

centre of the square upon an elegant platform, erected for the use of those spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the popular show. He held him by the throat with so firm a grasp, that he would soon have strangled him had not aid been instantly rendered. They immediately chained the dog, and thinking of course that he must be mad, strove to kill him. But M. Meyer, rushing through the crowd, arrived in time to rescue his faithful friend, calling eagerly in the meantime upon the bystanders to arrest that man, for he believed his dog had recognized in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man, profiting by the tumult, escaped. For some moments they thought Meyer himself was mad, and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He spoke in so convincing a manner, that his hearers finally felt persuaded of the truth of his assertions, and restored the dog his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him a few times, and then hastened away.

He divided the crowd, and was soon upon the enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions is very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this extraordinary event, and a number of officers were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments the object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to allow him room. Business was suspended, and the crowd collected in groups, conversing of nought but the dog and the murder which had been committed two years before.

After a half hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself upon the ground, under the folds of a double tent, and believed himself hidden. But in spite of his fancied security, the avenger had tracked him, and leaping upon him he bit him, tore his garments, and would have killed him upon the spot, had not the assistants rushed to his rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led with M. Meyer and the dog, then carefully bound, before the judge, who hardly knew what to think of so extraordinary an affair. Meyer related all that had happened two years before, and insisted upon the imprisonment of the man, declaring that he was the murderer of his brother, for his dog could not be deceived.

During all this time, it was found almost impossible to hold the animal, who seemed determined to attack the prisoner. Upon interrogating the latter, the judge was not satisfied with his replies, and ordered him to be searched. There was found upon him a large sum in gold, some jewels, and five watches, four of them gold and very valuable, while the fifth was an old silver one, of but little consequence. As soon as Meyer saw the last, he declared it to be the same that his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his watch, published months previously, corroborated his assertions. The robber had never dared expose it, for fear that it would lead to his detection, as he was well aware it had been described very minutely in all the principal journals of Germany.

In short, after most minute and convincing legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was condemned to be broken alive, and his corpse to remain chained upon the wheel as an example to others.

On the night preceding his execution he confessed, among other crimes, what till then he always denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. He gave them all the details above related, and declared that he always believed the accursed dog died of his wounds.

"Had it not been for him," repeated he, several times, "I should never have been here. Nothing else could have discovered me, for I had killed the horse and buried him with all that he wore."

He expired upon the wheel, and this was the corpse which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

Soundings were taken on board the United States sloop-of-war *Albatross*, with a line of wire 5700 fathoms, without finding any bottom, this was in the Atlantic Ocean, 300 hundred miles east of Bermuda. There is an under as well as an upper current in the Atlantic, the under one runs in an opposite direction to the upper one. The bottom of the ocean is like that of the dry land—hill and valley. A fathom is six feet.

[ORIGINAL.]  
REFLECT! O'NS.

"Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone"  
OLD SONG.

Sunlight is streaming and beauty is spread,  
Day seems exulting, and darkness has fled;  
The world all arrayed in its gorgeous attire,  
Calls upon mortals to gaze and admire,  
All all is transporting, so brilliantly fair,  
That few could imagine deep sorrow is there;  
Yet should all we cherish so fondly be gone,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bright world alone!

A cloud is arising and spreading a pall,  
Where grandeur and beauty extended o'er all,  
The demon of Tempest is bearing the sway,  
And vainly, frail mortals his ravage would stay.  
Destruction and horror, must shortly prevail,  
Where hope has but lately been swelling the sail;  
When all that was cheering and charming is gone,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

"Tis thus our young spirits in hours sunny ray,  
Behold in life's crowd but the smiling and gay;  
Nor dream that the surface thus laughingly fair,  
Very often conceals the deep throbs of despair.  
Till death, like the tempest, remorseless, severe,  
Makes the flowers of affection lie scentless and zero;  
And then when the loved and the cherished is gone,  
We feel that we tread in this wide world alone.

W. H. F.

COLBORNE, September, 1852.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"What is a special Providence?" said a lady to a clergyman, who formed one of a cheerful winter's evening party, seated around a brightly blazing fire which cast its ruddy light over an snugly wainscoted room in which they were assembled.

"My dear madam," said he drawing his chair still closer to the hearth, "you have touched upon a subject which perhaps, I can better illustrate by anecdote than argument."

"By anecdote?—that will be delightful!" said a chorus of voices.

"The story which I am about relate," said the clergyman, "although possibly one of the most remarkable of its kind, is yet no less strange than true. About fifteen years ago, I was appointed—I was then a young man—to a curacy in the town of Bradford, in the woolen districts of Yorkshire. Soon after my arrival, the town was electrified by the reports of robberies mysteriously perpetrated at a large mill in the neighborhood; but although of daily occurrence, and notwithstanding the most vigilant means were employed, all attempts to discover the guilty parties were for a long time of no avail. The article stolen was cloth. The theft was effected by cutting pieces of a yard or so in length from the long rolls in the warehouse. The first intimation which the firm obtained of the robbery was by the turn of a large quantity of goods upon their hands marked 'short lengths.' They felt their honor as men of business involved, and immediately a searching investigation took place. All the 'rolls' in the warehouse were re-measured, and the result proved that nearly one-half of the stock had been tampered with. The hands employed in the warehouse and mill were upwards of a thousand in number, and each was subjected to a long and painful inquiry. Nothing definite, however, was elicited. But although the theft was not brought home to any one, more than fifty persons were discharged on suspicion.

