The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from $50 to $125.

EXTRA CHARGE ON $5 FOR HEMMERS.

495 Broadway - - New York.

F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for *one cent an hour*, and are, unquestionably, the *best Machines*, in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing—executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed—Family Sewing."—Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch." The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing."—Robert Boorman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing *beautifully and quickly* done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indefatigable 'iron needle-women,' whose combined qualities of *beauty, strength and simplicity*, are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th, 1858.]

"I had a tent made in Melbourn, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a *single* seam of that has outstood all the *double* seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skirt-making as 'the direful spring of woes unnumbered.'"—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius M. Clay.

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than any one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—Deary Brothers, Allisonia, Tenn.

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one 'three score years and ten,' and never get out of fix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

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NEVER COURT BUT ONE.

I have finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free,
From this hour and forever,
He is nothing more to me;
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting
He should never court but one!

Everybody in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Annie Lee.
They say he smiled upon her,
As he cantered by her side,
And I'll warrant you he promised
To make her soon his bride.
But I have finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirting
Is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Annie—
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I am living,
If he ever comes here more,
I will act as if we never,
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will,
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill!
I declare out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be? yes, 'tis his figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now, I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free
For perhaps 'twas but a story,
That he rode with Annie Lee.
There he's coming thro' the gateway,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

PRETTY MEGGY HEYWOOD.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

On a sombre and sunless morning in the month of February, 17—, the population of the town of Lewes seemed to be moved by an unusual agitation pervading them. They might be seen hurrying along in groups of twos, threes, and more, all apparently making head for one particular spot, as if by mutual and common consent they had engaged to meet there, or had been summoned there by some imperative or very extraordinary circumstance.

In effect, it was to witness an execution, which took place in front of the gate-house of the old castle. The county jail had not then been built. Nor for many years after that dismal occurrence.

Hoar-frost lay on the ground, snow hung darkly in the air, like a tenebrous veil drawn over the face of the sky. Anything more dreary, chilly, and shudderingly in keeping with the proceedings of the morning, can scarcely be imagined. The assemblage, which began with aggregated crowds, grew into a multitude—a dense, pushing throng, packed and massed, at last, into one vast human *tumuli*, as if it formed but one expectant, anxious creature; and one could scarcely tell what kind of emotion moved its breast—whether the morbid appetite to behold so revolting a spectacle; whether pity or anger, or a stern determination to see retributive justice dealt out, actuated that enormous heart. It was certainly not indifference, as the density of the crowd forcibly testified.

The gibbet was erected in front of the gate-house. The sheriff's javilin men lined the short distance that led from the gate-house to the platform of the grim and ghastly doomsman. The hour was at hand. A murmur ran through the assembly—a thrill of uncontrollable horror—a shock, keen, electric, and universal, was felt to actuate the mass. The door opened—the prisoner, walking beside the chaplain, and followed by the *hangman* and other officials, appeared—and the shudder of horror which ran through the assembled thousands was easily accounted for.

The condemned was—a woman!

A woman, young and fair—comely, even to have verged upon the beautiful. Even although her face was as white as snow, although her eyes were purple and her lips livid; even crushed, haggard, and wan as she looked, she could not be dispoiled of the evidence of an unusually attractive face. The brown hair was snoddled up. She wore a garment of coarse white linnen: whether it was the custom to do so, or whether it was to express her innocence—for she had protested this with impassioned vehemence up to the last moment and was repeating it in a firm, unfaltering voice to the venerable man who was by her side, and who continued to administer to her the last consolations of religion as she walked, step by step, to the scaffold.

For his part, the clergyman was even more deeply agitated than herself. Her composure was apparent enough, but it was of a dreadful order, and might have been that of despair, as well as of resignation. *His* agitation arose from two sources—the one was that, in the anomalous probability of things, though the evidence against her was most damning, she *might* be innocent. And what a terrible responsibility was that to lie on the shoulders of her judges and executioners! On the other hand, if she was really guilty, what hardness of heart and utter depravity did she not betray in persisting in that lie, even at the foot of the scaffold she was about to mount!

