

The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

HENRY HAYS, Editor.
WILEN FORNEY, Editors.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWS-PAPER IN ORLEANS COUNTY.
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BY HENRY HAYS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of
JOB PRINTING,
EXECUTED in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

FOR PRESIDENT,
Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE SCOTT,
OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
JACOB REY, JR.,
OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
TIMOTHY JES,
OF POTTER COUNTY.

Democratic Electoral Ticket.
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WILSON McCANDLESS.

REPRESENTATIVE,
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Do 2d—EDWARD WALKMAN,
Do 3d—WILLIAM H. WITTE,
Do 4th—JOHN N. NAIN,
Do 5th—JOHN H. BRINTON,
Do 6th—DAVID LAURY,
Do 7th—JOHN W. KEEFER,
Do 8th—JOSEPH PATTERSON,
Do 9th—ISAAC SLEWICK,
Do 10th—FRANCIS W. HUGHES,
Do 11th—THOMAS OSTERHOFF,
Do 12th—ABRAHAM EDINGER,
Do 13th—REUBEN WILBER,
Do 14th—GEORGE A. CLAYFORD,
Do 15th—JAMES BLACK,
Do 16th—JOHN D. RICHIE,
Do 17th—J. A. BUCHANAN,
Do 18th—JOHN D. RICHIE,
Do 19th—JACOB TURNEY,
Do 20th—J. A. BUCHANAN,
Do 21st—JOHN D. RICHIE,
Do 22d—JAMES G. CAMPBELL,
Do 23d—THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Do 24th—JOHN KRAATZ,
Do 25th—VINCENT HELPS.

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Twenty-third District—Win Workman, Chas. A. Black.
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Twenty-sixth District—A. B. Wilson, Thomas Bower, J. B. Miller.
Twenty-seventh District—E. J. Keenan, R. P. Thompson.
Twenty-eighth District—Barnard Kelly, Thos. J. McLean.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.
J. MONTGOMERY & SON,
NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE
DIAMOND AND ALLIANCE STREETS.
Having just returned from Philadelphia, where we have made our purchases, and are now opening out the most carefully selected stock of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,
Brought to Centre county, and take this method to inform our old friends, customers and the public generally, that we are prepared to give them the best and most desirable goods, in the shape of
COATS, VESTS, PANTS, &c.,
which are durability made, and of the latest and most approved fashions. Great care has been paid to the selection of the most desirable goods, such as SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HATS, KEROSENE, SUSPENSIBLES, GLOVES, CLOAKS, &c., of every description, for sale.
We also make known to the public that in addition to our other extensive stock of goods we have just received a large and splendid assortment of
OLIVE, CASIMERE, VESTINGS,
TRIMMINGS, &c.,
Of every style and variety, being practical workmen, and pay particular attention to our business, we hope to give general satisfaction and respectfully invite all wishing to examine our line of goods to call and see our stock of goods.
J. MONTGOMERY & SON.

DEPOSIT BANK,
OF
HUMES, MOELLER, HALE & CO.,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED.
BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND NOTES DISCOUNTED.
COLLECTING MADE, AND PROCEEDS REMITTED PROMPTLY.
REMOVAL OF THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
LADIES DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
A Great Variety of
J. MONTGOMERY & SON.

SUMMER TIME.

Joyfully the Summer hours,
With her music and her songs,
Tracing with her busy hands,
Memories of these hearts of ours!
Gaiety wears in like roses,
Thick with blossoms they are—
In whose chalice there reposes,
Many a nectared beauteous rose.
Summer flowers look in our faces,
Whispering, "we are dying now;"
And the light in sunny places,
Smile often in its glow!
Still her kisses sweetly sting,
Still there's music in her leaves,
Still the golden bees are winging,
And the Respeer binds his cheeks.
And I watch the vines that bending,
With their clustering flowers to-day,
Mind me of Summer's blending,
With the Autumn's golden rays—
Which sends its gloomy shadows
All along the cottage wall,
Bringing thoughts as fresh as meadows
Filled with flowers at evening's fall.
Gilding down life's silent river,
Summer after Summer flows,
And the Autumn brings us ever
Nearer home to Paradise.
And I love, oh dearly, dearly,
Love this glorious world of ours—
With its sunny, shining years,
From their loe and above, to foggy,
Frisande Visitor.

