"The Democrat."

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Poetry.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.)

A Dream of Home on Sabbath Morning

I flew to that home which is not home without me,
For loved ones who linger looked sad and forlorn;
And sadly their murmurs came floating about me,
"We're lonely without thee, this sweet Sabbath morn.

My pretty, pet kitten was wistfully gazing,
Half sadly—half playful—in each pensive face;
And the favorite old house-dog his shaggy head raising,
Seemed asking of some one his morning embrace.

I lingered, and soon came the hour of devotion,
On mom's dewy pinions—deep, earnest, and mild,
Rose the voice of a parent—half choked with emotion—
Our father—he faltered—then murmured "My child"

Down my mother's pale cheeks, the warm tears were rushing,
My Brother knelt near, pressing back from his brow
The clustering dark locks—well I knew he was crushing
The grief which he felt, but still scorned to avow.

From the temple I heard the sweet anthem ascending,
For the lambs of his flock rose the shepherd's low prayer;
While their spirits deep touch with the angels were blending,
I fancied they thought of one absent from there.

A dream, one long dream whether waking or sleeping,
At times—basis of morn—or my own twilight hour,
And too when stern midnight is silently keeping
Here its star-lighted vigils in beauty and power.

In fancy I feel the fond name of that mother,
My Father's low tones of those lovingly near,
On my brow the warm breath of that loved only Brother
Falls gently, begoiling each sorrow and fear.

My spirit still bends with their spirits communion,
My heart-gushing throbs are unmixed with alloy,
At the life-giving thought of that blissful re-union,
Should heaven but grant me such fullness of joy.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT)

Lines on being called a Coquette.

They say my heart is icy cold,
With surface warm and aspect fair,
Formed in deceptious cruel mould,
With base deceit deep hidden there.

They say my eyes do falsely beam,
With love's own bright enchanting ray,
And that my smiles do softly gleam,
Coquettish arts with them to play.

The careless words which others speak,
I may not use as free as they;
Or, 'tis some new discovered freak,
These same coquettish arts to play.

And though I speak when most sincere,
They'll scarce believe my motives true;
But yet they list, each one to hear,
Then turn, and doubt, and blame me too.

But could they now withdraw the veil,
Which closely shrouds this beating heart,
Deceit with consternation pale,
Would own that there she had no part.

Or who that e'er that look has given
Of deep, of pure, abiding love?
Or who that e'er the same has taken,
But can my innocence approve?

My smiles for *social* charms do glow,
And not to win one heart astray,
Of those who now accuse me so,
Or e'en to 'lure one thought away.

My idle words of mirthful glee,
Spontaneous come and careless fall,
Without a thought that harm can be
In aught so trifling and so small.

And let the end be what it may,
Most innocent 's each small design,
With no intent false arts to play,
Or with false lustre once to shine.

But time will yet to all reveal,
The plain, the clear, but solemn truth,
And you with me shall know and feel,
That falsehood never stained my youth.

New Milford, Nov. 27th, 1850. Celesta.

Miscellany.

A Legend of the Rhine.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udof, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hershel and Ursel, on the left bank below Boon. This is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on a Sunday morning, ages long ago, that the miller of this mill and his whole family went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church in the village of Hershel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl, named Hannchen or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter, all of a sudden, but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottsler. He was an idle, gracious fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with all the amiable perversity of her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and also told him so, too, and although in the midst of her work, she and although in the midst of her work, she as he ate, soon however, he let fall his knife in a joking way to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrick," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and you do nothing. But never mind, it would go hard with me an' I refused to do more than that for you, had though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down accordingly to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers, to prevent her screaming.

"Now, lass," he said, uttering a hard oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answers he vouchsafed to her entreaties and abjurations. "Choose at once," was the alternative he offered; the grave or the gold

She saw there was no hope for mercy at his hands; and when she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her sex, she was timid at the generality of her sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; but unwonted sounds filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by an adequate cause, she proved, as her sex has ever done, that in courage in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resource of emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and proudest of men.

