The Montrose Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

Sparking Sunday Night.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On our face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly 'tis working,
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! *ain't* it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said.
"Love ye one another!"
Bless me! *don't* we do it—
Ministers recite:
Sparking Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers around her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh! thunder!—ain't it pleasant,
Sparking Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock I snum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has *come*;
You ask with spiteful accents,
If "that old clock is right,"
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on a Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four five, six you took—
But thinking that you rob her,
Give back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight
Don't you wish *each day* was
Only Sunday night?

Communications.

School Government.

In the last number of the *Democrat*, I observed from the pen of "A School Director" of Lanesboro, an article animadverting with considerable acerbity, an opinion expressed by me, at the last meeting of the "Teachers Association," in reference to the best method of governing schools; and I think it due to myself that some explanation be made concerning the matter.

I admit from the report of the "Association" held in Gibson, the remark, "that I would use my influence to procure the expulsion of refractory scholars from school," may be so construed, as to convey the impression that I would do this on the first exhibition of a disobedient inclination in the pupil, and before summoning "moral suasion" to my aid; but this is an erronious conception of my meaning. What I remarked at the Association in regard to the matter, I will now repeat. In substance it is this: "Were a large scholar, one who had arrived at years of discretion, to come to a school that I was teaching, and manifest a refractory disposition, I would first by mildness and persuasion, by appealing to the tender sensibilities of his nature, by kindly representing the importance of acquiring an education while young, and the necessity of preserving order in the school-room, endeavor to curb his waywardness, and induce him to yield obedience to the rules of the school; but if after repeated attempts to accomplish this end; after resorting to every means in my power, other than, *brute force* to obtain the respect and obedience of the scholar, and he still continued incorrigible, I would then as a *dernier* resort, endeavor to have him expelled, and for this reason, viz: I do not believe, and observation and experience have fastened upon me the conviction that scholars, say from the age of fourteen to eighteen and twenty-one years, are as a general thing, if disobedient, made any better by flogging."

Let me ask any sensible, intelligent person if he or she is of the opinion that a young man would be very likely to respect a Teacher who was accustomed to inflict corporeal punishment upon him? I assume the scholar *must* respect and repose complete confidence in the Teacher before he can make any progress in his studies: This he cannot do if he *fears* the Tutor.

But the idea of turning ungovernable scholars from school, and permitting them to grow up in ignorance, viciousness and crime, to become candidates for the penitentiary and gallows, very justly excites the sympathy of "Director." In my humble opinion, the necessity for expelling a pupil from school will rarely if ever occur, nor need he, while there, be governed by the "rod." I believe there is in the mind of every individual however debased or humble, a responsive chord, which if touched by a skillful hand, will awaken the better and finer emotions of our nature; and the person who is so unskilled in the science of "human nature" as to be incapable of striking this chord aright, ought never to be employed to train the youthful mind.

Again, "spare the rod and spoil the child" says Solimon and a School Director." Well Solomon was unquestionably a philosopher and uttered many wise and good sayings, but because he practised polygamy, and kept a Harem of seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, would it be considered expedient to incorporate such a debasing custom into our domestic constitution?

The idea which originated in barbaric ages, that "brute force" was indispensable to secure obedience to all laws, however unimportant, thanks to the influence of Christianity, and an enlightened public sentiment, is rapidly exploding. The United States, by abolishing flogging in the Navy, have set an example, the world would do well to imitate, and must Teachers of our Common Schools still be permitted to inflict upon their pupils that kind of punishment a Nation's wisdom considered too degrading and brutal for the government of reckless, abandoned seamen? No, *for shame*, no!

In my opinion many children have been spoiled by an injudicious application of the "rod." A child if possessed of a proud and highly sensitive spirit, must feel keenly the degradation and shame consequent upon a severe chastisement, and as many a brave manly spirit has been openly crushed, crushed by the use of the lash, so likewise has the disposition of many a promising child been warped and distorted by the same barberous means.

