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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

A Lesson,

AND WHERE I LEARNED IT.

A woman in a single room
Counting her twelve months by the score,
Her wealth just "30 cts," no more,
Has scarcely cause for tears and gloom

A woman in a pleasant home
With comforts counted by the score,
A wealth of friends about the door
Found in her heart a grief had come

No grave was in her household love,
No friendship turned to dead sea fruit,
And yet a shadow dull and sweet
Shut out the very sun above

It was a fair October day,
And past high noon the dial stood—
All nature wore a glory flood,
When down the street she bent her way,

There seemed no purpose in her eye,
But listlessly on leaf and tree
She gazed like one in reverie,
Not knowing where she walked, or why

Was the breath of innocent air
That bore her up that narrow way
And helped her hear the children say,
"See that nice lady go in there"

On that dull and humble room,
A lesson gleamed on wall and chair
She read the scroll unfolded there,
And knew the secret of her gloom

Weak woman, selfishness alone,
Hath drawn the shadow o'er the sky—
The sun which nature greets thine eye
Shines brilliantly as ever it shone

Go to *earth* thine arms of love as He—
The Christ—thou followest after—
Draw nearer to the "morning star,"
And let its light illumine thee!

He led thee to that lonely door
Where age droops sick with poverty
A service he requires of thee
Who seeks of blessing round thee o'er

While lights creep near to palace door
While age droops sick with poverty
Regrets and tears should smother'd be
And heart and hand heed duty's calls.

"In humble deeds and ministries
Love's fairest flowers shall round the bloom
I. ts sunshine fires dispel thy gloom,
And light like a solemn mysteries

Leidersworth N H J. L. P.

Miscellaneous.

The Broken Hearted;

OR, CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER

We recently published a letter in which Harlow Case, the defaulting collector of Sandusky Ohio accounted the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title we have given above a missionary correspondent of the Boston Watchman and Reflector, describes an interview with the guilty pair which took place shortly before death hurried away the mother and child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings. The subject is a painful one but the writer describes so forcibly and truthfully and the self inflicted misery of Case and his partner in guilt that we re produce his narrative

> What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle
> Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile

Curiously enough I was just repeating these verses, when my new acquaintance called to me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countrymen of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light, bamboo cane, or the motion of a foot or hand

These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but coupled with what I afterwards learned, were certain evidence, that the man felt already the gnawing of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous Island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. With a prodigality quite undreamed of by the inhabitants of a colder clime, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere—Trees loaded with sweet smelling flowers their intense rich colors vieing with the foliage of richer green, from out which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lillies, gorgeous in the queenly and unfolding of form and color, everything rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered his geniality departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers, and fountains. Chaste statuary was disposed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lustrous, yet mournful in beauty, add on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchild-like quiet, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr C., excusing himself in the remark that necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl who, with those shadow-filled eyes of her, was regarding me gently but attentively.

"Yes sir mamma has been very sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

Yes my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there and I think" she added, hesitatingly "that I did. But Mr C., will never let me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of Mr C.?" I asked somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter" answered the child with a grave dignity in one so young and a maturity of care she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow for her eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it I thought that painful thought took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were so unmoved in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side nearly covering a beautifully table of letter wood were several costly gift books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books, and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakspeare, read:

"To Mary Frances F—— from her devoted husband Henry E F——"

A thrill of surprise and languishment from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E F—— but I knew him intimately for years. He was a friend towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn for he had seen such sorrow as make the heart grow old before its time.

His wife whom he loved had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household and forgetting honor, shame everything that pertains to virtue and to God had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under the roof that now accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue the fiend who had revelled in such a conquest.

I can't only think of the evil they had done not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat upon his forehead looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality: the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy and flee as from pestilence his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling almost unconsciously I passed into the dining room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma"—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added, gravely as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate—obedient servants brought on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But, the skeleton sat at the feast!

I could not talk, save in monosylables—My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servant from the room, and he seemed to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—— city, I believe," he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name—of—H. E. F——?"

"I knew him, sir," I said stonily, looking the man sternly in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected, then," he began, in a quivering voice.

Not calmly but with the words of an accuser I told him what I had seen and tho't, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows that I have suffered: and in F.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months; and I have known it. It has been for me, now, to see the fading step, the dimming eye: it is for me to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn out frame, it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes mad mad—mad" he said in a frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long strides. Then, burying his face in his hand he exclaimed "Too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly. "No human being can now restore me poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly.

A weary mournful sigh broke from his lips as if his heart would break.

"Oh! if *he* knew" he exclaimed again "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him he would pity her—and if it could be forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

"She asked for you, sir—do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go then."

Up the cool wide, matted stairs he led me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, yet classic magnificence.

There, half reclining in a wide cane chair a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders, her head dressed in gown clinging and hallowed to the ravages sickness had made—at once a wreck of great beauty, and once gentle gifts had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! Oh pity! pity!

The eyes only retained their lustre they were wofully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon the sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely more luridly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself

"Oh! how sorry I am for you!"

