The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 41.

Poet's Corner.

From the Knickerbocker.

Some Things Love Me.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

All within and all without me,
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs around me,
Oh, how still!

To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark.

And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground.

And the lone bird comes; I hear it,
In the tall and windy pine,
Pour the sadness of his spirit
Into mine.

There it sings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that loves me—
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me;
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boat-like, as I would woo me
Far away!

And the stars bend from the azure;
I could reach them where I lie;
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.

There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me—
Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,
Like a solemn river slow,
Gentle eyes akin to heaven
On me glow;

Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts;
But I sigh—a thing of glory
Soon departs.

Yet when MANY soars above me,
I must think that there will be
One more star in heaven to love me—
Even me!

Miscellaneous.

☞ We were a good deal amused the other day at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

The woman watched him with every appearance of deep interest, and at last said to him:

'Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car window?'

The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half of his body, from the car window.

'Do you understand English?' asked the woman.

'Yaw!' was the reply.

'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?'

There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back and once more exclaimed:

'Do you understand English?'

'Yaw—yaw—yaw!'

'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?'

No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collision' with some passing object.

The woman could stand it no longer:

'*Why don't you keep your head out of the window!*' The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've *got any*—and I don't much believe you have!'

We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive leaked out, coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the noise of the wheels.'—*Harper's New Monthly.*

VALUABLE PILLS.—Some twenty years ago a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dressed with his cap on one side of his head, met the celebrated Dr. N—, and accosted him in this wise:

'Can you—eh, tell me Doctah how far they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the—ah, very unfortunate gentleman's barn?'

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head, as usual, for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger in his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills and handed them to him, saying,

'Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you don't feel better in the morning, call at my office.'

☞ It is stated that cars on railways are all to be hung in black in future, like other hearses.

Col. Benton's History.

Retiring and death of Gen. Jackson—Anno, 1837.

The second and last term of Gen. Jackson's presidency expired on the 3d of March, 1837. The next day, at 12, he appeared with his successor, Mr. Van Buren, on the elevated and spacious eastern portico of the capitol; as one of the citizens who came to witness the inauguration of the new President, and no way distinguished from them, except by his place on the left hand of the new President, and no way distinguished from them, except by his place on the left hand of the President-elect. The day was beautiful—clear sky, balmy vernal sun—tranquil atmosphere—and the assemblage immense. On foot, in the large area in front of the steps, orderly without troops, and closely wedged together, their faces turned to the portico, presenting to the beholders from all the eastern windows the appearance of a field paved with human faces—this vast crowd remained rivited to their places, and profoundly silent, until the ceremony of the inauguration was over. It was the stillness and silence of reverence and affection, and their was no room for mistake as to whom this mute and impressive homage was rendered. For once the rising the rising was eclipsed by the setting sun. Though disrobed of power, and retiring to the shades of private life, it was evident that the great ex-President was the absorbing object of this intense regard. At the moment that he began to descend the broad steps of the portico to take his seat in the open carriage which was to bear him away, the deep, repressed feelings of the dense mass broke forth, acclamations and cheers bursting from the heart and filling the air—such as power never commanded, nor man in power ever received. It was the affection, gratitude, and admiration of the living age, saluting for the last time a great man. It was the acclaim of posterity, breaking from the bosoms of cotemporaries. It was the anticipation of futurity—unpurchasable homage to the hero patriot, who, all his life, and in all the circumstances of his life, in peace and in war, and glorious in each, had been the friend of his country, devoted to her, regardless of self.—Uncovered and bowing, with a look of unaffected humility and thankfulness, he acknowledged in mute signs his deep sensibility to this affecting overflow of popular feeling. I was looking down from a side window, and felt an emotion which had never passed thro' me before. I had seen the inauguration of many Presidents, and their going away, and their days of state, vested with power, and surrounded by the splendors of the first magistracy of a great Republic. But they all appeared to me as pageants, brief to the view, unreal to the touch, and soon to vanish. But here there seemed to be a reality—a real scene—a man and the people—he, laying down power and withdrawing through the portals of everlasting fame; they, sounding in his ears the everlasting plaudits of unborn generations. Two days after, I saw the Patriot ex-President in the car which bore him off to his seclusion so much desired—I saw him depart with that look of quiet enjoyment which bespoke the inward satisfaction of the soul at exchanging the cares of office for the repose of home. History, poetry, oratory, marble and brass, will hand down the military exploits of Jackson; this work will commemorate the events of his civil administration, not less glorious than his military exploits of Jackson; this work will commemorate the events of his civil administration, not less glorious than his military achievements, great as they were; and this brief notice of his last appearance at the American capitol, is intended to preserve some faint memory of a scene, the grandeur of which was so impressive to the beholder, and the solace of which must have been so grateful to the heart of the departing patriot.