"Director" says, "The Common School Law makes provision for the instruction and government of all, and makes no provisions for a refractory pupil." I grant the School Law provides for the education of all above and under a special age; but if I mistake not, the State Superintendent has decided, and reason and expediency would seem to justify his decision, that all incorrigibly disobedient scholars shall be expelled from school.

The *supposed case*, with which "Director" closes his article, need not be noticed inasmuch as, I apprehend, the Teacher is not obliged to eject a disorderly pupil from the school-room, tho' authority be given him by the board of directors to do so.

I sincerely, wish the gentleman of Lanesboro would condescend to meet with the Teachers Association of this county, and endeavor to set its members right, in respect to that point of school government, wherein, in his opinion they so grievously err.

S. W. TEWKSBURY.

Lathrop, July 10, 1855.

To Young Men.

Young man what wait ye for? Why stand ye any longer idle? Know you not that you have a destiny to meet? Know you not that you have a part to play on the great stage of human action? Know you not that you have something to do in the great theatre of life? Know you not that you count *one* among the millions of earth? Memory retentive, intellect expansive, frame strong and rigorous, form symmetrical, step elastic, hope buoyant and prospects bright—all are yours. Then why be a cipher 'midst immensity? There is a race set before you to run. Virtue is that race, and happiness is its goal. These halcyon days are fast being borne away on the wings of time, to be numbered with ages past. The elysian plains of youth are almost traversed over, but the broader expanse of middle life are yet ahead. The wheels of time are rolling on with tremendous momentum. Even now they have brought us to the very threshhold of futurity. Every hour opens to our view its stern realities. Every day tells something of your destiny and the aggregate of human happiness. Penetrate if you can the dark veil that hides the future from the present and behold the great events of life bursting rapidly into birth as time rolls on and brings them near; imagine yourself, five, ten or twenty years hence, compelled to breast the dark tide of error, or to help on the mighty cataclysm:—compelled, either to kneel down and do homage to the monster of ignorance, falsehood and vice, or to gird on the full panoply of the Christian soldier, and with the sword of intellect, truth and virtue, hew down the opposing squadrons and cut your way to honor and to happiness.

Imagine yourself thrown upon a cold and cheerless world with a heart all corrupt, and a mind all untaught; and then in your sober hours, sit down in pensive solitude and sadly mourn over numberless privileges scornfully slighted—and ten thousand admonitions unheeded,—and then let fall the bitter tear of deep regret.

And yet how prevent a fate so sad? The path is clear and the way is plain. Lay aside the foolish fancies and wild visions of youth Pursue utopian schemes no further. Copy the example of the wise, the good and the virtuous. Let the dictates of reason govern you in every pursuit:—and in your every act let the eternal principles of justice, truth and equity be the basis. Reject with manly emotions of scorn and contempt the ceremonious homage paid to the haters of virtue and lovers of vice. Snatch a priceless gem from every passing hour. Cultivate that immortal mind and fit it for its future state of bliss. Plunge into the labyrinthine mazes of mystic thought, and draw forth the hidden energies of the soul. Choose some fitting avocation and pursue it with commendable zeal. "Act well your part there all the honor lies," and be consoled by the reflection that if no recompense awaits you here, it *does* await you amid the praises of posterity. Run with patience the race of virtue set before you, and merit the diadem of happiness; then, shall you meekly receive the crown, and 'mid acclamations of wildest joy triumphantly bear off the palm of victory as you make your exit to brighter realms above.

G. W. T.

☞ A little minx boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah! but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus!"

Anecdotes of Orators.

LORD CHATHAM.—In figure Lord Chatham was eminently dignified and commanding.—There was a grandeur in his personal appearance, even in his decline, which produced awe and mute attention; and though bowed by infirmity and age, his mind showed through the ruins of his body, armed his eyes with lightning, and clothed his lip with thunder. Bodily pain never subdued the lofty daring or the extraordinary activity of his mind.—He even used his crutch as a figure of rhetoric. "You talk my Lords," said he on one occasion, "of conquering America—of your numerous friends there, and your powerful forces to disperse her army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch." Sir Robert Walpole could not look upon or listen to him without being alarmed and told his friends that he "should be glad, to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

MR. PITT.—William Pitt, the younger son of Lord Chatham, was a remarkably shy man. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Lord Camden; and being at his house on a morning visit, "Pitt," said his lordship, "my children have heard so much about you that they are extremely anxious to have a glimpse at the great man. They are just now at dinner in the great room; you will oblige me by going in with me for a moment." "Oh" said Pitt "pray don't ask me; what on earth could I say to them?" And half led and half pushed, into the room the Prime Minister approached the little group, looked from their father to them, and from them to their father remained several minutes twirling his hat, without finding a single sentence at his disposal, and departed.

