"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

For the Montrose Democrat

AUTUMN.

'Tis said that spring hath gentle breeze,
And flowers sweetly fair;
That then the buds adorn the trees,
And odors fill the air.
That joyous buds of plumage bright,
With songs delight the ear;
While flowry dell and woodland height
Proclaim the newborn year

But though the breeze of spring be bland,
I'd rather list the sound
Of Autumn's blast, whose murmurs wild,
Sweep pensively around!
Though buds expand and leaves unfold,
At slightest touch of spring;
Yet Autumn robes the trees with gold,
And doth the harvest bring.

Though singing birds with music fill
The blushing vernal bowers,
And down the steep the laughing rill
Descends in pearly showers;
Yet still I better love the hour
That mournful sighs along,
When falling leaves turn from the trees
Join in the mournful song

So softly sweet upon my ear
Those pensive sounds do fall,
That I in fancy seem to hear
Some weeping spirit call
It bids me mark the *falling* leaf,
And love its mute decay,
For so does life fade away,
Save in the falling year.

Dunkirk, Nov. 1-49. H. V. V.

A Man Overboard.

BY IKE MARVEL

It was one of those thunder and lightning gales at night, when, for a moment, it would be as light as day, and a moment after, so dark, that you could not see an oar's length from the vessel. The captain was forward, and all the hands, except the cook and myself, were aloft

This ship was pitching madly, and the waves were toppling as sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dashing away with a whirl, under our keel, that made every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder was roaring like ten thousand cannon, and every now and then, it seemed, but the sky would light up in a stream of fire, that glared over the topsail the waves, and startened on the wet deck, and the spars, lighting up everything, so plain that I could see the men's faces at the main-top, and catch a glimpse of their eyes, as the yard-arm, clinging like death—then all would be horrible darkness

You could hear the spray spitting against the canvass, and the great waves breaking on the weather bow, and the roar of the wind through the rigging, and anon the creak of a gasket gave way, and the sail billied out to leeward, you could hear the canvass splitting like the crack of a musket—You could hear, too, the captain forward, screaming out orders, and the mate in the cross-trees, screaming 'em over, till the lightning came and the thunder—both together—and deadened their voices, as the they'd been a pair of chirping sparrows.

It was in one of these flashes, that I saw a hand on the yard-arm lose his foot-hold as the ship gave a plunge, but his arms were clenched around the spar Before I could see any more, the blackness came over, and the thunder came with a crash that half deafened me. I thought I heard something like a tiny howl, as it died off; and sure enough, at the next flash of lightning, which came in a moment, what should I see on the top of one of the waves alongside, but Tom Meeks; the lightning glared on his face, so that I could see the look in the poor fellow's eye.

As good luck would have it, she had caught hold of one of the studding-sail sheets, as he fell, and as we pitched, I could see it slipping off the coil upon the deck.

I shouted like mad—"*Man overboard!*" and just had time to catch the rope, when we could see nothing again. I was a boy, then, and could'nt hold by the rope; the sea was too high and the man too heavy for me.

I shouted, and shouted, and shouted, and felt sweat starting all over my forehead, as the rope slipped out through my hands.—Poor Tom had been our messmate for a year, and we all loved him

Presently the Captain felt his way aft, and took hold with me, just as the coil was nearly spent, and we pulled upon him, and the cook came, and we three hauled together upon him

Poor fellow! it must have been desperate work for him; for the ship was drifting at a prodigious rate, and we pulling up at the same time; but he clung like a man.

By-and-by, at a flash, we saw him on a crest three oars length from the vessel.

"Hold on, my man," shouted the captain

"For God's sake, be quick," said the man, and he went down in a trough of the sea. And we pulled the harder; and the captain kept all the while calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush, we could hear Tom say—"I can't hold out much longer—I'm most gone!"

At the next flash we saw him going down under the water.

We called out the more to him to hold on; and presently got him where we could most lay hold of him, and were only waiting for a good lift of the sea, to bring him up, when the poor fellow groaned out—'It's no use—I can't—good bye!' and a wave tossed the end of the rope clean upon the bulwarks.

I never shall forget how he looked—for we saw him plain—when he said "Good bye!" and let go his hold.

WHY is a blush like a little girl? Because it *becomes a woman*.

From Hall's Journal of Health

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GEN. JACKSON.

