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Vol 36

Poetry.

A Merry Heart.

There will be a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart
Whate'er the world has to say!
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a daw,
But give me that philosophy
That's happy with a straw.

If life but brings us happiness,
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say—
Who laughs the most may truly say
He has the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh—
A moral beauty, too—
It shows the heart an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due,
And let of what to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fow,
And made the cheerless sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in clouds,
The tempest's wrath begin,
It finds a spark to cheer the dark—
Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away—let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth—
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He has the wealth of earth.

Interesting Tale.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

The Captain's wife and daughter generally accompanied him in his voyages. The latter was one of those sweet creatures that one cannot see without admiring, and one cannot admire without loving. You may easily suppose, then, from the numerous opportunities which circumstances gave me of meeting and conversing with her, that it was not long before I began to feel more than ordinary pleasure and interest in her society. But I soon discovered the hopelessness of any feeling beyond esteem for her virtues, and respect for her person; for we had not been a week at sea, when I saw tokens of reciprocal attachment between her and Tom Truhold. Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. One afternoon, as I walked on the deck, Truhold came up to me, in a state of great agitation, and told me that the Captain had just ordered him out of the cabin.

I asked him what he meant.
After a few minutes he told me that he and the Captain's daughter had long cherished an affection for each other; and that he had just asked her father's permission to marry her, when he again arrived in port. On hearing which the Captain had flown into a violent passion, and ordered him to go on deck, never to enter his cabin in future, and never to dare to mention the subject to him again.

In the meantime the captain had called his daughter into his cabin, and told her—with a threat of solitary confinement in case of disobedience—never, under any circumstances, to allow any communication to take place between her and Truhold; unless, in his own presence, which she too well knowing the inflexible nature of her father to think lightly of his threats—for some time tried to obey.

For the first month or six weeks of our voyage the painful injunction of the Captain were, to all appearances, strictly observed; by his daughter and Truhold. But the effects of so terrible a struggle in her heart were soon evident; and in spite of all both the Captain and his wife could do to cheer his daughter, her spirits sunk, the ruddy tinge of health disappeared from her cheeks, and she gradually dropped, till at length the slender thread of her earthly existence seemed all but broken. In all his anxiety for her—for the Captain really loved his daughter—perhaps it never once entered his mind that her illness was the result of his own ungenerous severity; nor did she disclose to her mother the secret that preyed upon her heart, and beneath which she was sinking.

We had been at sea about 6 weeks, as I said, when one night, after having been relieved of my watch, I remained for some time walking the deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the stars above. After having remained a short time in conversation with Truhold, who took charge of the watch, I bade him good night and went below to my berth; but feeling rather discomposed for sleep, I sat down, and taking up a volume which lay by me, commenced reading. I had not read above fifteen or twenty minutes, when I thought I heard a slight sound like the opening of a door. I listened for a few seconds, but hearing nothing,

more I again turned to my book. After the space of about five minutes, I was again startled by a creaking noise, like the opening of another door, which, from the direction I knew to be from the Captain's berth. Surprised, I attentively listened, putting out my light to avoid drawing attention to me, and immediately heard a heavy foot cross the cabin and cautiously proceed toward the stairs, as if for the purpose of going on deck. With a noiseless tread I left my berth, and on reaching the bottom of the stairs I saw the Captain crouching within the shade of the binnacle, apparently watching something on deck. After a moment he sprang forward exclaiming—

"Ha, you villain! I have caught you then!"
Alarmed, and wondering what this could mean, I hastily followed; and on reaching the top of the stairs I saw him grasping Truhold by the collar, while his daughter was clinging to his knees in terror and supplication. Get up! said the Captain, addressing his daughter, and springing her from him. Get up! I shall put a stop to your moonlight assassinations for the future. Go! get below with you! Up, up, I tell you! cried he with increasing wrath, as she still clung to his knees. And you, sir, he continued, addressing Truhold, I shall take care you don't neglect your duties any more. From this moment consider yourself discharged from all responsibility on board the ship. Go below, sir; go below to your berth, or I shall send you down in chains.

"Oh father! exclaimed his daughter, in a wild and beseeching tone; oh father! I cannot silence her by the arm, and dragging her after him. I have long tried to catch you at your midnight meetings, and I have succeeded at last. For Heaven's sake, Captain, said Truhold, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, do not use your daughter so harshly. What, cried the Captain, still more fiercely, will you dare to interpose for me? Get below this instant!

I will not stir, said Truhold firmly.
"Oh you won't, do you say?" exclaimed the Captain, grinding his teeth with rage—"You won't stir?" he reiterated, drawing a pistol from his pocket. Then by Heaven, I'll send you to a berth you don't expect! and without further warning, fired the pistol, which fortunately missing its mark, on crept the most close by where Truhold stood.