"Notwithstanding these precautions, however, reports of fresh robberies were from time to time circulated, and the thief seemed to bid fair to elude detection, but the daring delinquent was at length discovered. One of the partners in the firm being called by business to Sheffield, saw there, exposed for sale, in the window of a tailor's shop, a waistcoat-piece, of a pattern and quality made only, and that too very recently, by their own house—so recently, indeed, that to be fully prepared for the probable demand, they were still manufacturing, and had not, as yet, sent a single piece into the market. The gentleman immediately communicated with the police and authorities; the tailor was waited upon, underwent a long examination, but stated a plain case, saying in few words, that the waistcoat-piece was part of a 'job lot' purchased from a man named James Burrows, of Bradford.

"This was sufficient. James Burrows was a confidential clerk, in the employ of the firm, and positively the last person on whom suspicion would have fallen. He was a professor of religion, a man of some standing among his sect, being a local preacher, Sabbath-school teacher, and class-leader.

"Returning to Bradford that same evening, the gentleman consulted with his partners. He had brought the piece of stolen cloth from Sheffield, and they resolved that, without Burrows's knowledge, every roll of that description should be unwrapped, until, by fitting at the point of severance it was matched with the piece from which it had been cut.

"The whole night was occupied in this manner, but the piece was discovered, and in the morning Burrows was confronted with the proofs of his guilt. Taken quite aback, and finding denial or excuse equally hopeless, he confessed all, acknowledged that, in violation of the trust reposed in him, he had committed all those robberies for which so many of his fellow-workers had been discharged with ruined characters, and pleaded hard for mercy.

"This, however, was out of the question. The firm were justly indignant. Burrows was committed for trial. They prosecuted—pressed the charge—conviction followed, and the judge, after remarking on the flagrant nature of the case, sentenced him to be transported for life.

"With a heavy heart, his wife and children—the latter six in number—bade him farewell at the appointed time he left his native land, an outcast and a felon."

"Convict discipline was even more severe than that now. Burrows, upon whose destination, doubtless the summing up of the judge was not without influence, was drafted with a gang of malefactors of the worst possible class, to the extreme penal settlement. Here it was forbidden, under heavy penalties, that he should attempt to hold any communication with a living soul, or even to write to his family, for three years. His occupation, and that of the gang, was packing wool, and while pursuing their labors the silent system was strictly enforced.

"Three years passed away. The circumstances of the robbery were fast fading from memory, when one morning, while laborers were engaged in unpacking a bag of Australian wool at the Bradford mill, where Burrows had formerly worked, a letter, addressed in his hand-writing to his wife, was found deep-buried among its contents. The letter was immediately taken to the counting-house. But the strange circumstances under which it was stated to have been found, induced in the minds of the members of the firm suspicious of its authenticity. To unravel the mystery, however, they resolved to open the letter. They did so, and it proved to be a genuine document. It came from Burrows himself. It set forth that he was well—that if he continued to behave himself, he should, in two years from that date be permitted to go to Sydney, where he prayed his wife to try and meet him. It also expressed his contrition for past offences, and his acknowledgment of the justice of his sentence, and his determination to lead a new life for the future."

"What a remarkable circumstance!" exclaimed several voices in concert.

"It was, indeed," continued the clergyman—"The letter was duly handed to Burrows's wife, and taken into consideration the mysterious train of events by which it had been brought into safety to its destination, a subscription was organized, and Burrows's family was sent out to meet him at the time he requested. They duly met, and according to the last reports the man was bidding fair to retrieve his fallen position in society."

"A special Providence, indeed!" remarked the lady who had first started the subject.

"And such an extraordinary illustration," said another of the company.

"It teaches a most important lesson," said the clergyman. "It teaches humility. Reflect that this man, an outcast to society, while packing wool in a remote settlement of the antipodes, promiscuously placed a letter in the heart of one of those packages, which might have been sent to any part of Europe or America, indiscriminately. But, instead of this, after crossing twelve thousand miles of trackless ocean, it not only reaches England, but is forwarded to the very firm of whom Burrows was formerly a servant, thus the letter falls into the hands of his family, for whom it was intended, and answers all the purpose for which it was written. This singular combination of events, I say, appears almost miraculous, yet the result should, with uncalculating hope and trust in the Almighty Creator and Dispenser of good, teach the lesson that mercy is neither restricted to rank nor class, and that none of us for our supposed righteousness have a claim upon Heaven for any speciality of favors."