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## POETRY.

For the Democrat.

### The Grave—Worms' Feast.

BY HAFED THE GIBBER.

They laid her in the silent tomb. Coldly  
The damp earth mould was piled above her breast.  
And shut her shrouded form from mortal gaze.  
Oh God! how beautiful that angel form.  
One passed all radiant with youth, and health  
Above the many figure of the dance;  
How merrily that silver lamp swung out,  
As light and joyous as the swallow's note,  
When spring has called them back to northern  
clime;

But that had passed. Death with his sable  
wing  
And coldly gleaming eye flapped grimly thro'  
That peerless maiden's chamber. On her lips  
He pressed the kiss of dissolution.  
His cold, cold hand upon her brow was laid,  
And back the life blood curdled to her heart;  
He sat upon her full round breast—grinned  
A horrid ghastly smile, to see her die.  
With quick electric shiver, through her frame,  
Passed the last throes of mortal agony.  
And her limbs not rigid, but life-like,  
Drooped calmly down, and settled in repose—  
She seemed not dead but sleeping with that smile,  
That summer smile upon her rosy lips.  
Tast parting showed the gleam of snowy teeth—  
As she was passing lovely there in death—  
Her dimpled arms like that of lily white  
Laid bare and calmly folded on her breast,  
As pure as marble from Italian mines,  
Chased, sculptured-like, with deep blue veins,  
That with light with color of yon skies,  
One day and ankle small pressed forth  
Cold and iron-like, from beneath the rose-dyed  
Cottee, that part concealed and yet  
More fully showed the waving outline of  
That more than fairy-like, voluptuous form.  
Still, she had died—The faultless soul had fled,  
I know not how it, yet oft I've thought  
'Tis so—the beautiful must have a soul  
More sweet, and lovable, and angel-like;  
And fit for the shining choir of Heaven,  
Than those of greener and more earthly mould.  
And were it, the brightest midst the blest  
World all the spirit of that maiden dead.

—Around her body gathered those she loved,  
And those who well returned her love in life,  
A Father stood beside the senseless clay;  
And down his forehead chafed the hot tear coursed;  
A Mother knelt with all a Mother's woe,  
And mourning, sobbing, gazed with straining eyes,  
The last fond look upon her worshipped child.  
A Brother came, his brow by agony  
Constrained, and bent above the shrouded clay;  
There she lay beautiful, his Sister,  
The joyous playmate of his boyish days;  
She who had listened to his childhood dreams  
Of coming years—She who had shared each joy,  
Saw Hope, each high Ambition of his life;  
She who had marked each hour of disappointment  
Traded in his breast, and with a gentle hand  
Had plucked the weed of rankling festered long—  
A Grim came to her eyes and closed the scene;  
When next I looked they stood around the grave,  
A pale, and sad, and weeping throng. I heard  
The deep convulsive sobs that told of hopes  
All blasted in the budding, Sinner sighs  
Were wafted on the summer air as came  
The deep spectral sound of Earth upon  
The coffin thrown. They heard its hollow crash,  
And then upon their senses broke the stern  
Reality—the cold heart crushing truth—  
They had away and left them there, in all  
The bitterness of hopeless, rayless grief.

—I looked upon that new made grave—  
'Tis a calm soft summer night in June,  
The stars in all their beauty glistened down,  
From the hallowed spot. The clear full moon,  
From which fall many a pendant ray all  
Gleaming down, was silently and slowly  
Sifting on—in its accustomed round—  
Full many a ruffled cloud was wafted  
By the breeze in eddying shapes fantastic,  
To look upon a cloud on such  
A night. It moves so joyously and pure  
Upon the winds, and seems to bid us all  
To be happy—as the world uncurved by man  
And full of love and happiness,  
And as I felt my spirit soaring up,  
Away from this dull Earth with all its cares,  
Left the ground beneath me tremble.  
Slowly, slowly seemed the soil to part,  
And leave the coffin open to my view.  
I saw the coffin, as if by spirit hands,  
And passed back the shroud, exposed to view  
The breast—'neath of that matchless form;  
I was all—'till and statue-like—and yet  
'Tis calm in its repose—I thought if this  
To death, I fain would sleep the last long sleep,  
But suddenly from out the ground a shape,  
Great writhing, came and slowly crawled along,  
And then another followed in its wake,  
Another and another still, until  
The place seemed swarming with the loathsome  
troop.