In a moment, the Captain, drawing the pistol on the deck, pulled out another and proceeded to take a more deliberate aim at Truhold, who stood without attempting to move from his position; but at the moment the Captain's finger was on the trigger, I sprang forward and seizing his arm, tried to turn the pistol from his intended victim. In the short struggle that ensued the pistol went off, and killed his daughter through the shoulder. A half-suppressed cry burst from her lips; and while a faint smile passed over her pallid features, she sunk into the arms of Truhold, who caught her as she was falling.

Petrified with horror, thinking he had killed his daughter, the Captain dropped his pistol at his feet, and stood for a few moments as if every sense of feeling had left him. Then uttering a wild shriek, he cried:
"Oh, my daughter! I have murdered my daughter! I have murdered my own daughter! I have murdered her before she was aware of his intention there was myself overboard."

At the same moment his daughter, opened her eyes, and conscious of what had occurred, looked up in Truhold's face with an expression of mingled entreaty and affection, faintly saying:
"Save my father! I am not much hurt!—I will or perish I replied Truhold, pulling me back as I was about to leap over after the Captain; and motioning me to take charge of her, ordered the ship to be brought to, and a boat to be lowered, at the same moment throwing off his jacket and springing with a bound into the sea.

A boat having, meanwhile, been lowered, in a few minutes they were all extricated from their perilous situation, and placed in safety on deck.
The Captain, who was carried below in a state of insensibility, was immediately attended to by the surgeon belonging to the troops, and was soon restored to animation.

In the meantime I had conveyed his daughter below, where, finding her wounds were not so dangerous, I assigned her to the care of an assistant surgeon of the troops, and hurried into the cabin where the Captain had been carried, who was just becoming sensible as I entered.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and looking wildly around him. Ah! I have no daughter! I have murdered her! She is dead! Oh, my daughter, my daughter! She still lives, returned the doctor, undisturbed by the violence of his patient. She still lives; and if you will keep calm, she will soon be well again.

Then I will be calm, he replied, assuming a sudden composure, which continued, but a few moments; for he almost immediately exclaimed, no, no, you only try to deceive me; she is dead!

No, I do not deceive you, said the surgeon; she still lives, and if you will promise to remain quiet, I will bring her to you.
The surgeon retired and soon returned with the Captain's daughter, whose sound had been dressed, a shawl was thrown over her shoulders to hide all appearances of it from her father. She passed tremblingly as she entered for at that moment the excited tones of his voice reached her ear.

Looking round, the Captain now saw his daughter, and raising himself up, said:
"My child, my child, thank God for preserving you! he cried, as he stretched out his hands towards her, while she sprang forward to meet his embrace sunk into his arms, too much overcome by her feelings to speak.
For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the suppressed sobs of father and daughter not a word was spoken. Every one looked on as if afraid to break the solemn silence of the scene. At length gently extricating himself from the embrace of his daughter, the Captain looked round the cabin, and seeing Truhold watching him with a look of deepest sympathy he motioned him to approach, and pressing his hand, said:
"Forgive me, Truhold, for the suffering I have caused both you and myself. Then taking his daughter's hand, and placing it in Truhold's, he continued, "Take her, and may God bless you both." The Captain passed deeply affected, but evidently happier; while Truhold, with a look of mingled surprise, love, joy, and awe, clasped her to his bosom, which heart had long been his.

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We had been out of court twenty-four hours and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least, we eleven, thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unerring certainty.
The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the facts, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote, went steadily to acquit. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from the lack of intelligence; for while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who enter scrupulously as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But nor it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brute they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases, the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness; and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were sitting.
And yet, the man observed, as though communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation—it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment.

How can that be? queried several at once. Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment.
But here she can know no other guide. I once would have said the same.
And what has changed your opinion?
"Experience."

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation he seemed ready to give. Mastering his emotion as if in answer to our looks of enquiry, he continued:
"Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects, and none brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of truth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was a thing well understood, that when I had found it, and put it in order, she was to share it. Life in the forest though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by nature, depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and Hope is an ever cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. I went henceforward by my own; and in a few more months, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

At the land office, which was some 60 miles off, I met my old friend, George C—. He too, had come to seek his fortune in the West, and were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, a sum of money, which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home—giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented and we both set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day. Expecting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he returned back.

I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return, when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office—places, at that time, much frequented. Offering him a seat, I went to see his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim star light, seemed to have been hardly used. His paining sides bore witness of merciless riding; and a tremendous shivering at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright. On re-entering the house I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise. His absence excited no surprise. I was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table. At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give persons not attention to the wants of his horse. Before going out, from mere force of habit, for we were as yet uninitiated by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded in no gentle tones to stand! In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their prisoner.