LORD ERSKINE.—When Lord Erskine made his debut at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

EDMUND BURKE.—Burke figured in a mode of metaphorical expression. When speaking on the Begum charge, on the trial of Hastings, and describing the happy situation of the provinces of Oude, Benares, and Gorruckpore, before they were under the Hastings protection, he used the following:—"He is worse than Satan, for he showed the kingdom of the world to the Great Author of our sacred religion, in order that he might enjoy them; but he [turning to the bar] gave the province of Hindoostan into the possession of men appointed by himself, for the purpose of destroying them." Again when he spoke of treasures deposited with the Begums, which Mr. Hastings seized, Mr. Burke said:—"The prisoner at your bar, stepping beyond even the heathen mythology, was, in his own opinion, greater than Jove, who was esteemed the immortal god of the ancients; for Jove condescended to embrace a frail woman in a shower of gold; but Mr. Hastings paid more impressive adoration to the old Begums of Oude for the purpose of seizing and stripping them of their gold. Here, said he "is the distinction between the Jove of the ancient and the Jove of the East Indies. But your lordships classical knowledge will convey to you that the first is fabulous, and I trust that the evidence adduced will convince your lordship that the last is real."

SHERIDAN.—Many instances are recorded of Sheridan's *vinous* eloquence. One day a gentleman and he had dined together at Bellamy's, and Sheridan, having taken his allowance, gave his accustomed signal for a move. This signal consisted of the words, "Now I shall go down and see what's doing in the House;" which, in reality, meant and was always so interpreted by whoever dined in his company, "I have drank enough; my share of the business is done; now do yours; call for the bill and pay it." On this occasion the usual course was pursued; and the bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter, hearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the "glorious state" in which he had just departed. On entering the House, to his no small astonishment, he found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the following passage which has since been so frequently quoted:—give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyranical prince; give them a truckling court; and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

LORD BROUGHAM.—Brougham's extraordinary powers of endurance have often been spoken of. He would take an early case in one of the courts of Guildhall; then proceed to the House of Lords to take part in a case of appeal; then return to the city to take a late case at Guildhall; then hurry into the Guildhall coffee house, swallow down a chop borrow a clean shirt, to save the time and trouble of going home to change; drive away in a hack to the House of Commons; speak there for an hour or two at nearly midnight; get home at two or three in the morning, and be found at his chambers, examining briefs, and taking direction from solicitors, &c., as to new and generally difficult cases.

FORTITUDE.

A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote:

The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were made to lash him down to a table, to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer:

"Now doctor, what would you be at?"

"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary that you should be lashed down."

"I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? if so bring it to me."

A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said:

"Now, doctor begin," and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

☞ "Quit spitting that tobacker on the floor, Josh or I'll whip you."

"La mother' why don't you speak properly. You should have said, cease ejecting the offensive saliva of the Verginia weed upon the promenade, Joseph, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation. Ahem!"

What a Know-Nothing Knows.

BY QUIZ SADE.

With such a queer name, you would hardly suppose
How much, after all, a Know-Nothing knows.
He knows that his country has nothing to hope
Till we've banished the papists and poisoned the Pope;
He knows that all priests are merely the tools
Of the devil, to worry Know-Nothigns and fools;
That "Sisters of Charity" ought to be kissed:
That monk should be murdered, and nuns should be Hiss-ed;
That the calendar saints of ancient renown
All pious "Americans" ought to "put down."
Till the last of the crew is imprisoned or dead,
And even St. Nicholas yields to St. Ned!*
He knows that a "furriner" ought not to go
To the polls, though as brave as De Kalb or De Soto:
Thinks good Lafayette was the vilest of caitiffs,
And knows that "the Puritans" must have been natives!
He knows emigration's a dreadful expense
That dosen't admit of the slightest defence:
Can tell to a penny, exactly how much
We lose every day by the pestilent Dutch:
How a pauper appears with his rags and his tatters on,
What it costs to feed Pat, and board Mrs. Patterson!
Now, who, from this title, would ever suppose
How many queer things, a Know-Nothing knows?