The virulence of party was so exceedingly animated during the two or three last years of Gen Jackson's Administration, and the newspaper assaults that were made on the President were distinguished for such unusual bitterness, that it was seriously contemplated by his friends to get up a life-guard to protect the Executive Mansion and its distinguished occupant A scheme of this kind was more than once hinted at in Congress, and would have undoubtedly been carried into execution, had it not been indignantly repelled and rejected by Gen Jackson

What probably first led to the suggestion of the expediency of getting up a life-guard for the President was the attempt made exhibited at a public meeting held in the city of New York, at which it was proposed that an armed body should be enlisted and enrolled by the citizens, to proceed to the Capital and compel the President to modify, if not to change the entire policy of his Administration, so far as related to matters of finance The proposition was an illegal one, conceived by demagogues, and openly proposed and advocated by a political fanatic named Guild, who lived long enough to see himself ridiculed for his folly, by all classes, and by all political sects of the Union

In the month of January, 1835, at a time, when, in consequence of pending difficulties between this country and France the political feeling ran so much the worst of them the lives and fortunes, an attempt was made on the life of Gen Jackson by a young man named Richard Lawrence He was a house painter, about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and a native of Great Britain though for some years a resident of the city of Washington

The bold attempt was made in the daytime, and in the presence of at least ten thousand people, on the steps of the East front of the Capitol. The opportunity sought was a similar one and melancholy one

The Hon Warren R Davis, a Representative in Congress from South Carolina, a wit, a poet, and a statesman, had a few days before taken a victim to the disease incident to the Capital, and was to be buried in one of the Halls of Congress, in conformity with parliamentary custom and usage Warren R Davis had lived a life of easy elegance, and was of convivial habits of temperament; as a poet and a wit, he had distinguished himself; and perhaps, as a speaker, at one time, only large assemblages had collected to listen to his eloquence. Poor fellow! he was not aware of what he was to wake the celebrated and popular parody on "Rosy Wine," written by Job Cook, "Wine, Louisiana" which had been extensively sung in England and America

The multitude had listened to the funeral discourse from the Chaplain in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and had marched in procession through the rotunda to the East front of the Capitol, and were standing on the steps, when General Jackson was on his way to the house where the dead Lawrence, who had marked his position, no one could tell, drew from his bosom a brass-barrelled pistol, deliberately presented it to the breast of Gen. Jackson, and pulled the trigger. The percussion cap exploded, but not the discharging pistol. Finding himself baffled in this attempt he drew the second pistol, which had the same effect—the percussion cap exploded and no harm was done. Strangely did Lawrence act, and evidence was the crowd that he was not discovered by any one at the moment of attempt Gen Jackson, who raised his cane and struck at, but missed his object As he raised his cane he ejaculated an emphatic expression peculiar to him, if, which arrested the attention of others, when Lawrence was secured by Capt Gedney, of the Navy, who clasped him in his arms and then pinioned him The cry was instantly, "Kill him!" "Kill the assassin!" Gedney held the assassin fast, and demanding that law and justice should take their course, hurried the madman into a carriage, and conveyed him to prison.

The excitement that immediately ensued was terrific; the mass in attendance swayed to and fro like the waves of the Ocean; and hundreds, not knowing what was the actual cause of alarm, attempted to make a precipitate retreat, to avoid being trampled upon.

Unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, the Hon. George Poindexter, a Senator from the State of Mississippi, was one among the first to make a retreat. As soon as the assemblage evinced an intense excitement, Mr Poindexter, who had been crippled in a duel, hobbled as fast as he possibly could to his carriage, and leaping into it he bade the coachman drive with all possible speed to Pennsylvania Avenue.—This extraordinary movement at once confirmed, in the minds of many, the suspicion that very speedily arose, that he had employed Lawrence to assassinate General Jackson.