Eight years afterwards he died at the Hermitage, in the full possession of all his faculties, and strong to the last in the ruling passion of his soul—love of country. Public history will do justice to his public life—but a farther notice is wanted of him—a notice of the domestic man—of the man at home, with his wife, his friends, his neighbors and his slaves, and this I feel some qualification for giving, from my long and varied acquaintance with him. First, his intimate and early friend—then a rude rupture—afterwards friendship and intimacy for twenty years, and until his death—in all, forty years of personal observation, in the double relation of friend and foe, and in all the walks of life, public and private, civil and military.

The first time that I saw Gen. Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1759—he on the bench, a judge of then superior court—and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned, nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war, but the effect of personal qualities—cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language, which grated on my ear and lodged on my memory, without detracting in the least from the respect which he inspired, and without awaking the slightest suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction. The first time I spoke with him was some few years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a southern visit, which brought him through the towns and camps of some of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat I perceived, on the white lining of the turn-down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off and put my heel upon it,—little thinking that I was to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and began a conversation, in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait in his character—that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Carolina, gave me kind invitations to visit him, and expressed the belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words which had the effect of producing what they promised.—Soon after, he had a further opportunity to show his generous feeling. I was employed in a criminal case of much magnitude, where counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside—and the trial of which Gen. Jackson attended through concern for a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did my best, and it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort better than it was. He complimented me highly, and from that time our intimacy began.

I soon became his aid, he being a Major-General in the Tennessee Militia—made so by a majority of one vote. How much often depends upon one vote!—and after that I was habitually at his house; and, as an inmate, had opportunities to know his domestic life, and at the period when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the superior court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent fame of the Hermitage, a name chosen for its perfect accordance with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no active theatre for its employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking everything himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the uniformity of Mrs. Jackson's disposition to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life could afford, and found it for some years in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several—and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or bought, or brought to the State, and for large sums. This is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cock-pit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously. I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual at that time, and he had his share of them, with their unpleasant concomitants, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility. His temper was placable as well as irascible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that, my own case was a signal instance.

There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing his affection for divine worship, respect for ministers of the gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson. And when they both afterwards became members of a church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this I can give an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was.—The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in—which he had done to please the child—his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that, and though he had his passions and his violences, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless, for all of whom his feelings were those of protection and support.

His hospitality was active, as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this I learned a characteristic instance in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern, towards the lower part of the town. Gen. Jackson heard of it—sought him out—found him, took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, 'Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern where I have a house.' This was heart! and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and as such nominated me for the United States Senate at my first election in 1820—his name was Benton Boone, and so named after my father. Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks and love of hard money—love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidences in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance not long before the war of 1812—selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative, and going into log houses in the forest part to begin a new home and farm. He was living in these rude tenements when he vanquished the British at New Orleans; and, probably a view of their conqueror's domicile would have astonished the British officers as much as their defeat had done. He was attached to his friends, and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first reports of the surrender of Gen. Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy, or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right, judgment, and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a staunch Puritan.

