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THOMAS K. ROBSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT
EASTON, Md.

TERMS.

Two Dollars, if paid within the year, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance $15

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

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The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &C.

VOL. 14--NO. 34. EASTON MD., TUESDAY, SEPT'R 4, 1855. WHOLE NO. 78

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The Star has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

Terms:—One square three insertions $1.00, and 25 cents for every additional insertion.—A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

Advertisement sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before deaths and marriages, ten cents a line for each insertion

Marriages and Obituary notices inserted free of charge.

STATEMENT

Of the Expenses of Talbot County for the year ending July 1st, 1855, published by order of the County Commissioners, in pursuance of the Act of Assembly of December Session, 1842, Chap. 219.

ROADS.

Keeping in repair the public roads in Election District No. 1.	$287 34	
No. 2	120 46	
No. 3	323 99	
No. 4	299 32	
No. 5	94 63	
		1125 74
Lumber for repairing bridges,		377 52
Salaries of Supervisors of Roads in Election District No. 1,	$200 00	
No. 2,	125 00	
No. 3,	150 00	
No. 4,	175 00	
No. 5,	50 00	
		700 00
FERRIES.		
Miles River Ferry	500 00	
Oxford Ferry	500 00	
		1000 00
NEW ROADS. *BAMBURY ROAD.*		
Nathaniel Leonard for Land and fencing	79 12	
Joseph R Merrick for do.	70 00	
Commissioners to lay off same	6 00	
Surveying said road	6 00	
Chain carriers	2 00	
		163 62
Rord in Pot Pie Neck.		
William Baker for Land	11 25	
Comm'rs under Circuit Court	24 00	
Surveying said road	4 00	
Chain carriers	2 00	
P. T. Hambleton for building said road	70 00	
		111 25
John Fairbanks	1 00	
And John Caulk	1 00	
Chain carriers for road in Creek Neck omitted in 1853:		
Josiah Higgins selling contracts buildlng roads, at auction	3 00	
R. Henry Spencer for land occupied by the new road in Island Creek Neck	25 00	
Examining new roads and bridges	38 00	
		68 00
Repairs for Court House and Jail	10 50	
Furnishing Jail with Blankets, &c.	135 55	
Fuel for Court House & Jail	300 00	
		446 05
PAUPERS.		
Talbot county Alms House	1500 00	
Maryland Hospital	482 70	
Coffins and burial clothes for paupers	142 69	
Out door pensioners	725 00	
Inquests	76 00	
		2926 39
PRIMARY SCHOOLS.		
Examiners of Teachers	$ 60 00	
Teachers salaries	7800 00	
Fuel and Stationary	1500 00	
Clerk and Schools	280 00	
		9640 00
Crow Heads	43 33	
Magistrate's accounts	212 07	
Witnesses before Magistrates	16 00	
Constable's accounts	117 19	
		448 59
Advertising	111 75	
Books and Stationary for Commissioners office	20 06	
Postage	2 89	
Errors in Taxes	13 85	
		148 55
Assessment by Collector	100 00	
Collecting State and County Taxes	800 00	
		900 00
COMMISSIONER'S ATTENDANCE.		
Thomas Auld 50 days	100 00	
Wm. R. Hughlett 27 "	54 00	
Jno Goldsborough 67 "	134 00	
		288 00
Clerk to Commissioners	300 00	
Bailiff to do, 68 "	68 00	
Keeper of the Court House	65 00	
Keeper of the Standard	30 00	
		463 00
OFFICERS OF THE CIRCUIT COURT.		
James Parrott late Clerk	5 45	
Thos. J. Clark late Sheriff	2 05	
Clement S. Clark, Sheriff	772 17	
Saml. T. Hopkins, Clerk	1143 73	
Peter Tarr, Crier	81 00	
		2004 40
ATTORNEY'S ACCOUNTS.		
Jas. Ll. Martin, State's Att'y	600 00	
S Hambleton, def'ts to Att'y	56 66	
Saml Hambleton, Counsel to Commissioners	25 00	
		681 66
ORPHANS' COURT.		
Thos S Hayward, Judge, 69	172 50	
Wm Townsend 66	165 00	
Perry W Stewart 70	175 00	
A J Loveday, Crier 3	3 00	
Wm H Bostick " 72	72 00	
John Donovan, Register	119 47	
Witnesses to Orphans' Court	27 00	
		733 97
Trial of negro James Green in the Circuit Court for Dorchester county	286 10	
Arresting negro Ben Hopkins in Caroline co. and bringing him to Easton Jail	15 48	
		301 58
EXPENSES OF THE CIRCUIT COURT. *November Term*, 1854.		
Grand Jurors	350 36	
Petit Jurors	959 33	
Talesmen	66 90	
Constables and Bailiff's	130 00	
Witnesses to Grand Jury	66 90	
Witnesses to the Court	633 50	
Witnesses where parties have been returned insolvent	20 65	
To Mrs Susanna Harrison for the value of her negro slave Galloway Price sentenced to the Penitentiary	700 00	
To Mrs Susanna Harrison for the value of the unexpired time of service of her negro slave, Daniel Brown, sentenced to the Penitentiary	250 00	
		3256 24
MAY TERM.		
Grand Jurors	246 50	
Petit Jurors	526 77	
Talesmen	39 00	
Constables and Bailiff's	62 00	
Witnesses to Grand Jury	32 20	
Witnesses to the Court	812 25	
Witnesses where the parties have been returned insolv't	79 35	
Witnesses for parties convicted who were returned insolvent but not heretofore returned	41 22	
Witnesses who have proved their attendance since the last court	19 40	
Witnesses for the State ag'st T R Loockerman and Chas H Hopkins, returned to Dorchester Circuit court, May Term, 1853	11 25	
Witnesses for the State ag'st T R Loockerman, removed to Dorchester Circuit court Nov. Term, 1853	19 80	
Witnesses against negro Jas Green, removed to Dorchester Circuit Court, May Term, 1854	216 90	
		2106 15
Total		$27820 71
Deduct Income Tax		1354 00
		26536 71
Add surplus fund		671 22
Amount of the Levy		$27207 93