Great West and Sunny South.

BY FRANK M. STEAMER.
PREFACE.

There is no narrative, probably no extant, the perusal which would be so deeply interesting, so highly beneficial to the great mass of Pennsylvanians as that which directly relates to the Great Western Country. But few persons who have visited the several States in the Western country have ever written a true and full account of them, although any description however brief, would have been rife with interest concerning them.

It is greatly to be regretted that many of our citizens have, within the past few years left their native homes, and hastened to a far distant land unprepared for the many trials and misfortunes that have since fallen to their account, and the result is, that many of them have returned weaker in circumstances and body than when they left, and not a few, now sleep beneath the sod of the prairies. Many, too, have gone and purchased property; at exorbitant prices, which from the seeming beauty of the location they had been induced to give, and now that they have long attempted its cultivation properly, the fruits of their hard and restless labors, will not correspond with their then highly excited anticipations. True, there are those who have gone West and have been remarkably fortunate in all their undertakings; prosperity has showered its blessings upon them, but that success is attributed to their previous, and full knowledge of the benefits that would result from their purchase, and by their judicious system of management have become what they are.

It is established as a fact undoubted, that excitement is a very pleasant stimulant for a person to rally with for awhile—but like all other stimulants it leaves its bad effects, and that too very often to the detriment of the enthusiast.

This Western excitement has been one of the greatest, yet, the king of all public excitements, the longest lived and the most fatal. In view, therefore, of all these considerations, may we not esteem it an act of great benevolence in that person, who will, regardless of all pecuniary considerations, willingly devote his time and talent for the benefit of others. This our esteemed friend and author, Mr. Frank M. Steamer has done, in relation to his narrative of the "Great West" and the "Sunny South." Having travelled almost constantly, since his departure from this, his native State, we know of none that is better qualified to give a more faithful and correct account of the great subject he has undertaken, written as it is, in a clear and beautiful style. We bespeak for him a careful perusal of his highly interesting narrative.

Wm. Allison, Jr.
Walker, Pa., May 24th, 1856.
CHAPTER I.
The Great West—Western Excitement.
There is, doubtless, no one subject that is so replete with interest, or excites such a curiosity in the minds of the great mass of "Eastern men" as that which directly relates to the "Great Prairie West." Almost every city and town, and village and hamlet, every valley and glen throughout all these Middle and Eastern States, have more or less become the theatre of feverish excitement, of hasty exits, and of quickly dropped curtains; whilst all that is visible upon the background is the placid of the actor, bearing this indefinite and brief inscription, "Ho! for the West—the glorious West!" Families that to-day group around the social circle, separate to-morrow for the wild, and lonely prairie waste. Sons and brothers, that this morning kneel at the family altar, to-night sleep at a stranger's board in a far-off land. Aged and hoary-headed men, with faltering step and quivering limb present the nervous and trembling hand to their neighbor of two or more score years' fellowship, and then, with a determined seal press forward in bold defiance of declining age, to where the dim and sleepless eye witness of the descending sun.

Mechanics who long have handed the mallet, the needle, the awl and loom successfully and prosperously, are now forsaking their former avocations, and their future requisition for maintenance and support, and with stout hearts, braced with the encouraging but often fatal hope of coming affluence and brilliant success, give speed to their progress, and action to their intentions, and a "Good Bye" to their old associates, rush ruthlessly to ruin, oft times in a strange home, in a stranger's land.— Farmers who long have filled the soil, whose fields have yielded abundance, whose orchards have been with plenty, whose well filled barns speak "wealth in its tens" whose handsome and splendid residences tell of comfort and ease, and whose stock are enviable in both quantity and quality, in an exciting hour abandon all to another's purchase, and madman-like grapple upon the "almighty dollar," then with electric speed hasten to the "land of milk and honey," bearing topmost in the brain that delusive motto.

