THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 24. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1428.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
(A Weekly Newspaper,)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
H. H. FRAZIER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.

These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one week, - - $0,50
" each subsequent week, 0,25
Business Cards per annum with paper, 3,00

**A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

"Poet's Corner."

For Scott, Boys, Hurrah!

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

The Old men all remember—
As 't were but yesterday—
When Britain sought, on Freedom's soil,
Again to plant her sway,
The Old men all remember
Who hurled her back again—
'Twas Winfield Scott, at Chippewa,
'Twas Scott, at Lundy's Lane!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott hurrah;
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Young men all remember—
'Twas not five years ago—
Who led our hosts to victory,
And conquered Mexico:
The young men all remember
How Churubusco's field,
And Vera Cruz, and Contreras,
Were made by Scott to yield!
So fling for Scott the banner out
And sing for Scott hurrah;
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead the fight—
From hill and dale, from shore and wave,
Will rally and unite:
The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead them on—
Will make the hero of two wars,
Their Chief at Washington!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott hurrah;
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

Selected Miscellany.

From the New York Sun.

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

SCARCELY any woman of the 18th century is better known than Madame de La Fayette, the wife of the celebrated General of that name, and there is none with greater claims to the esteem and admiration of posterity. Marie Adrienne Francoise de Noailles d'Agen, was born on the 2d of November, 1750, and at the early age of fifteen was married to the young and gallant Marquis de La Fayette. Never was fairer bride married under more happy auspices. Both her husband and herself belonging to the most distinguished families among the nobility, gifted with youth, beauty, health, talents and wealth, the horizon of their life was undimmed by a single cloud. But all these gifts of Providence, and even the devoted love and earnest entreaties of his fair wife, proved insufficient to restrain that enthusiastic love of liberty, which prompted the young Marquis to forsake his happy home with all its attractions, and join the ranks of the struggling colonists of North America.

The French court took great umbrage at the departure of La Fayette to join the rebels, as they were called, for though the French Government favored the cause of America, it was not openly done. The family of Madame de La Fayette were also very much incensed with the Marquis, and made many bitter remarks upon the love which preferred the clang of arms and the turmoil of the camp, to the smiles of a devoted wife, and the comforts of a happy home. Madame de La Fayette, neither reproached her husband nor complained of his absence, for so passionately did she love him, that she preferred being accused of indifference towards him, rather than being betrayed into finding fault with him. The American struggle for liberty having ended in the independence of the colonies, and the total overthrow of the control of the mother country, Madame de La Fayette had the happiness of welcoming home her husband, now a Major General in the American Army, and ranked among the heroes of that memorable struggle. Madame de La Fayette, entrusted by her husband with the management of his large estate, during his absence, proved herself, by her wisdom, moderation and prudence, worthy of his trust. Some few years of happiness glided by, when the calm tenor of their lives was broken in upon by the first outbreaks of the French revolution.

As we were writing a sketch of Madame de La Fayette, we will not attempt to follow her husband's career at this period. At the time of the proscription of the Marquis de La Fayette, his wife, with her three children, was living quietly at her beautiful country seat in Auvergue. By order of the government established on the 10th of August, she was arrested and ordered to be sent to Paris. Conducted first to the department of Puy, whither her eldest daughter and old aunt followed her, she made such an impression upon the officer there in command, by her calm, dignified bearing, and the gentle firmness of her answers, that he ventured to disobey his orders, and allowed her to return home. But a few months elapsed, however, before an order of the Committee consigned her to the horrible prisons of Paris, in company with many of her kindred and friends.

No woman among the numerous heroines of that fearful period showed more courage than Madame de La Fayette. The accusation of "Farretism" being then equivalent to a sentence of death, her friends earnestly entreated her to assume another name, thinking she might thus escape notice. But this she constantly refused to do. Never, she said, would she give up her husband's name. Never did she write a petition without beginning with these words, "The woman La Fayette," always signing each with the name of which she was so proud. This husband so fondly cherished, was, meanwhile, languishing in the dungeons of Olmutz, cut off from all intercourse with his family, and therefore unconscious of the horrible doom impending over his wife. She was draining the cup of bitterness almost to the dregs.