Which has been raised from a tax of 50 cents upon every one hundred dollars, upon $5,441-587, being the total amount of the taxable property in the County. The salaries of the Physician, Matron and Overseer of the Alms House are included in the Alms House levy.

The amount received from the State for the use of Primary Schools in Talbot county for the year 1855, was two thousand nine hundred and eighty-four dollars and thirteen cents.

There are thirty-two Primary School Districts in the county, employing about thirty-seven teachers, averaging about thirty scholars each. By order of the Board,

sep 4—3t JOSIAH HIGGINS, Clk.

Baltimore Advertisements.

T. T. MARTIN WM. R. MARTIN.

T. T. MARTIN & BROTHER,
GROCERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 72 SOUTH CALVERT STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM PRATT,
July 3—1y *BALTIMORE, MD.*
N. B.—Particular attention paid to the sale of all kinds of produce, and orders for merchandise.

JOHN KIRBY & SONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS,
Co. of Mill & Bowly Sts.,
(McELDERY WHARF,)
may 1—1y *BALTIMORE.*

EDWARD B. HARRIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 4 BOWLEY'S WHARF,
march 20—1y *BALTIMORE, MD.*

ARTHUR EMORY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 16 Bowly's Wharf.
WILL attend to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce consigned to his care. A long experience in business justifies him in promising the highest prices for Corn, Wheat, Oats, &c. Any grain consigned to him will command his utmost efforts for *interests* of owners. [June 27—1y

J. S. ROBSON WM GODWIN, JR

ROBSON & GODWIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Bowly's Wharf,
OFFER their services to Farmers and others for the disposal of Grain and other produce. Strict attention will be paid to the delivery and weighing of wheat consigned to their care.
Particular attention paid to the purchase of Agricultural Implements, Seeds, Guano, &c. All consignments of produce, and orders for goods will be promptly attended to, and every exertion made to give entire satisfaction.
Baltimore, Feb. 21—1y

T. McCAFFREY,
MARBLE CUTTER,
EAST PRATT STREET,
Between President and Albemarle Streets,
BALTIMORE, Md.
IS prepared to executed all GRAVE STONE WORK, in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Every description of lettering done in the best style.
☞ All orders left with Mr. John Mason, Cabinet Maker, Easton, Md. will be correctly and promptly attended to.
Sept. 19, 1854—1y

CABINET FURNITURE
AND CHAIR WARE-ROOMS
No. 45 South Street, Balto.
THE subscriber begs leave to call public attention to his handsome assortment of CABINET FURNITURE, of superior workmanship, and every variety of styles and patterns, such as
Jas, Centre, Boule, Breakfast and Dining Tables, Mahogany & Walnut stuffed and Spring Seat Chairs, Tete-a-Tetes, Whatnots, Divans, Mahogany French Bedsteads, Marble Top Dressing Bureaus, and every thing in the Cabinet line.
Also, a very large and desirable assortment of Cane and wood seat Chairs of the best Manufacture; Arm, Office, Children, and Nurse Chairs; Settees, Bedsteads, Hair and Husk Mattrasses; and a variety of other articles in the housekeeping line.
☞ Orders from the country respectfully solicited. The above goods will be sold on as accommodating terms as any house in the country, and having a large stock offers great inducements to purchasers.
BENJAMIN WASKEY.
No 45 South street (red posts in front.)
N. B.—Turning and Sawing done with despatch, and on accommodating terms, at No. 4 Swan Street, opposite the Maryland Institute, by BENJ. WASKEY.
April 17, 1854—1y