—How horribly they glistening gathered  
With fierce wild joy upon their demon feet,  
They left their stony trail upon her lips  
And passing in brought gaudy blood from out  
Her heart, to drink a bumper to their revels;  
They riled among the dark brown locks,  
That rippled all glossy round her lifeline brow—  
Some passed beneath her eyelids closed and  
bright,  
A dimly moral from their depths,  
(Once so crystalline and full of love)  
And others munched the roses of her cheek,

Until the beauty of her classic face  
Was gone. The eye-balls glared all lifeless  
From their bone-cased sockets. Her teeth gleamed  
ed from  
Their lifeline resting place, a ghastly grin—  
Anon their forms were changed and goblin-like  
Arose to view, shouted, danced and flung their  
beaks  
High above their horrid heads, and called a  
bump  
To the feast. Down they trooped upon her breast,  
Untarnished yet and pure as when it rose.  
And fell, in life, beneath the heaving bodice.  
There they stood and flung their arms on high,  
With many a jeer and jest, and drained the  
Dark deep draught of blood. And then  
Their grating voices rose in song.

Flung high your glasses, above your head,  
And drain the blood as it bubbles red.  
Shout! Another in earth is laid—  
Laugh for a feast for us is made;  
Dance, O dance and dancing sing  
And thank them well for the feast they bring,  
Bring it out  
Another shout  
And feast on the pray of the dark death King.  
Men may pamper their selfish pride,  
And o'er the weak all ruthless ride;  
All must come to this at last,  
All in the grave be lowly cast!

The worm will come when life has ceased  
And dance and sing at the jolly feast,  
Dance and sing,  
Make the coffin-ring,  
Ours is the last of man and beast.

Oh! for us 'tis a happy time  
Where the pleasure of another elime,  
Passes on with noisier sweep  
And hurries man to his dreamless sleep.  
Oh! then 'tis feast the live-long day,  
And feast the live-long night away;  
Pledge again  
And we'll eat our fill of mouldering clay.  
Montrose, June 1851.

## Genius.

When Tamerlane had reared his pyramid  
Of seventy thousand human skulls in commemoration  
of the carnage he had wrought, and  
while leading his fierce warriors over new fields  
of victory and blood, the nations of the earth  
looked on with admiration, and monarchs  
crouched at his feet, and the huzzas of millions  
wafted his name over the steppes of Asia  
to the seas of Europe; the fate of all kingdoms  
seemed to lie at the mercy of his sword,  
and the destiny of unborn ages to hang on the  
mandates of his will.

It was at this time that in the German city  
of Mentz an unknown man was silently toil-  
ing with his hands and brain to form types  
for the imprint of alphabetical letters. How  
changed the condition of his life from that of  
the Tartar Khan! No troops of warriors or  
counters advanced his steps, no strains of martial  
music heralded his movements, no monarchs  
bent from their thrones to receive him,  
or turned pale at the sound of the name of  
Gutenberg. Alone in the noiseless chamber  
of his thought, he was making his conquests  
without aid or honor from the rulers of men.

Compare now the results achieved by the  
inventor of printing with those attained by the  
Conqueror of the world. Three centuries  
ago the monumental skulls of the wild Tartar  
chief were mingled with the dust, and all the  
power and all the glory which he had acquired  
from the blood and groans of millions, were  
wafted into nothingness by the first winds that  
swept over his grave. Yet this Gutenberg with  
his moveable types has dethroned more  
monarchs, conquered more people, and estab-  
lished mightier powers, than all the Tamer-  
lanes the world ever saw. He has traversed  
all lands and crossed all seas, but has left no  
desolate countries in his track—no widow's  
sighs, no orphan's tears to bewail his triumphs.  
His victories have been achieved over the prin-  
ces of ignorance, his conquests won from the  
kingdoms of darkness and the void unknown.  
His empire will yet extend over every people  
on the globe, his reign will extend to the end  
of time.

