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TOWANDA:

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Earthly Angels.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth, as in the days of old?
The times of sacred writ and ancient story;
Is heaven more distant, or is earth more cold?

Oh! have I watch'd, when sunset clouds receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some heroic pinion, speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars, in distant chillness,
Were calmly burning, listened late and long;
But nature's pulse beat on with solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before that eye grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exulting martyrs raised the hymn?

And are they all within their veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch hath calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below—
Though harps are wanted, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow—
Their was the soft tone and the soignant tread—
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I dub not, for their spirits knew their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded halls, by the lone wild-wind's breath;
And where they passed, the fallen have arisen—
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one, whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast—
The blandishment of ease and wealth withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Sweaving sweet flowers along his path of life,
And, looking up with meek and lowly duty,
I called her angel, and he called her wife.

Oh, many a spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That, when the veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

Incidents of the French Revolution.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE TUILLERIES.—It appears that the King, ever since the death of Madame Adelaide, had lost much of his energy, and given up in some degree his early habits and the punctiliousness of business for which he had always been distinguished. On the morning of Thursday, he had been somewhat later than usual. He said that he had passed a restless night, and that he was weary both in mind and body, with the petitioning of the two royal dukes (Nemours and Montpensier) for that they knew he could not grant. He had been writing all the preceding day in his own bed-room, and a sealed letter to the Queen of Belgium was amongst the papers found upon his writing-desk. We understand that the seal was respected, and that the letter was religiously despatched to its destination. So little fear was felt as to the result of the day's debate, that the royal children were brought as usual to the King; and it being Thursday, his Majesty had examined, as was his wont on that day, all the copies books of the Count de Paris, and expressed his satisfaction of the progress evinced by the royal pupil in his various studies. At ten o'clock the children were dismissed, and at that hour the strife began by the announcement of M. Emile de Girardin. "Nay, but I received him yesterday," exclaimed the King, much irritated, to the adjutant-camp in waiting. "Parlon me, sire, he says that his business is urgent, and that the safety of the Empire depends upon your Majesty's reception of his message." The King now interested, but not alarmed, gave the order for the visitor to be admitted. It appears by M. de Girardin's own account, that he was so overcome with emotion that for an instant he could not speak, and the King said abruptly, and in no measured tone of voice, "What more is now required by you and your fellows (vous et vos partisans) have we not made enough concessions in all conscious?" "There is yet another one, your Majesty, which is become more necessary than all the rest." "Then cannot be granted," resumed the King, peevishly. "Indeed I have regret for that which is already done." "And so leave I, your Majesty, for it is not yet enough." "Qu'est ce a dire?" exclaimed the King, interrupting him with great vehemence.

The laughfulness of expression, which is untranslatable, the abruptness of the tone, in which it was uttered, roused the fiery temper of Girardin, and he answered almost coarsely. "The one concession more which is demanded by the people is your Majesty's abdication on the instant, too, and without any reservation." The King started to his feet with such sudden movement that he upset the inkstand which he had just been using, and the broad black stain may yet be seen upon the carpet. He rushed to the window, whither Girardin followed him, and pointing to the crowd, exclaimed, "Six battalions of national guards surround the palace; all are of the one mind, and those who sent me here are strong in their unanimity. Blood has been shed, and now there is no retreat."

But Philippe grew deadly pale, and his hand shook violently as he took that of M. de Girardin. His voice faltered not as he answered, "You are perhaps, in the right, Monsieur. I will go down to the Chambers, not to plead for myself, but to protect my dynasty." At this moment the Queen, who had been watching and hovering about the apartment in the greatest alarm, appeared upon the threshold. She spoke not; she evidently did not wish to be observed, for she did not advance one step into the room. She was attired in the deepest mourning, and her silver hair escaped from beneath a cap of black crape—her face was pale and her eyes were dim. She seemed about to faint—her tall thin

form bent not—but the agitation of the moment was so great that she was seized with that palsied shaking of the knees to which she has been subject ever since the death of the Duke of Orleans.

She drew back as the King passed out. So great was his own pre-occupation that he perceived her not, and she followed him thus in silence and with noiseless step, little heeding whether he was leading her so that he was not lost to sight. It was thus that she found herself in the midst of the gardens of the Tuilleries, surrounded by a countless multitude, exposed to all the rigors of a stormy sky, without shawl or bonnet, or any of the appurtenances either of her age or rank. It was a touching sight to behold this eager, solicitous, tender love, stronger than the fear of death, which actuated the Queen in this desertion of all beside her husband. And it is known of many who, wound up to fierce excitement then, cannot, now that all is over, think of that scene without tears.