"Well, well, Heinrich," she said, resignedly, "what is to be must be; but if you take the money, I shall even go along with you. This will not be a home for me any more. But save your grips of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard, I can't move, you hug me so tight; and if I can't stir you cannot get the money—that's clear you know. Besides, the time presses, and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the family will soon be back from Hensel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said, "quick, no delay, the money is in master's bed-room."

She tripped up stairs easily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way to her master's bed-room, and pointed out the coffer in which the money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in the corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years"

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but do not be long. This job will be done in the twinkling of an eye."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in contemplation of his prey, and engerly occupied in securing it upon his person, the brave hearted girl stole down stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softly along the passage, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key inwards and lock him in. This done, she rushed to the outer door of the mill and gave the alarm.

"Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight of her. "Fly; fly to thy father! fly, on thy life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he haste not back."

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeying the energetic commands of the brave girl, sped as fast as his tiny legs would carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward and inspired his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy, bless thee!" she exclaimed in the gladness of her heart, "an in time I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed Lady at Krutzburg, by Boon."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit, and she wept for joy at the thought of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, "for this escape. Oh, the deadly villain! and I fond of him too."

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich caught her ear and made her at once start to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl."

She glanced hastily up the casement, from which the imprisoned villain's head beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unlessened, however, and she thought to herself the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—channel of a natural dram—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, then dry with the heat of the summer, and catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the windows being barred by means of a strong iron grating fixed against all the windows, and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to wait patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, 'never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it.'

She had hardly time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks and curses and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee," he cried, applying the very foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious, "open the door, or I will break it on ye"

"If you can you may," was all the nibbled girl replied. God is greater than you and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat," roared the imprisoned ruffian from above; "that will bring her to her reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion For a moment her resolution wavered, but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be recalled. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she held fast to her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An' ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and his fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless maiden; "never shall you set foot within these walls while I have life to prevent you."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward, as he sought for combustibles wherewith to execute his threats In his search he espied perhaps the only clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall communicating with the great wheel and other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the simple reason that the occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with this discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and tying the hands and feet of the child, threw it on the ground, even as a butcher will throw a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for staying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unknown by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. The clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself, "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set the mill going now? It can be seen afar off, and happily my master or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought,' she exclaimed, "'tis God who sent it to me."

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill gear, it was but the work of a moment to set the machinery. A brisk breeze which sprang up as it were, by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying — "Fly; fly to thy father! fly, on thy life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he haste not back."

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She would not hear or heed him, and unheard and unheeded by the likewise muttering wheel, he was whirled around, until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before—the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connection with such a villain, and therefore afraid to suspend the mill from working at its fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and family accompanied by several of the neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill sails, in full swing on Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cord with which the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain an account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent

Hannechen in a few words told all, and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as she passed away She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with difficulty restored.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from the prison. Both were then bound and sent off to Boon under a strong escort, and in due course came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride.

The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived henceforward happily together for many years and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family To the latest hour of her life, the brave-hearted woman would shed tears as she told the tale of danger and her deliverance.

THE PEEL FAMILY.

HOW THEY BECAME SO RICH.

Below is an interesting history of the investment by which old Peel became the founder of a family so eminent in their country. We are inclined to think the old woman was as hard working, industrious a person as the grandmother of the American Minister's daughter.

