, he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman, weeping and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him—

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library: or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want anything."

"On the contrary, Sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be."

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I cannot now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitated, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan: and when some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As for me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each portion to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for, purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital, and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.