A section of land and a farm for three, All else and song on the new prairie. Merchants dispose at a trifling price their well filled stores, forsake without reluctance their long, constant and profitable customers, and with heads reeling and hearts love, they readily forsake the "old eastern" "Fip," to worship at the shrine of the Western "Shilling."

Laborers disgusted at the low prices for daily labor, lay down in derision the shovel and spade, and with a highly excited head, and a highly encouraged heart, present a high appearance in a "high old time," when a high fever terminates all their high aspirations in the grave, dug near a high old swamp of the prairie.

Laborers discouraged at all appearances for future eminence in the "dry old East," grasp with an oratorical devotion "Blackstone" and all the kindred commentaries, and with the vague hope of outwitting Webster and his equals, bend their steps toward the young and mighty West, with a sole view of accomplishing all things pre-considered, legally construed, but oft times unwisely applied, and hence the result is, that all their aspirations end in smoke, and the fact becomes marvellously convincing to them, legally confirmed and publicly appreciated that they are only men after all, and that the "Young West" had seen many such long before.

Physicians that long have practiced and to a great degree been eminently successful, if not pecuniarily so, now take up the line of march to the land where their patients are innumerable, where quinine can be administered in scruple doses, and where the demand for ipecac, jalap, hydragric, and nitres ether exceeds the supply.

Professional men of all kinds and qualifications, seek western homes for a permanency, and that many of them find a permanent location, the several western diseases and grave yards will sufficiently testify to.

Every stage coach that rattles upon the road, the canvas covered wagon, with the high spirited horse attached to it, are filled with travellers and emigrants—bound for the West! The denuded and forsaken man whose dimpled cheeks warn him of his too long lingering upon the verge of bachelorhood upon this, their native soil, find a beautiful consolation in the hope that in the far-off western land there are those of the opposite and desired sex that will pity and comfort, and with lion heart and iron nerve bids a final adieu to all the "pelt" and the "dear ones," and Caesar like he presses onward to the mark and conquest—not Gaul, but his troubled heart, which soon finds one beating in unison with it, and man-like he promises to "support, honor and love" it—likewise "paid the keens" for the "devoted" Maidens and widows, disconsolate and weary of this life foredo in their dreariness some bright, cheering ray of western light, and when the day dawns and the beautiful vision of the past night again refreshes the mind with pleasing fancies; then, action, resolute and determined, place visions in the shade and bring to sunlight blissful realities in the shape of human beings, five feet, ten inches each on prairie soil.

"Ho for the West—the glorious West!" It is the ringing and animating motto of the young, untried man; it is the soul-cheering, heart-cultivating echo to the rejected and despairing lover; it is the jingling of gold and silver to the banker and capitalist; it is the sweet sound of easy labor and better crops to the peasant; it is the "strike" of big prices and ready money to the mechanic; it is the song of "one price," large profits and ready sale to the merchant; it is the "sweet flowing ditty" of clients to the young lawyer's ear; it is the melody of peace and comfort to the industrious professor; it is a charm unbroken to the traveller's gaze; it is the "engine shriek and locomotive speed" for more of quinine, ipecac to the Physician; and it is the far off ringing of the death knell to the hoary-headed old man "Ho! for the West—the glorious West!" What a charm these words produce. What an unseen beauty, a future happiness they predict.

CHAPTER II.
Pittsburg, Pa. Manufactories—Trains through to the West—Western Excitement—Different Roads to Chicago—Cleveland, etc.
In the preceding chapter we endeavored to show what an effect the excitement, commonly denominated "Western Fever," has had upon our communities. We do not particularize, for well we know, that the "fever" is contagious and general in all com-

munities and is spreading on the increase. It is not our object to exaggerate or depreciate, but to give a plain and simple statement of the "Great West" as it is, and not as it is represented to be. Having seen a large portion of it, and having lived in several parts of the Western States for some time, we shall to the best of our ability, give an honest, impartial and faithful account of it. We have been led to the writing of this narrative, not from any desire on our part, but by the repeated requests of seemingly anxious individuals, and, if possible to give entire satisfaction to the many inquiries concerning the "Prairie Country," and as our abilities to write are rather limited, we shall only propose to the best we can, and if any faults are exposed, or errors occur, rest assured it will be a defect of the head and not of the heart. Therefore, with these preliminaries we will undertake the task, and as nearly all Pennsylvanians are well acquainted with their own State, we shall not stop to particularize any portion of it, save "Smoky Pittsburg," which it is expedient we should notice, as that city is the great starting point from which all Eastern travellers going West diverge from.

