The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

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HENRY HAYS.

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BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1856.

ILL-TREATMENT OF A CHILD.—In the Criminal Court of Montgomery county last week, Benjamin and Ada Harper were tried for mal-treatment of a little girl named Sallie Geyer, six years of age, who lived with them as a help. The evidence presented a state of facts the most disgusting and disgraceful that it has ever been our misfortune to listen to in a Court of Criminal jurisdiction, showing up these defendants to be hardly fit to be classed among civilized people. It was on evidence that on one occasion the child had been beaten with a rope for not giving the calf water; at another time was jumped on the floor; at another time bound hand and foot and thrown into the barn, where she was found at 10 o'clock at night; that the child was once put into a tub of dirty soap suds, and then washed with a corn broom; that she was once besmeared over the face by Mrs. Harper with the child's own natural filth; and stood in the sun to dry, with her hands tied, &c.: the defendants offered evidence to show that the child was very disobedient, and told falsehoods, &c., but the only act of disobedience they could prove was that she forgot one evening to water the poor *little calf*. Defendant Mr. Harper, is a real estate agent in Philadelphia, and moved with his family last summer to Frederick township, in this county, when and where the matter above related occurred. The jury found the defendants guilty, and the Court sentenced them as follows:—Benj. Harper a fine of $100, and Ada Harper a fine of $200 and costs.

NEW COIN.—The new cent piece recently finished at the United States Mint, Philadelphia, is the size of the old half cent; and is composed of fifty-seven parts of copper, seven of nickel, and one of zinc. It has a light appearance, with a faint red tint, and is in a beautiful contrast with the American silver and gold pieces, and will not, as the old cent did, tarnish them by contact. The weight of the new cent is only seventy-two grains, that of the present copper is one hundred and sixty-eight.

A SHERIFF SHOT IN ILLINOIS.—A telegraphic despatch from Rockland, Illinois, states that John G. Taylor, sheriff of Winnebago county, was shot dead, on the 11th instant, by Alfred Countryman, whom he was endeavoring to arrest on a charge of theft. The murderer fled to the woods. A large number of citizens pursued and captured him, and lodged him in jail. Great excitement existed, and a strong disposition was manifested to lynch, but was finally overcome.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.—At the Know-Nothing riots in the city of Baltimore, on the day of the Presidential election, the killed and wounded were as follows:

Killed,	8
Wounded, (fatally,)	23
Wounded, (dangerously,)	86
Total,	117

DEATH OF AN OBSOLETE TEM.—The *Chatfield Democrat*, published in the back-woods of Minnesota, contains the following:

DIED.—In the United States, on the 4th instant, of "Buck Fever," the great humbug "Black Republicanism," aged nearly two years. The friends and sympathisers of the deceased are respectfully requested to be present in their attendance at the funeral, as it is feared they to have the offensive remains decently buried as soon as possible.

THE BUFFALO Commercial *Advertiser*, the home organ of Millard Fillmore, is apprehensive that the interests of the country may demand a union of the Republicans and the "Americans" against the Democratic party for the future.

THE LAND OFFICE has ordered that the land sale in Kansas on the 17th shall be stopped, if speculators appear as bidders.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The returns from the various States in which Legislatures are chosen this fall, are [illegible] the following summary:

In Maine, another Republican will be chosen in place of Hon. Hanibal Hamlin, who has been elected Governor.

In Massachusetts, the Hon. Charles Sumner, whose term expires this winter, will probably be re-elected, if his health will permit him to resume the duties of the post.

In Rhode Island, a Republican will be elected in place of Hon. Charles T. James, (Dem.) whose term expires on the 5th of March.

In Connecticut they have already chosen a Republican Senator to take the place of Hon. Isaac Toucey, (Dem.) whose term ends with this session.

In New York, the returns render certain a Republican Legislature. If so, she will continue to be represented by two Republicans. In Pennsylvania, either Mr. Bradhead (Dem.) who goes out, will be re-elected, or some other Democrat.