* Ned Buntline, the base founder of the vile sect of Know-Nothings.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Advertiser.

The Value of a Man.

Two years ago the muncipal administration of New York was a scandal to America. The first city of the republic was apparently given over to the list, and the lowest of men. Sober citizens walked the streets in terror of dust by day, and the fear of death by night. The stranger on his arrival was beset by swarms of hackmen and touters more importunate than Egyptain beggars and more insolent than Italian *facchine*. "Peter Funks" lay in wait for the unsuspecting at every corner, and the infamous trades were piled with an audacious assiduity and publicity quite unparalleled in the cities of earth. Noise, filth and violence held ceaseless saturnalia in the great metropolis. Even tribunals of justice, at least the inferior ones, seemed to be pervaded with the prevailing rottenness. Clubs of sturdy ruffians held the privileges of the bludgeon and the slungshot, as the gentlemen of old held their privileges of the sword. This state of things, so dangerous and disgraceful to the citizens of New York, was maintained by them at an enormous expense.

The burthen of taxation was heavier in New York than in England. In the mail administration of the municipal affairs of half a million of people there was wasted a sum of nearly six millions of dollars, a sum more than equal to the annual expenditure of the kingdom of Denmark. Corrupt contractors and shamelese Common Councilmen, played openly into each others hands, and the civic treasury was converted into a sort of "free lunch" for politicians of the baser sort, who like the boy visitors of Mr. Dickens at Baltimore, were bidden "come in and bring all their brothers." Public festivities, and public solemnities, too, were made the occasions of the grossest orgies and the most pitiful plundering. At this day, a committee of enquiry is engaged in the attempt to discover what particular members of the city government purloined the cloth for the funeral of Henry Clay, to clothe therewith their own corporate dignity.

It may be imagined that the enemies of republican government were not indifferent to the spectacle exhibited by the greatest—in size—of republican cities. From London to Havanna, the details of the private and public life of a corporation, for whose comfort and delectation six hundred dollars worth of milk alone had to be yearly provided at the public expense, were eagerly discussed and dwelt upon. And by an easy application of Vico's well known proposition, that "governments issue from the nature of the governed," the egotism and incapacity, the meanness and vulgarity of the rulers of New York, were found to justify conclusions far from flattering to the influence of republican institutions. How should those conclusions be set aside? It is true that the character of New York is radically vicious. A city subjected to the sway of nine seperate executive departments must be exposed to great disorders. In the absence of a great controlling authority, the fountain of all responsibility, the officials of the city, had they been the best of men, must have been liable to fall into bad habits, into carelessness and indolence, at least. The police of the British capital, before the passage of the metopolitan police bill, and the administration of the British war office in the present Crimean conflicts, afford striking examples of the fatal effects of a defective organization. Ill defined duties are a perpetual temptation, and divided responsibility is practical impunity. But the disorders of New York were aggravated by the recklessness of spirit with which the politics of the city were conducted. The men put into muncipal office were notoriously men of mediocre ability and indifferent character. Respectable citizens, by their apathy, allowed the gradual degradation of muncipal office, till it became almost disreputable for a man to hold a seat in the city councils.

The worth and intelligence of New York really retired from active concerns in the affairs of the city. And what would be more natural, therefore, than the failure of every attempt at muncipal reform? Whenever an "indignation meeting" was called to protest against the misconduct or impotence of the magistracy, and the plea was ready that a change in the charter was the thing needed, that nobody knew exactly what his business was, nor who could tell him what it was, nor to whom he should be responsble for doing it. If the Commissioner of Streets was assailed for neglecting the highways, he was prepared with an answer that he had power to clear the streets of certain encumbrances and defilements, but that it came within the province of another functionary to take away certain other particular kinds of offal, and of still of another to supervise the removal of dead cats and dogs. This is an actual fact.