Alm at every person has been led to suppose, from the notices which have appeared about him, that he was the descendant of some haughty house, the offspring of a lordly race. But this he is not: his great wealth was acquired by the sagacity, enterprise and ingenuity of his grandfather and the purchase of one useful invention, for a very small sum. An account of this will not be uninteresting, and it will enable us to review briefly the progress of one art, namely, calico printing. During the early part of the last century, calico printing was not known in England. This kind of goods derived the name from Calcutta, from which place they were taken to England. Among the men in England who took a lively interest in her rising manufactures, was the grandfather of Robert Peel, a small but industrious farmer of Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was the inventor of the card cylinder for carding cotton, and then he taught himself to print cotton cloth—cutting his own blocks, making his own colours, printing the goods, and then his wife and daughters set to work and ironed them. This was a clumsy way to finish calicoes, but it was the only way known then, and there was an abundant sale for them, however coarse their finish But the old farmer was not satisfied with this slow process, and no doubt he was a considerate man, for he set his inventive faculties to work, and invented the mangle, which at once relieved his wife and daughters of their severe toil, and finished his goods much quicker and far better. He afterwards got other machinery for finishing, kept it secret, and produced the best finished goods then in the English market, and he was soon at the head of an extensive business and possessed of great wealth, for he was prudent and economical also. His son, the father of Sir Robert, greatly assisted him, and became a very rich man He was also a man of great ingenuity, and is accredited as the inventor of printing calicoes with the pattern engraved on a copper revolving cylinder—impressing the pattern on the cloth which is fed between it and another cylinder covered with a blanket. This was an improvement for great speed over block printing; but the styles of block printing long and successfully competed with all other kinds, and only for the succeeding quarrels between the printers and their employers, would still be a good and extensive business. In France block printing is carried on quite extensively. It is stated that Sir Robert Peel's father purchased the secret of making *resist paste*, from a person named Gronow, for twenty-five dollars, and that he realized fifty thousand times that sum out of it. This paste is printed on white cloth, the cloth then dyed, and afterwards washed, when all those parts which have been covered with the paste, appear white—the white and blue common calico patterns.

Facts.—He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.

He who has a long nose, will have the more to blow and an easy one to pull.

He that is bald will have no hair—but if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.

Women who have curious eyebrows will have in all likelihood eyelashes under them, and be beloved, if any one takes a sufficient liking to them.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married, as the world says, well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I have to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit on the luxurious sofa when the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and enjoy the allowed kisses, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even the parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd, and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caresses, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come home: and when he comes, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom. I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through her heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of attention and unwitting all his unspoken cares and making him forget even the world, in her young and exalted loveliness.

I go forward years and I see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and bright loveliness chastened into affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and she was her the same fervent love, and the delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are grown up about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die! I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural feeling and tenderness touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; if I ever yield to feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not mi urely now. I allude to it only because I trust my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored, like the fancies of the bride, and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with the rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them too—and she goes on for a while undeceived. The evening is too long while they talk of plans of happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon however, a time when personal topics become have and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are intervals of silence and detected symptoms of weariness, as the husband first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together I cannot follow it circumstantially.—There came long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other-worth and affection, till by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and leave upon the hollow world for support, which one who was their lover and friend could not give them!

Hold this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty the affections of high-minded and thinking kings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart, with whom he has had ever a fellowship of mind—the society of his contemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship—and frequently in his passionate love he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the voice of the charmer. It will be wilder him at first, but it will not long: and then think you that an idle banishment will obtain the mind that has been used for years to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge. Oh! no, lady! believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters. Credit not the old fashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary but—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete as your gift of mind, as capable as ours, I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun, and then you may hope, that when your life is bound with another, you will go on equally, and with a fellowship that will pervade every earthly interest.

☞ Dr. J. F. May, of Washington city, on Thursday last, amputated the leg of a laborer, disarticulating the hip joint, and removing the entire limb in a little over 30 seconds. In twenty minutes ligatures were applied to the twelve arteries without the loss of more than half a pint of blood. The patient through the operation was under the influence of chloroform, and was totally unconscious. This is an extremely dangerous operation hardly ever successful, but the patient, at the last accounts, was doing well.

Cardinal Wiseman arrived in Vienna on the 1st instant.

The Transplanted Rose.