If we read history aright, it will teach us  
that it is not the conquerors and the over-  
throwers of kingdoms, but the men of silent,  
original, inventive thoughts who after all have  
conferred the widest and most lasting benefits  
on the human race.

**Penn's Conference and Treaty with  
the Indians.**  
FROM DIXON'S LIFE OF PENN.

This conference has become one of the most  
striking scenes in history. Artists have paint-  
ed, poets have sung, philosophers have ap-  
plauded it; but it is nevertheless clear, that in  
words and colors it has been equally and gen-  
erally misrepresented, because painters, poets,  
and historians have chosen to draw on their  
imaginations for the features of a scene, every  
marking line of which they might have recov-  
ered from authentic sources. The great out-  
lines of nature are easily obtained. There the  
dense masses of cedar, pine, and chestnut,  
stretching far away in the interior of the land;  
here the noble river rolling its waters down to  
the Atlantic ocean; along its surface rose the  
purple smoke of the settlers' homestead; on  
the opposite shores lay the fertile and settled  
country of East New Jersey.

Here stood the gigantic elm which was to  
become immortal from that day forward—and  
there lay the verdant council chamber formed  
by nature on the surface of the soil. In the  
centre stood William Penn, in costume undis-  
tinguished from the surrounding group, save  
by the sash across his chest. His costume was  
simple, but not pedantic or ungainly. An outer  
coat reaching to the knees, and covered with but-  
tons; a vest of other materials, but equally  
ample; trousers extremely full, slashed at the  
sides, and tied with strings or ribbons; a pro-  
fession of shirt sleeves and ruffles, with a hat of  
the cavalier shape (wanting only a feather),  
from beneath the brim of which escaped the  
curls of a new peruke—were his chief and not  
ungraceful ingredients. At his right hand was  
Col. Markham, who had met the Indians in  
council more than once on that identical spot,  
and was regarded by them as a firm and faith-  
ful friend; on his left Pearson, the intrepid  
companion of his voyage; and near his person  
but a little backward, a band of his most at-  
tached adherents.

When the Indians approached in their old  
forest costume, their bright feathers sparkling  
in the sun, and their bodies painted in the most  
gorgeous manner, the governor received them  
with the easy dignity of one accustomed to  
mix with European courts. As soon as the  
reception was over, the sachems retired to a  
short distance, and after a brief consultation  
among themselves, Taminet, the chief sachem  
or king, a man whose virtues are still remem-  
bered by the sons of the forest, advanced again  
a few paces, and put upon his own head a  
chapel, into which was twisted a small horn.  
This chapel was his symbol of power; and in  
the customs of the Lenni Lenape, whenever  
the chief placed it upon his brow, the spot be-  
came at once sacred, and the person of every  
one present inviolable.

The venerable Indian king then seated him-  
self on the ground, with his older sachems on  
his right and left; the middle-aged warriors  
ranged themselves in the form of a crescent or  
half moon, round them; and the younger men  
formed a third and outer semi-circle. All be-  
ing seated in this picturesque and striking or-  
der, the old monarch announced to the gov-  
ernor that the natives were prepared to hear  
and consider his words. Penn then rose to  
address them, his countenance beaming with  
all the pride of manhood. He was at this  
time thirty-eight years old; light and graceful  
in form;—the handsomest, best-looking most  
lively gentleman he had ever seen, wrote a  
lady who was an eye-witness of the ceremony.  
He addressed them in their own language;  
the topics were few and simple; and the beau-  
ty of his ideas would compensate with such  
an audience for the minor errors of diction.