Gradually the Gothamites seemed to resign themselves to their fate. Meeting after meeting had been held, all equally respectable, and all equally impotent. During the year 1854, the nominal Chief-Magistrate, the Mayor, made scarcely an effort to control the affairs of the city, but like the Lord Mayor of London, during the Gordon riots, wrung his hands in silent despair. Where was the remedy? Chance suddenly revealed it. Mr. Fernando Wood was elected Mayor, and startled New York from its apathy by the simple exhibition of sound sense and an iron will. He quietly demonstrated that no scheme of government is too bad to be moulded to efficiency by a man who knows his duty and means to do it. The election of this able officer reflects no credit upon his fellow citizens. They can claim no share in the honor which he has won and is winning. For there was a general impression in New York among the more respectable classes, that the election of Mr. Wood would be the greatest calamity that could befal them—the last straw that would break the camel's back; and Mr. Wood owned his success to the terror which his nomination inspired. Men deserted their own party candidate to vote for one or another gentleman who was considered to enjoy the fairest chance of success, and by whose election only, they were told, could the elevation of Mr. Wood be prevented. By a small majority only was Mr. Wood (more beholwed and behooted than his unhappy namesake of Dublin, immortalized in the pillory of Dean Swift's satire) carried into office.

Immediately after his inauguration he issued a proclamation which gave New York "assurance of a man." He followed up his word with deeds. The effect of his energetic action was instantly and powerfully felt.—The two thousand three hundred drinking shops which had poured forth riot and madness into the streets of the city on the Lord's day, were reduced almost at once to less than twenty. Like another Caliph Haroun, Mr. Wood seemed to be ubiquitous. He paralyzed the hand of barkeepers grown bold with long impunity, by the sudden revelation of his name and office, and by the same tailsman struck insolent policemen dumb in the moment of their misconduct or their neglect.—Wherever his authority clearly extended, he made it felt and respected, and he did not hesitate, wherever that authority was doubtful, to take upon himself the responsibility of decided action if the public good seemed to demand his interference.

The very stones of New York bear witness now to his courage and his conduct. The stranger blesses the resolute Mayor when he lands in safety from car or steamer, unsmitten by the whips, unclutched by the hands of raging Jehus—the "unprotected female" breathes a sweet wish for him, when the stout arm and quick eye of the policeman have cleared for her a passage through the throng of coaches and of omnibusses that made Broadway as turbulent as the rapids of a cataract. There is a fair change come over the face of the great metropolis, and that change is due absolutely and solely to the simple fact that Mayor Wood does his duty like a man; for the charter of New York is as bad as ever it was. The Common Councilmen of New York are as absurd and as venal as ever, even if they do not just now figure like their predecessors at the bar of justice, a spectacle of the downward tendency of the standard of qualifications for the public service.

Such is the value of a man.

When I am Dead.

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn imitation unfolds itself at their utterance. Four simple monosyllables, how much of gloom ye convey!—How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hopes—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly but what a calm!—such as a tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hear something more; for from those words the high aspirations is quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up phantom-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.—

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word "dead," lingers strangely, and echoes sadly in the ear, and, through the portals of the sympathising soul. Dead—dead—dead and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the echo fades amid encircling mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that composes the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am dead!" More or less signifies resignation, or dependent wo, a fulfillment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at last.

When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands tiembled with the fruit of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from the lips as a prayer to heaven. In them his will harmonises with his destiny; and the tear that starts for a superior soul about to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness that gleams out of the heart, at the prospective reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of Nature's Poesy, may murmur—

"When I am dead!" but death to such an one is better, perhaps than life. His heart holds no music, chiming in cadences to weal and wo; his inward existence is void, and the rough surface of his being checkered, though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but little with the panoply of the tomb.