Her mother, Madame d'Agen, her grandmother, Madame de Noaille, and her favorite sister perished on the same scaffold. Her uncle, Marshal Mouchy and his wife had been guillotined but a few days before, and many of Madame de La Fayette's dearest friends had suffered in like manner. She was herself condemned to death, and having made her will, awaited with calmness and resignation the hour of doom. She was still very young. Life for her had still many attractions. The thought of parting with her children—of never again beholding the husband whom she so dearly loved, was terrible at first, but Madame de Lafayette was eminently a christian woman, and commending her husband and children to God, she was able to face an ignominious death with calmness and fortitude. The fall of Robespierre, five days before that fixed for her execution, saved her life.

But though respited from death, six months elapsed before she regained her liberty.

At length she was free; and what use did she make of her freedom. She sent her only son to America, to the care of Gen. Washington, asking a father's care for her boy, and then with her two daughters, started at once to share the Austrian prison of her husband. She reached Vienna by the aid of an American passport, obtained from the Emperor an audience, and solicited at his hand, her husband's pardon, or permission to share his captivity. The latter favor was granted her, and though just released from sixteen months imprisonment in France, she joyfully repaired to the gloomy dungeon of Olmutz, only too happy once more to be united to her husband. While the best years of her life were wearing away in this Austrian prison, all Europe was filled with her praises, with admiration of the heroine, who had calmly stemmed the awful torrent of the Revolution, and of the devoted wife, who preferred the life of a dungeon with her husband, to a life of splendor and ease without him.

But her long imprisonment in France and the many heavy trials through which she had passed, had greatly affected Madame de La Fayette's health, and it continued gradually to decline during her residence at Olmutz. Finding herself growing weaker every day, and knowing how precious her life was to her husband and children, she determined, for their sakes, to make some efforts to save that life. She wrote to the Emperor, asking permission to "visit Vienna for a week, that she might breathe a purer air, and consult a physician." Her letter remained unanswered for two months. At the eve of that time, she was forbidden ever to visit Vienna, but was told that she might leave the prison, provided she made no attempt at any future time to return to it.

To this inhuman mandate, Madame de La Fayette made the following touching and characteristic reply:

"I owed it to my family and my friends to make all possible efforts to preserve my health, but they know and you know, that the conditions proposed to me are such as I can never accept: I cannot forget that while we were on the eve of perishing, I, by the tyranny of Robespierre, and my husband, by the physical and mental sufferings produced by his captivity, I was cut off from all communication with him, neither allowed to hear from him, nor to let him know that his wife and children were still among the living, and I will, therefore, never willingly expose myself to all the horrors of another separation. No matter what may be the state of my health, nor the inconveniences and disadvantages of this residence for my daughters, we will avail ourselves, with gratitude, of the permission of his Imperial Majesty, to share, in every particular, the captivity of the Marquis de La Fayette."

The victories of the French Republic, and especially those of General Buonaparte produced a great re-action in Europe, one of the first effects of which was the liberation of General La Fayette, fortunately in time to save his wife from becoming the victim of her conjugal devotion. On their return to France they fixed their residence at the beautiful chateau of La Grange, the maternal inheritance of Madame de La Fayette. In this happy and lovely home, since so well known to every American who has visited France, our gentle heroine spent the remainder of her life, superintending the education of her children, improving the moral and religious condition of her tenantry, and devoting her leisure moments to the practice of the most extensive and enlightened charity. Old age and childhood, the poor, the infirm, the ignorant were each in their turn cared and provided for by this truly Christian woman.