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a handsome assortment of
Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings,
of all colors such as
BLACK FRENCH CLOTHS, BLUE, BROWN CLARET, OLIVE AND GREEN CLOTHS.
A large and handsome assortment of black
Doeskin Cassimeres,
with the largest supply of FANCY CASSIMERES that has ever been brought to town, I think. Also, a splendid assortment of
LINENS & DRILLS,
of all grades; some of very superior style and quality.
FOR YOUTHS, I have Cloths, Cassimeres, and Drills selected expressly to suit them; all of which I will make up at low figures; or sell the goods and *Cut them* free of charge.
All goods sold by me and made at home will be Cut gratis, and all work made WARRANTED to be made and trimmed in the best manner, and to fit, or not leave the shop.
Call and examine, as I will wait on all with much pleasure whether they buy or not, as it is my business to be accommodating.
apr 17 JOHN SATTERFIEED.

Poetry.

(*Written for the Star.*)

GOD IS LOVE.

"God is love!" in every age,
In every land and clime,
In nature's book on every page,
Is wrote this truth sublime.

We read it in the Sun's bright beam,
That gilds the wood and wave;
And in the moonlight's silvery gleam,
That softer beauty gave.

We read it in the flowers that spring,
From many a tidy stem,
That to the earth new beauties bring,
And vale and hill-side gem.

We hear it in the song of birds,
In sunlight and in shade,
In melody more sweet than words,
It sounds from every glade.

We hear it in the wind's wild wail,
Amid the lofty pines,
And in the soft and gentle gale,
That stirs the scented vines.

We hear it in the solemn bass,
Of ocean's mighty roar,
It rises from the waves that chase
Each other to the shore.

That God is love, his Word declares,
And he that dwells in love,
Dwelleth in God, the impress bears
Of Him, whose name is love.

Easton, August 23, 1855. IDA.

THE SIBERIAN EXILE:
AN EXTRAORDINRAY STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

I was traveling from Weimar to Frankfort, in Germany, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda. I was standing at the window of the inn which was opposite the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge *eilwagon*, or post coach, which was standing there.—Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot; her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity I had time to consider her as she alighted, and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good humored but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast. While this was preparing she threw off her travelling accoutrements; first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables. Under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration: it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. But the splendor of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment: it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings, of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conductor* of the *eilwagen*, and one of the passengers, came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn, who had never deigned to notice me; for it is not the fashion in Germany. She came with an offer of particular services; and, from the conversation, I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine? even from the wilds of Siberia! But then, what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering; but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more.

Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence, and from her own lips I then learned her singular story.

My heroine was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children; two much older, and two much younger, than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed such uncommon talents and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens; "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes of the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. Through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, then and now under the dominion of Russia—or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight and twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a Jew merchant. H[illegible] mingled with his love, he was as [illegible] rt his mistress as to possess her; and, in [illegible] the first was a necessary preliminary t[illegible] could; the consequences were all in t[illegible] all style of such matters. The r[illegible] discovered the correspondence, a[illegible] young Jewess was forbidden to [illegible] or to speak to her lover. They met [illegible] secret.—What arguments he [illegible] use to convert the Jewess, I know not; but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced; and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptised, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter; and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family m[illegible] many difficulties, but by the order o[illegible] judge she was obliged to appear. She [illegible] brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father [illegible] others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos.

She answered in a faint voice, "No"

"Had then violence been used to carry her off?"

"Yes."

"Was [illegible] a Christian?"

"No."

"Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?"

"No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses.—He became suddenly calm; he offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without effecting either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of the year, (1833,) a traveling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceeding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most earnest supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means in their power to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as Mademoiselle Ambos described—the feelings that this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the fate of poor Henri; that a petition in his favor must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children: the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family The sister then said that she would undertake the journey; and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur.—She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these; and, with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance, to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suit, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church; invariably driven back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening, threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials, Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise —— something, whose name I am sorry I did not write down.—One day, on seeing her young *protege* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said; with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the Court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer."

"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend.

She replied. "That thought did strike me; but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon. I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it; and I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged. and at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys in full dress, mounted behind She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but very suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her whether in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink.

"No," said she firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher. I sprung forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands, 'Pardon, Imperial Majesty, pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished, "and what can I do for you?"

"He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said: 'May it please your Imperial Majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——: I am the only sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, Imperial Majesty, pardon my poor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I siezed the skirt of his embroidered coat and pressed it to my lips.

"The emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise Mademoiselle, I command you to rise.'

"I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"He said, 'I will read it.'

"I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it.

"His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

"When he had finished, he folded up the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.'

