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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 23, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

MY OLD COMPANIONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

My heart has yearned like other hearts,
With all the fervor Youth imparts;
And all the warmth that Feeling lends
Has freely cherished "troops of friends."
A change has passed o'er them and me,
We are not as we used to be;
My heart, like many another heart,
Sees Old Companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,
But read them on the cold white stone;
And steps that followed where mine led,
Now on the far off desert tread.
The world has swept some souls away,
That once were honest as the day;
Some dead, some wandering, some untrue;
Oh! Old Companions are but few!

But there are green trees on the hill,
And green flags waving o'er the mill,
And there are daisies peeping out,
And dogrose blossoms round about.
Ye were my friends, "long long ago,"
The first bright friends I sought to know,
And yet ye come—rove where I will,
My Old Companions—faithful still.

And there are sunbeams rich and fair,
As cheering as they ever were;
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,
As freely as in time gone by;
The birds come singing as of yore,
The waves yet ripple to the shore;
Howe'er I feel, where'er I range,
These Old Companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things
That Fortune neither takes or brings,
I'm glad my spirit learned to prize
The smiling faces of sunny skies.
'Twas well I clasped with loving hand
The balmy wild flowers of the land;
For still ye live in friend-ship sure,
My Old Companions, bright and pure.

Though strong may be the ties we make
The strongest mortal tie may break;
Though warm the lips that love us near,
They may perchance freeze the ear;
We see pale death and envious Hate,
Faint shadows on the dial-plate;
Noting the hours when dark sands glide,
And Old Companions leave our side.

But be we sad, or be we gay,
With thick curls bright, or thin locks grey;
We never find the spring bloom meet
Our presence with a smile less sweet.
Oh! I am glad I learned to love
The tangled wood and cooling dove;
For these will be, in good or ill,
My Old Companions, changeless still.

Miscellaneous.

MONSIEUR DURANCE.

The Hero of the Adventures.

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent, when a youth of fifteen or sixteen to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuit, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments in that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house and was most parentally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in years, round and ruddy in aspect, rosy in habit, and possessed of one of the very best hearts. He had one fault, however, which made the good almost intolerable to all mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the business he had conducted, he had seldom been out of Bourdeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with two adventures. Oh, those two adventures!—Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words, "Did you ever hear me tell—or even, "Did you ever—come from M. Durance's lips without an inter- al shudder, and an instant retreat, if possible. "Did you" itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For if the good old merchant once began, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled, after dinner, to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were uninteresting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing forever! Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetual tales, we shall repeat them once more, with a little more brevity than it was the honest man's practice to employ.

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel, but at the time when he had a commitment to set out, the vehicle required slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it best to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy, for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles distance from his own house. Accordingly, he set off with instructions to the servant, M. Durance set off respectfully mounted, and well armed, he carried a large sum in bills and money. To him justice he had a stout spirit, and a fair share of courage; yet not much of either was required to ride alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency into which the famous Fouche had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopped before night at a village inn, rested comfortably, and next

morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men, also on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him. M. Durance thought of his pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt, and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The merchant was at this time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment. While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them and advanced toward his horse.

"Now is the time," thought Durance, "here comes the demand for my purse! What is to be done?" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I am comp—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourselves." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis?" Mystified, thoroughly, Durance, almost by accident, bolted out a "No!" The man again spoke, and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away and rejoined his band.

M. Durance was never so much puzzled in his life but his spirit rose as he saw no intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away; when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis at once—here they are—do you choose to go away. Now, do take them," continued he; "upon my word we cannot offer more." Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the time said, "Now do take it with you, and get out of here as well as you can, for here are some determined fellows yonder, who would think nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and upon my honor, we cannot give more." With this the man turned to move away. Part of this last speech had made a wonderful impression on Durance, who though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strange liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demarary, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in that vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their further progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentlemanly looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir, you will have the goodness to go with me? What?" said the merchant, "whither must I go? and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me the honor of conducting you to M. Fouche." "M. Fouche!" ejaculated M. Durance in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I am sent for by—" The stranger cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would ride in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and everything about you, answer the description given to me. I cannot therefore, be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouche, who will himself explain his business with you, which is more than I can do." There was no resisting this peremptory civil request. By the stranger's directions, M. Durance sent on his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of police.

