

money in spite of her, and would then have a good time over to Barrington muster. As I passed through the entry, Phebe attempted to push me out of the door, I then turned and shot her. As I pointed the gun at her, she raised her hand and said, "Don't shoot me, Andrew." The appeal had no effect on me, the fatal gun was discharged, and Phebe Hanson lay before me a corpse.

I now went into the room where the trunk was, and found it locked. I threw it out of the window, carried it some distance from the house, and placed it under the fence. I then went to the house, found an axe, opened the trunk, and took what money I could find. I did not make a diligent search in the trunk for fear some one should come along. I had no sooner done the deed and got the money, than an awful sense of the enormity of the act I had committed filled my mind with horror. I would have given worlds had I possessed them, could I have undone the things which I had done in one short hour,—could I but have restored Phebe Hanson to life and health. Every thing condemned me, every thing seemed to have eyes, and to have been witnesses to the dark deed of which I was guilty.

I started for home, I met Abram Welch, Levi Howard and one or two others, who had been a gunning. They wanted me to go up to Jacob's and get some cider. I told them I could not stop as I wanted to get to Barrington muster by three o'clock that afternoon. Abram said he had found a horse shoe and would sell it to Jacob for some cider. I left them and they went towards Jacob's house. I then hoped that they would be seen going to the house with guns, and would be taken for the murderer's of Phebe, and that I should escape from all suspicion.

Yet I did not feel easy. I was startled at every sound I heard. I seemed to think some one was in pursuit of me. On my way home, I went to see my brother Emery, and told him what I had done. I told him I would divide the money with him if he would say nothing about it. Emery told me to take my coat off and leave it before I got home, so if any one saw me go away in the morning, they would not know me without a coat. I did as he told me, and when I got home I put on another pair of pantaloons, and just after dark I went to the woods and got my coat.

I did not on my return call at my brother-in-law's, Mr. Smiths, in Rochester, and take dinner, as his wife testified on trial.

That night Mr. Dennett, of Rochester, came down to my brother's to find me. I fled to Dover, intending to leave in the first train of cars for Boston, but was arrested as I was going to the depot. After I was arrested, I went into the stable of the Eagle Hotel, and left in one of the stalls all the money I had not previously hidden under the fence near my brother's house.

From Dover I was taken to Rochester, before Mr. Kimball. He said Phebe Hanson was dead, they all knew I murdered her, and that it would be better for me to acknowledge it. Believing that they knew I murdered her and being very much excited, I made a confession, and became my own accuser.

What has happened to me since is well known to all. I have been twice tried, found guilty, and condemned to die upon the gallows. My lawyers have done every thing in their power to save me, for which I have ever felt grateful. My conviction is just, my punishment is merited. But had I known that I should have been hung, if I was detected, I should never have committed the deed, which has doomed me, a young man, just in the prime of life, to an ignominious death. I supposed the punishment was imprisonment in the State Prison for life.

What I have suffered since I have been immured in the cold dark walls of this jail no tongue can express. The mental agony I have felt, when I considered my condition, that I had forfeited all right to the protection of society, and deprived one human being of that life, which was as sweet to her as mine is to me, has been a hundred fold greater than any fear of bodily pain which I can experience in being put to death.

I have to attribute my untimely end to a want of instruction when young. I have never had the privilege of schooling, never have been taught that it was wrong to lie and steal, but was left to grow up as best I could. Of God and a future world I know nothing. I am told by some that there is a God, and that it will be well with all hereafter, by others that the

good will be rewarded and the wicked punished, but to me it is all a mystery.

I have made this confession, not that I would glory in my own shame, nor expect the Executive clemency thereby, but that other young men may take warning by my unhappy career and awful end, and be deterred from the commission of those crimes which have brought me, at the early age of twenty-three, to a disgraceful and ignominious death, and that all those who have the care and education of youth, may learn from my fate, the necessity of throwing around them all those safeguards, which will save them from a life of folly, and a disgraceful and untimely end.

#### GLIMPSES OF GEOLOGY.—No. II.

We often hear of the advantages of education, and, in fact, have come so tamely to acknowledge them, that we frequently neglect to form clear ideas of their nature, and hence of their greatness. The very commonness of a belief often induces ignorance of its details. In no respect is this more clearly seen than in the estimates, formed by the ignorant, of the benefits of knowledge. To them it seems valuable, as the means of increasing respectability and comfort for this world, and of securing self-satisfaction and contentment they scarcely know how, no higher or nobler view presenting itself to their minds. The field enlarges, however, to those who have made any advances in it, and selfish feelings become blended with others more worthy of us, till at length, if the mind be in a right state, knowledge is prized as raising us above the mere passing scenes of this life, and furnishing new links to bind us to the glorious Head of all things in gratitude, wonder, and praise. The various objects around us assume new aspects to the educated man. He sees subjects of inquiry in what the ignorant would have overlooked, and finds delightful employment, even, for a lifetime, where his less-instructed fellow would have been at a loss to spend a few minutes with pleasure. A grass plot is a very different thing in the eyes of the botanist to what it is in those of the rustic;—the former learns from it lessons ever new; and, if he be wise, is led to adore his and its maker for the numberless displays it affords of His power, wisdom, and goodness; while the latter knows nothing of these, and passes by unconscious of the treasures he neglects.

Thus it is with the study of the physical history of our world. The only difference generally noticed in rocks by those who have not trained their minds, is their utility, and even the revelations of former states of creation, which might be read in the fossils with which all meet more or less frequently, are unrecognised. By the geologist, however, the same materials are made communicative of instruction of unsurpassed sublimity and engrossing interest; and, from the cold stone, living voices speak to him of worlds which once were, but have now passed away, of bustle and animation that has been hushed from the time of the birth of the everlasting hills.

The various rocks that compose the solid crust of the globe, are divided by geologists into two great classes; those which have been formed by the action of fire, to which the name "igneous" is applied; and those which have been deposited from water, which are called "stratified." Of the thickness of the mass of the former we have no means of judging, as they underlie the stratified to unknown depths, appearing at the surface only when raised by violence. The latter, reckoning their various members together, make a mass of at least ten miles in depth, which fact is ascertained by the measurement of each separate formation at those points where it has been elevated from its original position and protruded above ground. To these the researches of the geologist are chiefly directed; and, inconsiderable though they may seem when compared with the bulk of the whole globe, they reveal the annals of ages too numerous to be computed by human skill, or realised by our minds. The dust we wipe from an orange bears as great a proportion to the size of the fruit as all the strata do to this mass of the earth, while with their commencement the mummings of our world's history are lost to us, since with them the book of nature is closed, and we know nothing more of the previous duration of our earth than that there was a time in the silent progress of eternity when it had a beginning at the fiat of the Almighty, and that the morning stars sang together when thus it was first launched on the limitless ocean in which it hangs.

In the present series of papers we purpose to sketch briefly this history, from the point at which our knowledge begins, tracing it down-