"The words rang in my ears and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'Your Imperial Majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear—'

"He said, 'Fear nothing—you have my promise.'

"He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand to me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. *Ach ja!* the emperor is a good man—*ein schoner feiner Mann!*—but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the justice they refuse, in his name."

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise——, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her feelings during the next few days as fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium though, of course, she would not admit this.

"Just five days after I had seen the emperor," she continued, "a lackey, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos.' It was the pardon of my brother, with the emperor's seal and signature. Then I forgot everything but joy."

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C——offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble, but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of glad tidings. So having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she traveled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation that had been given to her at St. Petersburgh. She suffered much from hunger, not being prepared to travel, for so many hours together, without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations, as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary and apparently endless plains. Altogether she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but, at the time, there was the anticipation of unspeakable happiness which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, arrived at the end of the journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, as she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out: "I am sorry; but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper *is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears. wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief: "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find, not my brother, only a grave!" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at sometime to convey them to his friends, were in the posession of one of the officers, who kindly gave them to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized wish a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written; she had notcou[illegible]age to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mothe's life, and yet the idea of being obliged to say what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, were those who had known her brother receivedher with interests and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction.

"But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do, which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been his ruin. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it could do my poor Henri no good; that it was wrong; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a *voiturrer* (public conveyance,) I had reached Pojer, on the Russian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise,—

"Mademoiselle Ambos! 'Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?'

"I am his sister.'

"Is it possible! I was the intimate friend of your own brother. What has become of him?'

"I then told him all that I have now told you, *liebe madame;* and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears; and for some time we wept together. The *kutscher*, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation; and, when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for besides that my impatienceto reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained, so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my *kutscher* stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my caleche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with. That caleche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband' Imagine my surprise. I could not believe my fortune: it seemed that fate had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved she should not escape. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom house, I saw a caleche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so; but not fear. I went up to the caleche: two ladies were sittting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said:

"'Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?' I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, resolute; for she replied, with a frightful manner, 'I am. Who are you? and what do you want with me?'

"I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered.'

"She shrieked out.' The men came running from the house; but I held fast to the carriage door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you: but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.'

"I remembered no more. I was like one mad I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, starting at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the caleche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous, so like a dream, I could not trust to my own recollection; and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what she had said. And at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you."

At Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents: her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise——, a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother; and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars.

Beautiful Extract.—The following beautiful paragraph, is taken from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutter's college by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen:—"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above your work and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society is the man whose mind has not been trained by the discipline of education; who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift, and no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And, however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say

If your country stands not by your skill,
"At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer.—The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a *filial* spirit—"Father."

A *catholic* spirit—"*Our* Father."

A *reverential* spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A *missionary* spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An *obedient* spirit—"Thy will be done on earth."

A *dependent* spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A *forgiving* spirit—"And forgive our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A *cautious* spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A *confidential* and *adoring* spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Scripture Illustration.—In the Sermon on the Mount, our Lord says, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, that when struck on one cheek we should in humility offer the other, because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody, now in this country is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of travelling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plough to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance, and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's "vehiculation," to go willingly a second stage.—*Eclectic Review.*

An Old Sermon from an Old Clergyman.—The Rev. Sebastian Streeter, the veteran Universalist clergyman in Boston, preached in hanover street church in that city on Sunday, to a crowded congregation The sermon was the same one he delivered just half a century ago. The Boston Bee, of Monday, says:—

"Previous to commencing his discourse, the Rev. gentleman referred to the circumstances connected with the same.—It appears that it was originateily delivered on the second Sunday in August, 1805, at Richmond, N. H., the village in which was born and brought up the late lamented Rev. Hosea Ballou. Mr. Streeter, as he related from the pulpit, employed his early life as a schoolmaster, with a view to procure means to study the profession of law. This, he said, had always been the hobby of his youth. In time, however, the 'spirit of preaching' came over him. Shortly after this it came out among the neighbors that he had determined to become a preacher. It made no little sensation; and the announcemont that he would preach drew together a large and motly congregation. To use his own words. 'There were all sorts of people to here me.' This was the very sermon he preached yesterday. He used no notes, for in those days Universalists did not write their sermons. He had a sermon in his pocket, but so strong were his feelings, and so full of utterance his tongue, that he spoke such thoughts as the occasion gave rise to. Subsequently the remarks were written out, and as such now read from. Mr. Streeter here held up the ancient manuscript, which he said had not been altered in word, letter, or punctuation during the whole intervening time. Twenty-five years ago he had preached it in the 'old church,' and had then told his people if he lived another quarter of a century, (which he did not expect,) he would repeat it. He was present to fulfil that promise and it might be the last time they would ever listen to his voice from the pulpit."