Unfortunately for all within the sphere of her usefulness, or the reach of her example, this life so precious to many, was not destined to be a long one. The many years of imprisonment which she had endured, the agony of soul through which she had passed, while separated from her husband in daily expectation of a violent death, and doomed to see some of those she loved best on earth led forth to the guillotine, had all combined to shatter her delicate frame. The happiness of once more beholding France, of being permitted to settle down with her husband and children, in her beautiful home of La Grange, seemed for a while to renovate the languid form, and to whisper the delusive hope that many years of calm and peaceful happiness were in store for one who had suffered so much. But it was not to be. Madame de La Fayette faded slowly away, and, after many months of suffering, borne with her usual firmness and resignation, this good and lovely woman breathed her last on the 24th of December 1806, surrounded by her weeping children, and in the arms of that husband, whom it may be truly said, she loved better than her own life.

Flogging an Editor.

About twenty years ago, when a certain Western State (which we shall not mention by name) was a territory, and with a very few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old States emigrated thither, and settled in the town of K——. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favor. He had been there nearly two years when he induced a printer to come and print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S—— was very much pleased for a while with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature, but he used the editorial "we" as grandly and as frequently as if there was a dozen of them, and each as big as Daniel Lambert or the Kentucky Giant. Strange to say, there were at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be—a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S—— felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against the public abuses. This soon stirred up a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory, thore was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security. At length he published an article more severe and cutting against malfeasance in office than any that had preceded it. In fact though pointed at no individual in particular, it was a scorcher. Some three or four days after, he was sitting in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the said printing establishment; his pen was busy with a paragraph, when the door opened without much ceremony and in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked, "Are you S——, the proprietor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number from his pocket, and pointing to an article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor it was intended for "him." It was in vain that S—— protested that he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to fever heat, and from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the choice, either to publish a very laudable recantation, or *take a flogging on the spot*.

He agreed to retract, and as the visitor insisted on his writing it himself, he sat down to the desk. Squire S—— made an excuse to the printing office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished. S—— had hardly gone fifty yards when he encountered a man who enquired where Squire S——'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he was on the same errand as the other suitor he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against officeholders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashed fire. He rushed into the office and assailed the stranger with the epithets "liar," "scoundrel," "coward," and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentleman supposed it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood puddled on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed to inspire the combatants with still greater fury, blow following blow with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicked on the floor, then the other, each taking it in turns pretty equally. The ink on the floor had found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ridiculous figures imaginable. The noise and uproar was tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door and said that two negroes were fighting in Squire S's. office. None dared seperate them. At length the circumstances of the case became known; and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homewards—convinced that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt to flog an editor.

THE DEMOCRATIC ORGANS throughout the country have had a hard time to make their various statements in regard to Gen. Pierce's fitness. Half a dozen Democratic organs give half a dozen different versions of Gen. Pierce's name, and now we find them differing in their accounts, as to when he was in Congress, and, yet they all agree in swearing that he is one of the best known, and most eminent statesman in the nation, and that his Congressional career was one of the most woodrous brilliancy. One of our Louisville cotemporaries protests that Frank Pierce's debut was "*the most brilliant ever known in that body since the days of Clay and Calhoun.*" Sorry we didn't know it sooner.

An Adventure in Limousin.

The following homely but interesting narrative is related in one of the English magazines. It proves that dreams are not always to be disregarded and shows that there is sometimes a remarkably strong sympathetic connection between one's sleeping ideas and the wakeful motives of others:

Five and twenty years ago as I was returning home one evening from St. Cere, I was overtaken by a storm. I was on horseback; and my horse alarmed at the hail and lightning became restive, and refused to go a step in advance. I dismounted and taking the reins attempted to urge him forward when fortunately I perceived lights ahead. I proceeded towards them, and at length reached a miserable hovel. Upon raising the latch I discovered a man and woman cowering over a wretched fire, and employed in weaving baskets.

'Good evening to you my friends,' I said, in the dialect of the country, 'but sorry weather this.'

The worthy denizens of the hut cast on me looks anything but gracious; however that caused me but small concern. I asked them to make me a little room by their fire, assuring them I was willing to meet any expense I might incur, and I proceeded to throw a heap of faggots on the embers, without the slightest ceremony.