Between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Poindexter a most acrimonious feud had existed for years. They had at one time, been on terms of the closest intimacy, personally and politically Mr. Poindexter had defended Gen Jackson with great ability and success in the matter of the Seminolean war and the execution of the British emissaries, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and besides this he had rendered him important service in the canvass that had resulted in his election The contest over, and Gen. Jackson in office, Gov. Poindexter sought and expected, it was said, a diplomatic appointment, and being refused, or the gift procrastinated, a feud ensued, which led to the most unpardonable bitterness on both sides. The parties, and the friends of the parties criminated and recriminated each other in a manner that led to the most implacable hatred, and an unconquerable thirst for vengeance

To such a length was the feud carried, that Gov. Poindexter, goaded perhaps to madness by the taunts and sneers of the *Globe* newspaper, then the accredited organ of the Government, despatched a friend to the White House with a challenge, inviting Gen. Jackson to mortal combat. The challenge, and the bearer of it, were treated with corresponding indignity and contempt; and the latter was instructed to inform his friend, Governor Poindexter, that General Jackson could not recognize a blackguard, who was in the daily habit of horse-whipping his wife! This assertion having been made public, Governor Poindexter; said it was necessary to appear before the public in self-vindication. He denied even that he had been guilty of any rudeness to the gentler sex; positively denied General Jackson's slanderer, and as for the charge of horse-whipping his wife, he appealed to the lady herself to contradict the calumny or sustain it

It was while this unfortunate state of things existed, that Richard Lawrence, the assassin made his attack upon the life of General Jackson, and created the suspicion that Governor Poindexter was the instigator

Governor Poindexter lived in four-and-a-half street, a few doors North of Pennsylvania Avenue Directly opposite stood the house of an Irishman named Foy, a blacksmith, and a Doctor of the diseases of horses"

Foy had been an applicant for work, in the way of his vocation, on the Public Buildings and though often promised it had never been gratified. He was a man of rather immoral habits, and everything served to operate to his manifest disadvantage

When the attempt to assassinate Gen Jackson was made known throughout the city, and the name of the assassin was published, Mr. Foy remembered that he had often seen Richard Lawrence go in and out of Poindexter's residence. He forthwith communicated the fact to a neighbor, named St. Clair, who, on comparing notes and recalling his memory, recollected the same thing Foy and St Clair conferred together several times on the subject, and at last communicated all they knew to a Mr Louis Coltman, who was an Alderman or Councilman, and represented one of the wards of the city of Washington, in its local Government.

Coltman was an active and warm politician, and was perfectly fanatical attached to Gen Jackson and eager to serve him. He was aware that the General suspected Poindexter of complicity with Barret Lawrence, and Foy and Stewart had declared General Jackson listed to him to the end, and then said to him, "I have nothing to do with it so long as it concerned an assassination aspect—Gov." said he, "to the town, and tell them if they know anything of it, I will hold it off to them and convict Poindexter, for I believe he is the author of the shocking assassination." Let them swear to what they profess to know, and then hand it to me, and I will attend to it."

Coltman, who was disposed to figure somewhat largely in the business, did what General Jackson suggested, and Foy and Stewart made affidavit of all they had seen, and almost swore away the life and reputation of George Poindexter. The old General had the affidavits in his possession some time, when one day he happened to mention the subject, as an implied State secret, to Mr. Joel Mann, of the Pennsylvania Delegation in the House of Representatives Mr. Mann faithfully kept the secret for a week or two, when one evening, a little excited at a convivial party, he whispered it in confidence to a member of the Rhode Island Delegation That member in turn imparted it to a Mr ——, who was at the time a Congressional reporter, and Washington letter-writer and correspondent generally. The story was not imparted as a secret to Mr. ——, who, supposing that the existence of the affidavits was a fact familiar to almost every one in Washington, communicated the whole affair to one of his New York correspondents with the addition of "these affidavits, unless destroyed by counterbalancing testimony, must and will convict Governor Poindexter, and consign him to the dungeons of the Penitentiary."

The letter, embracing the facts of the case, was published in New York without a moment's delay, and produced the deepest excitement. It was at once denounced as a falsehood, by the papers in the interests of the opposition, and warmly sustained by those which advocated the Administration, many of whom affirmed to the irreversible truth of every word it contained; and this they did, without knowing one word authentically about the matter.

The published letter returned to Washington after the lapse of a few days, when it was denounced as false and calumnious by the *National Intelligencer*, the *United States Telegraph*, and even by the *Globe* itself, for Gen. Jackson had not confided the secret of the affidavits to the official editor. In the Senate, the letter was denounced by Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster, and all the leading statesmen of the opposition; and Governor Poindexter, having bestowed on it the seven vials of his wrath, demanded an early and impartial investigation, and immediate arrest of its author. This he demanded, he said, in justice to himself, and to the dignity of the Senate; for, if he were guilty of the charge preferred, he were unworthy of the seat he held, and of the confidence and association of all honorable men.