The sigh was inexpressibly dismal. The cold, gloomy morning, the lowering atmosphere, the chill ghastliness of the tragical spectacle about to be afforded the lookers-on—formed one of those haunting nightmare exhibitions that hang about one for hours, for days, even after the atrocious "carnival of the gallows" is passed over.

It was evident that the crowd felt an interest in her. A murmur rose, and deepened, and broadened, as she advanced; and perhaps it would have grown into a yell of execration, had she not at that instant lifted up her meekly bowed head, and with her large blue beaming eyes looked upon the thousand eyes devouring her, with so firm, so collected, but not defiant manner, that awed or cowed, as it were, and fascinated into submision. The murmur died away, and the silence of the grave followed.

She mounted to the scaffold, step by step, slowly but firmly. The grim official was by her side, and pursuing the manipulation of his infernal trade. She knelt, she prayed, she rose, and then cast one long, keen, anxious glance around the crowd, propably to exchange a last look with some one or other who would look upon her a little more pityingly and tenderly than did the stony eyes she met. She was rewarded; for on a mound there stood a young man weeping bitterly, unnerved to prostration—her lover probably—who extended his clasped hands towards her.

He too, was rewarded, for a sweet, rapturous, grateful smile, a smile of affection and of thanks, broke upon her thin, pale lips. She kissed her hands, waived them towards him, and then surrendered herself to the rude hands of these-called minister of justice.

She advanced a step. She lifted up her head, as if to claim attention. Breathless grew the heaving crowd; she was about to confess her guilt! Clear, calm, distinct, like tones of a silver trumpet, came her words:

"I am innocent—INNOCENT—I declare it in the name of God, and with my last breath!"

She was a woman, or rather a girl-woman, for her age was not twenty. She was going to be hung for a dreadful and appalling *murder* that had been committed in the town some few month back—a murder committed under circumstances of great atrocity, and was to be hung for the deed, brought home against her. But her last words came upon them like a thunder clap.

In five minutes, the fair comely creature was dangling in the air, a collapsed, strangled, degraded corpse, and strong men swooned at the sight. Strong men turned white, and sick at the heart, though not all—not all. There was one—a young, genteel-looking man, dressed with some elegance, though it was of a foppish order—whose face, though pale to lividness, and working seriously, still bore upon it no expression of pity. It was on the contrary of an exulting character—the smile on the lip, the gleam in the eyes; and as his gaze wandered from the victim before him, that swayed to and fro—a hideous, abhorrent and damning sight—to the sobbing youth who stood far removed from him, his smile became absolutely fiendish, as he muttered to himself, "We are quits now, my proud, pretty madam!"

A third individual may also be indicated—a hideous, brawny, thick-set, powerful man, clad in the coarsest garb of the poor, yet bearing little or none of those industrial traces which mark the working man. A bold, blustering, semi-savage air, stamped by dissipation, with its indelible traces, set him apart as one not to be on too familiar terms with. He gazed with a blood-shot eye on the ghastly tragedy performed before him, from beneath the rim of his broad felt hat, which was pulled down over his brows. Not a muscle quivered, not a nerve stirred in his iron frame, as the poor girl was "turned off," but as he departed with the dispersing crowd, he stuck his tongue in his cheek, and muttered with a sneer, and in a slang known only to himself, "Queer cuffins, by ——! Beat harman jack, and all!" and then disappeared.

Strange to say, also, there were women who looked on without blenching—who looked on without shrieking—who beheld that ghastly death with some fearful sense of satisfaction! Envy and spite, and even the stern propriety of justice, might actuate this, but it certainly was not less a fact.

At the same moment a singular phenomenon occurred. As the last shudder ran through the corpse, the sun burst forth with a rich meteoric effulgence, and bathed the poor victim's head with a glory that was almost unearthly. The crowd melted away, cowed, abashed, ashamed, as if it had been engaged in some infamous act. Something like fear, something like remorse, began to work among them; and they departed, with bated breath, speaking of the ill-fated Meggy Heywood, just done to death in so cruel a manner, and of poor Charley Dean, her sweetheart, who had been carried away in strong convulsions, and who would be sure to die of a broken heart.

Then followed a long lapse of time—gossip died away—pretty Meggy all but forgotten, and Charley Dean, a sad and moody man, had quitted the place, and had not since been heard of.

