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From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TRAITOR'S END.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

More than half a century ago, a terrible storm swept over the city of London. It was the hour of midnight when the blast was beating most piteously, that an aged clergyman was aroused by a piercing cry for help. He rose, threw aside his curtain, and beheld the form of a rude man, who appeared as a common street sweeper.—The rain poured in torrents, but the imploring accents of the call induced the preacher to take the arm of his guide; and threading his way through narrow streets and rude thoroughfares, he arrived at a rude dwelling wherein lay a dying man.

A strange tale was this. That very day a stranger, advanced in life, had fallen speechless at the scavenger's door. The kind-hearted scavenger had lifted him from the pavement, opened for him his bed, warmed his feet, administered a cordial to his lips—and now he was dying!

The apartment was indeed a dreary one. Up a long flight of rickety stairs, inside a door half hingeless, on a narrow pallet of straw, lay this same stranger. The lamp burnt dimly on a broken chair; a few fading embers were on yonder hearth; a teapot without a handle stood upon it. The rain was beating in the window, and in sundry panes were stuffed coarse pieces of clothing. A valice stood by the bed side; it was the only property which the stranger brought with him. The man was only half dressed; his coat was thrown aside, his neck was loosely encased within a low shirt-collar; but upon his legs there were a pair of huge *military boots!*

That face! It wore an expression which once looked upon, would haunt your memory forever! That forehead, bold and manly; hair slightly changed by age; lips compressed, but yet moving as if life were loth to quit its hold, and large, rolling eyes that beamed with an unearthly glare.

What a spectacle! Those arms are brandished in the air; that fist seems clenching a sword, or holding a rifle; a damp cold sweat starts from that hand, and wildly does he toss himself from side to side on his uneasy couch. Throb and beat, throb and beat, alternately went that poor man's heart—for he was dying. The clergyman took hold of that clenched hand, and gently bending his head, inquired, 'My friend, hast thou a christian faith?

"Christian!" he echoed in a loud voice for the first time, and in a deep tone, which made the preacher tremble, "Will Christianity give me back my honor? Go with me over the blue waters. Listen! We have arrived. There is my native village, there is the green dooryard in which my boyhood played, there is the roof of my paternal mansion, there is the graveyard—but where is the flag that used to wave? Another ensign is floating, infamy is heard in the mouths of children, parents are taught to loath my memory, O, my God, the sting of remorse is throbbing in these very temples; judgments are imprecated, dark demons; a tarnished name; a flag of dishonor, and the curse of unborn infants, even now ring through my soul."

The minister had watched beside many impenitent sinners, many rebels, whose hands were stained with blood, but never had he been called to such a death-bed.

Suddenly the man arose. With a mighty energy he paced the creaking floor. If the storm was without, so was it within in a most terrific form. Those white bony fingers laid hold of the valise which stood by the bedside and drew from thence a faded military coat lined with silver, and an old parchment, in a piece of damp cloth, that looked like the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look," said the stranger, "this coat is spotted with blood,"—bygone days seemed to raise before him—"this coat covered me when I heard of the battle of Lexington, when I planted the banner of stars on Ticonderoga; that bullet hole was driven through at the siege of Quebec—and now look at me! I—am—let me whisper softly in your ear—ha! they will hear"—One burning word was said—only one. "Now help me," continued he, "to put on this coat, for I have no wife, no child to wipe the cold sweat from my brow. I must die alone; let me die as on the battle field, without a fear."

And while he sat arrayed in that tarnished coat, the preacher spake to him comforting words of faith in Christ, of hope for dying penetants, of mercy pleading with justice, of that faith which lifts off the frown and shows us a compassionate Redeemer.

"Faith," again re-echoed the dying man, "faith!"—the death chill was on his frame—death light, too, was in his eye—"List! Is there not George Washington over the blue waters relating pleasant stories of his sieges? Is there not George of England wailing over lost colonies? And here am I—I—the first that struck the note of freedom, the first that give the blow to that king—here am I, dying like a dog, howling over treachery, lost in pangs of remorse."

The preacher stepped back awe-struck. Who was before him? Again the heart throbbed, the death-watch was heard in the wall, the death-rattle seemed hardly suppressed in the throat.

"Silence along the lines there!" murmured the dying stranger; "not a whisper; not one, for the peril of your lives are at stake. Montgomery, we will meet in the centre of the town. We will have victory or death! There are steep rocks; silence, every man, as we move up the heights. Boys, come on, on! Hoist the flag of freedom! What care we for darkness and storm! Hurra! Now, now, one blow more and Quebec is gone—it is ours."

A ghastly look is there. The pale cheek, the glassy eye, the heaving bosom, the wild stare, the death-rattle, the tottering step—and lo, he had fallen on the floor!

Who is this strange man dying in a garret? this mark of nobility crushed like a moth? this wretched maniac still clinging to his faded flag and his rusty uniform?