Pittsburg is the principal city of Western Pennsylvania. It is situated on a point formed by the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and is 201 miles west of Harrisburg, 222 northwest of Washington City, 122 west by north from Philadelphia. Its site, doubtless, is unequalled—being surrounded with inexhaustible beds of iron-ore, coal, &c., and with a navigation of fifty thousand miles, which gives it access to the richest and most fertile regions of the globe. The population of the city proper is about sixty thousand.

On the opposite side of the Allegheny river is Allegheny City, with a population of about 25,000 connected with Pittsburg by three bridges, a canal and aqueduct. On the opposite side of the Monongahela is Birmingham, also connected with the city by a splendid bridge. The district within five miles of the centre of Pittsburg, embracing Allegheny City, Manchester, Birmingham, Slip, Allegheny, East Liberty, S. Atfield, South Pittsburg, &c., is estimated to contain a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand. Pittsburg is a great manufacturing city, and the very extensive use of stone coal in her factories, gives to the place a very dusky and dirty appearance. Casting, and iron masonry of every description, steam engines, cutlery, nails, glass, paper, wares, steamboat building, and many other manufactures are carried on to a great extent. It has fifty-six churches, a Theological Seminary and University, an Exchange, a number of the schools, a Museum, a Theatre, and one of the finest Court Houses in the United States. There is also an Arsenal Magazine of Arms, Powder Magazine, &c. The capital invested in the various manufactures is over \$3,000,000. There is over \$500,000 of machinery, and \$300,000 of hardware and cutlery manufactured annually. The value of the property in the county is estimated at \$25,000,000.

Passengers getting off the Pennsylvania Central Railroad cars, and destined for the Western country, immediately take the omnibus for the Western Depot, which is in Allegheny City, two miles distant from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot. The proper way for persons to pursue who have baggage to see to, is to buy an omnibus ticket from the agent of the "Excelsior Line," who passes through the cars to sell them, prior to their arriving in Pittsburg. By purchasing a ticket, the passenger and baggage are conveyed safely to the Western Depot. The price of the ticket correspond with the amount of baggage, and ranges from twenty cents to seventy-five. Much unnecessary delay and loss of baggage is occasioned by a neglect in the passenger to purchase his tickets from and deliver up his checks to the proper agent, when he passes through the cars for that purpose. Tickets can also be procured from these agents for conveyance to the principal Hotels in Pittsburg.

On arriving at the Western Depot, it is altogether probable that passengers may have to wait from one to three hours before the train will leave for the West. Should this be the night time, the pockets must be well guarded against the unceremonious intrusion of Mr. Pickpocket's dexterous fingers. Cars leave this Depot every three hours for Cincinnati, Cleveland, and for all points in Ohio. In going to Chicago, it is desirable to pass through improved country, purchase your tickets to Chicago, via Toledo, Sandusky, Sandusky, Toledo and Cold Water. If it is desirable to travel on a rough road, through a barren, unimproved country, go by way of Cleveland to Toledo.

On either of these roads the price of the tickets are the same, namely, thirteen dollars from Pittsburg to Chicago. Through-tickets to Iowa City can be purchased at the Western Depot office, and for any place or railroad terminus in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin or Missouri.

Should a passenger conclude to go by way of Monroeville, Sandusky City to Chicago, he buys his tickets accordingly, and his baggage is checked to Sandusky City, and from thence re-checked to Chicago. He gets his tickets in one slip, denoting the different railroads, and four different stages of case. In Allegheny City at the Western Depot, he takes the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad to Alliance. The average rate of speed upon this road is twenty-five miles an hour. No place worthy of particular notice

is to be seen upon this road. The country is hilly, rough and but, thinly settled. On arriving at Alliance the passengers for Cleveland change cars, which generally are waiting at the Depot for that purpose. Alliance is in the northwest corner of Columbiana county, Ohio, and is forty-three miles west by north from Pittsburg. It contains a population of about five hundred and is very pleasantly situated. The distance from Alliance to Cleveland is fifty-three miles, by way of the Cleveland and Cincinnati Railroad branch. Passengers that prefer going to Chicago by the Cleveland route can do so by taking the cars for that city at this place, it being the most direct route to Cleveland. The country through which this road passes is well improved, with many beautiful farms and flourishing villages.

