

Youth Department.

THE CHILD-MARTYR.

The Milwaukee Sentinel and Gazette gives us the following letter from Judge Larrabee, (which we somewhat condense,) containing an authentic and detailed account of a tragedy, too brutally revolting to be spread before our readers, but for the heroic constancy of the little boy, Emanuel Danon, so cruelly whipped to death, and for the fact that the noble child was trained in the Church, and had drawn his supernatural strength from the channel which God's providence hath placed in her maternal breast. The Rev. Mr. Akers, mentioned below, and now Rector of St. Paul's, Morrisania, is too well known here to need further description; and to complete the group, Judge Larrabee, the writer of the letter, is also a Churchman. He thus writes:—

"When I first saw the account of the death of the little Chicago Hero, my mind at once reverted to the case above referred to as an instance of faithful fortitude, if anything surpassing that of Kund Iverson. And you may well say, that if Chicago erects a monument to commemorate the virtues of her Child Hero, who suffered the comparatively easy death by drowning, because he would not steal, how much more should we commemorate, in a fitting manner, the heroism of Emanuel Danon, who bore for two hours the most exquisite torture rather than tell a lie. The facts, as they were elicited on the trial, were as follows:

"The defendants—husband and wife—were respectable farming people, residing in Marquette County, and were childless. They had two orphan children bound to them—one a little girl about ten years of age, and the other the boy Emanuel, eight years of age. I have no means of ascertaining anything of the previous history of Emanuel, and only know that he was taken from the Milwaukee poor-house. He was a fragile child, and had never been in robust health. Those who knew him spoke of him as an intelligent, bright, blue-eyed boy, and very winning in his playful little ways.

"It appeared, from the testimony of the little girl, who was the sole witness to the torture—that Emanuel was charged with having told a lie. What the lie was, we could not, by either persuasion or the fear of punishment, induce her to tell. The counsel for the state exhausted their ingenuity in vain; nor could I, after drawing her to me, and by soothing words endeavouring to quiet her fears, induce her to tell what the lie was. The child had evidently been intimidated by threats of personal injury. This was afterwards ascertained to be the fact, when the trial was over, and her foster-parents safely lodged in prison. She then said that Emanuel had by chance discovered the woman in a criminal act, and had told her, and she had told her wicked parents. Hence it became all-important to the woman (who had succeeded in quieting her husband) that the lie should be whipped out of Emanuel. Accordingly the man procured six whips—the toughest kind of swamp willow—which by his own direction were four feet in length, and as large at the butt as one's little finger, and about nine o'clock at night took Emanuel—who still persisted in telling the truth—to the loft of the cabin, and having stripped him to his shirt, wound that around his neck and tied him up by a cord by both wrists to a rafter, so that his feet but touched the floor.

"Here he whipped him for two hours, only resting at intervals to procure a fresh whip, or to demand of his victim that he should own that he told a lie. The boy's only answer was, 'Pa, I told the truth.' 'Pa, I did not lie.' The girl said that Emanuel did not cry much, and it is probable that he fainted during a portion of the time, as the injuries upon his body showed a torture, under which even the physical strength of an adult would have sunk. The physicians who examined the body, testified that there was not a spot, from the armpits to the ankles, large enough to place your finger upon, but was covered with livid welts, and that in very many places the skin was broken.

And still, the brave boy held out! He must have had a sainted mother, for the teachings of none other could have so implanted truth in his every fibre.

"Yes—still he held out; and when he was taken down, with the cords cutting deep into his little wrists, and the warm blood trickling from his limbs, with his head upon his murderer's shoulders, his last words were, 'Pa, I am so cold' and then his pure spirit fled for ever, and the reach of torture and inhumanity, to that bright world, where wrong and oppression can never be known.

"He unquestionably shed with truth still in his heart, and was a martyr to it.

"The whips were quite worn out, as the splintered fragments were afterwards found.

"The trial, as you may imagine, was one of deep and painful interest. There was scarce a dry eye in the court-room. The verdict was manslaughter in the first degree, and the convicts were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison—the extreme penalty of the law."

This letter of Judge Larrabee's created no small sensation in Milwaukee. The next day another correspondent, D. K., wrote as follows to the *Sentinel*:

"In the evening I took up the paper to read the letter that I had heard so much spoken of during the day, when, in a moment, it occurred to me that the name 'Danon' was familiar, and a little reflection served to convince me that I was correct; and enables me to furnish the following particulars of the little boy's parents:

"Emanuel's parents came to this city from Devonshire, England, in 1840; the father was a gardener, very poor, in feeble health, and with a large family. The late Rector of St. Paul's Church, with his accustomed well known sympathy for the poor, interested himself warmly in Mr. Danon's behalf. He purchased lumber to build him a shanty—with his own hands assisted Mr. D. to build his humble home on the bluff, and cheered his new home in a strange land with his pleasant smile and kind words, and day by day administered to the wants of the family. Mr. Akers assisted Mr. D. to what employment he could, and procured his appointment as sexton of St. Paul's Church. In 1847, I think, Mr. D. died of consumption, a disease from which he had been suffering for some time, leaving his helpless wife and children to the benevolent Rector's care. Places were procured for the two elder children, and one was taken home to the parsonage, and the Rector's flour barrel, so liberal to the wants of the poor that it often left the 'good man' and his amiable lady with scant provision for themselves, gave its daily supply to the widow and her little ones. Some two years after Mr. D.'s death, the poor widow accidentally wounded her foot with the point of a rusty nail, which, in consequence of bad treatment, brought on lock-jaw. She was once removed to the hospitable parsonage, and everything was done to relieve her sufferings, but the medical treatment and nursing could not stay the fatal disease, and she died, leaving her orphan children to the Rector's care. The youngest, the little martyr Emanuel, was, at the time of his mother's death, about four years of age.