In New Jersey, Mr. Thomson (Democrat) probably will again be chosen, or will have a Democratic successor.

In Michigan, Gen. Cass, whose term expires in March, will be replaced by a Republican.

In Indiana, two Senators are to be chosen, both probably, as before, Democrats.

In California, also, there are two vacancies to be filled, but by whom it is yet impossible to determine.

These are all the Free States that elect this winter.

In Delaware, Texas, Florida and Virginia, Democratic Senators are re-elected or replaced by other Democrats.

In Mississippi, Missouri and Tennessee, Know-Nothings give place to Democrats.

EXECUTION IN MISSISSIPPI.—UNUSUAL SCENES.—William Roberson, who murdered Franklin Williams, with the aid of the murdered man's wife, was executed at Holmesville, Miss., on the 8th inst. The condemned man, it appears, addressed the crowd from the scaffold, endeavoring to awaken their sympathies in his behalf, and closed his long and very incoherent harangue with an appeal to them to manifest a desire that he should be remanded to jail and have a new trial; in furtherance of which he suspended there a piece of his proposition to stand aloof from the crowd, as he felt assured the sheriff would not proceed with the execution if the popular sentiment should be found to be against it. The apparent acquiescence of the sheriff to this startling and unusual proceeding, stirred the crowd to an exhibition of some little excitement, and cries of "new trial!" "hang him! hang him!" were heard on both sides, and for a moment we feared mob law would run riot around the very precincts of our courts of justice.

The announcement of the Sheriff, however, made to the prisoner that he could expect nothing from the people in this emergency, however much his own or their sympathies were evinced for him, and his proceedings at once with his duty accordingly, quelled the rising tumult, and it was not until this moment that he appeared to look death in the face. His cheek blanched—his frame shook with tremor—his limbs trembled, and he fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands, while the attending minister, Dr. Laney, approached him upon the scaffold, in performance of his last sad duty, and kneeling beside the prisoner, with his hand upon his bowed head, and sent up in his behalf an impressive appeal to heaven. After this solemn service, the prisoner continued upon his knees until the moment he was launched into eternity.

BOYS FOR THE WEST.—C. C. Tracy, superintendent of the News Boys' Lodging House, (says the New York *Journal of Commerce*,) expects to leave the city in a few days, having in charge forty or fifty boys and girls, to be placed with farmers in the agricultural regions of the West. As many of the children are quite destitute and are very imperfectly clad, the superintendent appeals for assistance. The Children's Aid Society, with which the lodging house is connected, will send out this year over 1,000 children. The number thus disposed of is increasing from year to year.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL ESTIMATES FOR PHILADELPHIA.—The comptrollers of the public schools of Philadelphia, on the 5th instant, presented their estimates of the expenses for the next year. They ask an appropriation of $685'677, being $187,445 more than was granted by councils last year.

HIRAM B. SWARR, Esq., has been appointed Post Master of Lancaster city, in the room of Henry Reigart, Esq., deceased. This appointment is very flatteringly spoken of by the Lancaster *press*.

MR. BENJAMIN JONES, aged seventy-three, a well known citizen of Petersburg, N. Y., disembowelled himself with a razor, and died soon afterwards. He had been laboring under an attack of hypochondriasis.

The following is the official vote of Vermont, at the recent Presidential election.—Fremont, 39,963; Buchanan 10,577; Fillmore 546; Scattering, 75.

ILLUMINATION.—The Democrats of Sunbury celebrated the election of Buchanan, on the evening of the 11th, by a grand illumination.

For the Democratic Watchman.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY BENJ. R. HALL.

[illegible] early placed away;
The birds have flown to other climes
To sing their cheerful lay.
No more upon the smiling earth
Do flowers sweetly shine,
For Death puts forth his hand, and says,
No! no! they all are mine.