* * * * * * *

We must now retrace our steps a little, in order to show how this dreadful catastrophe had come about, and brought the beautiful, though lowly maiden, to the awful death of the murderess.

In an old fashioned house, in a kind of lane, turning out of an old fashioned street in the town of Lewes, there dwelt—keeping a small shop, and thriving and well-to-do enough in a small way—an aged widow, and known to the townsfolks as Dame Keymer, and living with her housekeeper, in fact, her good daughter, Meggy Heywood, a remarkably handsome young woman, whose comliness brought her as many suitors as envious rivals. Of a sweet and genial temper, she conducted herself with a propriety and modesty, against which the breath of slander never ventured to direct its shafts, though she was sought after by the humbler town gallants, and not by a few of the "better class" of the youths of Lewes.

Merry and lighthearted, she treated these flatterers in a manner that was, in every respect, creditable. Mirthful without levity, Meggy Heywood knew how to reply to, or repudiate, any advances; and if one more presumptuous than another ventured to presume upon a frank familiarity, she possessed the art of making him "keep his distance," and of "knowing his place," in a very uncommon degree.

But for all this, it was not fated that Meggy should escape the inevitable shaft of love. Some suitor, it was clear, she *must* accept, not only because, like every other prety girl, she had (possibly) no valid objection to a sweetheart; but, because, having once decided upon accepting one, it would relieve her from much annoyance she was subjected to; and the fact once known that she had made her choice, would be a sufficient signal for others to hold off. Once appropriated she would have a protector, and her choice was accordingly made.

Not all at once, though. Meggy was neither rash nor wilful. If she had any secret leaning, any latent sentiment towards one over another—any hidden preference—she did not exhibit it at once. Among the number who made advances, under honorable pretences, was a young spark, son of an opulent tradesman in the town, who, on the strength of his better dress, rumored means, extravagant habits, and other characteristics of a fast young dandy, at last became her torment, her pest and bane. Dame Keymer herself could not keep her patience at seeing Mr. Francis Palmer enter her little shop, morning, noon, and eve, and under the pretence of purchasing some trifle or other, seeking every opportunity of ingratiating himself with pretty Meggy.

It would become town-talk, a scandal, the gossip of the whole neighborhood. "What could *he* want with Meggy, forsooth! What *he*, with a rich, hard-hearted sort of a father, who was looking up to the aristocracy of Lewes, in order to find a match for his son—was *he* (Master Francis) likely to marry *her*—Meggy—the prettiest low-born lass, though she might be in a day's walk! Nonesense! Pooh! She wouldn't have it—and end must be put to it," and so on.

And thus it was that Meggy *did* put an end to it, for she accepted the suit of a worthy and industrious young artisan of her own station in life; and while Charley Dean, who worked at one of the factories on the Ouse, was transported and out of his senses with joy, Mr. Francis Palmer, on the other hand, was vivid with rage and jealousy, and swore that, some way or other, he would have his revenge. And Mr. Francis Palmer was just the man to do so; for under his fair spoken manners there lurked a malignant and evil spirit, which was not to be turned aside from a purpose once formed.

Days, happy days—weeks, happy weeks, passed by, and the young lovers were happy. Charley was a prudent and money-saving young man, and was known to be looking out for a small business, in the same artisan line he was following at his factory, on his own account. Dame Keymer was pleased, which was a great point gained, and hinted more than once that she should have a small legacy to bequeath to her good daughter some day—a piece of news that soon spread abroad among the neighbors, who speedily generated a report, that Dame Keymer was rich, and that Meggy, on her marriage-day would come into the inheritance of some fabulous fortune.

Meggy Heywood was very happy, and thought of little else than her own bliss. Mr. Palmer did not cease to persecute her, but she put him aside with a quiet gravity that made him furious. As for Charley, he was happy, too—devoted, tender, and truthful. He beheld in Meggy the aim and end of all his hopes, and wishes, and vowed, internally, that if a loving, faithful heart, and industrious hand, and an inventive brain could reward her, these should not be wanting. All, in fact, was going on cheerfully, pleasantly, delightfully; when, suddenly, as by earthquake, or eclipse, the whole was darkened, absorbed, and lost forever—forever—in the hideous calamity, the unutterable horror, that obscured and entombed every hope, never to be awakened more!