Whence come these fires of remorse? this faint hope of heaven? this more than fear of hell? Where the parchment—where the flag?

Let us unroll the flag. It is a blue banner, with only thirteen stars upon it. But what of the parchment? It is a colonel's commission in the continental army addressed to *Benedict Arnold!*

Unhonored and unwept, there lay the traitor! His corpse was in a rude house; he was unknown and unpitied, save by strangers. Yet that right arm had struck many a blow for feedom; but for one act of base perfidy, he has fallen forever.—Quenched is the light of his former glory; remorse hangs like a thunder-bolt over his soul, and his last agonies are those of a disgraced man, who might have been a victorious and successful hero!

Now, in dimly-lighted rooms, when children beg of aged grandsires to tell them tales of the Revolution, Arnold, the traitor, is foremost in their thoughts; and then the dreadful effects of treason are narrated.—We are told that he left the great metropolis, that he engaged in commerce, that his warehouses were in Nova Scotia, that his ships were in many ports; but one night his stately warehouse was laid in ashes—the owner was suspected as the incendiary. The entire population of the British provinces assembled in a mass and in sight of his wife they hung an effigy, whereon was inscribed, "Arnold the traitor?"—When he stood beside kings, when in the House of Lords, all faces were turned and all fingers raised. One venerable lord arose, and declared that he could not speak to his sovereign in presence of a traitor.

"One day," says an historian, from whom we have gathered the leading fact of this history, "in a shadowy room sat a mother and her two daughters all attired in the weeds of mourning, grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A visitor now advanced; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and her daughters heard his name. "Go," said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand, "go and tell that man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son, Arnold, the traitor!"

This was the individual, who is said to have uttered "I am the only man born in the new world that can raise his hand to God and say, I have not one friend—not one in all America!"

Seldom does guilt meet such a retribution. The stings of conscience over goaded him; and has not the despicable wretch who can thus turn traitor made his own pandemonium while on earth? Can a severer doom await him?

THUNDER STORMS.—The safest situation during a thunder storm is the basement; for when a person is below the surface of the earth, the lightning must strike it before it can reach him, and will, in all probability, be expended on it. Dr. Franklin advised persons apprehensive of lightning to sit in the middle of a room, not under a mental lustre, or any conductor, and to lay their feet upon another chair. It will be still safer he said to lay two or three beds or mattresses in the middle of a room, and folding them double, to place chairs upon them. Persons in fields should prefer the open parts to the vicinity of trees, &c. The distance of a thunder storm, and consequently the danger is easly estimated. As light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, its effects may be considered as instantaneous within any moderate distance. Sound on the contrary, is transmitted only at the rate of 1,142 feet, or about 380 yards, in a second. By accurately observing, therefore, the time which intervenes between the flash and the noise of the thunder which follows it, a very near calculation may be made of its distance, and there is no better means of removing apprehensions.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—"Jeems my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleaning the door-step on t'other side of the street, fooled your poor dad, Jemmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in Californy, huntin' dimuns, my son."

Why are ladies' stays like an opposition railroad? Because they reduce the *fare!*

Crime Detected.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PARIS POLICE.

Previous to the year 1789, but at what precise date I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period the Parish of St. Germains, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antonio, had for its cuo a kind, venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies of his fellow-creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold, dark winter's night the bell at the old cure's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unseasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continned, "is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions, and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment of secret prayer, the cure answered, "I will go with you."

Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and make many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During this time, not a single word had been exchanged between the travelers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly-carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn looking bedchamber; near a bed half-veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold death-like apartment.—The stranger (he was the Duke de——) then bowing to the cure, led him towards the bed, drew back the curtains, and said in a solemn tone:

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cue; I leave you to fulfil it, and will return to seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw laying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears battling with despair and calling in her bitter agonies for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible, for the unappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More I cannot tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promise of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance, after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in earnest prayer and then extended them towards her consoler.

As she did so the cure perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is a vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt, was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his breast, and whispered:

"Farewell, my daughter, take courage and have confidence in God!"

The half-hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the cure; and having allowed his eyes to be covered he took the arm of the Duke de ——, and left the awful room, praying, meanwhile, with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase the old man succeeded without his guide's knowledge in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamp light. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall with both hands forward towards a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and after repassing through the same tortuous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick and give me your support, I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterwards the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit, before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris, in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned their victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the cure's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority; you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears,

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time dear abbe, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an express order from the king, the Duke de ——, and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered; retired to a quiet country village where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the cure of St. Germais was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received from time to time the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good cures lips. On his death bed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends; and from a relation of the latter, I myself heard it.