I was too much surprised at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend with whom I had so lately set out in company had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when at last I did command language to give an intelligible statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

The moral spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a "character." But whatever its form it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.
As the proofs of my guilt, one after another came to light, how mattering gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance; and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offence on the spot. It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his face; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of grim pride in the position. As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamors drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse than at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

At the end of some months my trial came. It could not have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew that they did. The verdict of the jury was very brief. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it; and his solemn invocation that God might have the mercy upon me which man was too just to vociferate, sounded like the hollowest of hollow mockery. It may be hard for the conventional criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can never bring itself to ask pardon of God. I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.

On the morning of the day fixed for my execution I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicited save that my memory should one day be vindicated. She for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone, of all the world, believed me innocent; and she died with a prayer upon her lips, that the truth might yet be brought to light. All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal, beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and tried myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendant entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death warrant—It began to read it. My thoughts were excited elsewhere. The words—full and free pardon—were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was—I was pardoned for an offence I had never committed!

The real culprit—none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality—had been morally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the governor barely in time to save from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life. This is my experience. My judgment as yours in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but not less confident and apparently unerring was the judgment that falsely pronounced my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow juror, but patiently awaited our discharge, on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.
The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crime!
Shall we take 'us up Broadway?' said a young New Yorker who was showing his country cousin about town. "Oh dear, no, said the alarmed girl, I won't do that in the streets."
A Western alderman lately visited a synagogue just as the people were rising for one of the prayers at which it is customary to stand. As he entered, he exclaimed to the astonishment of the congregants, "Ho don't, don't, good people. I'm no deserving of such honor. Pray keep your seats."
The watch of Sir John Sylvester, a Recorder of London, was one day stolen by a man whom he had just tried and acquitted at the Old Bailey for petty larceny. During the trial Sir John happened to say aloud that he had forgotten to bring his watch with him.—The thief, being acquitted, went directly to Lady Sylvester, saying the Recorder sent him, with his love, and the request that her ladyship would immediately send his watch.
An agricultural angle—a wheat corner. The best board of health—a light diet. A bad of down—one in the basement. A good case for autumn—Fall staff. Nose of the dry goods trade—Merino nos. The "big injin" of America—Ingeniunity. The habits of good society—fine clothes. A creation of fancy—a black eye. Income's not taxed—penitentiary arrivals. Capital punishment—living in Washington. How to make a strong diet—bolt your food. Rash children—those with the scarlet fever. What sin makes the most noise—a tocsin. It is much better to sing than to borrow notes. The most effective eye water—woman's tears. Where the hedge is lowest the devil leaps over.
A paper in New Bedford prints the following extraordinary notice:—Married at Sanbury, by the Rev. Mr. Cranberry, Mr. Nehemiah Blackberry to Miss Catherine Elderberry of Danbury.
The following conversation was overheard the other day:
"Ah! Jones how are you? Where have you been?"
"I have just returned from Gray's funeral."
"You don't say so—have a good time?"
"Loving wife at Long Branch: The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Secretly husband: "Take some of it home with you."
A little slaver going through the streets of Philadelphia on Sunday with his father, met a dog with a muzzle over his mouth, when his father asked, "What has the dog got on?" The young man replied, "I guess it's a little hoop skirt."

more I again turned to my book. After the space of about five minutes, I was again startled by a creaking noise, like the opening of another door, which, from the direction I knew to be from the Captain's berth. Surprised, I attentively listened, putting out my light to avoid drawing attention to me, and immediately heard a heavy foot cross the cabin and cautiously proceed toward the stairs, as if for the purpose of going on deck. With a noiseless tread I left my berth, and on reaching the bottom of the stairs I saw the Captain crouching within the shade of the binnacle, apparently watching something on deck. After a moment he sprang forward exclaiming—

"Ha, you villain! I have caught you then!"
Alarmed, and wondering what this could mean, I hastily followed; and on reaching the top of the stairs I saw him grasping Truhold by the collar, while his daughter was clinging to his knees in terror and supplication. Get up! said the Captain, addressing his daughter, and springing her from him. Get up! I shall put a stop to your moonlight assassinations for the future. Go! get below with you! Up, up, I tell you! cried he with increasing wrath, as she still clung to his knees. And you, sir, he continued, addressing Truhold, I shall take care you don't neglect your duties any more. From this moment consider yourself discharged from all responsibility on board the ship. Go below, sir; go below to your berth, or I shall send you down in chains.

"Oh father! exclaimed his daughter, in a wild and beseeching tone; oh father! I cannot silence her by the arm, and dragging her after him. I have long tried to catch you at your midnight meetings, and I have succeeded at last. For Heaven's sake, Captain, said Truhold, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, do not use your daughter so harshly. What, cried the Captain, still more fiercely, will you dare to interpose for me? Get below this instant!

I will not stir, said Truhold firmly.
"Oh you won't, do you say?" exclaimed the Captain, grinding his teeth with rage—"You won't stir?" he reiterated, drawing a pistol from his pocket. Then by Heaven, I'll send you to a berth you don't expect! and without further warning, fired the pistol, which fortunately missing its mark, on crept the most close by where Truhold stood.

