

stood still, and the stones were beneath me. I lay on the ground, but I could not rise, for my weight was heavier than lead. The sun looked yellow, and the heavens appeared of gold. No fancy could paint the magnificence of the scene that was about me. The pebbles beneath me were all pearls, and gilded fish seemed gently flying through the air, all glorious and beautiful as the tints reflected by the prism. They came and floated still above, their fins playing gently like silvery pinions of silver, and their scaly sides shimmering, as they moved, with various hues—mingled emerald and gold! The earth seemed every where covered with rubies, and the boundless distance filled with turrets of gold. Harmony of the most ravishing sweetness appeared to fill the atmosphere, and complete the enchantment that was about me. Every thing was charming to the eye, grateful to the senses, soothing to the spirits, and delicious to the soul. I was happy. * * * Again I saw the heavens convulsed. The sun seemed agitated, and a large boat was gliding through the air above. Men appeared to be flying all around me, and one reached his long, brawny arm, and raised me from the earth. He took me where it was dark, and I could not breathe. O Heaven! the agony of that place! I felt it a moment, but I recollect it no more—I was lost—my memory died in that struggle! * * * The next sensation of which I have any, even the most confused and indistinct recollection, was that of being annoyed by a multitude of demons, who seemed to take delight in afflicting me. They tumbled me about, and chafed me with countless hands, as though each were a Briareus. Then strange, confused, and muttering sounds of unearthly voices began to fall upon my ear. Yet all was dark and cold, and I could neither move, nor make the effort to do so. At length I succeeded in raising my eyelids, and caught a glimpse of light. But they were heavy as lead, and straightway all was dark again. The next effort was more successful, and I could distinguish moving objects—spirits I thought them, in close consultation what was to be done with me. I longed to exert myself, but it was impossible—I lay powerless. A chilly sensation pervaded my whole frame, and I began to have just sufficient consciousness to know that the whole wheels of the machine stood still. And still the moving objects around continued to chafe and vex me, while I could neither stir, nor resist, nor speak, nor imagine the region I was in. I thought myself—I knew not where.

Presently my bosom, which seemed pressed "as if with the heavy hand of an evil spirit," was lightened, and I began to feel a glow of warmth in the region of the heart, which had lain cold and motionless like a lump of ice. At first it seemed like a warm current flowing gently through it, and by degrees extending itself, until a hundred warm, delicious streams began to course through my veins in as many different channels. I can next faintly remember another delightful sensation, produced by a consciousness of returning respiration. But still I could give

"No signs, save breath, of having left the grave."

A moment more, and I felt that the spell was broken, and that I could move my limbs. I partly raised myself, thought I half recollected the faces by which I was surrounded, and fell back exhausted. Cordials were then administered, a sense of drowsiness then came over me, and I fell into a profound slumber, which must have lasted several hours. * * * When I awoke, the sun was shining cheerfully into the window of my own apartment in my father's cottage, and my sweet and only sister, Mary, was hanging over me, watching for the moment when I should awake, and anxiously waiting to anticipate my wishes, and administer to every want.

My fond sister! methinks I see thee now, bending over me as then—thy love's countenance expressing the deepest solicitude for my situation, and the liveliest joy at every favorable symptom, and thy mild, pensive blue eye beaming with delight, as thy unworthy brother awoke, as it were, once more into existence.

But Mary—dear, innocent, sainted Mary—is no more! Mary and long are the years since, in the midst of youth and beauty, she was cut down like the wild-flower, while I, after entering the very gates of death, am still living!

FROM KENNIE'S ALPHABET OF NATURAL
PHRENOLOGY.

THE TRUTH OF GOD.

Truth, as applied to God, embraces veracity and faithfulness; and he who believes that he is independent, immutable, and benevolent, will necessarily at once conclude that he is true to that which he has ever said or been. Truth, indeed, is only moral immutability, whilst falsehood is essentially change of character. Nor

could any sort of society exist where truth was not a chief bond. It has been fairly supposed, that at least a hundred truths are uttered among men for one falsehood. Nor is it any argument against the end to which I point this statement to say, that in most of these hundred truths there is nothing to be gained by falsehood, or it may be that much is to be lost; since it is certain that a man's actual veracity is not more advantageous to others, than its reputation is to himself. For this natural connexion and universal establishment the more forcibly proves that God prospers nothing but truth. Would the patron of falsehood have so ordered a world, when he laid its foundations? Even the vilest classes of men cannot do without truth; thieves and robbers cannot league together if this binds them not; it is often the only virtue that is not totally obliterated in their breasts. Nay, the common liar esteems truth, and the dark and deep perjurer cannot live without it. So precious is this virtue, that its very semblance is studied by those who would fondly impose upon their neighbours, knowing as they do, that not a man on earth will otherwise deal with them.