The morning chill, the evening air,
Do tell the mournful tale
Of death to all the lovely plants
That deck the sun-lit vale.
I saw a flower sweetly shine
To greet the early day,
But Death put forth his hand, and said,
No! no! but pass away.

Sweet Summer's gone, sweet Summer's gone
The blooming time of flowers;
When love and song were all the theme,
And swiftly flew the hours.
No more the trees put forth their leaves—
In living brightness shine—
For Death puts forth his hand, and says,
They all, they all, are mine.

But as the seasons pass along,
The flowers bloom again;
They spring beside the sparkling rill,
And grow upon the plain.
For like the soul that flies from earth,
And leaves this place of woe,
The flowers and the christian heart,
A second spring shall know.

Milesburg, Penna.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS

A STARTLING COURT SCENE.

On my last visit to Mississippi I arrived one pleasant Autumn evening at the village of Deerwoods, having come in the stage that day from Moody Creek. I found the inn well filled, and learned that the circuit court was in session there. At the supper-table I found the judge and some half dozen lawyers, besides the county officers and numerous visitors who had come to attend the trials. I had some business to transact with a merchant in the place, whose name was Landor Wallace, and I made up my mind to call upon him during the evening. I knew where his store was, and after tea walked down to the place. The building was all fast however, and I turned my steps towards his dwelling. I knocked at the door, and my summons was answered by a black woman. I asked her if Mr. Wallace was at home. She looked me my face a few moments, and then burst into tears.

"He's to him, but he's dead;" she sobbed, with much effort.

I managed to learn from the negress that Wallace had been murdered three days before, and that his murderer would be tried on the morrow. Under such circumstances I could not disturb any other of the family, and having gathered from the slave the leading particulars, I left the door and returned to the inn. There I learned some further matters touching the murder, but those who understood the subject fully were busy, and I was forced to wait until to-morrow for a clear knowledge of the case.

Though the murder had been committed so recently, the body having not yet been buried, yet as the court was in session, and the accused and witness on hand, the trial was to take place immediately.

On the following morning I entered the court-room with the crowd, and the first case which came up was that of the murder of Landor Wallace. The accused was a young man, not over five and twenty, named Edward Demarton. He had been employed for several years as Wallace's chief clerk, and was one of the most capable youths in the country. I had some dealings with him; and had learned to love and respect him. He was lightly built, remarkably handsome, and bore himself with a native pride, which, while it gave him firmness and dignity, never made his manner haughty or overbearing. He was an orphan, of French descent, and had been born and reared in New Orleans. As he sat in the prisoner's box I could see him plainly. He was very pale, and seemed to suffer much; yet he did not look like a guilty man. I could not believe that he had ever committed a murder. He was too brave and honorable for that.

At length the trial commenced. The witnesses came on and gave their testimony, and my heart sank within me as I found how strongly the tide of circumstances set against him. It was proved that he had wished to marry with Landor Wallace's niece, a young girl named Isabel Wallace and that the uncle had objected. From this a quarrel had ensued, and the youth had left Wallace's service. It was furthermore proved that Demarton had challenged Wallace to fight him a duel, and that the merchant had refused on the ground that he could not consent to meet one whom he still regarded in the light of a son. Then it was proved that the youth was very wroth at this, and that he swore Mr. Wallace should "either fight or suffer the consequences." He was determined to have satisfaction.

On the morning of the murder the merchant started on horseback for Dantonville, and in half an hour afterwards the prisoner mounted his horse, and started after him, saying, as he leaped into the saddle, that he "would easily overtake Mr. Wallace." And then he added, in presence of three witnesses, who swore to the words:—"I can settle our trouble as well on the road to Dantonville as anywhere!" This was at six o'clock in the evening. At nine o'clock, a man named Harrold—Dunk Harrold, he was called—was coming from Dantonville, and in a small piece of wood that [illegible] ran, he came upon the [illegible] place, and at the same time [illegible] riding away from the spot. The moon was shining brightly, and he recognized the prisoner very plainly. He leaped from his saddle, and found the merchant senseless, and bleeding freely from several deep wounds. Close by he found a silver-handled bowie-knife, which had been proved to be the prisoner's property. The knife was covered with blood, and the physicians had decided that the wounds had been made with it. The murdered man had also received a blow upon the head which was nearly sufficient to kill.