The Great Spirit, he said, who ruled in the  
heaven to which good men go after death, who  
made them and him out of nothing, and who  
knew every secret thought that was in the  
heart of white man and red man, knew that  
he and his children had a strong desire to live  
in peace, to be their friends, to do no wrong,  
but to serve them in every way to the extent  
of their power. As the Great Spirit was the  
common Father of all, he wished them to live  
together not merely as brothers, as the children  
of a common parent, but as they were joined  
to one another, one heart, one body, together;  
that if ill was done to one all would suffer;  
if good was done to any, all would gain. He  
and his children, he went on to say, never  
used the rifle or trusted to the sword; they  
met the red men on the broad path of good  
faith and good will. They intended to do no  
harm and they had no fears in their hearts.  
They believed that their brothers of the red  
race were just, and they were prepared to trust  
in their friendship. He then unfolded the writ-  
ing of the treaty of friendship, and explained  
its clauses one after the other. It recited that  
from that day the children of Onas and the na-  
tions of the Lenni Lenape should be brothers  
and open—that all paths should be free  
and open—that the doors of white men should  
be open to red men, and the doors of red men  
should be open to white men—that the chil-  
dren of Onas should not believe any false re-  
ports of the Lenni Lenape, nor the Lenni Len-  
ape of the children of Onas, but should come  
and see for themselves as brothers to brothers,  
and bury such false reports in a bottomless  
pit—that if the Christians should hear of any-  
thing likely to be of hurt to the Indians, or  
the Indians hear of anything likely to harm  
the Christians, they should run, like true  
friends, and let the other know—that if any  
son of Onas were to do any harm to any red  
skin, or if any red skin were to do harm to a  
son of Onas, the sufferer should not offer to  
right himself, but should complain to the

chiefs and to Onas, that justice might be de-  
clared by twelve honest men, and the wrong  
buried in a pit with no bottom—that the Len-  
ni Lenape should assist the white men, and  
the white men should assist the Lenni Lenape,  
against all such as would disturb them or do  
them hurt—and lastly, that both Christians  
and Indians should tell their children of this  
league and chain of friendship, that it should  
grow stronger and stronger, and be kept bright  
and clean, without rust or spot, while the wa-  
ters ran down the creeks and rivers, and while  
the sun and moon and stars endured.

He then laid the scroll on the ground,—  
(What King Taminet replied is not known,  
except that in substance he was favorable to  
the views of Penn. The sachems received his  
proposal with decent gravity, and accepted it  
for themselves and for their children. No oaths,  
no seals, no official mummies were used;  
the treaty was ratified on both sides with a  
yes—the only one, says Voltaire, that the  
world has known, never sworn to and never  
broken.)

This scene remained to the two races who  
were witnesses and actors in it, an inheri-  
tance of good will and honorable pride for  
an entire country. From year to year, says the  
venerable historian of the Six Nations, Hecke-  
welder, the sachems assembled their children  
in the woods, in a shady spot as like as they  
could find to that in which the great Onas had  
conferred with them, when they would spread  
out his words or speeches on a blanket or  
clean piece of bark, and repeat the whole again  
to their great satisfaction.

In a few years, Penn going beyond the seas  
and never returning, became to them a sort of  
mythical personage; they not only held his  
memory in great veneration, but treated the  
whole body of white men with more kindness  
for his sake. To be a follower of Onas was  
at all times a passport to their protection and  
hospitality.

Nor have his own countrymen been less in-  
debted or less grateful to the Great Treaty.—  
To it, and to the strictness with which its  
provisions were maintained by Penn, is owing  
that striking fact recorded by Bancroft:  
that while every other colony in the New  
World was visited by the horrors of Indian  
warfare, do drop of Quaker blood was ever  
shed by a red man in Pennsylvania.

It is humiliating to the pride of the white  
man to think that one of his race should have  
been the first to break this noble league of  
peace. Forty years after the famous treaty,  
and five years after the death of Onas, one of  
his unworthy children murdered the first red  
man who lost his life in Pennsylvania. The  
deed was attended with circumstances of un-  
usual atrocity; but it shows in a striking light  
the power of a noble sentiment, the Indians  
themselves prayed that the murderer's life  
might be spared. It was spared; but he died  
in a very short time, and they then said,  
The Great Spirit had avenged their brother. The  
venerable elm tree under which the meeting  
took place served to mark the spot until the  
storm of 1810 threw it to the ground. It  
measured 24 feet in girth, and was found to  
be 283 years old. A piece of it was sent  
home to the Penn family, by whom it was  
mounted on a pedestal with appropriate in-  
scriptions; and the remainder was manufac-  
tured into vases, workstands, and other reli-  
ous hold sacred by their possessors. A plain  
monument has since been erected on the spot,  
inscribed on each side with four short and sim-  
ple sentences commemorative of the Great  
Treaty.