Fouche received our hero with the utmost politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow as round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouche and the gentleman in black were things synonymous. "You are M. Durance, of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house that bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of—naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of—in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B, near the Bonapartes; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock." These are but a few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purpose, and habits, which the public functionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouche evidently enjoyed his visitor's wonder, and before any reply could be made, the police functionary continued in these rather startling words: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him; and he was now roused to make the reply "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question." "Sir," answered M. Fouche, "You are to be robbed and murdered this night." "Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed

the thunder-struck merchant of Bourdeaux. "Gracious heavens! can this be true?" "It is true," returned M. Fouche. "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you, affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality, you will go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour, placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep—and leave the rest to me. It will be unnecessary, and, indeed, improper, for you to look into the closets or beneath the bed. In short, do nothing, but go to rest as you would do at home, and leave the rest to me. Have you resolution to do this?" M. Durance meditated a little, as was not unnatural, before giving an answer, on which the head of the police addressed him again. "If you do not feel inclined to go through with this affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done." "No, no," exclaimed our friend, "I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands." "You may do so, sir," replied Fouche, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouche, and having procured a stately vehicle, was driven to the hotel, whether he had sent his servant and carriage. The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshments, it wanted little more than two hours of bedtime. The merchant felt himself incapable of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But with his usual kindness of heart, he did not wish to confine himself on his own account. His servant Demarary, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends. "By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance; "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here by eleven." After this, M. Durance attempted to read, but finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book, and thought.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave away. He looked around him. As M. Fouche had stated, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intended murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to sauntily himself before he lay down. But he recollecting his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouche had been on other points—and he resolved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep," proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and senses were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but if so, they were continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bed chamber opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen, M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with a dagger and pistol. One of them advanced to the bedside, and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the lineaments of his own servant, Joseph Demarary! The first act of the men was to rip up and riddle the portmanteau; but while they were doing so together, each being unable seemingly to trust his companions, M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate escape. Ignorant of the means provided by M. Fouche for his escape, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body; but he was not kept long in this state, for ere the ruffling of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet doors burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bed-room door, at the same time, was opened, and the lights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Ah, ha!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure? More wonderful still than the first, was it not?" Whether he thought upon this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouche, resulted simply from the circumstance of the villain Demarary having written from Bourdeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may in part be true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest symptom of preparation would have awakened the suspicion of Demarary, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to other points, M. Fouche, doubtless, had been afraid Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant, and other particulars, might have done something to betray the scheme.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, grateful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business to his satisfaction in Paris, and in due time returned to Bourdeaux. It was not until after his return, notwithstanding many inquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two adventures. Finally, however, by dint of local investigation, the mystery was solved. And what does the reader think, was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him

with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple. In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another.

They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that no one would appear to bid against them. But on seeing M. Durance on their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same 'errand' as themselves. On consultation, they thought it worth their while to endeavor to buy up his position by the offer of a good round sum—M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his enquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it on call, but it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple-witted self-detection.

Attempted Assassination of General Jackson.

On Friday, the 30th 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. Mahlon 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 a little open space in front of the President, levelled 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 had missed fire, took another which he had ready cocked in the left hand, concealed by a cloak, levelled it and pulled the trigger. It was also 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 struck back; Mr. Woodbury aimed a blow at him; Lieutenant Galdy, of the navy kicked him down; he was secured by the bystanders, who delivered him to the officers of justice for judicial examination.

The examination took place before the Chief Justice of the District, Mr. Cranch, by whom he was committed in default of bail. His name was ascertained to be Richard Lawrence, an Englishman by birth and a house-painter by trade, at present out of employment, melancholy and irascible. The pistols were examined and found to be well loaded; and fired afterwards, without fail, carrying their bullets true, and driving them through thick boards at thirty feet distance; nor could any reason be found for the two failures at the doors of the rotunda. On his examination the prisoner seemed to be at his ease, as if unconscious of having done anything wrong—refusing to cross-examine the witness 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. Caspary 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 the 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 to his age, which question alone he positively 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. Suberland, 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 had left him a pair, but not being alike, about four years since he exchanged one for another, which exactly matched 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, and that at the distance of ten yards the ball always passed through an inch plank. He also stated that he had loaded those pistols three or four days previous with ordinary care, for the purpose alluded to; 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 they 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 he then turned to the rotunda and waited till 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 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 defence had been 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 friends present from whom he expected protection. To this he replied that he had never 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 felt no 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 want of money, and he believed that to put him out of the way was the only remedy for the evil; but to the interrogatory, Why told you this? he could not identify any one, but 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 his 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.