'Do you take us for innkeepers?' inquired the female in a shrill, angry tone.

'I took out my purse and gave her a franc piece. The sight of the coin mollified her at once.

'Ah!' said the horrid old witch, 'I see you are a good gentleman and a kind—' and she resumed her task. The storm, however, raged with unabated violence. The gale threatened to carry away the hovel, and my horse stood neighing and pawing the ground under the shed where I had fastened him. It was idle to think of venturing forth, yet I could scarcely reckon upon finding a sleeping apartment in that miserable abode.

'Well, sir,' said the woman, 'it would be a sad thing to go beyond doors on such a night as this. We are but poor folk, and have no bed to offer you worthy such a fine gentleman; but if you don't mind going up there, (pointing to a ladder and a kind of garret,) at any rate you'll be able to keep yourself dry.'

Somehow, the woman's looks did'nt please me at all. However there was no help for it; besides which I was fresh from the army, and, no milksop; so I climbed up accordingly, and gained my loft forthwith. I then stretched my cloak on the worm-eaten boards that composed the floor and in spite of storm and wind, was soon sound asleep. Strange enough, but I had scarce fallen fast asleep ere I must needs take it into my head to set about dreaming. I imagined myself snugly seated in this very chimney corner, with the girl of my heart at my side, when on a sudden, I perceived surging high above her head a face most grisley to behold. It was the same that graced my gentle hostess of the hovel. She had a hatchet in her hand, and made as though to strike me. I strove to rise and take to flight, but in vain, my limbs refused their office. On my examining them more closely, I discovered that they were severed at the joint. The change thus suddenly wrought in them had the effect of arousing me from my slumbers, and dispelling the fearful vision. At any rate wake up I did, and found myself still in the garret with my head pillowed on my cloak. I bent my head to listen if I could hear aught; but, save the howling of the storm, all was silent. Somehow or other I could not rid myself of the painful impression occasioned by my dream. It struck me to indulge in a peep in one of the many chinks in the rotten worm-eaten floor; and accordingly, I proceeded to take an observation of how matters might be passing below. The man and his wife were still bending over the fire, but they had discontinued their work and were conversing in whispers.

'I tell you there's more coin in that purse than you could earn during the rest of your lifetime,' said the female.

'Well, what then?'

'What then? Why, take it to be sure! Catch tight hold of his legs, and mind the rest of him follows them; then pitch him down the hole, and leave the rest to me,' showing a mason's mallet in her hand.

'And when that's done, what's to become of him next!' inquired her husband.

'We'll lay him down somewhere on the road, and folks will think that he was killed by a fall from his horse!' And as she spoke she extinguished the nondescript sort of lamp used by the peasantry in those parts.

The fire was long since out, so I could see nothing. They continued to whisper, but in such low tones as to be utterly inaudible. I trust I am not a greater coward than my neighbours; still, I own I felt very much the reverse of comfortable, for, be it remembered, that I had not a single offensive weapon about me. For a moment I considered the notion of jumping down the trap-door, and clearing the ladder at a single spring; but said ladder was very ricketty, and had I missed my footing, heaven alone can tell what would have been the result. Moreover, I had but brief time for reflection, for I suddenly felt a slight vibration at the trap-door, which made me shudder from head to foot.

The man was climbing the ladder; and each round, as he mounted, creaked beneath his weight. By this time I had succeeded in raising myself noiselessly on my knees at the edge of the trap door. With a thick beating heart, and eye, ear and limb, at their utmost tension, there I waited in an agony of apprehension. Suddenly amid the darkness, a form appeared before me, and I felt its hand come in contact with my person. I sprang to my feet, clutched the individual by the throat, and hurled him backwards. His foot slipped, and he fell heavily from the ladder.

'I have him safe!' exclaimed the woman; and at the same time I heard the sound of a heavy blow, then a piercing shriek, followed by another blow, and then naught, save the howling blast and pattering rain. With her own hands she had slain her husband!