**DEATH OF THE MARTYR.**  
The following letter, giving an account of  
the happy death of the famous martyr, Bal-  
thazar Gerard, for the assassination of William  
of Nassau, the Prince of Orange, the constant  
enemy of the Holy Catholic Church, proves to  
a remarkable degree the height to which fi-  
nancial excitement will carry mankind during  
times of civil discord and religious disturban-  
ces.

It is difficult to say which is most to be  
deplored, the fanaticism which could urge a man  
to commit such a crime, or the unrenowned  
feelings which could induce others to subject a  
free-creature to such tortures. The stoic  
fortitude displayed by this wretched fanatic  
was worthy of a better cause. The letter thus  
proceeds:

Christ our Lord is he who conquers in all  
martyrs, and in him do they put their trust in  
obtaining all things. He hath promised to  
give them knowledge and power of speech,  
and they confess themselves and are thankful  
to have thus received whatsoever he necessa-  
ry to give answer to barbarians and infidels.

Balthazar Gerard, of Banneau, a Burgun-  
dian by birth, and apparently about eight-and-  
twenty years of age, a youth of an excellent  
education, eloquent, and endowed with remark-  
able prudence and ability did, at half-past  
twelve, on the tenth of July, in the year of our  
Lord one thousand five hundred and eighty-  
four, perform a most famous and notable ac-  
tion, which he had long meditated, and had  
made a vow to accomplish. He commenced  
at it without delay, and performed it with suc-  
cess. This brave youth—considering for ma-  
ny years the perfidy and obstinacy of William  
of Nassau, the Prince of Orange, who, under  
the pretense of freedom and liberty, had de-  
prived so many souls of all hopes of eternity,  
and their bodies of all temporalities, and of  
the blessings of fortune—determined to place  
himself in imminent peril of his life. For much  
time, for the space of six or seven years, he  
waited until God should all him in his divine  
will; and looking well to be business in hand

he worked hard to carry it into execution  
against one who was a breaker of his pledged  
work, a traitor and a rebel to his prince, who  
had condemned him as such. Accordingly,  
when an occasion offered itself to convey a  
letter to the Prince of Orange, announcing the  
death of the Duke of Alencon, Balthazar Ger-  
ard seized upon it. He was received by the  
prince's suite at half-past twelve o'clock on the  
tenth of July, and immediately discharged an  
arquebuss upon the Prince of Orange, as the  
latter rose from table. The arquebuss was  
loaded with three bullets, which struck the  
prince close to the heart, two inches below  
the nipple of the left breast, and killed him  
instantly. And as the prince fell to the ground  
the Burgundian fell, but was immediately cap-  
tured close to the walls of the city. He re-  
sisted to the last moment of his life the most  
extraordinary ease and presence of mind, and  
answered all the questions which were asked  
of him with the greatest prudence and firm-  
ness. The first thing he did was to account  
for his action to the governors of the town,  
and this he did with cogent reasons, in a clear  
and beautiful style, saying that he had per-  
formed a most excellent service for God, for  
his king, and to the Christian public. He  
gave up his body to the torture, which he  
knew awaited him; and after this he said—  
I have now done my part; do you now perform  
what appears to belong to you. Let the  
torture chamber be prepared, for I have no  
wishes to detain you any longer.

That first night he was cruelly scourged  
with rods five several times, and his body was  
then anointed with honey, when a he-goat  
was brought, which with his rough, prickly  
tongue, should have licked his torn flesh and  
skin; but the goat would not approach him.  
After this he was placed in the torture cham-  
ber, and tormented in various ways. He was  
stretched out on the rack, and on the ladder,  
and was then tormented in various manners to  
prevent him from sleeping. Likewise, he was  
tortured with every possible cruelty, and being  
placed on the instrument of torture called the  
wooden horse, as much as one hundred and  
forty pounds weight was attached to his big  
toe. After this, shoes made of new and un-  
tanned leather were placed on his feet, the  
shoes having been previously smeared with  
oil. He was then stripped and his body an-  
ointed all over with soap or butter, and he  
was placed near a large fire. Although his  
body was torn and lacerated with the stripes  
and the hollow of his armpits and his sides  
were burned with a hot iron, they did place on  
him a shirt dipped in brandy, which they set  
on fire, and did likewise insert pins and  
needles between the nails of his toes and fingers.  
As he gave no signs of pain, they did now  
share off all his hair, and did wash his body  
with the filthy rinsings of water. They did  
then put upon him a garment taken from the  
filthy rinsings of water. They did then put  
upon him a garment taken from some sick man  
in the hospital—others say it belonged to a  
sorcerer or a witch—thinking that in this man-  
ner they would break the enchantment by  
which they surmised he was fortified against  
the torture. But all these inventions failed, and  
in answer to their manifold questions how he  
managed to endure these execrating tor-  
ments, he replied, 'By God and patience!'