This is the exact truth.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.—Among the very beautiful illustrations to the solemn and soothing sound of the "church going bell," as it rings out on the clear morning of the Sabbath, commend us to the following quaint, yet surpassingly effective homily, from the pen of the gifted Jerrold, the well known author of "St. Giles and St. James."

There is something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful.—They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look on the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes; there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells; if we only have the ears to understand it; there is a preacher in every belfry that cries—"Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things, take rest, be quiet—Forget your vanities, your follies, your week day craft."

And you ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye that, for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth, with the beggars at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble: learn that, however daubed and stained about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus; and ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stained and crushed by the pride and hardships of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amidst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.

☞ It is as difficult for a poor man to command respect, as it would be for the devil to do business without theatres and other shows.

THE VISION OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

Wonderful Statement.—Personal Experience.

BY THE HON. J. T. EDMONDS.

POEM.

He who receives
Light from above, the fountain of all light,
No other doctrine needs."—Paradise Regained.

It is now a little over a year since I was afflicted with the loss of the one most near and dear to me on earth. I was in great distress, yet I never entertained the idea of seeking consolation in spiritual intercourse. Indeed I knew not even of its existence. I had been for years a mere man of the world. I knew nothing of animal magnetism. I had once, and only once—and then as a mere matter of curiosity—seen a clairvoyant. The 'Rochester knockings' I had heard of, but never witnessed, and looked upon the matter, when I thought of it at all, as one of the fancies of transcendentalism, which, like many others, would have its day, and be forgotten.

At length, through the solicitation of a friend, and more to gratify her, and while away a tedious hour, than anything else, I was induced to witness an exhibition of spiritual intercourse.

I saw much to surprise and interest me, and I gave the subject all the attention I could spare, that I might thoroughly investigate it, and expose the deception, if there was one. I have now continued that investigation for more than a year, and have been careful to keep an accurate record of all I have witnessed.

As I have progressed, I found that I was myself becoming, in some measure, a medium; and when alone by myself, without any medium near me, I was receiving communications that were to me, in an eminent degree, interesting. These come to me in different forms. One is by seeing pictures painted to my mind's eye, as bright, as vivid, and as distinct as any that my physical vision can convey to the mind. One of the earliest of these I now give you.

THE VISION.

My dear S. appeared to me clothed in shining and flowing garments—her countenance beaming with affection and gladness. She approached, leaning affectionately on the shoulder of a female older than herself, and some shorter in stature.

I was impressed who that was. They were accompanied by other spirits, whose identity was made known to me. Others were there, or came, among whom I recognized my father, my mother, my children, and my brother and sister, some of whom had been thirty years in the spirit world.

All were clad in the same shining garments, except occasionally some one would appear in the dress he wore on earth, that I might recognize him.

It was thus that William Penn appeared, and said that he had been one of my guardian spirits since the incident of the kitten;* that he happened to witness that, and was struck with the effect it had produced upon me. He had ever since been near me, trying to induce me, and had influenced, though not enough to keep me always from going astray. He had, however, helped much to produce in me my repugnance to slavery, and to inflicting suffering.

Sir Isaac Newton then appeared, and told me he was wrong in considering the attraction of gravitation as a distinct and substantive principle, for it was, in fact, nothing but the effect of a combination of motion—motion being a principle that prevailed all created things, and one of its effects was gravitation.*

Swedenburg then appeared, and said to me that in his revelations of what he had seen, he was right and truthful, and to be relied upon, but not in the theory which he had built upon them; and especially he mentioned his doctrine of correspondence, and his attempt to reconcile his revelations with the popular religion of his day. And he said, as the Bible contained many important and valuable truths, yet being written in and for an unprogressed age, it contained errors and imperfections; so his theological writings contained many valuable truths, as well as some errors, produced by his desire to reconcile the truths which were unfolded to him with the prevailing theology of his age. He bade us beware of errors, to receive as true his revelations, but discard his theories, and instead of them appeal to our understandings for the inferences to be drawn from the truths he had developed.

Dr. Franklin then came forward and said something about explaining to me the manner in which the "Odic Force" was used in making spiritual manifestations.*—But some how or other his explanation was not made, and in the meantime a great crowd of spirits appeared—all of them bright and happy spirits—among whom I recognized many acquaintances whom I had known when on earth. A sort of semicircle was formed fronting where I stood, S—— and her companions forming the centre of the arch, and on their left, Penn, Franklin, Newton, Swedenborg, any many others. Behind the front rank, spirits in great numbers were there, and the number increased every moment. I was permitted to see far beyond where we were—far indeed into the regions of space—and I saw millions upon millions of glad and happy spirits—and many of them from other planets—all crowded around the semi-circle.

They had musical instruments in their hands and were rejoicing that a communication had been opened between the inhabitants of this earth and the spirit land. And their joy was not merely because they could again commune with those they had left behind, and whom they loved so well, but also because they would thus be able to reveal to man his duty and his destiny, and roll away from his mind the cloud which had so long rested upon it.