One morning Dame Keymer was found with her throat cut from ear to ear!—her little money-chest, which she kept in her bed room, broken open, and her little hoard vanished. Meggy was the first to give the alarm, and the utmost consternation prevailed.

The night had been wild and stormy; a furious tempest had broken over the town, and wailed and boomed all night. The wind went howling through the streets, beating the chimney, banging to loose shutters and doors, and drowning all other sounds, if sounds there were; while in the pauses of the storm, as if the blast were gathering its forces together for another wrathful outburst, people in their startled slumbers fancied they heard one of those awful cries which, at times startle the ear of night, and which can be none other than that of "Murder!" or of "Fire!"

An examination of the premises now took place—strict and zealous, though, perhaps, not conducted on the scientific principle of analogy and deduction which characterizes the "detectives" of the present day. Doors and windows were securely fastened; and so far it was apparent that no one from without could be the perpetrator—at least it was apparently so. The only living creature in the house besides the cat, was Meggy Heywood, and certain sanguine marks found about her bedchamber door led to the conclusion that *she* must be the *murderess!* and within the next hour she was safely lodged in the old castle, on the charge, until further examination should bring the proof home to her.

As a matter of course, the whole resolved itself into one of those cases, which depend entirely and solely upon the evidence of circumstances; but which evidences have so repeatedly proved themselves fallacious, false, and contrary even, that the wonder is that men will venture to arrive at a conclusion terminating in "Guilty" with so many past examples of judicial murder before their eyes.

Circumstantial evidence went woefully against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, there was everything—almost—lacking to give this corroboration. What was the motive?—and where was the plunder? What was her gain by this fearful deed? Every one who knew Meggy, knew she loved the old woman, and that the Dame looked upon her as her own child. On examining her boxes, not a coin, nor a trinket could be traced connecting her with the deed. Still the proceeds could have been handed without, and suspicion pointed to Charley Dean as an associate. He, however, was soon exculpated—nothing was found on him, or at his home; and as he was working through the same night, at the foundry, in the modelling room, with other men, an unquestionable *alibi* freed him from every suspicion of the murder at all events.

Suspicions that lack confirmation only seem to grow into greater certainties, from the anxiety that arises in people's minds to have a doubt resolved. People began to grow angry with Meggy, because she would not confess. Folks looked doubtfully upon Charley, because he protested his belief in her innocence, day and night, and because he never ceased to visit her in her imprisonment whenever he could obtain admission. But at last, the day of trial came, and great was the commotion in the town.

Let the reader imagine all, the formalities and preliminaries over—Meggy in the 'dock'—the prosecution opened—every title of evidence adduced, and all still circumstantial! Yet this only wanted confirmation.

At last, Mr. Francis Palmer is called. He has, it is stated, some important evidence to communicate. It is a breathless moment, and he comes forward slowly, and makes his statement with evident reluctance. The sum of his evidence amounts to this:—

"That he had entertained an affection for the young person in the dock, and being jealous of the preference displayed towards a rival, he—although he could not defend the act—had, out of his instinctive jealousy, carefully watched them both; not having any clear reason, beyond that for doing so." Here he paused a moment, in some embarrassment, and then, urged by the counsel for the prosecution, went on with his evidence.

"On the evening of the murder he had seen his rival and the prisoner at the bar, walking towards the castle, and, as the darkening twilight favored him, he followed and from the corner on which he esconced himself, overheard a conversation which threw some light however sinister, upon the case in question. Her lover spoke of their marrying soon—of a prospect he had of setting up for himself; adding that if he could muster some fifty or sixty pounds, he would commence at once. The prisoner replied, that there would not be much difficulty about this matter, as her godmother had some such sum by her, which it would not be difficult to obtain.

The effect of this evidence as it came slowly forth, began to tell, little by little, with the most fatal effect. Here was a motive to the consequence—a reason for the act—a condition answering the requirements of the case—a confirmation that closed up the last link.

But where was the money? None knew. It could not be traced. The lovers had soon parted. Charley was at his work, and had not quitted it until the deed was consummated. These were the good old days of hanging. Somebody must be hung. Meggy Heywood was found guilty. We do not follow the trial through every phase and transition. Meggy was found guilty! The poor madame was murdered—and Meggy Heywood was hanged!