Cleveland is handsomely situated upon a high bluff which gives to the place an ancient and romantic appearance. At the base of this bluff rolls the dark blue waves of the majestic Erie, and far out in the dim distance, on the lake, can be seen at all times vessels, with their wide spread sails flapping in the breeze, arriving and departing. The shrill shriek of the steam whistle, the rattling of the rings and chiming of steamboat and locomotive bells, give to the place a lively and business like appearance. The passenger Depot of the Cincinnati and Pittsburgh roads, is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the Western States. It is built on the lake, and cars are arriving and departing from it, every three hours. The population of Cleveland is about sixty thousand, and contains some fine buildings, hotels and churches.

On arriving at the depot, omnibuses are in readiness to convey passengers to any part of the city, on to the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad Depot, which is about three hundred yards distant on the west side of the canal. The cars here seldom meet, and the connection for the Western trains, and oftentimes passengers are compelled to remain from six to twelve hours. On taking the Toledo and Cleveland cars you pass over one of the roughest roads in all the Western country. Frequent tossings upon your seat, by the jumping of the cars over the uneven portions of the track, reminds one very forcibly of riding in a coal wagon on a stony road. In short, it is assault and battery with intent to shake to pieces to ride upon the road. Lagged over a barren and unimproved country, with little to attract the eye, at some portions of the country a few houses are erected according to town form, but they are few in number, and none worthy of notice. Toledo is handsomely situated on the eastern boundary. A great deal of business is done in this city, ship, steam and canal boat building are carried on very extensively. There are a number of handsome buildings in the city, excellent hotels and fine churches. Toledo is two hundred and forty-nine miles south east from Chicago, and seventy-eight miles north west from Cleveland. It is situated in Lucas county, Ohio, and contains a population of about thirteen thousand. Perry's victory was gained a few miles north of this city on Lake Erie.

AN AFFECTING RECITAL.
Robert Wilson was a market gardener. Early in life he married a deserving young woman, whom he loved with entire tenderness, and by whom he had several children. No man on earth could be fonder of his little offspring than Wilson; and they, on the other hand, almost worshipped their father, taking delight in nothing so much as in doing what he wished. Wilson was not very wise, nor was he at all learned, but his heart, which I have said was all tenderness, told him with morose instinct that his children would begeth more perfectly and with more wholesome effect under the dominion of love than under that of fear; and he was indeed a happy family, where affection, pleasure, obedience, and faith, (faith in each other) went hand in hand. Wilson was well situated for passing his life comfortably, and rationally, his garden being just far enough out of London to render him untroubled in his mixing in the squalid profanity of town, (had he been inclined) and yet he was not so utterly in the country as to harden him into the robust callousness and ignorant vices of village life. He could just hear enough of the "air of the great label," to interest him in it, and to keep his faculties alive and awake to the value of his own quiet, and to the unafflicted carresses of his dear wife and children, which always appeared more and more precious after he had been hearing, in his weekly visits to town, some instances of mercenary hypocrisy and false-heartedness.

I lodged two years in his house, and have often seen him on a summer's evening sitting in an open part of his garden, surrounded by his family, in unconscious enjoyment of the still and rich sunset. I was his guest the last time I saw him—poor fellow, in this pleasant happiness. We drank tea in the open air, and amidst ourselves the preceding day's collect, while reading the preceding day's newspaper which Wilson used to hire for the evening. We sat out doors later than usual, owing to the deliciousness of the night, which instead of deepening into darkness, kept up a mellow golden redness, sweeter than the searching day-light; for before the colors of the sun had entirely faded in the west, the moon came up over the eastern horizon, and the effect was divine. My poor host, however, did not seem so happy as usual. He

had been thoughtful the whole evening, and now became more pensive; and nothing roused him even into momentary cheer, except the playfulness of his eldest daughter, a merry little girl of about four or five years of age. It was sad to see him, with his dejected face, striving to laugh and romp with the child, who in a short time began to perceive the alteration in her father's manner, and to reflect in her smooth face the uneasiness of his. But their pastime was of short continuance. It was melanoly presence. There was nothing hearty in it, except the dance of the child's forehead locks, tossed to and fro in the clear moonshine.