In a beautiful recess, formed by the interwreathed branches of a thick wood, there once grew together a company of flowers. Although they were of several kinds, they lived in great friendship with each other, and, as they had burst forth in their sylvan retreat in the early spring, they were promised by the aged trees around, a long and most happy existence. Nothing could be more delightful than the summer days and nights which they spent in each other's society. There was no envy, no jealousy, no pride—those dreadful plagues of the fair flowers of the human race—and they were luckily ignorant of any degrading luxury and wasting dissipation to sap their young strength, steal the fine hues from their fresh and tender leaves, or to bend them out of that exquisite ease and graceful simplicity which they inherited from nature. The loveliest belle, while she envied their wonderful beauty, might have more justly envied their quiet repose and cheerfulness—their dress came to them with an equal love, and attired them gently; the dew fell silently from heaven, and freshened their opening bloom; the sun kissed them and ripened every charming feature, and the golden bee hummed around them in the mellow afternoons; and when the wind and storm arose, they remained sheltered by the strong arms of a giant vine, which they had long cheered with their radiant glances, and which, in return, bent over, and guarded them to the full extent of his power.

There is a glory about flowers which always touches me They are types of girlish innocence. Every one who looks at them feels that, if they have any consciousness, they must be happy. They bear upon them such an unequivocal impress of supernatural care and love. They are so clearly nature's pride—her favorites; the freshest, the sweetest, the most perfect of her creations Who that knows the world—its dark and awful tempests—its gloomy realms—its fierceness—its hatreds—its anguish—its disease—who would not be a flower—ignorant of those things, to open and breathe a healthy joy, and pass silently away under the glory of a summer sky?

One day there came a lord, and he passed as he gazed on them. He admired all, but must be admired a tall and superb rose that spread out its half-uncurling leaves with the simple delight of health and youth.

"I will have that flower," he said, "for myself. It shall be forthwith transplanted—it will be the surprise and delight of the great and lovely. It will excel every other." And so he went away for his gardener.

The tall rose had listened with new feelings—strange thoughts of tremulous pleasure thronged upon her She nodded her beauteous head and rejoiced.

"Dear rose," said a little blue violet that peeped out beneath, "you had better be where you are, is my mind. I never knew any good to come from transplanting such tender creatures as you from their natural houses."

"Saucy and dull violet," replied the queen of all the flowers, "thou unjust reasonin. But I am inspired with a new existence. I wonder I never knew before what was to be admired, or how much I excelled you. It is a delicious sensation; I am now the happiest of flowers.

She was interrupted by the gardener, who dug away the earth around her, and carried her to the palace of his master.

For a few hours she was intoxicated with delight Everybody praised her. She wondered that she had been so long ignorant of her merits, and how gratifying it is to be praised. But in a little time she was neglected—her color faded—her fresh leaves grew dry and withered—she hung her head—all her charms disappeared.—The lord took her and cast her into the road, and, as she was leaving her brief residence, she met the gardener with another rose, all dripping with dew, and blushing with pleasure.

"Alas," she said, as she was dying, "alas, for my sweet and simple home. May all lovely flowers take warning by me, and shrink from the hand that would drag them from their happy seclusion to exhibit their beauties in the glare of public notice, and leave them, like me, afterward to perish unpitied"

A Chivalrous Wife.—The Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Journal in his letter of Monday, furnishes the particulars of the chivalric conduct of a heroic wife at Paris, Ky., in the following extract: The blue grass region was the scene, on Wednesday last, of an anomalous and tragic occurrence. It is the more tragical, because the principal actor (or actress) is a woman. Be it remembered, also, that she moves in good society, and is, or was, as much respected as any lady in Paris.—May her good name lose nothing by her chivalry and conjugal affection. Three men of a bully reputation went into the house of a gentleman in Paris, Ky., and asked his wife where he was, avowing their business to be to tie him up and whip him for slapping one of their mulatto chaps She replied that he was in his shop. They went off and she followed them into the shop unperceived, and picked up a mallet and chisel. One of the men drew a knife and pistol and advanced to the husband, who, cornered, equalled murder. The lady, however, advanced with necessary speed, and dealt the assailant a blow with the mallet upon the shoulder, dislocated it, and stunned him. The second was met by the woman, and a blow with the same instrument, dealt with such force on the forehead as to break the skull, and put him *hors du combat*. The heroine turned to her husband and found him wrestling with the the third in the floor. She went to work on this third gentleman's head as deliberately as circumstances allowed, and soon succeeded in relieving her husband from all fears of murder at his hands. All the gentlemen assailants had to be packed home.