I hadn't nerve enough to descend the ladder. What with the woman and the body of the murdered man, I was fairly taken aback. It ocurred to me that I might perhaps be able to work my way out through the roof; and so I did. I found my horse at the place where I had made him fast, and proceeded forthwith to tell my story to the authorities. The female was brought to trial and sentenced to death; and, as in those days there were no such things as *circumstances in extenuation*, she was duly executed.

A Sermon that did'nt suit.

Mrs. H—— was a very religious woman, and perhaps came as near worshipping Mr. N——, her favorite minister, as some of our big bugs do Kossuth the Hungarian; but be that as it may, she was continually hammering Aaron, a shrewd lad of 16 years of age, who, to pester the old lady, and hear her scold, would occasionally speak rather lightly of Mr. N——, her minister.

Happening in the house of Mrs. H. one day, the old lady began, as usual, to chastise him, and Aaron, thinking she put on rather too hard, after hearing her through, said:

"I am as good as Mr. N——, and can preach as well."

"Preach!" exclaimed the old lady; "you don't know a single word in the bible."

"Well, give me a text," said Aaron, "and see if I can't preach.

"You don't know anything about the bible," said Mrs. H——. "If you do you may take any text you please."

"Well," said Aaron, "a virtuous woman is without a price—ain't that in your bible?"

"Yes," said Mrs. H——," and it shows that women are better than men, for the bible don't say that a virtuous man is without a price."

"Well, we will see about that," said Aaron, and after dividing the subject into two or three heads commenced as follows:

"The scarcity of a article, in all cases governs the price, but when an article cannot be found, it cannot be had at any price, and for that reason it is without a price. Now, if there were any virtuous women, there would be a price and a high one too, by reason of the scarcity, but as there is none—"

At this stage of the discourse the old lady seized the broom—

"Aaron," said she, "you are an impudent brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt you with the broom handle."

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence, "they are without price," as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable force.

Aaron now started for home, saying to himself as he went along, "I guess the old woman will not chastise me again very soon, and, as it proved, he was not mistaken in the prediction.

Colonel Crickley's Horse.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickly having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each others ducks in the river purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Colonel Crickley's old roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easy!"

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Well, I won't about this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not a half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well why don't you shoot!"

"The old man stammered in some confusion—That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and its a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle and looked at old roan.

"How much is the hoss worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it; here's your 'X'!"

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering—"Hanged if I thought he would take me up!"

With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old roan.—Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I shall not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old roan never stirred!—

Drake stared at his rifle with a face black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey?—Fus time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swan!"

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting," observed the Colonel in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so! It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind the *horse* can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here!" he growled, "I am bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullets in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter old roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake.—"The bullets was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies who says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin dew it again. By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes was placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an 'X' into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a ball and even buckskin patch, and loaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on the old roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the grave Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home his two sons discovering his ill-humor, and the mutilated condition of the rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man. "I don't want to hear any news; get away or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But father it's such a trick!"

"Blast you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colonel."

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer—"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old roan?" thundered the hunter, "By the Lord Harry, Jed did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do any thing else."

"Devil! devil!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! wan't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"It is a joke, but if you ever tell of it or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at the dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible.—Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

☞ READING WORKS OF THOUGHT.—It is wholesome and bracing for the mind to have its faculties on the stretch. It is like the effect of a walk in Switzerland, upon the body. Reading an essay of Bacon's, for instance or a chapter of Aristotle or of Butler, if it be well and thoughtfully read, is much like climbing up a hill, and may do one the same sort of good. Set the tortoise to run against the hare; and, even if he does not overtake it, he will do more than ever he did previously—more than he would ever have thought himself capable of doing. Set the hare to run with the tortoise he falls asleep.—*Lovers at Truth.*

☞ A Tennessee Editor says his genius is bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the horizon, on the south by the shores of time, and on the north by the farthest limits of astronomical imagination; He is not an unique specimen of a large classs of pretenders.

An Incident.