How different, when youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs like the south wind, "When I am dead!" A spirit seems to wail its anthem, and an eclipse of the noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rock of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must say it some time: for the grave lies at hand yawning through a bed of thorns or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange and fearful import hath it to the utterrer, but it is a weak phrase only to others, the world. Who speaks it? many think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we gentle readers, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest and those who loved us best, will dry their tears ere they have begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze above our memory in brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus; 'tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good, we go early to their narrow home.

Sayings of George washington.

"Government being, among other purpose, instituted to protect the persons and the consciences of men from oppression, it certainly is the duty of rulers, not only to abstain from it themselves, but according to their stations, to prevent it in others."

"If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the constitution, framed in the convention where I had the honor to preside, might possibly endanger the religious rights of *any* ecclesiastical society, *certainly I would never have placed my signature to it.*"

"If I could conceive, that the General Government *might be even so administered*, as to render the liberty of conscience *insecure*, no one would be more zealous than myself, to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and every species of religious persecution."

"In this enlightened age, and this land of equal liberty, it is our *boast* that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the laws, *nor deprive him of the RIGHT of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States.*"

"The liberty enjoyed by the people of these States, of worshipping Almighty God agreeably to their consciences, is not only the choicest of their *blessings*, but also of their *rights*."

Steam Music.

A Worchester (Mass.) paper says one of their ingenious mechanics has invented the art of rendering steam whistles musical—thus making those nuisances quite as ornamental as useful. What an improvement that will be, when it comes into general use! For instance, suppose we are a young married man, (it requires some imagination we admit,) and have to leave the endearments of home for business elsewhere. We get into the cars feeling dreadfully if not worse—the bell rings the parting tinkle, the wheels rumble slowly out of the depot, and at that moment the whistle strikes up "Oh, Susannah! don't you cry for me"—shouldn't we be touched, and yet consoled? Then, further along, an ignoramus, as ignoramuses *will*, is seen walking on the track, and immediately, "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!" startles him one side as promptly as the hiss of a rattle snake, but still with an agreeable exhilaration. But a dog is just to be run over—the thing is inevitable—but there is some consolation in "Old Dog Tray," played as a complimentary requiem. When not otherwise employed, didactic strains might be given, as "Wake up Jake! the fire wants poking!, or the night train might soliloquize, "We wont go home till morning." And one instance more—the young man, so ingeniously supposed above, having got through his business, is returning—as the cars begin to slacken their pace, what would be more touchingly appropriate than "Home again, home again," played with a forty horse-power pathos? We have said enough—hurry up the musical engines.

Romance in Real Life.

A wedding took place at Bristol, England, a few weeks since, under somewhat romantic circumstances, realizing the old adage, that "Truth is stranger; stranger than fiction." It appears that a sister of Mrs. N., who resides at Montpelier, some two or three years since, married a merchant, and emigrated to California soon afterward, with a view of bettering their fortunes, taking with them a likeness of an unmarried sister. The picture happened to be hung in a very conspicuous part of their house in California and attracted the attention of a rich resident of third district, who happened to pay a visit to the house. He was enraptured with the image of the fair unknown and exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll marry, that girl if she is to be found in the world."

He was told where she resided, and he posted to her a note enclosing a present of forty pounds sterling, and a few days since a knock was heard at the door and on the young lady going to open it, a good looking, bronzed-featured gentleman rushed into the house and gave a chaste salute, exclaiming that he had come from the other end of the world to find her, at the same time pulling out the likeness which first led him to seek his attraction. Of course they were married and are to "live long and die happy," as usual.

HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE.—A gentleman of scientific attainments, recently passed through the village of Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, on his way by the route of Gov. Stevens' railroad survey to fort Union, on the Upper Missouri river, a distance of seven hundred miles, all of which he designed to traverse solitary and alone, taking no supplies with him, and relying solely upon his gun and his skill as a hunter for the means of subsistence on his journey. He travels on foot, drawing in a small handcart his meagre outfit, consisting of a gun, ammunition, blank books, pen, ink, paper and scientific instruments. In this way he proposes to acquaint himself thoroughly with the topography of the country, its climate, soil, geological characteristics, etc., making a complete examination as he proceeds, and transferring the result of his observations to his blank books.