It was not till Louis Philippe had reached the Pont National that he even became aware of the presence of the Queen. It is said that his smile of recognition was strange and fearful one. He would have turned. Perhaps his memory carried him back to another crowd which he had seen before upon that self-same spot, and he dreaded to advance. Just then a squadron of cavalry meeting the crowd issuing from the gate of the Tuilleries, burst down upon the mass. A gentleman seized the arm of the Queen to preserve her from the danger. She turned in frenzy upon him, deeming it an attack. "Laissez-moi, Monsieur!" exclaimed she in a loud and angry voice, and, seizing the hand of the King, dragged him with undaunted courage towards a little one horse chaise which stood upon the quay, and, forcing his Majesty into it, took her seat beside him, while Marshal Gourgaud, who by this time had pierced the dense mass of people, and joined his Majesty, spoke in a low voice to the coachman. In an instant the little vehicle set off at a furious gallop along the quay, in the direction of St. Cloud, and the monarchy of July was no more.

This is the true history of the flight from the Tuilleries of Louis Philippe, King of the French. It is not true that the whole of the royal family accompanied him in his escape. Up to this hour nothing is known for certain of the destination of the Duchess de Nemours. The Duchess de Montpensier, the innocent cause of all the uproar, after having been seized from the palace by the irruptions of the mob, wandered about the streets of Paris until 5 o'clock that day accompanied by an old Spanish servant, who knows not a word of French. She was met in the Rue du Havre, close to the railway station, by a gentleman who, knowing her by sight, took upon himself to protect her and conduct her to his house. How she managed to stray unmolested and unrecognized so far from home, is a mystery to this hour. She says that, seeking to avoid the crowd, she turned down the streets which seemed most free, without caring whether they might lead.

"SPARE THE KING."—The flight of Louis Philippe was marked by an incident which did honor to the feelings of the population. At the moment that the ex-King was escaping by the little low chaise-way nearly opposite the bridge, and going into the little voiture that waited for him, he found himself surrounded by the people. The 2d Cuirassiers, stationed in the Place de la Concorde, rushed to his protection, and this brave regiment, without, however, using their arms, opened a passage. An officer, seeing the danger, cried out, "Messieurs, spare the King." To which a stentorian voice replied, "We are not assassins—let him go." "Yes, yes, let him go—spit it out!" became the general cry.

MEMORABLE TREATMENT OF LEGITIMISTS.—The "Legitimists" had no chance. Three young men attempted on Saturday evening, says the Courier Francais, "to get up a Legitimist manifestation in the Faubourg St. Germain. The people, seeing them all dressed in black, with white cockades in their hats, cried out: 'Tiens! Tiens! A funeral! They are undertakers' men!' The young men, finding the people in such good humor, immediately commenced "Friends," exclaimed they, "remember Henry IV, and proclaim his descendants. Long live Henry V!" The people in the same good-humor, immediately cried out, "Ah, how is he, the dear Prince? Is he not dead? So much the better! Make our compliments to him, if you please, gentlemen. How happy he will be! Henry IV is dead! Vive la Republique!" Thus did the people turn Legitimist to the right-about. If we relate this fact, it is merely to add that, in despair for the cause, they immediately went to inscribe themselves at their respective mayoralities, as nearly all the young men of the Faubourg St. Germain had already done. Thus Legitimism has turned into Republicanism—the wisest thing they could do. "Henry IV is dead. Long live the Republic!"

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—The following most extraordinary coincidence cannot be passed by the historian without astonishment and wonder, when describing the last two French Revolutions. In 1830, no sooner had the Dey of Algiers arrived in France as a prisoner of Charles the Tenth, than the King was dethroned and exiled; and in 1848, no sooner had the Emir Abd-el-Kader reached the shores of France as the prisoner of Louis Philippe, than the King of the Barreilles was dethroned and exiled.

PARIS AFTER THE CONVULSION.—The well known Municipal Guard, Infantry and Cavalry, have totally disappeared. The numerous guard houses so familiar to the eye of the foreign visitor, in all parts of the city, inscribed with the words "Liberte, Orne publique," have been almost invariably burned or pulled down. The barracks of the Municipal Guards, situated in all the arrondissements of Paris, have likewise been sacked and pulled to pieces.—The sentinels at all public buildings have been re-

placed by the National Guard; almost every pane of glass in the Tuilleries has been smashed.

The furniture of the private apartments of the royal family has been destroyed, and in general the articles of personal property pillaged. The objects of art, however, have generally been spared. It has been observed that in this incursion of the populace upon the royal palace, the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans and her children, have been comparatively respected.

The vengeance of the mob has been wreaked principally upon the personal apartments of Louis Philippe.