"*Fiat justitia,*" *&c. &c.*

Ten years had passed away. Meggy Heywood's fate was only a dreadful story to tell round the winter's fire. Charley Dean had gone away and been forgotten, and Mr. Francis Palmer was a married, respectable, exemplary, thriving townsman of the venerable borough of Lewes.

One day, a dusty travel worn man might have been seen halting suddenly before the gate house; and while his lips quivered and the tears filled his eyes by heaving breast and agitation it might have been easily gathered that something of a very unusual nature had occurred to him in the shape of reminiscence or memory. He stood on a particular spot. He ejaculated a name—he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Meggy, Meggy!" he murmured; "all this weary, weary time to wait, and no clue yet!—nothing to prove your innocence yet!"

What's the cove maudering about? said a hoarse drunken voice at his ear. "I've seen a little game played out here myself, some ten years ago; or thereabout; but, burn me, if it makes me, move—not a bit!"

The first comer lifted up his face, and looked full into a bearded, grimy, haggard, and debauched ruffian face. The flush of liquor was on his cheeks, its fire in his eyes, and he laughed a short idiotic laugh as he met the startled look of the man.

"Ay, you may stare," he said, with an air of reckless bravado, but which, nevertheless, could not hide a certain under current of feeling which it is impossible to define; but it is the sort of restlessness which brings murderers back to the scene of their crime—that forces confession from hardened hearts, out of the very recklessness that has made life a daily hell to them.

"She was a woman, too—a girl a'most—the fools!—the fools! and as innocent as the babe unborn!"

"Enough" shouted Charly Dean, for it was he—worn, haggard, aged before his time. "Enough! I arrest you on the spot. Oh, you cannot escape me! Were you twice as burley, and ten times as strong, you would only be a child in my gripe!"

The struggle was brief, for the wretch would now escape. In vain! Soon come a crowd, soon came constables, soon it ran about the town that the real murderer of Dame Keymer was taken, and that Meggy Heywood was innocent.

And they had hanged her!

The man was taken into custody, and under the evulsion of circumstances, made full confession of the crime. He, in conjunction with another—whose life had long before expiated his crimes—had heard the rumor of the poor dames little hoard of wealth. By a skillfully planned and daringly carried out scheme, during the tempest of the night, they had crept, by a ladder laid transversely from an outhouse at the back to the widow's window—had opened it—committed the murder and robbery—had escaped—the catch of the window falling within having prevented suspicion of any one's entering. And Meggy Heywood was sacrificed!

The townsfolk sorrowed for many a day, for the heedless judgement their jury had recorded; but they could not bring back the dead.

Let us hope poor Meggy met with a judge far more merciful than she met with on earth.

Of the future of Charley Dean we have nothing to record. As little have we to say of Mr. Francis Palmer. *He* did not sleep on a bed of roses, as his last hour testified.

The murderer—the *double* murderer—paid the penalty of his turpitude; and that concludes all we know of the matter.

HERE is a fifty-year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite as good as new. A rich old gentleman by the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her teens. After the wedding, he wrote the following to inform a friend of the happy event:

You see, my dear Doctor,
Though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen
Falls in love with old Gould!

To which the Doctor replied:

A girl of nineteen
May love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir,
It is GOLD without "U!"

THE present floating debt of Chicago is over $200,000, and the holders of it manage to make the city pay 15 per cent., per annum.

IF a man 21 years of age begins to save a dollar a week, and puts it to interest every year, he would have at 31 years, $650; at 41, $1,600; at 61, $6,500; at 71, $11,500.

TO SPIN and weave, to knit and sew, was once a girl's employment; but now to dress and catch a beau, is all she calls enjoyment.

From Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

The Baptism.

It is a pleasant and impressive time, when at the close of divine service in some small country church, there takes place the gentle stir and preparation for a baptism. A sudden air of cheerfulness spreads over the whole congregation; the more solemn expression of all countenances fades away; and it is at once felt that a rite is to be performed, which, although of a solemn and awful kind, is yet connected with a thousand delightful associations of purity, beauty, and innocence. Then here is an eager bending of smiling faces over the humble galleries—an unconscious rising up in affectionate curiosity—and a slight murmuring sound in which no violation of the Sabbath sanctity of God's house, when in the middle of the passage of the church the party of women are seen, matrons and maids, who bear, in their bosoms, or in their arms, the helpless beings about to be made members of the Christian Communion.