The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General and a President for the times in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers usually gave his manuscript to an aid, a friend, or a secretary, to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own, vigorously expressed, and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering; but, as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs, and covering several sheets of paper, and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous, flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid and unmovable, when he was under strong convictions, though often yielding on minor points, to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced, perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself to be in the right.

He had a load to carry all his life, resulting from a temper which refused compromises and bargains, and went for a clean victory, or a clean defeat, in every case. Hence, every step he took was a contest, and, it may be added, every contest was a victory. I have already said that he was elected a Major General in Tennessee—an election on which so much afterwards depended—by one vote. His appointment in the United States regular army was a conquest from the administration, which had twice refused to appoint him a brigadier, and once disbanded him as a volunteer general, and only yielded to his militia victories.—His election as President was a victory over politicians—as was every leading event in his administration.

I have said that his appointment in the regular army was a victory over the administration, and it belongs to the inside views of history, and to the illustration of government mistakes, and the elucidation of individual merit surmounting obstacles, to tell how that was. Twice passed by to give preference to two others in the west (General Harrison and General Winchester,) once disbanded, and omitted in all the lists of military nominations, how did he get at last to be appointed Major-General? It was thus: Congress passed an act authorizing the President to accept organized corps of volunteers. I proposed to General Jackson to raise a corps under that act, and hold it ready for service. He did so; and with this corps, and some militia, he defeated the Creek Indians, and gained the reputation which forced his appointment in the regular army. I drew up the address which he made to his division at the time, and, when I carried it to him in the evening, I found the child and the lamb between his knees. I raised a regiment myself, and made the speeches at the general musters, which helped to raise two others, assisted by a small band of friends—all feeling confident that if we could conquer the first difficulty—master the first step—and get him upon the theatre of action, he would do the rest himself. This is the way he got into the regular army, not only unselected by the wisdom of government, but rejected by it—a stone rejected by the master-builders—and worked in by an unseen hand, to become the corner stone of the temple. The aged men of Tennessee will remember all this, and it is time that history should learn it. But to return to the private life and personal characteristics of this extraordinary man.

There was an innate, unvarying, self-acting delicacy in his intercourse with the female sex, including all womankind; and on that point my personal observation were both large and various, enables me to join in the declaration of the belief expressed by his earliest friend and most intimate associate, the late Judge Overton, of Tennessee. The Roman general won an immortality of honor by one act of continence; what praise is due to Jackson, whose whole life was continent? I repeat; if he had been born in the time of Cromwell, he would have been a Puritan.—Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating fortunes drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbor, relative, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and hospitable temper, and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had facility—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriate, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth, or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house well filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her, affectionately, 'Aunt Rachel.' I was young, then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections, and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its first and long mistress—the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is in the the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead. She died at the moment of the General's first election to the Presidency, and every one that had a just petition to present, or charitable request to make, lost, in her death, the surest channel to the ear and to the heart of the President. His regard for her survived, and lived in the persons of her nearest relatives. A nephew of hers was his adopted son and heir, taking his own name, and now the respectable master of the Hermitage. Another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Esq., was his private secretary when President. The presidential mansion was presided over during his term by her niece, the most amiable Mrs. Donelson, and all his conduct bespoke affectionate and lasting remembrance of one he had held so dear.

WHY MR. BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED.—A correspondent of the New Haven Palladium, writing from Lancaster, records the reason:

"A short distance from the city is the country residence of Hon. James Buchanan, Ambassador to the court of St. James. Its general appearance at once indicates that no fair hand is there to train the creeping vines or budding trees to their befitting place—as you are aware that the honorable gentleman still remains in single blessedness! The story is briefly told. Paying his addresses to a young and beautiful lady of this city, each became deeply enamored, and they were engaged.—On a given evening, she requested his company to a party at a friend's, which he declined on the plea of business engagements. Circumstances rendered it necessary, he, late in the evening, escorted a young lady to her home, and on the way—*they met*.