When asked how it was that he neither  
moved a muscle, nor gave any sign of feeling  
these various tortures, he said that, 'The  
prayers of the blessed produced in him this  
constancy and long suffering.' He said to the  
consul, who wondered at seeing this constan-  
cy, 'In death constancy will make itself evi-  
dent.' Excepting during the time when he  
was tortured, he did talk with much gentle-  
ness, ease, and modesty, so much so that the  
very executioners, and those who assisted at  
his torture, were much amazed, and the stand-  
ers by were moved even to tears. Some did  
say he was not a man, while others did much  
praise his excellent virtues; but they who do  
not believe in Christ Jesus, nor in his holy  
gospel, imitating the infidel Jews, asked him  
How long it was since he had commended his  
soul to Satan? To these he replied with the  
greatest modesty, that 'He had never had  
any dealings, or knowledge of the devil.' He  
answered and defended himself in the same  
manner, when the people called him traitor,  
and the murderer of the father of his country;  
together with other odious appellations; and  
this was not done once, but frequently; in such  
cases he bore all these humilies and reproach-  
es with exceeding great modesty and down-  
cast eyes. He always gave answer unto the  
judges with gentleness and perfect freedom,  
and what was more extraordinary, he gave  
them thanks in that they had sent him food  
and drink while he was in prison; telling them  
that he would repay them these kindnesses—  
And when he was asked in what manner he  
intended to pay them, he replied, 'By praying  
for them, and by being their advocate in heav-  
en.'

On the 17th of the same month of July, he  
was informed of the certainty of his approach-  
ing death, and on the following day the sen-  
tence was read to him, the which he heard  
with great peace and contentment, saying with  
the most holy Cypran, 'Thanks be to God.'  
And then, with nothing but virtue, with a firm  
and constant heart, with a high color in his  
cheek, and clear bright eyes, with his feet  
broken, lacerated, and burnt, and his fingers  
distorted, he entered the place, or amphitheatre  
where he was to suffer death. He allowed him-  
self to be led to the stake in the form of a  
cross, and showed no wavering or sign of ter-  
ror, in the sight of all the tortures, the memo-

ry whereof alone is sufficient to cause great  
terror and emotion; but he bore them all with-  
out flinching, in the presence of the whole  
city, in the same manner in which he had en-  
dured his past sufferings, and his blood has  
sanctified us and our country, showing the  
seeds for future martyrs. Because, as tyrants  
and persecutors of the Church are unable to  
root out the seed of the martyrs, which is  
Christ, they do many times cut down the  
branches and offshoots which they see growing  
not seeing, short-sighted mortals as they are,  
that by pruning they increase their growth.

Gerard was then tied to the stake where he  
was to suffer death, and the executioners, with  
some trouble, and before his face, broke in  
pieces the arquebuss wherewith he had done  
this famous deed; nevertheless, he showed no  
sign of emotion. And while he was trans-  
ported in prayer they undressed him, and ap-  
plied burning bits of wood to his flesh, the  
a-nell of which did pervade the whole place—  
After this the executioners took some strong  
pliers, with which they now seized a piece  
of red-hot iron, which they applied to the mus-  
cles of his arms and legs; and while they  
were thus burning and torturing him, he con-  
tinued steadfast in prayer, and never changed  
color, nor did he move hand or foot; excepting  
that he raised his right hand, and made the  
sign of the cross on his forehead with great  
appearance of reverence. After he was re-  
leased from the stake, he did himself put on  
his clothes, and walked, as well as he was  
able to the station assigned to him. The execu-  
tioners then cruelly mutilated his body and little  
by little cut a hole, in the form of a cross, in  
his belly, and extracted his entrails and his  
heart, the which were thrown on one side;  
meanwhile his lips never ceased praying. And  
as if his mouth could only speak what was  
virtuous, he never uttered a complaint, and  
thus, with a color always in his cheek, this  
great and excellent martyr, who must become  
the patron saint of his country, breathed his  
last, in the hopes of an immortal and glorious  
triumph, on the 14th July, being the Saturday  
before the eight Sunday after Pentecost, half  
an hour before midday, on the self-same day  
in which I am now writing this letter.