An Executive mandate was immediately issued; placed in the hands of Shackleford, the Sergeant-at-arms, who was instructed to arrest the author, who was lying dangerously sick at his lodging in Pennsylvania avenue; and, in spite of his remonstrance, he was informed that he must either submit to close arrest in the Capitol, or yield the name of the person who had informed him of the existence of the affidavits. Of course Shackleford, the Sergeant-at-arms, had no authority to offer any such terms or threats, but as he was very much disposed to figure in the tenure of office, he submitted a proposition at once insolent and infamous. He was assured in return, that no one's name would be produced till after consultation could be had with the original possessor of the secret affidavits. Shackleford then replied, that he was authorized to say that forty-eight hours for consideration and consultation would be allowed; after which, if the name of the informant was not yielded, summary action would be had

The next day, at a very early hour, a son of Mr. John C Calhoun called upon the author of the letter, as a friend of the Hon. George Poindexter, and, in his behalf, demanded how he knew of the existence of the affidavits, and intimated that unless this call were complied with, resort would be had to a more summary process for a remedy He, at the same time, "handed in" a mis-sive from Gov Poindexter, which partook at once of chivalry and saltpetre.

The author of the letter remained obstinately mute, refusing to make use of the name of any one; and as this affair had, at this period, generated an intense excitement, he was afraid to call upon his informers to sustain him, because he feared that they would deny their former assertions

In this state of dilemma, having partially recovered, he bethought him that he would call on General Jackson So thought, so done He availed himself of an early hour, and was fortunate enough to find the old soldier at leisure and alone.

"Sir," said he, "I came here on delicate business. I am the author of a letter originally published in a New York paper, charging that you are in possession of affidavits to prove that Richard Lawrence was employed by George Poindexter to assassinate you. It is not in my power to prove the existence of any such paper, and if I cannot make good the contents of my letter, I am irrevocably ruined. I cannot contend with the Senate; and unless I make out my case, my reputation as a man, and my profession as a writer, are both destroyed Mr. President, may I be permitted to ask if you possess those affidavits?"

"Make yourself perfectly easy, young man," said the General, "the affidavits are in my possession, and here they are, Sir." At the same instant he drew them from his pocket, and in a voice of thunder, whilst his eyes flashed fire, "Mr. Andrew Jackson Sir, has no concealment about the existence of the guilt of George Poindexter, and is responsible to God, and this country. Take them, Sir, if you desire to do so, and sustain yourself!"

But, upon consideration, he made up his mind to retain the originals, and suffer copies to be taken.

The names of the original informers were now surrendered to the Senate, and a select Committee of Investigation was ordered, composed of Mr. Silas Wright, of New York, Nathan Smith, of Connecticut, Mr. W. P. Mangum, of North Carolina, Mr. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, and John Tyler, of Virginia.

The Committee was in session six days, and examined a multitude of witnesses. It proved that Lawrence was a maniac, who had taken it into his head that he was monarch of England, and had come over to this country to subdue and repossess himself of his revolted provinces. That he regarded General Jackson as a usurper, and he had made up his mind to assassinate him himself, and thus win an imperishable renown. On all other subjects, save this of being entitled to thrones and provinces, he was perfectly sane. He was a painter by occupation, and, when seen about Governor Poindexter's Hotel, was actually engaged in painting the building. All these facts were abundantly proved, and the Committee reported a full acquittal of Governor Poindexter.

Lawrence, after the arrest, went through an examination before Justice Cranch, who ordered him to find bail for his appearance at Court, to answer for assault with the attempt to assassinate. The sum demanded for his appearance was fifteen hundred dollars, which was deemed too small by eager and sycophantic partisans; but it was equivalent to eternal incarceration, as the poor fellow could not have found any one to be responsible for him in the sum of fifteen shillings.

At the time of the arrest of Lawrence, it was doubted by many if the pistols were loaded, as neither of them went off To ascertain the fact, they were placed in the hands of Major Donelson, and a company of gentlemen, who examined them. They were found to be loaded with ball, slug, and buck-shot, and being re-capped, went off, perforating a two-inch plank at the distance of some ten yards. They were brass-barrelled, connected near the breech or chamber by a screw.

Why they did not explode when placed at the breast of General Jackson, of course no one can tell; but it is supposed, as Lawrence had carried them in his bosom many days, and as the weather was very warm for the season, that the warmth of his body had destroyed the percussion cap.