Upon being asked if he expected to become the President of the United States, if General Jackson had fallen, he replied no.

When asked whom he wished to be the President, his answer was, there were many persons in the House of Representatives. On being asked if there were no persons in the Senate, Yes, several, and it was the Senate to which I allude. Who, in your opinion, of the Senate, would make a good President? He answered Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun. What do you think of Col. Benton, Mr. Van Buren, or Judge White, for President? He thought they would do well. On being asked what benefit he expected himself from the death of the President, he answered he could not see unless the President fell, he expected thereby to recover his liberty, and that the mechanics would all be benefited; that the mechanics would have plenty of work, and that money would be more plenty. On being asked why it would be more plenty, he replied, it would be more easily obtained from the bank. On being asked what bank, he replied the Bank of the U. S. On being asked if he knew the President, directors or any of the officers of the Bank, or had ever held any intercourse with them or knew how he could get money out of the bank, he replied no, that he slightly knew Mr. Smith only.

On being asked with respect to the speeches which he had heard in Congress, and whether he was particularly pleased with those of Messrs. Calhoun, Clay and Webster, he replied that he was, because they were on his side. He was then asked if he was well pleased with the speeches of Col. Benton and Judge White? He said he was, and thought Col. Benton highly talented.

When asked if he was friendly to General Jackson, he replied, no. Why not? He answered because he was a tyrant. Who told you he was a tyrant? He answered, it was a common talk with the people, and that he had read it in the papers. He was asked if he could name any one who had told him so? He replied, no. He was asked if he had ever threatened to shoot Mr. Clay, or Webster, or Mr. Calhoun, or whether he would shoot them if he had an opportunity. He replied, no. When asked if he would shoot Mr. Van Buren? He replied, no, that he once met with Mr. Van Buren in the rotunda, and told him he was in want of money and must have it, and if he did not get it, he (Mr. Van Buren) or General Jackson, must fall. He was asked if any person was present during the conversation? He replied, that there was several, present and when asked if he recollectened one of them, he replied that he did not. When asked if any one advised him to shoot General Jackson, or say that it ought to be done? he replied, I do not like to say. On being pressed on this point, he said no one in particular had advised him.

He further stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him, and if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also—and declared that no power in this country could punish him for having done so, because it would be resisted by the powers of Europe as well as of this country. He also stated that he had been long in correspondence with the powers of Europe, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England, and that he should yet live to regain it; and that he considered the President of the United States nothing more than his clerk.

We now think proper to add that the young man appeared perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the final result, and seems to anticipate no punishment for what he has done. The above contains the leading and literally expressed facts of the whole conversation we had with him, which continued at least two hours. The questions were frequently repeated in different stages of the examination, and presented in various forms. It is clearly to be seen from this medical examination of the man, that this attempted assassination of the President was one of those cases which history presents many instances—a diseased mind acted upon by a general outcry against a public man. Lawrence was in the particular condition to be acted upon by what he heard of General Jackson; a workman out of employment, generally morbid and with reason enough to argue regularly from false premises. He heard the President accused of breaking up the labor of the country; and believed it—of making money scarce! and believed it—of being a tyrant! and believed it—of being an obstacle to all relief! and believed it. And coming to a regular conclusion from all these beliefs, he attempted to do what he believed the state of things required him to do—take the life of the man whom he considered the cause of his own and the general calamity—and the sole obstacle to his own and general happiness. Hallucination of mind was evident; and the wretched victim of a dreadful delusion was, at all events, treated as insane, and never brought to trial. But the circumstance made a deep impression upon the public feeling, and irresistibly carried many minds to the belief in a superintending Providence, manifested in the extraordinary case of two pistols in succession—so well loaded, so coolly handled, and which afterwards fired with such readiness, force and precision—missing fire, each in its turn, when levelled eight feet at the President's heart!

PROFANE SWearing.—It is related of Dr. Scudder that on his mission to India after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer with his son a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the doctor addressing the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country—and in a land of pagan idolatry, but in all his life never heard a man blaspheme his maker until now." The man colored, blurted out a sort of an apology and moved away, looking not a little ashamed of himself.