Mortified and chagrined at what she deemed unfaithfulness and desertion, and imagining the worst, she left the city in the morning, and returned, a corpse. Such is the end story of his early love, nor can the high places of distinction and trust make him forget, not the wreaths of honor that encircle his brow bury the memory of the early tried and lost."

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Sewing Societies vs Benevolence

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent had been paying a visit to Mrs. Barker, the new Minister's wife, as she was termed. As they were about leaving, Mrs. Ellis remarked—

"I suppose, Mrs. Barker, we shall see you at our sewing society, to-morrow afternoon.—It meets at my house."

"I rather think not," was Mrs. Barker's reply.

"No!" ejaculated both of the ladies at once.

"You will be expected there," continued Mrs. Nugent. A great many were disappointed because you were not at our first one, and some, I must add, were not a little displeased at it; but I plead for you, assuring them that probably you did not exactly understand its object."

"I am sorry to disappoint or displease any of my friends," replied Mrs. Barker, "yet I cannot conscientiously take part in a sewing society."

"You cannot! and why not?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Surely, our pastor's wife ought to set us an example in this respect. She should be the last to object to engaging in works of benevolence."

"In those that are really such, Mrs. Ellis; but to injure one portion of our fellow-creatures for the sake of benefitting others, can hardly be termed benevolence."

"I should like you to show me how sewing societies can injure any one," remarked Mrs. Nugent. "I always thought them a great benefit."

"I thought so too, once, my dear friends, but recent observations and reflection have led me to think differently. The object of your society, I believe is to pay off the church debt, is it not?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Ellis, "and in this way many persons are enabled to help us that otherwise would not, or could not, give us a cent. There's Anna Howell, for instance; last month she embroidered us two beautiful little dresses—each of them sold for two dollars and a half—the materials for both cost, I believe about three dollars; so it was equal to her giving us two dollars."

"She is a dress-maker, and has generally, I believe, as much work as she can do, and I suppose, in the time it took her to embroider those dresses, she could have earned as much, if not more, at her regular work. Would it not have been just as easy, then, for her to have given you two dollars in money, as in the way she did?"

"But she would never have given it in money. To tell the truth, I do not suppose she could afford it, for she has her mother and a little sister to do for, and I guess they need all she earns."

"With such persons, Mrs. Ellis, time is money."

"Oh! yes; but then she did these 'between times,' as we say."

"When she needed rest and recreation for her exhausted frame, no doubt. But who purchased these little dresses?"

"Mrs. English, the banker's wife; the wealthiest and, I believe, at the same time, the meanest woman in the city. We have asked her several times to give us something for our church, but she has invariably refused us. Any little fancy articles, however, that we have for sale, and that she wants, she will take. It was to reach such people that we started our sewing society. There, you see, is where we have the advantage. Surely, their purchasing such things cannot in the least injure the poor."

"I am not so sure of that, Mrs. Nugent.—Do you suppose Mrs. English would have bought those dresses, or have had them made, if she had not got them from you?"

"Oh! yes; she was just going out to get the materials for them, as we called."

"Who do you suppose would have made them?" the entrance of another visitor prevented a reply to this question. The person who entered was Mrs. Toyville, the senior deacon's wife, a lady who was universally esteemed for her piety and benevolence, but who, like Mrs. Barker, had very little faith in the usefulness of fairs, sewing societies, and all similar projects of benevolence. As Mrs. Toyville seated herself in the chair tendered to her by Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent cast knowing glances at each other, which seemed to say, "Ah! we know now how to account for Mrs. Barker's prejudices." But in this they were mistaken; the two ladies had never conversed together upon the subject. It was not long before Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent rose to depart, but Mrs. Toyville detained them, saying that she had that morning received applications for pecuniary assistance from two or three of the poorer members of the church, whom she was about to visit, and would be much pleased for them to accompany her; Mrs. Barker, too, if she could. Mrs. Barker was obliged to decline going, having home duties to attend to that ought not to be neglected. Minister's wives *sometimes* have home duties as well as other people. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs Nugent, who were known as very benevolent ladies, at once expressed their willingness to accompany Mrs. Toyville in her errand of mercy. Ten minutes walk through narrow lanes and alleys brought them to a small frame house, the situation of which was anything but pleasant. The knock at the door was answered by a pale, sickly-looking little girl, about eight years old.