Lawrence was committed to jail in the month of February, 1835, and remained there many years, when, I think, he was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum in Baltimore. When I last saw him, he appeared to be contented and happy, and was very busily engaged in parcelling out crowns and kingdoms, while he originated monarchs and despotisms.

☞ The revenue of the railways in the United kingdom amounts to no less than £12,000,000 annually

Kindness the best Punishment.

A Quaker, of exemplary character, was disturbed at night by footsteps around his dwelling; and he arose from his bed, and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached, and the man outside fled. He stepped to the cellar window and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who after a little while, asked his supposed accomplice, in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all"—and the thief industriously handed up the remainder through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker Both were astonished; for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, whom none would have suspected of such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged the old man not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbor."

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want pork"

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal One half the pork thou must take with thee"

The thief insisted he could never eat a morsel of it. The thoughts of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was inexorable, and furnishing the thief with a bag, half the pork put therein, and laying it on his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily, for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret; and though in after time the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never known The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably the first, it was certainly the last attempt made by him to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result? His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirits broken Revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart, the scorn of men would have stung his soul, and in all probability he would have entered upon a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished.

Interior of the Earth.

A fact of great interest has been proved by the borings for Artesian wells in the suburbs of Paris, namely, that as we go toward the centre of the earth, the temperature increases at the rate of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great part of it, is an igneous ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How then are they to be accounted for? The theory provalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and entirely abandoned All the coal in the world would never afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in the earth.

We know that when certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is developed, and a light is produced, superior even in effulgence to the splendor of the sun. Now if a small arrangement produces such results, what may we not expect from the combination of those immense beds of metals to be found in the earth?—Here we may have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration on a small scale may be seen in an instrument called the theo-electrical battery, made of zinc, bismuth and antimony, packed in a box and varnished. In this, heat is evolved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very cause of the volcano, when in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snows.—*Prof. Silliman.*

Habits of a man of Business.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly nor in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself; keeps everything in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit transactions, as at times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing to the memory which can, and ought to be, committed to writing; keeps copies of all important letters which he sends away, and has every letter and invoice belonging to his business titled, classed and put away. He never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it, is always at the head of his business, well knowing if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted, and is constantly examining his book, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and consignents, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodations in money matters and law suits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum book, with a pencil in his pocket, in which he writes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

You Will be Wanted.

Take courage, young man What if you are but an humble and obscure apprentice—a poor, neglected orphan—a serf and a by-word to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags because of its tatters? Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, an honest heart? Depend upon it, one of these days you *will be wanted* The time may be long deferred You may grow to manhood, and you may eventually reach your prime ere the call is made, but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few and sacred not to be appreciated—not to be wanted

Your virtues shall not always be hidden—your poverty shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle—obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances Be ever active, however small may be your sphere of action It will surely enlarge with every movement, and your influence will have double incitement.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Work on, for surely you will be wanted, and then comes your reward Lean upon the sacred verity, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread!" Never despair, for the lives of good men abundantly show that often when the clouds are blackest, and the tempest is fiercest, and hope is faintest, a "still small voice" will be heard saying, "Come hither—you are wanted," and all your youthful courage, young man, for ere long "you will be wanted."

Doing a Landlord.

There lived some years since in a thriving Connecticut river village of New Hampshire, a lively little old man of sixty years, who was familiarly called "Uncle Bill"

He was poor, fond of a drink, and when short of change, always ready with some cunning expedient to procure one.

One hot summer's day the old man came puffing and sweating into the porch of the village tavern, where sat Mr. B, the landlord, whom he thus addressed:

"Like to let everything in your garden, landlord; just as I came along I see a half a dozen cows in there, but I drove 'em out before they had done much damage."

"Much obliged to you for your trouble," said Mr. B. "Won't you take a drink?"

"Don't care if I do take a cooler; made me rather warm runnin' after the tarnal critters."

The old man took his liquor, and after loading his short pipe, sat down to take a smoke.

He puffed away in silence for a long time, chuckling occasionally with a self-satisfied air—probably at the funny forms assumed by his smoke wreaths.

Getting up at last to go he said, "Didn't tell you, landlord, *how* the cows got into the garden."

"No," said Mr. B, "how was it?"

"Why, I took down the bars, and drove 'em in myself!"