☞ An exchange says that the various telegraphic companies formed in different quarters, are in a fair way of finally "belting the earth." Well, as the earth is very wicked, perhaps it really deserves a good *belting!*

DOUBTFUL.—The prospects of "Sam's" ever being distinguished for his wit or wisdom.

Getting an Invitation.

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him. I'll lay a wager said a wag, I can get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was going to dine, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds."

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds.

Out came the master.

"What is that, sir? Can you save me a thousand pounds."

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"Oh pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome,"

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family had retired, the conversation was resumed.

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, now to your business. "Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear that you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.

"I have, sir."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."

"I have, sir."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand."

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked the fellow out of doors.

GREAT DISCOVERY—*Mercury taken from the Human System by Electricity.*—Having heard a rumor on the street that mercury had been extracted from the body of a sick man in the form of quicksilver, and being anxious to witness such an experiment, we accompanied Drs. Youmans and Seltzer, the operators, yesterday for the purpose of judging for ourself of the truth of the statement. We found Mr. Jacob Hymrod, the patient, living in the south part of the city, who has been afflicted with the chronic rheumatism for the last ten years, lying upon the bed in an enfeebled state, who told us that he had heretofore tried every kind of medical treatment without success. He had swallowed during his sickness vast quantities of mercury in the shape of calomel and blue pills, from the effects of which he had nearly lost the use of his limbs. He showed us a globule of quicksilver larger than a good sized pea, which he said had been gathered from the bottom of the electric bath in which he had been placed. He had been seated upon a metallic stool in an insulated zinc bath, well coated with paint, and his feet immersed in acidulated water. The galvanic battery was then applied, the positive pole held in the hands of the patient, the negative pole being in the bath. It is claimed that the power of the electricity upon the system is such as to eradicate every metallic substance, and by means of the wire it is deposited in the bottom of the tub. It requires some twenty-four hours for the globules to collect themselves so as to be perceptible to the naked eye, when they may be seen by thousands clinging to the sides and bottom of the bath. We were informed by the doctors that three drachms of quicksilver had already been taken from the patient, who, together with his friends and relatives present, confirmed the statement. Although this pumping quicksilver out of the body of a man by the means of a galvanic battery may seem strange and smell a little of humbug, we trust our scientific and medical men will not pass the experiment without a thorough investigation—*Columbus Journal.*

☞ IS THERE ANY FORGETTING?—Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who, for forty, fifty or sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death, ane they would talk, pray and sing in Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also when it came to his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadence of those Latin hymns in which he once loved to dwell—but was heard with his singing voice muttering a child's prayer which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together in mystical association the two extremes of human history—birth and death!"

☞ An Irishman in Rhode Island was about marrying a girl who had a pretty sum of money. Now the priest hearing of this, desired to get a piece of the money, and told the bridegroom he would charge $25 for performing the marriage ceremony.

"It's rather high, your reverence," said the latter.

"Then I'll not marry you," replied the priest.

"Very well, your reverence, I'll go to some other priest."

"I'll excommunicate you."

"I can go to another church."

"Then I'll not let the girl have you."

"Ther's plenty of others, your reverence, and I've been thinking, your reverence, that the churches and girls are very much alike—if one won't have you yet another will."

A BOLD WAGER.—The Cleveland Herald offers to stake its reputation for veracity, that flour will be down to $6,50 per barrel in thirty days. It says the crops never looked better in the State of Ohio, and the prospect is that there will be the largest yield ever known in that State. There are thousands of bread-eaters who would rejoice to find the Herald win its wager, but however plentiful the harvest may be, the time is too short to realize the prediction. The first new flour of the season from Charleston was sold in New York a few days ago for $13,00 per barrel.

WITTY RETORT.—During Louis Napoleon's visit to London, happening to see Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, at one of the royal balls, he approached him very affably, any stated how glad he was to make the acquaintance of the representative of a nation he so much admired and whose country he had once visited for a short period. Mr. Buchanan bowed, and replied with a sly twinkle in his eye: "I trust your majesty may never have any occasion to visit again!"