The maories of the different arrondissements were impudently treated in the same manner, and the magnificent apartments of the Hotel de Nille, so gorgeously furnished by Count Ramboteau, the late Prefect of the Seine, became the temporary dwelling of the lowest rabble.

On the Boulevards, those who revisit Paris, will regret to see the finest trees cut down. The populace spared all the younger trees. The hollow pillars which at short intervals were erected from one end of the Boulevards to the other, were all pulled down, to serve for the construction of barricades. Before the demolished matters, however, were removed from the place where they fell, the revolution was accomplished, and nothing remained but to re-erect the pillars with the same materials.—Numerous mansions are accordingly at this moment employed in effecting this.

THE OPINION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE OF THE SUCCESS OF THE REPUBLIC.—The Paris Presse gives the following as an extract from a letter to M. R.—"one of my friends, was present at the embarkation of the ex-king in a fishing boat on Thursday last. When on the point of quitting the French soil, Louis Philippe turned towards R.—and said, 'Join the republic frankly and sincerely, for I carry with me the French monarchy, and I shall descend with it to the tomb. I have been the last King of France. Adieu!'"

MODERATION AND CONSIDERATION OF THE REVOLUTION.—The Tuilleries, at two o'clock on the 24th, were taken by the people after a few shots. Much accidental damage was done, but not a pin was allowed to be carried away, the people in their shirt sleeves protecting all the works of art and jewels, &c. All the damage was done to the furniture, and the gewgaws of dresses, &c., which were torn up for flags or burnt. Much damage of course was done, but the prevailing dominant idea evidently was to protect the property as far as possible.—Thus, every where in the rooms, while revelling on the fine furniture in perfect gaiety, people were seen with the following inscriptions:—"This is our property, let us protect it." "No robbery!" "The thieves shall be put to death." "Let us protect the glory of the arts." The jewels taken to the national treasury. The people would not allow even a piece of looking-glass, a foot square, to be taken away; and all the other plate was carefully put aside, under the guard of some men in rags, and with a musket, who showed as great a regard for private property as a Rothschild would have done.

AN AMERICAN AT THE PARIS POST OFFICE.—The correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer made his way thro' the masses and the barricades in the streets in the midst of the Revolution, to the general Post-office, which he found guarded, and was slyly refused entrance. "I pleaded in vain, (he adds) until I finally told them that I was an American, and wanted to send home the glorious tidings of what they had been doing." "Entrez, Monsieur," was the quick response; and my letter was securely mailed by the solitary functionary I found on duty in the interior."

PUNCH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—Punch is down upon Louis Philippe, as a matter of course, like a thousand of brick. What a retribution for the foolish old despot, who excluded Punch from France, and has now been forced to seek a shelter in England, where he will have the pleasure of seeing himself caricatured by Punch every day. One of the large caricatures in Punch represents a Sans-Culotte in a Roman hamlet extinguishing Louis Philippe with the Phrygian Liberty Cap. The King sits on a candle stick like a pale candle half-burned out. The following are cuts in letter press of the last number:—

Romance of History.—Who would have thought that the "coming man" would have been Louis Philippe.

"Le Commencement de la Fin."—All that is now left of the French "Nobility," is the initial syllable "No." A bad beginning, but a worse end.

A Cat may look at a King.—This is a very ancient maxim; but, if things do not take care, it will become obsolete, for though it may be always true that a cat may look at a King, the time may come when a cat may look very sharp, indeed, to find one. We hope, nevertheless, that a cat may enjoy the privilege of looking at a Queen, and that the feline animal may, throughout the whole of its nine lives, have our own Victoria to look upon.

The Bo-peep of the Bourbons.—Louis Philippe has lost his sheep, and never again will find 'em. The people of France have made an advance and left their King behind 'em.

Countersfeit Coin.—It is evident that much counterfeit money must of late have been put in circulation, for during many days the people of Dover, Southampton and other sea-side places, have been keeping a sharp look-out for a bad sovereign;

If we but rightly improve our time and facilities, we shall be happy. There are springs of the most refined and elevated enjoyment ever open to those who seek wisdom.

A clock is said to have the least self-esteem of any article of manufacture, as it is constantly running itself down, and holding its hands before its face, however good its works.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the tart.

An Execution.

In Blackwood's Magazine, is an article entitled *Lo Revenant*, purporting to be written by a man who has been hanged and is now alive. The writer confesses that he was guilty of the act for which he suffered—forgery, and states the particulars of his arrest, commitment to Newgate for trial, and his conviction of the crime at the Old Bailey Sessions for 1826. He then proceeds to describe what were his sensations, after receiving the awful sentence of death. After painting, in touching colors, the interview he had with Elizabeth Clare, to whom he was strongly attached, he thus proceeds with his narrative:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there to have died on the spot; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp, and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me, and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of every thing around me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation."