This Dunk Harrold was a hard-looking customer. He was a stout, broad-shouldered man, somewhere about forty years of age, with dark, coarse, animal features, and looked the perfect villian. In defence it was proved that Harrold had had some difficulty with the prisoner, and that he had sworn to have revenge, but this amounted to but little.

Surely the case seemed very clear against the prisoner. He had had difficulty with the murdered man; challenged him to mortal combat—sworn to have revenge—followed him on the road to Dantonville with the avowed purpose of settling the trouble—been seen to go from the [illegible] knife found all bloody by the [illegible] side—and, when he was apprehended, his own hands and clothes were bespattered with blood: Were not these circumstances conclusive? At all events, so they were generally received.

At length Edward Demarton was permitted to tell his story. He arose and although he was pale and wan, yet his voice was firm. He first called upon God to witness that he spoke the truth, and then went on. He said on the afternoon before the murder he had spent over two hours with Mr. Wallace; and that all their difficulty had been settled, and that the merchant had explained to him that his only objection to the marriage of Isabel had been the fact that he had promised her father, on his dying bed, that she should not be married until she was twenty years of age.

"We made our differences all up at that time," continued Demarton, "and Mr. Wallace asked me if I would come back into his service. He said if I had been willing to have asked the reason of his refusal of Isabel's hand he would have given it, but I was hot and impetuous, and he was a little nettled by it, so he refused so [illegible] He had just asked me if I would come back into his service, when some one entered the store who wished to see him. I told him I had planned to go to Dantonville that evening, but would call on him when I returned. He said he had to go to Dantonville too, and bade me call on him in that place, at the same time signifying that we could arrange matters there. After that I went over by the lake, and when I came back I learned that Mr. Wallace had been gone half an hour. I got my horse ready at once, and when about to start I did make the remarks which have been sworn to; but I made them jokingly, in view of the friendly meeting we were to have, little thinking of what was to occur. I rode off, and at the distance of some ten miles, in the little wood, I found Mr. Wallace's horse standing by the side of the road. A little further on I found the merchant weltering in his blood. I leaped from my saddle and knelt down by the side of the body. I turned the face up and called his name several times. The flesh was yet warm, but life seemed extinct. I got my hands and clothes thus bespattered with blood, but I thought not of that. When I found that life was gone, and that I could not well handle the body alone, I remounted my horse and started back for help.

"It had been urged, that if I had really sought help I would have ridden on towards Dantonville, where I could have found it within half a mile, rather than towards a point where there was no house for over six miles. But I could not stop to think then. My first instinct was towards home, and I followed it. I had gone four miles when my horse fell. He was too lame to trot. Soon afterwards I was overtaken by Dunk Harrold and another man, who arrested me for the murder. With regard to the knife—the knife found was mine, and it had been stolen from me that day."

The youth sat down as he ceased speaking and the judge shook his head.

"Any one can invent a story like that," he said, in his charge to the jury, "but no one could have invented the circumstances which bear against the prisoner."

In short there seemed to be no hope for the youth. Though people pitied him, yet I could see they shook their heads dubious when he pleaded his innocence.

The judge had summoned the evidence all up, making it more strong against the prisoner than before if possible, and the jury were on the point of retiring, when a sudden commotion was perceptablu at the door, and in a moment more a young girl, or maiden, rushed into the court-room, with her long chestnut hair floating wildly in the wind, her bosom heaving deeply, and her eyes fairly burning with intense eagerness. It was Isabel Wallace. She was a beautiful girl; tall, straight, and nobly proportioned; with a face of striking loveliness, and a form at once voluptuous and queenly.—She cast one quick glass of love upon the prisoner, full of love, eagerness, and hope, and then turning to the judge she cried:—

"Is he tried yet, sir?—Is he found guilty?"