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At the same moment his daughter, opened her eyes, and conscious of what had occurred, looked up in Truhold's face with an expression of mingled entreaty and affection, faintly saying:
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"Oh father! exclaimed his daughter, in a wild and beseeching tone; oh father! I cannot silence her by the arm, and dragging her after him. I have long tried to catch you at your midnight meetings, and I have succeeded at last. For Heaven's sake, Captain, said Truhold, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, do not use your daughter so harshly. What, cried the Captain, still more fiercely, will you dare to interpose for me? Get below this instant!

I will not stir, said Truhold firmly.
"Oh you won't, do you say?" exclaimed the Captain, grinding his teeth with rage—"You won't stir?" he reiterated, drawing a pistol from his pocket. Then by Heaven, I'll send you to a berth you don't expect! and without further warning, fired the pistol, which fortunately missing its mark, on crept the most close by where Truhold stood.

In a moment, the Captain, drawing the pistol on the deck, pulled out another and proceeded to take a more deliberate aim at Truhold, who stood without attempting to move from his position; but at the moment the Captain's finger was on the trigger, I sprang forward and seizing his arm, tried to turn the pistol from his intended victim. In the short struggle that ensued the pistol went off, and killed his daughter through the shoulder. A half-suppressed cry burst from her lips; and while a faint smile passed over her pallid features, she sunk into the arms of Truhold, who caught her as she was falling.

Petrified with horror, thinking he had killed his daughter, the Captain dropped his pistol at his feet, and stood for a few moments as if every sense of feeling had left him. Then uttering a wild shriek, he cried:
"Oh, my daughter! I have murdered my daughter! I have murdered my own daughter! I have murdered her before she was aware of his intention there was myself overboard."

At the same moment his daughter, opened her eyes, and conscious of what had occurred, looked up in Truhold's face with an expression of mingled entreaty and affection, faintly saying:
"Save my father! I am not much hurt!—I will or perish I replied Truhold, pulling me back as I was about to leap over after the Captain; and motioning me to take charge of her, ordered the ship to be brought to, and a boat to be lowered, at the same moment throwing off his jacket and springing with a bound into the sea.

A boat having, meanwhile, been lowered, in a few minutes they were all extricated from their perilous situation, and placed in safety on deck.
The Captain, who was carried below in a state of insensibility, was immediately attended to by the surgeon belonging to the troops, and was soon restored to animation.

In the meantime I had conveyed his daughter below, where, finding her wounds were not so dangerous, I assigned her to the care of an assistant surgeon of the troops, and hurried into the cabin where the Captain had been carried, who was just becoming sensible as I entered.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and looking wildly around him. Ah! I have no daughter! I have murdered her! She is dead! Oh, my daughter, my daughter! She still lives, returned the doctor, undisturbed by the violence of his patient. She still lives; and if you will keep calm, she will soon be well again.

Then I will be calm, he replied, assuming a sudden composure, which continued, but a few moments; for he almost immediately exclaimed, no, no, you only try to deceive me; she is dead!

No, I do not deceive you, said the surgeon; she still lives, and if you will promise to remain quiet, I will bring her to you.
The surgeon retired and soon returned with the Captain's daughter, whose sound had been dressed, a shawl was thrown over her shoulders to hide all appearances of it from her father. She passed tremblingly as she entered for at that moment the excited tones of his voice reached her ear.

Looking round, the Captain now saw his daughter, and raising himself up, said:
"My child, my child, thank God for preserving you! he cried, as he stretched out his hands towards her, while she sprang forward to meet his embrace sunk into his arms, too much overcome by her feelings to speak.
For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the suppressed sobs of father and daughter not a word was spoken. Every one looked on as if afraid to break the solemn silence of the scene. At length gently extricating himself from the embrace of his daughter, the Captain looked round the cabin, and seeing Truhold watching him with a look of deepest sympathy he motioned him to approach, and pressing his hand, said:
"Forgive me, Truhold, for the suffering I have caused both you and myself. Then taking his daughter's hand, and placing it in Truhold's, he continued, "Take her, and may God bless you both." The Captain passed deeply affected, but evidently happier; while Truhold, with a look of mingled surprise, love, joy, and awe, clasped her to his bosom, which heart had long been his.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.
We had been out of court twenty-four hours and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least, we eleven, thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unerring certainty.
The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the facts, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote, went steadily to acquit. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from the lack of intelligence; for while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who enter scrupulously as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But nor it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brute they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases, the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness; and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were sitting.
And yet, the man observed, as though communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation—it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment.

How can that be? queried several at once. Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment.
But here she can know no other guide. I once would have said the same.
And what has changed your opinion?
"Experience."

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