"Is your mother in, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's sick in bed," replied the child. "Please walk in, ladies."

"Ah! Mrs. Toyville," exclaimed the sick woman, "how glad I am to see you; and you, too, ladies," turning to Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent. "It was a long while, Mrs Toyville before I could make up my mind to send for you; but I could not bear to see my children starve."

"How long have you been sick, Mrs. Lynn?" asked the deacon's wife.

"A week to-day."

"Then why did you not let me know before?" "We, who have an abundance of this world's goods, esteem it a privilege to administer to the wants of others. Haven't you been in want?"

"Not for actual necessaries till yesterday. I had a little change by me when I was taken sick, which lasted till then. But all day yesterday, none of us tasted a mouthful of food. This morning Mrs. Miles brought me some breakfast in, and took the children home and gave them some. The three little ones are there now."

"What brought on your sickness do you suppose?"

"Work got cold and I was obliged to take anything I could get to do. Mrs. Joyce wanted some house-cleaning done, so I thought I would try and do it for her. I got my feet wet, and, I suppose, took cold in that way."

"You did wrong, Mrs. Lynn, to undertake this. You are not used to such work, and are, therefore, the more liable to take cold," said Mrs. Ellis.

"How could I help it, ma'am? My children must have bread; and ever since that sewing society has been started up at the church, my work has gradually decreased. I did not mind it so much, though, as long as I kept Mrs. English's work, for that was worth as much to me as all the rest put together.—There was never a week but I had embroidery or something of the kind to do for her; but now she gets everything of the kind from the sewing society, and I am obliged to take hold of the first thing that offers."

Mrs. Ellis said no more, but both she and Mrs. Nugent appeared rather restless, whilst listening to the further inquiries made by Mrs. Toyville, whom they permitted to make what arrangements she thought best in reference to the poor woman and her children.

"Anna Howell sent for me, this morning," said Mrs. Toyville, soon after they left the humble abode of Mrs. Lynn. "She is very ill. She does not live far from here, so we might as well call there next."

No objection was made, if any was felt, to this. Mrs. Howell, a frail, weak woman of about sixty, met them at the door of her dwelling.

"How is Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Rather better, thank you, but still very weak. The doctor says, if she sticks as close to her needle as she has done, before this time next year she will be in her grave."

"Does he think her lungs are affected?"

"He doesn't say, but I'm inclined to think they are. She coughs constantly of late, and is all the time complaining of a pain in her side."

"How long has she been in this state?"

"Well, she hasn't been to say well for near a month. You see she undertook to do some little work for the sewing society, and, as she couldn't spare the time through the day, she was obliged to do it at night. Twice she sat up all night to work on it; and it was more than she could bear, for she has been complaining ever since. I told her the ladies wouldn't want her to work that way for them."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Nugent, who now began to see how sewing societies could injure any one, "of course not; we would rather have done without the work. Is she confined to her bed?"

"Oh! ia, yes. She has not been able to set up for nearly a week. But walk up and see her, ladies. She has been looking for you, Mrs. Toyville, all the morning."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this little sketch any farther. It is so plain that all who read understand. We will only add that when Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent left the bedside of Anna Howell, their confidence in sewing societies was a good deal shaken.

Remarkable Events.