This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me, almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die before I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.—There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it, and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food, not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow, and I thought of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time, and I believed that, for a while I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only recollect a word here and there, and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were, I cannot tell what I said; and then on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die, and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door, and tried the door with my shoulder, though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick, and that if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as if I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed place, where I sank down in a swoon; but this did not last—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn round with me, and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow, and in the darkness at the prison gate.

When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and knew it was a dream that I had had. The chaplain of the prison came without my sending. He exhorted me solemnly "to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy." When he was gone, I did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more, at all events, to live—but there was no more hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees my head began to wander and grow unmanageable. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling; then I felt my arms at the place where the cord would be tied. I went through the fastenings of the rope—the tying of the hands together; the thing that I felt most averse to, was the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I felt gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight; I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound as though in my dreams, for some moments

before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused; I was tired, and I wished to dose on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside of my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered; I looked up; a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me: one glance was sufficient. Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! "R—" said the master to me in a subdued, but steady tone, "it is time for you to rise."

The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night, and proposed that we should join in prayer; I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together, in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond; the morning was thick and gloomy, and a slow, but settled, rain was coming down. "It is half-past 7 o'clock, R—" said the master. I just muttered an entreaty to be left alone until the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

"I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but this time, I could not get the words out; my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone; I made two desperate efforts, but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep, and at the unaccounted exposure, and I sat crouched to either, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me, that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow and heavily, and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls, and discolored, dark parrel floor; and strange as it was, with all I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things, though penitence was upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was turning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, from bed frame that I sat on; and the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it. I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it; that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chiming of the chapel clock, begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on a wretch! it could not be three-quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three-quarters; it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the same place, and in the same posture, as they had left me.

"What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass; my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not. "In the press room were two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench, laid by; until I was ready. A meagre looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—"That we would embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

"The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness; as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white haired man should leave me; and some one interfered and sent him away. The pin-joint of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer, whisper to the chaplain that 'all was ready.' As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow.

"This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward, through the long arched passages which led from the press room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain, reading as he walked on before us—"I am the resurrection, and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, he shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

"It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

"I felt once more—and saw! I felt that the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps at the foot of the scaffold, and to-day, I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre church, through the yellow fog in the distance; had heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy misty morning, the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of buildings, the shadow itself, that rose beside and seemed to cast a shroud over us—the bold, fresh breeze that, as I emerged from it, broke upon

my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the min—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the wagons filled with women, staring at the inn-yard opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathering crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly in all my life, as at that one single glance;—but it lasted only for an instant.

"From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain—of the fastening of the fatal noose—of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked—of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behavior at the scaffold;—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die the almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollections cease.

The next circumstance, which—to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep; and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber, with a gentleman (as I just opened my eyes) looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly, that I had been relieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place, lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divine! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my own name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn; I saw from a window, the undressed hearse that carried it; I was witness to my own funeral. These are strange things to see. My feelings, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over forever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognized the service which he did me for a claim upon him. I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail on a fair voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me forever from my benefactor."

EDUCATION.—The multitude think that to educate a child is to crowd into his mind a given amount of knowledge; to load the memory with words. No wonder then they think every body fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward actions, power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive—power to adopt good courses and to pursue them, to govern ourselves and to influence others, to gain and spread happiness. The intellect was created, not to receive passively a few words, dates and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the progress of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science and art which instructs us in the true laws of reasoning and evidence, is an essential part of a good education.

ALBUMEN—A CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—The following is a translation of a recipe for the cure of this complaint, which was published by the physicians of Spain in the Gazettes of Madrid during 1840.

"Prepare a draught of Albumen, by taking the whites of forty eggs or more, and after whipping them well, sweeten the same, if necessary, with a small portion of the best refined defatted sugar. Let the patient drink large quantities of this repeatedly, inasmuch to fill his stomach administering elysters of the same as often as possible. The patient must maintain a total abstinence from diet of any kind. In a few hours after the pains will abate and in twenty-four the disease will disappear, if it do not it will be sure to disappear in forty-eight hours, provided the patient repeat the draughts as usual. "The addition of a few drops of Orange flower water is highly beneficial."

WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men of all shapes and sizes, from the tall graceful dandy, with hair enough upon his upper lip to stuff a cushion, down to the beardless up-start. The object is to form a Gaping Corps, to be in attendance at the Church door on each Sabbath before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above corps will appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance, &c. &c., registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in a newspaper. To prevent a general run, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess more than ordinary intellectual capacities.

MISERY is like a puce; if it be overfull, that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Marshal Bayliff notions into a handsome method. A man will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner.—Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rattle the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fertility of the voyager.