I soon found out the cause of this depression. He was beginning to be pinched under an ugly coalition—an increasing family, decreasing business, and times taced to the uttermost. The gentle folks living about the great squares did not spend so much money as formerly in decking their windows and balconies with early flowers and rare exotics, and this was an important source of Wilson's revenue. He longed, however, with sad patience for a long time; till hunger thinned and stretched the round faces of his children, and his wife's endearments instead of coming like tokens of love growing more spiritual and devoted under despair; they were embraces hallowed and made sublime by famishes. All this was more than the poor man could bear. The failing voices of his unconsoling children were like madness bringing sounds in his years; and one night losing in the tumult of his thoughts all distinctions between right and wrong, he rushed forth and committed a robbery.

I shall never forget, as I live, the hour when he was apprehended by the officers of justice. A knock was heard at the outer gate, and Mrs. Wilson's going to open it, two men rushed by her into the house, and seized her pale and trembling husband; who, although he expected and dreaded such an event, was so staggered by it as to lose for a few moments his consciousness of all about him. The first thing he saw on coming to himself was his wife stretched at his feet in a faint swoon; and as he was hurried off he turned his eye towards her with a heart-breaking expression, calling out in a tone half-raving and imploring "look there, look there!"

It would be vain to attempt a description of the wretched hours passed by him and his wife in the intervals which elapsed between this period and the time of his trial. The madness of his utter despair, perhaps, was less intolerable than the sickening agitation produced in her mind by the air built hopes she dared to entertain in weary supplications, and which were only torn to be stricken back into nothing. This is indeed a ghastly and withering conflict. The poor woman after enduring it for three weeks could not be easily recognized by her old acquaintances. There were no traces left of the happy bustling wife. She moved almost among her children, her face was emaciated and hectic; and her eyes were red with constant weeping of tears. It was a mighty change.

The day of trial at length came on—Wilson was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him. The law in their justice, condemned him to be hanged, and the laws in their justice entered the taxation, the heart pressure of which had so mainly assisted to drive him into the crime; but the world is inexorable.

His wife did not survive this news many hours. She died in thought without a struggle. It was of no use to her the command that I know of this. I knew I would never see her again; for the meeting in the prison had already been terminated beyond endurance.

I visited him in the cell two days before the time appointed for his execution. He was silent for many minutes after I entered, and I did not attempt to rouse him. At length, with a voice quivering under an effort to be composed, he said: "Although, Mr. Saville, I do not request, (I was going to say I did not wish, but God knows how false that would be,) to behold my wife again in the bitter, bitter world; because such a dreary meeting would drive her mad, yet I think it would do me good if I could see my child, my eldest girl, my little Betty. I know not why it is, but I have an idea that her soft prattle, ignorant as she is of my fate, would take something away from the dismal suffering I am to undergo on Wednesday. Therefore, bring her with you this afternoon, and frame some postponing excuse for my poor wife. These, dear Sir, are my melancholy troubles, but I know you are very good."

In the afternoon accordingly, I took the child; who asked me several times on the way why her father did not come. As we walked along the gloomy passage to his cell, she clung close to me, and did not say a word. It was very different, poor thing, to an open and gay garden about which she was wont to run.

The door of her father's miserable dungeon was thrown open, and the child rushed into his arms. "I do not like you to live in this darksome place, father," she cried, "because home with me and Mr. Saville, and see mother who is in bed!" "I cannot come just now, my child," he answered: "you must stay a little with me, and throw your arms around my neck and lend your face to mine!" The child did as she was bidden, and the poor man, straining his eye, sobbed bitterly and convulsively. After a few minutes he looked with yearning eyes into the

face, saying—"Come my dear, sing your poor father that pretty song which you used to sing to him when he was tired on an evening. I am not well now. Look at me, my child, and sing."