1638	Harvard College founded at Cambridge.
1639	First Printing Press in America.
1695	Rice first cultivated in South Carolina.
1704	First American Newspaper published.
1710	First Post-office in America, at N. York.
1719	First Philadelphia Newspaper published.
1720	Tea first used in New England.
1725	First New York Newspaper published.
1733	First Freemason Lodge in America.
1764	First Medical School in America.
1774	Boston streets first lighted with lamps.
1781	First American bank was instituted.
1782	First American 74 gun ship built.
1784	First Bishop in the U. S. consecrated.
1690	First American voyage to China.
1790	First Catholic Bishop consecrated in U.S.
1790	First Census in U. S. taken.
1791	First Quarto Bible printed in U. S.
1791	U. S. Mint established in Philadelphia.
1796	First Turnpike Corporation in Mass.
1804	Middlesex first large canal completed.
1807	Steamboats first used on the Hudson.
1808	First Theological Seminary in U. S.
1811	First steamboat on the Mississippi.
1846	First Electric Telegraph.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The Albany *Knickerbocker* gives an account of a dog belonging to one of its carriers. The carrier, falling sick, sent out a boy to deliver the papers, who being unacquainted with the round, accompanied by the dog, who stopped at the door of every subscriber and wagged his tail, never missing one out of a list of six hundred. At the door of all subscribers who had not paid for a length of time, the dog would growl; and at the doors of those who had paid in advance he wagged his tail majestically three times, up and down, and with a look of evident satisfaction, walked away.

☞ If you wish to know how small a quantity of meat you can subsist on, put up at a twenty shilling boarding-house. There is an establishment of this kind in Sharpsville, Pa. where one sausage does the whole household. The landlord eats the sausage, and the boarders smell of his breath!

A FAST PEOPLE.—The St. Paul *Minnesotian* of the 25th ult. is responsible for the following. It is a fast way of doing business, and beats Australia and California all hollow:

One of Miss E——'s pupils, a young lady stepped into the school room the other morning, and commenced gathering up her books, stating that she was sorry that she was compelled to leave the school.

"For what reason?" mildly inquired the astonished teacher.

"Oh, I was married last evening, that's all."

"Why did you not inform me before?"

"For the simple reason," replied the blooming bride, "that I did not know it myself until during the same afternoon—he never asked me till then."

Barnaby Higgings says he has concocted a plan to discover Sir John Franklin, which is sure to succeed. It is, to wait patiently till the day of resurrection.

A cod-pirate to rob the N. York Crystal Palace, has been detected. The plan was to cut off the main gas pipe, and in the confusion of the consequent darkness, to plunder the exhibition. Great secrecy seems to be preserved about the matter probably for the purpose of detecting the conspirators.

An old viper who lately attended an exhibition where a learned Professor caused silver to explode and take place among gases produced from water, said: "You don't catch me putting much water in my inner after this; I had no idea that water was so dangerous stuff to tamper with inside."

Good Nature—A few Thoughts.

How much of the beauty of life consists in a genial nature—an open heart. The man that observes as he passes along the street the little school girl, with her satchel and books, and kindly inquires with a smile of goodness upon his lips, her name and whether she loves her teacher, her mother, and brings up in a gushing stream all the beauteous affections of innocence and childhood, lives more in a day and confers more happiness upon his fellows, than a regiment of scoffers and growlers would compass in a life time.

Society, in all its forms, is like the ocean; sometimes calm and unruffled, with gentle zephyrs playing upon its surface, at others stirred to its inmost depth by the boisterous and rude elements which liken themselves to demoniac spirits, and ruffle and disturb every thing with which they come in contact. How great the warfare between contending and opposing elements, both in the physical and moral world! How we long that the spirit of wisdom should gain the ascendency, and that peace, quietness, charity, and good-will to men, should be the prevailing feeling of the social and political compact! What expositions of life would be thus avoided, and how much happier would the world be were a desire to promote the happiness of others the ruling motive of existence!