"Not yet—but he soon will be," answered the judge, overcoming his astonishment as quickly as possible for the benefit [illegible]

"Oh! he's innocent! He's innocent!" the fair girl exclaimed. He's not the murderer. Ho! officers seize upon Dunk Harrald, and see that he does not escape! Quick! quick!"

Even as the maiden entered the room Harrold had moved nearer to the door, and as these last words were uttered he made a rush for the street; but a stout boatman in the doorway held him until the sheriff came up. The fellow struggled hard, but a pair of iron cuffs were soon placed upon his wrists, and he was carried back.

"Now," continued the girl, turning to the judge, "will you send whom you please to take my uncle's words down? *He is alive!*"

At these words Edward Demarton started to his feet and uttered a cry of joy. But his feelings quickly overcame him, and he sank fainting back. As soon as the first outburst of astonishment consequent upon this startling intelligence had passed, Isabel explained what had happened. She said two physicians were with her uncle, and that he had revived from his lethargic sleep, and that he had his senses perfectly, and that he wished to give to the proper persons [illegible]

The court was adjourned at once, and then the judge himself, accompanied by three of the lawyers and the foreman of the jury, went to the merchant's house. They found the wounded man very weak; and the physicians said he could not live long. As soon as the new-comers were arranged about his bed, he related to them as follows:—

He said that on the day he started for Dantonville he saw young Demarton at his store, and that all the difference between them was their made up, and also that he promised to meet him in Dantonville. He started alone on horseback, having first packed away five thousand dollars, which he was to carry with him. It was dusk when he started, and in half an hour it was fairly night, only there was a bright moon. When he reached the little wood, he was overtaken by Dunk Harrald. He felt a sudden fear that Harrald meant to rob him, for he (Harrald) had seen him packing the money away in his pocket book. So he made a move for his pistol, but before he could reach it, Harrold gave him a blow on the head with a short club, which knocked him from his [illegible] saw at the villain stabbing him several times, and he knew, too, when he took the money from his pocket. He could remember nothing more until he had come to his senses on the morning of the then present day.

The physicians said that the sufferer had been in a sort of cataleptic state, induced by one of the stabs, and partly aided by the blow on the head. His account was taken down, word for word, by one of the lawyers and duly witnessed; while the two physicians swore that the man was in possession of full sense and sound mind. With these attested documents, the party returned to the court room.

The court was quickly opened, and ere long the jury returned a verdict of acquittal for Edward Demarton, and thereupon the joy of the spectators, burst forth in a shout, which the court tried not to stop.

Mr. Dunk Harrald was soon put upon trial for the murder, and duly convicted of the crime. When he found that all was known he made a full confession. He confessed that he did the deed, and that he did it for the money. He knew that young Demarton was going on the same road, so he contrived to steal the youth's knife, meaning to fasten the murder upon him; and but for the wonderful interposition of the Power which had held the murdered man for a witness, the scheme would have succeeded.

Mr. Wallace lived until noon the next day, and before he died he placed the hand of his lovely niece within the hand of Edward Demarton, and bade them live together upon his bounty. He had no family of his own, and to Isabel he left all his property; but it was with the understanding that Edward should manage it for her, and be her companion for life. Though there was deep sorrow in the loss of so kind an generous an uncle, yet there was joy in the thought that she had now a noble, loving husband.

DODGING A DUN.

Some can scent a dun at any distance, and can dodge him effectually. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience, becomes expert, the dunned stands a slim chance of escape.

We heard a story the other day of old Dr. G., of Portsmouth, which is to the point, as regards amateur dunning; for there is a wide difference between the amateur and the professional.