There sit, all dressed becomingly in white, the fond and happy baptismal group. The babies have all been entrusted for a precious hour to the bosoms of young maidens, who tenderly fold them to their yearning hearts, and, with endearments taught by nature, are srilling, not always successfully, their plaintive cries. Then, the proud and delighted girls rise up one after the other, in sight of the whole congregation and give up the infants arrayed in neat caps and long flowing linen, into their fathers hands. For the poorest of the poor, if he has a heart at all, will have his infant well dressed on such a day, even although it should scant his meals for weeks to come, and force him to spare fuel to his winter fire.

And now the fathers are all standing below the pulpit, with grave and thoughtful faces. Each has tenderly taken his infant into his toil hardened hands, and supports it in gentle and steadfast affection. They are all the children of poverty, and, if they live, are destined to a life of toil. But now poverty puts on its most pleasant aspect, for it is beheld standing before the altar of religion with contentment and faith. This is a time when the better nature of man must rise up with him; and when he must feel more especially, that he is a spiritual and immortal being, making covenant with God. He is about to take upon himself a holy charge; to promise to look after the child's immortal soul; and to keep his little feet from the paths of evil, and in those of innocence and peace. Such a thought elevates the lowest mind above itself—diffuses additional tenderness over the domestic relations, and makes them who hold up their infants to the baptismal font, better husbands, fathers, and sons by the deeper insight which they then possess into their nature and their life.

The minister consecrates the water, and, as it falls on his infant's face, the father feels the great oath in his soul. As the poor helpless creature is wailing in the arms, he thinks how needful indeed to human infancy is the love of Providence. And when after delivering each child into the arms of the smiling maiden from whom he had received it, he again takes his place for admonition and advice before the pulpit, his mind is well disposed to think on the perfect beauty of that religion of whom the Divine founder said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The right of Baptism had not been thus performed for several months in the Kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution, and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was now the Sabbath day, and a small congregation of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service in a place of worship more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. Here, too, were three children about to be baptized. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, but each heart knew the hour, and observed it; for there are a hundred sun-dials among the hills, woods, moors and fields, and the shepherd of the peasant see the hours passing by them in the sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with the prodigious fragments of rock, or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene, with calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscaleable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices were perpetually flying rooks and woodpigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black wall of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wildcat choose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshippers of God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semi-circular ledge of rocks over a narrow chasm of which the tiny stream played, a murmuring water fall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devotedly listening to their minister who stood before them on what might be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling water into which scarce heard water, as it left the stream, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

Divine services was closed, and a row of maidens, clothed in purest white, came gliding on from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. Baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was laying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side or pillars of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded.

Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that had elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compacted volume, clear, sweet and strong, up to Heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then a large stone fell from the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation arose. There were paths dangerous to unpracticed feet along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder—more especially the old Pastor and the women with infants; and not many minutes had elapsed till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm, had laid down again in his plaid, instantly, on the green sward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole Tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble cathedral! Fling the lying sentinel over the cliff. Here is a canting covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him! out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow, and mixing with the tall green broom and brushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads, follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called the 'Kettle Nine Stanes.' The hunt's up. We'll be all in at the death. Halloo, my boys, halloo."

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the craigs and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been standing, and the rocks had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary, not a creature was to be seen.

"Here is a Bible dropped by some of them" cried a soldier, and with his foot spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet, a bonnet!" cried another, "now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it." But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread, the black and silent walls of rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude.

"Curse these cowardly covenanters! what if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rocks from their biding place? Advance? or retreat?"

There was no reply. A slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshipped God—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who on the open field would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as though propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet briers and broom, and the tresses of birch trees. It came, deepening and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundations, as if in an earthquake.

"The Lord have mercy upon us, what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces upon the sharp pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent. The old gray haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said with a loud voice—"The Lord God terrible reigneth." A waterspout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came, tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of the blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment, but high upon the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters, men, women and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder.

AN Irish lover has remarked that it is great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweet-heart with you.