And the old fellow stumped off, leaving the nettled Mr B, to the laugh of the bystanders.

"CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE."—A President of a Puritan College in New England is said to have declared that *Christianity is a failure!* In what respect it has failed, he does not condescend to mention, neither has he shown what would be proper substitute. That it has failed to make all men honest, virtuous and just, is true; but that it has failed to make every man so who believes its doctrines and faithfully practises its precepts, we deny, and it would take something stronger than the dogmatic declaration of a crochetty-brained professor to make us believe it. Men, mistaking causes and effects, frequently come to the most absurd conclusions. It was but recently we read a pamphlet, in which the author undertook to demonstrate from existing evils in society, that all civil governments were failures, and hence inferred the universal license was preferable. The writer was not able to see that the evils complained of were the necessary results of his own system, which it was the object of civil governments to check, and without whose controlling influence society would become little better than a Pandemonium. The author expected too much from civil government, forgetting that its institution is to protect society from bad passions of evil men, by punishment and making it their interest to restrain them. That it should make every man a perfect pattern of a good citizen is not to be expected; other influences have to operate upon his mind and feelings to produce this effect. The Puritan professor has probably fallen into some book mistake.—*Scott's Weekly.*

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, both was his kindness to the young man whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to profitable subjects, they met a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who was at work in the adjacent field, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor saying "let us play the man a trick; we will hide the shoes and conceal ourselves behind yonder bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must merely amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes hard-by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around and looked again and again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and his tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

KOSSOUTH—HIS RECEPTION IN AMERICA—In a recent number of the "National Era," we find the following by Grace Greenwood After welcoming to our shores the charming writer, Frederika Bremer, Grace says:

"But to the MEN of America comes one whose very name should cause the blood to leap along their veins—he, the heart's brother of freemen all over the world—the patriot, prophet, and soldier, the hero of the age—Kossouth the Hungarian:

"How will he be received here? How will the deep, intense, yet mournful sympathisings of the country, find expression?—Not in parades and dinners, and public speeches, for Heaven's sake!

"Would you feast and FETE a man of whose single heart is laid the dead, crushing weight of a nation's sorrow—about whose spirit a nation's despair makes deep, perpetual night?

"I know not how my countrymen will meet this glorious exile; but were I a young man, with all the early love and fresh enthusiasm for liberty and heroism, I would bow reverently, and silently kiss his hand Were I a pure and tried statesman, an honest patiot, I would fold him to my breast Were I an old veteran, with the fire of freedom yet warming the veins whose young blood overflowed in her cause, I should wish to look on Kossouth and die!

"Who can say this man has lived in vain? Though it was not his to strike the shackles from his beloved land, till she should stand free and mighty before Heaven, has he not struggled and suffered for her? Has he not spoken hallowed and immortal words—words which have gone forth to the nations, a power and a prophecy, which shall sound on and on, long after his troubled life is past—on and on, till their work is accomplished in great deeds—and the deeds become history, to be read by free men with quickened breath, and eyes that lighten with exultation? And it is a great thing that Europe, darkened by superstition and crushed by despotism, has known another hero—a race of heroes, I might say, for the Hungarian uprising has been a startling and terrific spectacle for kings and emperors. And the end is not yet. There must be a sure, a terrible retribution for the oppressors—a yet more fearful RIVALRY to this world-witnessed tragedy. While the heavens endure, let us hold on to the faith that the right shall prevail against the wrong, when the last long struggle shall come, that the soul of freedom is imperishable, and shall triumph over all oppressions on the face of the whole earth."

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.—The Lowell Journal says: Two or three years since a young merchant in the western part of New York, having formed a high opinion of the Lowell operatives, from the contributions of some of them in the Offering, came on to the city in search of a wife As his purpose was made known to girls at the several places which he visited, or for some other reason, he was not very successful in the object of his mission, and was compelled to return home without a lady-love. It happened; however, not long since, that one of the young girls remarked that "she wished she had known the object of so fine a gentleman's visit—that *she* would have had him." Another immediately made known this desideratum to the gentleman—and, to come to the point at once, he came on last week—took the young girl to Rhode Island, or Connecticut, and married her—having seen her but once before. They are very happy in each others society, and we hope will long enjoy the bliss of the wedded life.

The editor of the Offering frequently has applications for wives from persons of all distinctions, but we believe she invariably writes them to come and make their own selections