Dr. G., was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square, exacting everything that was his own and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for some considerable amount, and wherever he met him the Doctor was ready, note in hand, for the payment of an instalment. It became, at last an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at a time when troubled with a disease known in the financial parlance as "shorts." But whenever he met him the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by his debtor's movement for his pocket-book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all. He knew that the Doctor was honest, and that it would come all right, and several times he was shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he passed through the town his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of him and avoid him if possible. He succeeded for awhile, and out-generaled the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor, from a distant position, saw his victim tie his horse to a post and enter a store. He made all the haste he could, and entered the store just as the debtor dodged behind a rice sack.

"Didn't I see Mr.——— come in here?" asked the Doctor.

"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but he has gone somewhere now."

The Doctor said he was not in a hurry, and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door, and thought he would be back before long. The man remained hid, and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out. Shortly after Mr.——— himself went out, and was just stepping upon his wagon when the Doctor darted at him from a doorway.

"Well Mr.———," said he, "you need'nt dodge me any more. That note has been paid up these six months, and I have been [illegible]

REMARKABLE CASES—CRIMINALS WHO HAVE RETURNED TO LIFE AFTER EXECUTION.

The following singular circumstances is recorded by Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire:

In the year 1650, Anne Green, a servant of Sir Thomas Read, was tried for the murder of her new-born child, and found guilty. She was executed in the court-yard at Oxford, where she hung about half an hour.—Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away to a house to be dissected, where, when they opened the coffin, notwithstanding the rope remained unloosed and straight about her neck, they perceived her breast to rise, whereupon one Mason, a tailor, intending to do an act of charity, set his foot upon her, and, as some say, one Orum, a soldier struck her again with the but end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when the learned and eminent Sir William Perry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Landsdowne, then Anatomy Professer of the University, Dr. Wallis and Dr. Clark, then President of the Magadaglen College, and Vice Chancellor of the University, came to prepare the body for dissection they perceived some small rattling in her throat; they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and also using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, insomuch, that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed very heartily. During the time of this her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have completed it on her, but by the meditation of the worthy doctors and some other friend with the then governor of the city. Col. Kealy, there was a guard put upon her from all further disturbance until they had sued out her pardon from the government. Much doubt arose as to her actual guilt. Crowds of people in the meantime came to see her, and many asserted it must be the providence of God, and would thus assert her innocence.

After some time, Dr. Perry, hearing she discoursed with those about her, and suspecting that the women might suggest to her to relate something of strange visions and apparitions she had seen during the time she seemed to be dead, (which they had already begun to do, telling that she had been in a fine green meadow, having a river running round it, and all things there glittering like silver and gold,) he caused all to depart from the room but the gentlemen of the faculty, who were to have been at the dissection, and asked her concerning her sense and apprehensions during the time she was hanging. To which she answered, that she neither remembered how the fetters were knocked off, how she went out the prison; when she was turned off the ladder; whether any psalm was sung or not; nor was she sensible of of any pain that she could remember. She came to herself as if she awakened out of sleep, not recovering the use of her speech but by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether, beginning to speak just where she left off on the gallows.

Being thus at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God, and the persons instrumental in bringing her to life, and procuring her an immunity from further punishment, she retired in the country, to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterwards married, and lived in good repute amongst her neighbors, having three children, and not dying till 1659.

The following account of the case of a girl who was wrongfully executed in 1766, is given by a celebrated French author, as an instance of the injustice which was often committed by the equivocal mode of trial then used in France:

About seventeen years since, a young peasant girl was placed at Paris, in the service of a man, who, smitten with her beauty tried to inveigle her, but she was virtuous and resisted. The prudence of this girl irritated the master, and he determined on revenge. He secretly conveyed into her box many things belonging to him, marked with his name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, called in a commissaire, a minister officer of justice, and made his deposition. The girl's box was searched, and the things were discovered. The judge, by her [illegible]

She defended herself only by her tears; she had no evidence to prove that she did not put the property in her box; and her only answer to the interrogatories was that she was innocent. The judges had no suspicion of the depravity of the accuser, whose station was respectable, and they administered the law in all its rigor. The innocent girl was condemned to be hanged. The dreadful office was effectually performed, as it was the first attempt of the new of the chief executioner. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was conveyed to his house. On that evening, being about to open the head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand, and he placed in a bed, her whom he was about to dissect.