Mr. John M. Spear, of Boston, upon one of his usual visits to the police court one morning, noticed among the prisoners, a youth who was poorly clad, and for some cause, was weeping. The philanthropist sat down by his side, and the following conversation ensued:

"Why are you here, my son?"

"I am accused of selling newspapers, sir, without a license."

"Are you guilty?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you been arrested before?"

"Yes sir, twice."

"What for selling newspapers."

"Why do you persist in doing it?"

"Because I dont know what else to do for a living."

"Have you a father?"

"No sir, my father is dead."

"Is your mother dead?"

"My mother is a drunkard; she don't take any care of me; I dont know where she is now."

As he uttered these words the deep waters of the little fellow's soul burst forth afresh, and he expressed his grief aloud.

"Where do you lodge?" continued the philanthropist.

"Near Union street, sir; I pay tuppence a night for my lodging in advance, and I buy two plates of beans in the course of the day, for which I pay as much more."

"How do you spend your evenings."

"I walk about the streets, or go into the auction rooms."

"Why don't you sit down in the house where you lodge, by the fire, and read?"

"Because the woman of the house is poor, she has no room for me at her fire."

"Would you like to go into the country and work, if a place could be obtained for you?"

"Yes, sir, I would be glad to go and work for a living. I don't want to stay in Boston; but I have nobody to get a place for me. I don't want to go down to the jail again."

The philanthropist now spoke to the Judge respecting the prisoner. This seemed to worry Mr. Power, the petty tyrant, and clerk of the court, who seems ever ready to throw cold water upon anything that does not harmonize with the discordant music of his soul. He volunteered to inform Mr. Spear that it would be of no use to try to do any thing for that boy because he had twice been sent to jail for the same thing before, and it did him no good.

"That is a good and sufficient reason," was the calm and deliberate reply of the philanthropist, "why he should not be sent there again."

After some conversation the Judge reduced the fine to one cent and costs which the philanthropist paid, and then taking the boy by the hand, they both left the court.

Now for the sequel. Mr. Spear took the boy to his own house, and supplied him with food and clothing, and then obtained a place for him in the country.—Last week, the grateful boy for the first time came to the city to see his benefactor. He had been steady at work at the place which Mr. S. provided for him, and is still there, earning nine dollars a month and his board.

Such is the lesson which charity teaches us. We will not moralise upon the evil which would have pursued that boy, had he been left to the mercy of the police court—but thank the generosity of him whose only wish is to heal the wounds of wo, and who always

——hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity,

for his noble service in the cause of benevolence.—*Boston Chronicle.*

The Church Porch.

It is a solemn place. It is impossible to sit there, and not think of those who have passed through for many generations—the pious, the careless, the chance visitor, the villager, who perhaps never heard prayers except in that one church; living and dying without ever straying from her native place! and the very stones worn away by the pacing of the feet of those whose prayers in the world are over. What congregations have poured out of the narrow entry, each bearing its own impression of the hour; none knowing what passed in the heart of his neighbor; none saying "Brother, who smote you?" and yet we know that at some time, words spoken within have consoled the grieving, rebuked the sinful, converted the skeptic, or awakened the worldling. And the preacher has gone at last—not knowing whether God has called, by the instrumentality of his humble and feeble word, one soul nearer heaven than on the preceding Sabbath. A church porch on a summer's evening is a sermon in itself.—*Mrs. Norton.*

AN EXTEMPORE ORATOR.—At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his rooms in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behind hand in payment to the workmen, and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted—and scratching his poll told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator.

"Oh, cries the knight—no matter for that, speak anything that comes uppermost."

"Well, then—Sir Richard," says the fellow, "here we have been working for your honor these six months, and have not received one penny of money—when do you design to pay us?"

"Very well, said Sir Richard—pray come down, I have heard quite enough—I cannot but own you speak distinctly, but I do not like your subject."

☞ Some vegetables of rapid growth, are hollow where they should be most sound; and some men of rank and prosperity are monstrously bloated with self-consequence where they should be most lowly, thankful, and benevolent.