Now, do not such original and universally implanted principles establish that he who made and governs all things, is true and faithful himself. Besides, unless he were so, we could not respect and venerate him. He has, therefore, made creatures, if he be a lover of falsehood, who have altogether misunderstood his character. But that which pleased him more than any thing else must have been himself. The reverse involves a contradiction, and is absurd. He is therefore a God of truth, and cannot, without denying himself and all his ways, vary by the slightest shadow of turning, from his own pure and bright moral character.

It is with this attribute of Deity, as with all the others, a thing of the greatest difficulty for me to do any thing, when endeavouring to illustrate it, that approaches to pleasing myself. The field is so extensive, the facts so abundant, valuable, and powerful, that do all I can, by selecting and condensing, a thousand and a thousand matters appear, after all, every where around that seem more pointed and bright than those handled. Nay, the very handling dims and enfeebles whatever is touched; and why? because human thought, and much more, human language, utterly fail in every attempt to reach what God is. Yet, as sufficient for our own service, and to exalt before our narrowed minds, his supreme character, let us study with all humility and homage, the loftiest ideas we can entertain, and the most becoming language regarding the attributes of God. Let us, when all else fails to give strength and light to our conceptions of his unspotted truth, turn to the child for a lesson, and still closer to what passes within our own breasts.

UNITED STATES.

MURDER OF ROBERTSON.

The following letter was sent to the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, by the ill fated young man whose name it bears, only five days before he was seized by an infuriated mob, and hung up in cold blood on a tree by the way side. It now fully appears that he was not the person implicated in previously circulating seditious Pamphlets, that he never meddled with the slave question, and was in principle opposed to the designs of the Abolitionists, and that he did not even arrive at Richmond in the same boat his murderers supposed. Will the general Government of the United States not do something to testify its abhorrence of such inhuman barbarity? Will the Government of Great Britain do nothing to record its abhorrence and detestation of a Government that permits its subjects to insult and murder with impunity, the free born sons of Caledonia?—Ed.

To the Editors of the Enquirer.

HALIFAX COUNTY, U. S. Aug. 6th, 1835.

In your paper of the 31st of July, the statement is made that "the first number of 'Human Rights' had been picked up on Thursday last, in the cabin of the steamer Kentucky, on her way from Norfolk to Richmond. Reports were soon circulated that the man had come to Richmond, &c. That he had circulated several papers of the same description in Richmond," &c. A printed handbill has been sent from Richmond to Reims' Tavern, in Prince Edward county, and from that place to Mount Laurel, in Halifax, in the neighbourhood of which place I now am, stating I am informed, (I have not seen the handbill,) that suspicion attaches to a young man, a foreigner, just from New York, named Robertson, who left Richmond on Friday morning in the stage for Reims' Tavern, &c. Now, sir, I am that person. I am given notice, that, if I cannot clear myself from the charges brought against me, I cannot remain in safety where I am. I am likewise told, that, if I am dismissed from this neighbourhood, with these suspicions entertained against me, I cannot return in safety the road I travelled to this neighbourhood so excited is the public feeling against me on account of my supposed conduct.

In this state of things, it seems to me that the only course left to me, is to address myself to you, who presented the case to the public, and through you to the Mayor and Council of the city of Richmond, whose attention the case has already engaged. Understand me; I am not complaining of you; of them, or of any one—I only ask to be fairly heard, and fairly judged. I say, then, I arrived in Richmond, on Thursday evening in the steamboat Thomas Jefferson, "not the steamer Kentucky," remained in Richmond Wednesday and Thursday, at the house of Mrs. Christian, near the Capitol, and left Richmond on Friday morning at five o'clock, for Reims. I brought on a trunk from the north for Mrs. Dr. Rice, of Virginia, and left it at Mrs. Christian's. I mention this circumstance, that it may be recollected at Mrs. Christian's that I was certainly there. Then, Sir, if I was in Richmond Wednesday and Thursday, I could not have been the individual who was in Norfolk, and on his way from Norfolk on Thursday, dropped the first number of "Human Rights," &c. I never was in Virginia before July, 1835. I never was in Norfolk—I came in a packet within 40 miles of Richmond, and travelled the 40 miles in the boat Thomas Jefferson, paying one dollar, and not recording my name at all, not being called on to do so, and not knowing that it was required or proper to do so. I am a native of Scotland, an entire stranger where I am, having been here but a few days—my occupation is the quiet and peaceful one of a teacher. I never have meddled with the slave question, and do not entertain the sentiments of the abolitionists. I have been acquainted nearly three years with the Rev. John Breckenridge, and would refer any gentleman to him for a knowledge of my character. I ask, Sir, as an act of justice, that you publish this plain statement, and likewise that the Mayor and Council of the city of Richmond inquire into the circumstances and publish their decision. I write with great haste, that I may be in time for the mail; but it does not occur to me that I omit any circumstance that it is important to mention.

I am, Sir,

DAVID F. ROBERTSON.

ANOTHER AMERICAN IMPROVEMENT. — A Yankee Blacksmith. — Professor Henry, of Princeton, it is known has made some important discoveries in electro-magnetism, and has produced a magnet to lift 2,500 lbs. it be-