His efforts to restore her to life were effectual, and at the same time he sent for a clergyman, on whose discretion and experience to depend, in order to consult with him on this strange event, as well as to have him for a witness to his conduct. The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes she believed herself in the other world, and perceiving the figure of the priest, who had [illegible] "Eternal Father, you know my innocence, have pity on me!" In this manner she continued to invoke the ecclesiastic, believing, in her simplicity, that she beheld her God. They were long in persuading her that she was not dead—so much had the idea of the punishment and death possessed her imagination.

The girl having returned to life and health, she retired to hide herself in a distant village, fearing to meet the judges or the officers, who, with the dreadful tree, incessantly haunted her imagination. The accuser remained unpunished, because his crime, although manifested by two individual witnesses, was not clear to the eye of the law. The people subsequently became acquainted with the resurrection of this girl, and loaded with reproaches the author of her misery.

A SAD CASE OF INFIDELITY.

The Troy *Times* says:—Some twelve months since a young man, a mechanic, well known to a large number of our readers, left this city, determined to try his fortune in the El Dorado State. He left behind him a young and beautiful wife, and an innocent babe about six months of age.

On his arrival in California the young man was engaged as consignee of a San Francisco house at Sacramento, at a very liberal salary. He prospered well, and the investment of a small sum which he had taken with him to the golden State yielded a large and most remunerative per centage. The hopes which had led him to part from home and family were more than realized. He wrote home often to his wife. His letters were crouched in the kindest tone, and invariably inclosed liberal remittances. His last epistle was indited at San Francisco in July last, and in it he informed his wife that he should soon return to his native place for a brief visit, and requested to make her preparations for a removal to California.

In fulfillment of his promise, the husband came home on a steamer which reached New York on Friday last. He landed at New York in the afternoon. Impatient of the hours which kept him from the arms of his wife, he left his baggage in New York, and, with nothing save his valise in hand, took passage on the afternoon train on the Hudson River Railroad, which reached here late at night. He hurried to his home. The door was locked and the windows dark. He knocked again and again, but there was no response. At last, presuming that his wife might be on a visit to the house of her mother in West Troy, he hastened over thither. His parents met him more in sorrow than in joy. His first inquiry was for his wife.—For a time he received no answer, but at length they informed him that his wife had proved faithless and recreant during his absence; that she had engaged in an illicit amour with a young man employed as clerk in a dry goods house in Albany; that her guilt having become evident and notorious, they (his parents) had forbidden her entering their threshold: that but a day or two previous to his arrival, she had gone off on the cars for the West, with the young man. For a time the husband refused to credit the fearful tale, but inquiry persuaded him it was too true. His wife had evidently encouraged the advances of the adulterer, and favored him in his suit. The money which he had sent her from California, she had wasted upon him. And on Wednesday she had left the city with him for the West.—Her babe was left in charge of a family in South Troy, who agreed to provide for it for a regular weekly stipend.

Yesterday saw the father and his child on their way to New York city. They will leave for California this week. Heart-sick and desolate, the betrayed husband and father has turned his steps from his native city never to return. Whether the false wife has returned from the West we are not informed, but who shall predict the measure of her remorse when the fearful results of her sedious conduct shall be made known to her.

DEATH OF GEN. EATON.—Gen. John H. Eaton, formerly Secretary of War under Gen. Jackson, and subsequently Minister to Spain, died at Washington city on Monday last, aged sixty-eight years.