What lake is this? said a freshly arrived countryman to another who had been in the country some time. "Why it's the Lake Uron." "I know it's the lake I'm on, but what's the name of it?" "Lake Uron, that's the name of it." "Ah! ah! yes, the Lake Uron—but do they call it that when you are not on it?" His friend gave him a look of pry, and explained.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother, see thy fellow workmen there in God's eternity—arriving there—they alone surviving—sacred band of the immortal—celestial body guard of the Empire of mankind. Ever in the weak human memory, they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods—they alone surviving: peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of time.—Curtlyle.

When asked if he was friendly to General Jackson, he replied, no. Why not? He answered because he was a tyrant. Who told you he was a tyrant? He answered, it was a common talk with the people, and that he had read it in the papers. He was asked if he could name any one who had told him so? He replied, no. He was asked if he had ever threatened to shoot Mr. Clay, or Webster, or Mr. Calhoun, or whether he would shoot them if he had an opportunity. He replied, no. When asked if he would shoot Mr. Van Buren? He replied, no, that he once met with Mr. Van Buren in the rotunda, and told him he was in want of money and must have it, and if he did not get it, he (Mr. Van Buren) or General Jackson, must fall. He was asked if any person was present during the conversation? He replied, that there was several, present and when asked if he recollectened one of them, he replied that he did not. When asked if any one advised him to shoot General Jackson, or say that it ought to be done? he replied, I do not like to say. On being pressed on this point, he said no one in particular had advised him.

He further stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him, and if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also—and declared that no power in this country could punish him for having done so, because it would be resisted by the powers of Europe as well as of this country. He also stated that he had been long in correspondence with the powers of Europe, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England, and that he should yet live to regain it; and that he considered the President of the United States nothing more than his clerk.

We now think proper to add that the young man appeared perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the final result, and seems to anticipate no punishment for what he has done. The above contains the leading and literally expressed facts of the whole conversation we had with him, which continued at least two hours. The questions were frequently repeated in different stages of the examination, and presented in various forms. It is clearly to be seen from this medical examination of the man, that this attempted assassination of the President was one of those cases which history presents many instances—a diseased mind acted upon by a general outcry against a public man. Lawrence was in the particular condition to be acted upon by what he heard of General Jackson; a workman out of employment, generally morbid and with reason enough to argue regularly from false premises. He heard the President accused of breaking up the labor of the country; and believed it—of making money scarce! and believed it—of being a tyrant! and believed it—of being an obstacle to all relief! and believed it. And coming to a regular conclusion from all these beliefs, he attempted to do what he believed the state of things required him to do—take the life of the man whom he considered the cause of his own and the general calamity—and the sole obstacle to his own and general happiness. Hallucination of mind was evident; and the wretched victim of a dreadful delusion was, at all events, treated as insane, and never brought to trial. But the circumstance made a deep impression upon the public feeling, and irresistibly carried many minds to the belief in a superintending Providence, manifested in the extraordinary case of two pistols in succession—so well loaded, so coolly handled, and which afterwards fired with such readiness, force and precision—missing fire, each in its turn, when levelled eight feet at the President's heart!

PROFANE SWearing.—It is related of Dr. Scudder that on his mission to India after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer with his son a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the doctor addressing the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country—and in a land of pagan idolatry, but in all his life never heard a man blaspheme his maker until now." The man colored, blurted out a sort of an apology and moved away, looking not a little ashamed of himself.

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We heard a good joke once of a party of young fellows who found fault with the butter on the boarding-house table. "What is the matter with it?" asked the mistress. "Just ask it," said one, "it's old enough to speak for itself."

School Marm—to a five year old archer, pointing to the letter G—"What letter is that?" Young America—Don't know. School Marm—What do you say to your horse? Young America—Ga lang, two forty on a plank.

What makes the milk so warm? said Benny to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please return, the pump-handle broke, and misus took the water from the bucket."

On being asked with respect to the speeches which he had heard in Congress, and whether he was particularly pleased with those of Messrs. Calhoun, Clay and Webster, he replied that he was, because they were on his side. He was then asked if he was well pleased with the speeches of Col. Benton and Judge White? He said he was, and thought Col. Benton highly talented.