His head was afterwards cut off and placed  
on the point of a lance before it was exposed  
on the walls of the city, where it appears more  
beautiful than many heads of living men. The  
body, cut into four quarters, was likewise  
stuck on four poles, and placed over the four  
principal gates of the city.

Thus ends this contemporary letter, which  
we have extracted from Spanish documents  
lately published in Madrid. But to show mor-  
ally the different modes in which crimes are  
viewed, when the passions of parties are in a  
state of fierce excitement, while Gerard was  
thus expiating his guilt at Delft, and expiring  
amid the curses of the people, the carons of  
Heerzogenbuehl, were celebrating his achieve-  
ment with a solemn Te Deum!

## A Quaker Wedding.

Married in this city yesterday, at the Quaker  
meeting house, on Fifth street Mr. HENRY  
SALTER of this city, to Miss HANNAH D. TAYLOR,  
of Newport.

A large company assembled at the anosten-  
sious church of the Society of Friends yester-  
day at 11 o'clock, to witness so unusual an  
occurrence as a Quaker wedding. As the spirit  
moved us to be present, we propose to give a  
description of the ceremony. It was a regu-  
larly attended meeting of the Friends, a small  
though highly respected society, worshipping  
regularly at the house above mentioned.—  
When we arrived, the church was nearly filled  
with young ladies who had been attracted there  
by curiosity; their dresses contrasting  
strongly with the sober drab of the three or  
four rows of Quaker ladies occupying seats  
on the opposite side of the house, and fronting  
the main audience.—The shades below and  
broad-brims slipped quietly into the seats in  
the men's division of the house, and commen-  
ced their silent communication with their own  
spirits and the spirits of the unseen world: After  
a half hour's profound silence, there was  
some appearance of animation among the  
spectators. We were amused at a whispered  
conversation between a country girl and her  
more knowing city companion.

'What do these women wear such awful  
looking bonnets for? They look like half-  
burnt's nest; half-coal-venture.'

'Hush; that's the Quaker fashion.'

'Where is the pulpit?' said the first men-  
tioned.

'The Quaker's have no pulpits.'

'Where is their minister?'

'They have no minister.'

'Who preaches then?'

'All of them, or any of them, just as they  
happen to feel.'

'Why don't the meeting begin?'

'Hush up; the meeting has been begun this  
half hour.'

'Why, nobody has said a word, and those  
men opposite have got their hats on?'

'Never mind, somebody will speak soon,  
provided the spirit moves them, and they al-  
ways wear their hats in church.'

'O, I know; they are waiting for the bride  
and groom.'

'No indeed; they have been here half an  
hour; don't you see them sitting directly op-  
posite; that handsome young man in gold  
species; and the lady beside him, dressed in plain  
white satin?'

'I want to know if that's them; they don't  
look Quakerish a bit. I should like to know  
who's going to marry them?'

'Nobody; they'll marry themselves.'

'Marry themselves! well, why in the world  
don't they begin? What are they waiting  
for?'

'Waiting for the spirit to move.'  
Another half hour was passed in solemn  
silence, at the end of which time the bride  
and groom rose, facing the audience, the bride-  
groom pronouncing the following words:

'I, in the presence of God, and of this as-  
sembly, take this woman to be my wedded  
wife, promising with divine assistance, to be  
to her a faithful and loving husband, as long  
as we both shall live.'

The bride then in a voice somewhat falter-  
ing repeated a similar declaration, and both sat  
down.