How sad it was to hear the child's voice warbling in that dolorous place! I could scarcely hear it, but it seemed to have a contrary effect on the father. His eyes were lighted up, and a smile appeared on his countenance. The song was of love, and woody retirement, and domestic repose, and the buffed frowns of fortune. While the child was singing, I left the cell to make some arrangements with the porter who was walking close to the door. I had not, however, been thus engaged for five minutes, before I heard something fall heavily, accompanied by a violent scream, and rushed into the cell. I saw the unhappy convict lying on the floor, and his little girl clinging round his neck. The porter and I lifted him up, and alarmed at the hue of his face, called the medical attendant of the prison, who told us the poor man was dead.

The account given by his child was—that after she had done singing, her father started, and then looked sharply in her face, and with a strange and short laugh, fell from his chair. I supposed she had swung him into a temporary forgetfulness of his situation;—that she had conjured into his mind with her innocent voice, a blessed dream of past days and enjoyments, and the spell ceasing when her melody ceased, the truth of things had beat upon his heart with too stunning a contrast, and it had burst.

A MAN VOLUNTARILY IN RED FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS.
The last London Illustrated News has the following:—On Friday, the 7th inst., were consigned to their final resting place, in the church yard of Kestry, Yorkshire, the mortal remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived, in fact a parallel seems scarcely possible of a man voluntarily going to bed in good health, and remaining there for a period of forty-nine years! He went by the cognomen of "Old Thruplax," in the neighborhood, but his real name was William Sharpe. He lived in an isolated house called "World's End," (probably an abbreviation of "World's End,") not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Kestry. He was the son of a small farmer, born A. D. 1777, and from an early age showed little predisposition to steady work. When thirty years of age he took to his bed and the room, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The cause of this extraordinary conduct is believed to have been a matrimonial disappointment; his wedding day was fixed, accompanied by a friend he would his way down to the parish church, and patiently awaited the arrival of his bride; but she never came; her father having sternly and adamantly refused his consent. Henceforth the young man consumed himself to a small room, nine feet square, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets—which resolution he kept most unflinchingly.

At the time of Sharpe's death, the window of his room had never been opened for thirty-eight years. In this dreary abode did this strange being amuse himself. He constantly refused to speak to any one, and, if spoken to, never answered, even those who were his constant attendants. His fatherly will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. During the whole period of his self-imposed confinement, he never had any spiritual officers, the only cause of indisposition about him can remember being a slight loss of appetite for two or three days, caused apparently by indigestion, and this notwithstanding, he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer. Though arrived at the age of seventy-nine years his flesh was firm, fair, and unwarlike, save with fat, and his weight was estimated at about 240 pounds. The curious used to come from far and wide to see him, but whenever a stranger was ushered into his den, he immediately buried his head beneath the bed clothes. About a week before his death his appetite began to fail, and his limbs became partially numb, so that he could not take his food in his accustomed manner. From this, attack he seemed to rally, and not until the evening before his death were any apprehensions entertained that the attack would prove ultimately fatal. However, during the night of Sunday, the 2d inst., he became rapidly worse, and died at four the following morning. Shortly before he expired he was called to exclaim:—"Poor Bill!—Poor Bill!—Poor Bill Sharpe!"—the most connected sentence he had been known to utter for many a year.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting"—In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, in 1788, the Fair Play was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull of Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering and fell on the stage; during the night she was confined, but the following day, when she suddenly recovered to converse, she said, "I see mother who is in bed!"

"I cannot come just now, my child," he answered: "you must stay a little with me, and throw your arms around my neck and lend your face to mine!" The child did as she was bidden, and the poor man, straining his eye, sobbed bitterly and convulsively. After a few minutes he looked with yearning eyes into the

face, saying—"Come my dear, sing your poor father that pretty song which you used to sing to him when he was tired on an evening. I am not well now. Look at me, my child, and sing."