We may well compare human life to the bridge in "the vision of Mirza," so beautifully described by Addison, with multitudes passing over it and dropping through the innumerable trap doors concealed in its passage, with its three score and ten entire arches and several broken ones, making the number to an hundred, standing in the midst of the tide vale of misery, and a black and impenetrable cloud hanging on either end of it, and the thick mist concealing the entrance and the outlet of the great valley. With this uncertain footing and clouded destiny, why should we make ourselves miserable here and disagreeable to each other. By banishing all unworthy notions and resolving to be good and kind, to love our neighbor as ourselves, we put to flight the horde of vulture passions, jealousy, hatred, envy, malice, and uncharitableness, which coil themselves around the tendrils of a bad heart and conceal themselves as noisome worms in its deepest recesses, there to plague most of all, him whom they would prompt to plague others. The advantage of an equable temper is in its reaction upon ourselves. Have we done a kindness to a neighbor—have we failed to resent with fiery indignation a supposed wrong or insult—have we reconciled differences between friends who have become estranged from each other? We have our rewards in the consciousness of our claim to benefit, and render more happy and contented our fellowmen.

But it is not merely as individuals that we derive a just reward for acts of benevolence. It carries its treasures into the bosom of our families. Witness the forbearance and kind feeling in that family where one happy spirit, one genial nature casts its hallowed influences around the whole family circle. There the bond of affection always remains bright and strong; there is the glowing fire, the cheerful hearth, the pleasant and happy communion.—Who would not be kind and benevolent, if not for its own sake, at least for the happiness it confers upon others? How precious this feeling in all the relations of home!

In the community as well as the family circle, witness its charm. No contentions in the neighborhood—no strife among friends—no sudden outbursts of disaffection and passion within its legitimate sphere, but what it mollifies, and disarms them of half their bitterness, if it does not render such events unheard of and unknown. Is the next door neighbor troublesome, quarrelsome, with his family and others near him? He talks to him mildly and firmly, with self composure and effect. Is he a merchant?—he measures his customers by the real and natural goodness of his heart, his equanimity of temper. Is he a lawyer?—he has the advantage in the trial of his cause, and to the benefit of his client, over his irascible opponent. Is he a farmer?—the bad fences of his neighbor Higgins, and the trespasses of his cattle, grieve him, but do not throw him into a spasm of rage. Is he a member of a political party?—he wins upon the esteem even of those who abominate his political opinions, and wields an influence which is surprising to himself as it is useful to his friends.—Is he a statesman who is elevated to power by the suffrages of his fellow citizens?—his equanimity, sense of justice, patience and candor, which his own unruffled feelings enable him to exhibit in full play, render him the superior of those whose natural abilities may far surpass his own. He is the NATHANIEL MACON of every deliberative body. Is he a Justice of the Peace, or petty Magistrate?—he sits as umpire between his fellow citizens, composes their difficulties without recourse to litigation, and sends them home reconciled as good neighbors and good citizens.

But above all, we should cultivate mildness of temper, good nature, not so much for the benefit it confers upon ourselves and others, but from high sense of duty. We are placed in the world, for wise and noble purposes and we should not defeat the very end of our creation and continued existence—and let us so live, that when we do fall through trap doors on the bridge portrayed in the vision of Mirza, we may be carried by the current to that side of "the high rock of adamant," which rears its crest on high in the deep vale where "the vast ocean is planted with innumerable islands covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with the thousand little shining seas that run among them"—where the inhabitants are clad "in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers"—where their ears are greeted "with a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments"—where every pure and holy enjoyment is extatic and endless.

One day as Judge Parsons was jogging on horseback over a desolate road he came upon a log hut, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the incoherent poverty of the scene. A pale, half starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square hole which served for a window, with—"Leave, Judge, I ain't no body as you think me to be, for I don't live here land."

The Buffalo Republic says a little boy, shod poorly, stood in front of the Western Hotel, was accosted a few mornings since, by a male young man, with the question "Does your mother know you're out?" The little fellow looked at the interrogator a moment with his bosom heaving and tears gathered in his eyes and replied, "Sir my dear mother is dead."