They set up one glad shout which rang through all space, and pointed to Dr. Franklin, as him whose practical and enlarged philosophy, they were indebted for perfecting the discovery.

The Doctor received their congratulations in the most meek and humble manner. No gratified vanity appeared in him, but his face beamed with humble and overflowing joy that so much had been added to the happiness of his fellow immortals both there and here.

Very many of those who stood at the right of my dear S——, and behind her, then pointed downward to the right and far in the distance. She clasped her hands in a gesture of great sorrow, and lifted up her eyes with a countenance full of hope.

Still I could not see at what the spirits pointed. They looked at me, and then in the direction in which their hands were out-stretched, as if they were saying to me, "Go and see."

At length I was permitted to look where they directed me, and oh! what a sight I beheld! Innumerable spirits were there, engaged in perpetual pursuit of each other. They were dark and sombre in appearance and the vilest passions were most apparent.

There I saw the murderer with his drawn dagger, with fiendish hate pursuing his victim until he struck him to the heart. When lo! his blow had alighted upon impalpable air, and he had missed the darling object of his pursuit. Rage and despair devoured him at his failure, and he fled howling, his intended victim pursuing him in turn, with revenge and hatred rankling in him.

I saw the adulterer pursuing the object of his raging lust, with a fury that was frightful to behold. He caught the object of his pursuit, and in her found a willing participant in his unholy love. But it was naught but empty air he embraced, and he threw her from him with a loathing that was unuterable, while she turned from him with scorn at his impotence, and a fiendish gladness at his sufferings.

I saw the miser, unheeding all that was around him, sitting on the ground, grovelling in the soil of the unholy place, and gathering up sparkling atoms and laying them carefully in a heap by his side. At length he turned to his cherished and piled up treasure, and found that it had turned to dust. He threw himself, in despair, prostrate upon this useless emblem of his wealth, and howled wildly in the madness of his disappointed cupidity.

I saw the hypocrite essaying, and as he fancied, successfully, to hide the diabolical purposes of his heart, yet as he approached his victim, he felt and knew that his every thought was revealed. He fled in horror at the picture which himself had made. And I learned that he was ever engaged in the same fruitless effort—ever deceiving himself with the same belief in his success—ever meeting the same terrible disclosure of himself.

I saw the seducer approach with bland and subtle arts, and when on the point of success, his arms were filled with nothingness, and his heart riven with reproachful looks of betrayed affection before which he writhed and fell down.

I saw the warrior, heading an army, which, rioting in wild confusion refused to obey him, and in the vain pursuit of an enemy that was no where to be found.

I saw the suicide bound still to the earth which he had quitted in his impious despair, bound there by the spiritual unbilical

*The incident alluded to occurred when I was a child, an I more than forty years ago. I was one evening playing in the streets of the village where my patents resided, and with my boyish companions, was rather noisy. Amid our play, a kitten was seen to run along the side-walk and in the frolick of our boyhood we gave it a chase. We pursued it into a vacant lot, which was surrounded by a high fence. We chased it around the lot. From one thing we thoughtlessly proceeded to another, until we began to throw stones at it; and finally, without having actually intended it, we killed it. It seemed that my mother, a gentle Quaker lady was passing by the lot while we were thus engaged, and was attracted by my voice to observe what we were doing. On my return home I found its way said to me—"I, what did that kitten do to thee, that thou should take its life," and then she read me a lesson on cruelty which has lasted my whole life time.

*Some years since in the course of my reading, I had imbibed the idea here expressed by Newton, and had made many observations to test its accuracy. After I had become convinced that spiritual intercourse was a reality, and no deception, I had a strong desire to make some inquiries on the subject, and waited several months without finding a fitting opportunity. I had never mentioned this desire to any one, yet it had lived in my mind for a long time, and now and thus it was gratified.

*To enter into a full explanation of what is here alluded to would swell this note beyond due proportions. That may be the subject of a future paper. It will be sufficient now to say briefly this:—I had been assured that there was nothing supernatural in spiritual intercourse—that it was but the result of human agency. I had said if this is so, then it must be in obedience to a general law. "Yes" if so, can we not thus understand it as easily as we can electricity or magnetism.—Again it was said "Yes." And I made many inquiries to learn it. One difficulty I found: I was in my own ignorance of the laws of nature, and I inquired whether there was any book which I could study but would help me to understand it; and they referred me to a Von Reichenbach's Dynamics of Magnetism, a book I had then never heard of, and where for the first time, I became aware of a new force of fluid in nature, which flowed from man, and was the product of the chemical action of digestion and respiration.

At subsequent circles, I was told that this force of fluid named "Od" or "Odic," by that author, was not in exciting manifestations, and was assumed that the manner in which it was used should yet be explained.