An Affecting Scene.

During the recent cholera sickness in the Indiana Penitentiary, the services of the clergymen were often in requisition, who have given several sketches of the last moments of the dying prisoner. The following is an affecting one:

"While I was in prison the Warden led me to the bedside of a convict by the name of Shearer. I was informed that he had formerly been one or two years a member of the State Legislature—had stood very high in the estimation of his fellow citizens—and at the time of his conviction was surveyor of his county. He had been tried before the United States Circuit Court, and on mere circumstantial evidence had been convicted of mail robbery and sentenced to four years imprisonment. The poor man knew me, having heard me preach in the prison. 'Sir,' said he, 'I must die.' He was then in a collapsed state—the marks of death were on his countenance. I sat down by his rude couch and held his nerveless hand. Long did I endeavor to point him to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world' His spirit grew calm, almost joyous, and he professed that the terrible 'sting' was gone. Now, said I, 'Shearer you are perhaps near death, have you any word to your family?'—'Oh!' said he, 'I have a wife and two children—I wish I could see them once more' He paused a moment unable to go on No doubt his thoughts were at 'home sweet home.' He rallied and proceeded—'Tell my family that I am innocent of the charge for which I suffer.' I said to him, 'Mr. Shearer, you are now in a few minutes to stand before that God who will judge you righteously—there can be nothing gained, but every thing lost by concealing the truth—do you utter at this moment an untruth.' He replied, 'I know it all, I am about to go before my Judge, and to you, sir, I declare with my dying breath my entire innocence!'

Never had I such emotions. I have stood by many a death bed—by the rejoicing christian and the despairing rebel—by the young and the old—but this to me was most impressive. He had been one of our law makers, had sent his influence from the legislative hall to the extreme borders of the State, had moved respected and beloved; yet there he lay—a felon! dying a felon's death! about to have a felon's burial! and this with a strong probability of his innocence! and then all he wished his family to know was, that in death—amid the 'swellings of Jordan,' he persisted in declaring his innocence. Was there not a possibility that the men who stood round him were mistaken? Upon them I cast no censure. They doubtless did what they believed to be right; but if mistaken, oh, what a fatal mistake? What a commentary upon circumstantial evidence!

SCIENCE.

Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour, alone on the deck The waters plunge and roar, and glide away beneath the keel.—Above, the suns tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadows fall a burthen on the deck below.

In the clouded night, no star is seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east or west, north or south. What island, what sunken rock may be on her course, or where they are he knows not. All around to him is mystery. He bows his head in submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have red the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations And when he has completed them he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the sea.

Storms may have beat, and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point. There, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is reason appreciating and making use of the revelations of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel and watch hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as it were a living finger, to a steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the course of the sky. But reason and experience have given him faith in the laws that control her course, faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, thro' night and the waves.

And that faith is not disappointed?—With the morning sun he beholds far away the summits of the grey and misty headlands, rising like a cloud in the horizon, and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the light house at the entrance of the harbor, the spires and the churches and the shining roofs, a sight of joy, and he tries to detect his own dwelling.

Newspapers at the Fair.—John Jay Smith, Esq., Librarian of the Philadelphia and Lenganian Libraries, invites copies of all the papers published in the United States, with a view to have them exhibited at the London exhibition next spring. They must be addressed to him free of postage. It is proposed to arrange them by States. Mr. S. justly says, "their number and absorbtion will form an item for surprise and they commendation abroad, and they are legitimately entitled to the distinction.

Prince Albert is about to, become an *Odd Fellow*.

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