She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was:

"Are you of starting back to America sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I said it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh! then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make and little enough, oh! little enough for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hope sir you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs. "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh sir—tell him, tell him my story—warn oh warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours these many weary years; ah, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk, while I may," was the answer. "Let me say, that, since the day I left my home, I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave is opening and I must go to judgment." Oh, how bitterly I have paid for my sin. Forgive me—oh my God forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to but did not seem to join—or, if she did she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and with but little faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him.

How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn everybody."

A LAD, in a state of mental absence, gave three cheers for the stars and stripes during school-hours, and perceived his error when he got the stripes without the stars.

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

Text—Pay the Printer.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: The debt that sits heaviest upon the conscience of a mortal, provided he is one, is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the night mare galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it dryer than the surface of a roasted potato.

A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one of you in this congregation who has not settled his account with the printer go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold up your head in society like a gentleman, be respected by the wise and the good: free from the torture of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of lawyers, which is one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forth and pay the printer.

You will not wait for to-morrow—it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises—an addled egg in the great nest of the future the debtor's hope, the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I do not suppose you will pay the printer as you have no reputation to loose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you my friends that if you do it your path to the tomb will be strewed with thorns, you will have to gather your food from brambles your children will die of dysentery, yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health.

I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker. He said he thought he had squared up. I then inquired if he had forgiven his enemies? He replied yes. I then asked him if he had paid the printer. He hesitated a moment and then said he thought he owed him about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired would be paid before he gave good bye to the world. His declare was immediately gratified, and from that moment he became reconciled. He is now living, in the enjoyment of good health and prosperity at peace with his conscience, his God and the world.

Let him be an example for you my friends. Patronize the printer, take his paper and pay for it in advance, and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

The Beginning of the World.

The following is an extract from a sermon of Spurgeon the English preacher and is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two, has made his name familiar in both hemispheres.

"Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that God was forming chaotic matter to make a fit abode for man, and putting a race of creatures upon it, that they might die and leave traces of his handiwork and marvelous skill, before he tried his hand on man. But this was not the beginning, for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned, to the days when the morning stars were begotten—when like drops of dew from the fingers of morning stars and constellations fell thickly from the hand of God: When by his own lips he launched forth ponderous orbs: when, with his own hands, he sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere—We go back to those days when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not approached the beginning yet."

"Until we go back to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator, dwells alone, everything sleeping in his mighty, gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back back ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use such a word, whole eternities, and never arrive at the beginning. Our wing might be tried, our imagination die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashes, in majesty, and rapidity it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose his people when unnavigated ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of solence, when there was no being, no motion, naught but God himself alone in his eternity; when, without the song of an angel without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned, even then, "in the beginning was the word," and in the beginning God's people were in the world, and in the beginning he chose them all unto eternal life."

Theodore Parker on the Character of Washington

We make the following extract from Theodore Parker's address on Washington, recently delivered in Boston.

"Hamilton, who worshipped him in public, and led him behind the scenes, complains that in later years of the Revolutionary war, his temper greatly offended the officers.

"There are some men who find great fault with Washington for this. I do not love a man for loosing his temper, but I have lived too long and seen too many men, to suppose that when men fire cannons, they dip their Popes head in holy water to swab them out and utter benedictions before touching off their guns. [Laughter.] It is with great passions that men fight great wars; and when I find a great man, I expect him to be great all round in his material basis as well as in his mental superstructure. But it is rather a refreshing fact to find that this cool diplomatic man could once in a while swear. [Laughter and loud applause.]

"If, nature and education he had strong love of approbation he was greedy of applause. Proof of that you find in all his life but yet, in all his manly public life, as Legislator, General, and President, you can't find a single instance where he courted popularity. An office always sought him he never it. In no instance did he ever stoop his proud head to shun abuse, or to pick up favor of the multitude. The mob and politicians "read with open face." Admirers were about him he could not help that, but there was no place for a flatterer; and in all his public addresses, in his writings, in his official letters, in his journals, in his familiar talk, there is no evidence that he ever referred to himself or claimed to any good deed he had ever done. Many [illegible] the eyes of the nation was the envy of the world were on the noblest man that lived, he was on the mountain top of God's earth right. It was not on George Washington, or his great deeds. Popularity aimed her bon fire on the street. Not it: it is the heavenly light of sun, moon and stars, which never sets, and asks no favor of any man.

"Washington was courageous. He had that ample courage which laughs at dangers and despises fear. This was tempered with caution, it was a discreet valor, that did not waste its strength. But he had that high moral courage which dares confront perils worse than whistling bullets, upholds a righteous cause, though every sophist and fears nothing so much as to do wrong. When defeated he still bore up, obeying to jot of the old hope and duty to have. Our prayers so good, God will not permit us to fail."

The highest moral quality is integrity fai bfulness to conviction and delegated trust. That is the crowning virtue and Washington had it in the highest degree. Here I know not who is his superior. In the whole range of American history I find no superior. I cannot put my finger upon a single act of his public or private life which would detract from this high praise. He did get angry he did swear. Let him do so. he kept his integrity and if he did wrong in his wrath, he asked the man's forgiveness when the wrath was over. He had no subtlety no cunning no duplicity. He hated liars. It was a great merit.

John Smith on a Tour.