Two young men of the Society then placed  
before them a small table containing a huge  
parishment scroll, which they opened, and in  
presence of the assembly the bride and groom  
affixed their signatures. An elder of the church  
then read the document aloud to the audience.  
It set forth that the parties had at the regular  
monthly meeting preceding signified their in-  
tention of marriage, that the society had ap-  
proved of the same, and that by their joint  
declarations and signatures they had arrived  
at a full accomplishment of their intentions!'  
He then stated that all the Friends were in-  
vited to sign as witnesses after the close of the  
meeting.

After a few minutes more of silence the  
newly married couple suddenly rose and left  
the church, and were followed by the whole  
congregation. The audience was well pleased  
with the ceremony, which we think was the  
most sensible we ever witnessed.

## A Grave without a Monument.

The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean: Its  
poetry is, and in human language ever will be,  
unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are sub-  
jects of feeling, not description. Its records  
like the reflection mirrored on its waveless bos-  
om; cannot be transferred to paper. Its vast-  
ness, its eternal heavings, its majestic music in  
a storm, and its perils, are things which I had  
endeavored a thousand times to conceive; but  
until I was on its mighty bosom, looking out  
upon its moving mountain waves, feeling that  
eternity was distant from me but, the thick-  
ness of a single plank. I had tried in vain to  
feel and know the glories and grandeur of the  
sea. I first felt what John of Patmos meant  
when he said of Heaven—'There shall be  
no more sea.' But there is one element of  
moral sublimity which impresses my mind,  
and which I should be pleased if I could trans-  
fer in all its vividness to the minds of your  
readers. The sea is the largest of cemeteries,  
and its slumbers sleep without a monument.  
All other graveyards, in all other lands, show  
some symbol of distinction between the great  
and the small, the rich and the poor; but in  
the ocean cemetery the king and the clown,  
the prince and the peasant, are alike undistin-  
guished. The same wave rolls over all—the  
same requiem by the ministry of the ocean  
is sung to the honor. Over their remains the  
same storm beats and the same sun shines;  
and there unmarked the weak and the power-  
ful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep  
on until awakened by the same tramp when  
the sea will give up its dead. I thought of  
sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cook-  
land, who, after his brief but brilliant career,  
perished in the President—over the laughter-  
loving Plover, who went down in the same ill-  
fated vessel we may have passed.

In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished  
and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands  
of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie,  
no one but God knows. No marble rises  
to point out where their ashes are gathered or  
where the lover of their good or wise can go  
and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell  
where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's  
sons who perished in the 'middle passage?'  
Yet that cemetery has its ornaments of Jehovah.  
Never can I forget my days and nights as I  
passed over the noblest of cemeteries without  
a single human monument.—Giles.

## The Roses of Edon.

—Eve, the mother of mortals, walked one  
day, alone and sorrowful, on the desecrated  
soil of the sinful earth. Suddenly she es-  
pied a rose-tree laden with expanded blossoms,  
which, like the blush of dawn, shed a  
ray light upon the green leaves around them.

'Ah! cried she with rapture, 'is it a de-  
ception? or do I indeed behold even here  
the lovely roses of Edon? Already do I  
breathe from afar their paradisaical sweet-  
ness.'

'Hail, gentle type of innocence and joy!  
Art thou not a silent pledge that even  
among the thorns of earth, Eden's happi-  
ness may bloom? Surely it is bliss even  
to inhale the pure fragrance of thy flow-  
ers!'

Even while she was speaking, with her  
joyous gaze bent upon the profusion of roses,  
there sprang up a light breeze which stirred  
the boughs of the tree; and in the petals  
of the full-blown flowers silently detached  
themselves and sank upon the ground—  
Eve exclaimed with a sigh, 'Alas! ye are  
also children of death! I read your mean-  
ing—types of earthly joys! In mourn-  
ful silence she looked upon the fallen leaves.

Soon, however, did a gleam of joy lighten  
up her countenance while she spoke, saying,  
'Still shall your blossoms, so long as they are  
enfolded in the bud, be unto me types of  
high innocence.'

When we think that every house might be  
cheered by intelligent, disinterestedness, and  
refinement, and then remember in how many  
houses the high powers and affections of hu-  
man nature are buried as in tombs, what a  
darkness gathers over society!