We learn from the Pittsburg Press, that a wretched looking creature, giving his name as John Smith, arrived in that city and called at the Mayor's office. He hauled after him a well worn basket was, in in which was deposited a small child, but illy protected from the inclemant weather. He stated that his wife had recently died in Cincinnati, leaving the little child to his care. Failing to eke out a subsistance there, with his child to take care of, he resolved to visit New York, where he has a sister living—He left Cincinnati just five weeks ago, with fifteen cents in his pocket, having received lodging and food from the charitable.

At Pittsburg he was put on the Emigrant Train on the P R R, and we saw him with his child and wagon, on the platform at this station a yesterday morning. He looked dejected enough in all conscience, to excite the sympathy of any person. He states that he was treated worse at a stone tavern a few miles this side of Wheeling, than at any other place on the whole route he traveled. Though he offered 10 cents (all the money he had) for liberty to remain in the house all night, the heartless heathen who kept the house, turned him and his child out of doors, and they had to remain in the open air all night.

PEW RENTING DEFENDED.—Rev H. W Beecher defends the system of renting pews—some cavilling having been excited by the large sums paid for pews in his church, the effect of which was to exclude the poor from attendance. He contends that the secular business of the church is a purely commercial matter, and that no system of disposing of the pews can be adopted except at public auction. If the rich thereby have the best chance, he says they need more preaching to than the poor, according to the Scripture passage, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," &c.

Cool.

A few days ago we were sitting in our office, when a man apparently so lame that he could scarcely walk, limped in and presented us with a tale of suffering seldom equalled. Said he owner was a classmate of our Senator, at Lafayette College, where he had enjoyed the opportunity of getting a good education—that he was an architect, but he had become so crippled that he was unable to work—that he was from home and out of money, and could do nothing to make any but thought if he could only get to Altoona that he could employ himself at some light labor by which he would be able to keep soul and body together until he would be better. His story touched us in a tender spot and happening to have a quarter in our pocket we gave it to him, together with an epithet quite out of sympathy. He did not thank us, doubtless his heart was too full of gratitude for utterance—but as we to start. We went to the door with him and saw that he was so lame that he could scarcely get down the steps. A few minutes afterward, chancing to look out of the window, we saw our late friend walking upstairs considerably faster than we would do with never a limp or his gait nor a crutch in sight. We could not determine whether it was our quarter or our sympathy that touched him, but evidently it was a case of sudden and wonderful cure almost equal to one performed by the Blood Searcher. *Harrisburg Statesman.*

Yankee Locomotive in Egypt.

On the railroad between Alexandria, (Egypt) and Suez recently finished, there are four locomotives—two of them are of English manufacture and the other two were built at Lowell Works, in this State. It seems that the Pasha's cars are open to flattery and the English engineers, through the Consul, use every means to get rid of the American engineers. They were told by the railroad company that the engines were not going to be used and their services would be needed. In excuse for hauling off the Yankee engineers was that they were [illegible] and the heavy trains. One of the American engineers, getting an opportunity to speak with the Pasha, told him that he could haul as many loaded cars as would reach from one end of the road to the other. Accordingly seventy five heavily loaded cars (which was all they could muster) were put on a train, the Pasha's car attached, and the whole taken through to Suez, a distance of two hundred miles in, 12 hours, making stoppages for fuel and water.

The Pasha exclaimed, in Egyptian, "God is great but a Yankee is very near perfection!" On his return he discharged the English engine drivers, and now uses the Lowell engines altogether.

To Mothers.

The following method of treating Scarlatina and Measles of which diseases so many children die every year we would present to the attention of mothers. The remedy is a simple one, and deserves a fair trial.

Mr Watt member of the Royal College of Surgeons has published a pamphlet in which he states the best remedy of ammonia is a specific for the cure of Scarlet fever and Measles. He cites Dr Pearl, of Liverpool, and other Doctors, who have never lost a case in hundreds since adopting this remedy. Two drachms of the bicarbonate of ammonia are to be dissolved in five ounces of water, and two tablespoonfuls of the solution given every two three or four hours according to the urgency of the symptoms. No acid drinks must be taken but only water, or toast and water. The system is to be moved but the bowels of a child must not necessarily. The room must be well ventilated, but the patient protected from the slightest cold or draught. Gargels should also be employed for clearing the throat. The ammonia seems to counteract all the poison which causes Scarlatina, and also acts upon the system by diminishing the frequency, and at the same time, increasing the strength of the pulse."

Pat and the School Mistress.

"Ah Pat, Pat!" said a school mistress to a thick headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you will never learn anything. Now what letter is that, eh?"

"Sure and I don't know, ma'am," repited Pat.

"I thought you might have remembered that sir!"

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it is the first letter of your name."

"Oh, ma'am!" I knew it well enough, but sure thought it was a fly speck.

"Well, now remember, Pat, it's I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no, not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not I, but U, blockhead."

"Och yis, faith, now I have it, ma'am.—You mean to say that not I but you are a blockhead."

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogues almost bursting with rage.

"Just as you please," quietly rejoined Pat, "fool or blockhead—it's no matter as long as yer free to own it!"

He who increases the endearments of life, increases at the same time the terrors of death.