"I remember him as a bright, intelligent child. After the funeral of the mother, a Mr. Moor, residing near the Cold Spring House, uncle to the little fellow, took him home with him. Shortly after, Mr. Moor died, and, if my memory serves me, a man whose name I did not learn, but probably the brute now in the State Prison, made application for little Emanuel, promising to bring him up as his own child. I am pretty sure the child was never in the poor-house.—From this time I lost all knowledge of him, until the article in your paper a few days since called my attention to his cruel death.

"I am at no loss to account for the little fellow's martyr constancy for the truth, for I have repeatedly heard Mr. Akers speak of the parents' devout Christian department, and their deep interest in the religious culture of their children, and when we add to this, that he who was emphatically the child's friend, who not only won their affections, but ever impressed their infant minds in his own gentle way with the holy precepts of religion, with a love and affection that made his teaching indelible—when I think of little Emanuel having enjoyed such Christian care, more child as he was when deprived of it, I do not wonder that he should rather die than bear false witness, and thus break the commands of God and disobey his mother's and his pastor's precepts. And what a testimony does his martyrdom bear to that mother's and that pastor's care! For such a seal to my labors, I would give a world, were it mine to give.

"Milwaukee, Dec. 12th,

D. K."

THE PATH OF DUTY ALONE SAFE.—It was a law of old times in England, that if a man, travelling in the king's highway, be robbed between sun and gun, satisfaction is recoverable on the county where the robbery was made, but, if he takes his journey in the night, being an unreasonable time, then it is at his own peril; he must take what risks. So, if a man keep in God's ways, he shall be true of God's protection; but if he stray out of them, he exposes himself to danger.

Selections.

TOWN AND FORTRESSES OF CRONSTADT.—A town, fortress, and port in the Government of St. Petersburg, from which city it is 47 versts or about 31 miles distant. It is built at the S. E. extremity of Kotlin, an island in that part of the gulf of Finland called the bay of Cronstadt, about 16 miles from the mouth of the Neva, on which river is situated St. Petersburg, the capital of the Emperor of Russia. The island, a bed of chalk, formerly called Kozani, by the Finlanders, is seven miles in length, and about one mile in breadth. At the entrance of the harbour on an island opposite the citadel, lies the castle or fortress of Krashfort, built by Peter the Great. The fortress and mole bristle with guns, and the harbour itself is approachable only by one channel, which is fortified with a double line of guns; these works constituting Cronstadt the Malta of the Baltic. The passage between this place and Cronstadt is two thousand paces in width, and has ample depth for the largest vessels. Besides its importance as the great naval station of the Russian fleet, Cronstadt is the harbour of St. Petersburg. All vessels proceeding to that port are searched here, and their cargoes sealed, and such as are too large for the shallow waters of the upper Neva, unload their cargoes at Cronstadt, and transport them in smaller craft. The channel is marked by stakes the whole way, and vessels built at St. Petersburg are placed on a "camel," or kind of raft, by which their draught of water is lessened one-half, and then floated down the Neva, and over its bar, on which there is often only seven feet water. Cronstadt, which is built in the form of an irregular triangle, is strongly fortified on all sides. It has three harbours: lying to the south of the town. The outer, or military harbour, which is entirely surrounded by a massive and strongly fortified mole, is a rectangle, stretching out into the sea, and is capable of containing, besides smaller vessels, about 35 ships of the line. It is now, however, so shallow at low water, that many of the ships are obliged to anchor in the middle harbour, which is intended for the fitting out and repairing of vessels. It contains the slips, a powder magazine, a manufactory of pitch, tar, &c. The third, or innermost harbour, which has space for six hundred merchant vessels, and runs parallel with the middle harbour, admits only merchantmen, for which there is besides an excellent roadstead, immediately outside of the port, which is defended also by the citadel, constructed on a rock in the middle of the sea of Cronstadt. All these harbours are well secured, for a consequence of the freshness of the sea-water no vessel can be preserved in them above twenty years. They are besides detained a great part of the year by the ice in the bay of Cronstadt, which prevents vessels from entering after the end of November, or leaving before the end of April, or sometimes earlier. Vessels are repaired and built in the largest canal of Peter the Great, which runs directly into the town between the middle and merchant's harbours. It is 2,160 feet long, 56 wide, and 16 deep, the sides and bottom are of solid masonry, and it is filled with water by means of sluices, which is again pumped out by steam-engines. It was commenced in 1711, and finished by Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. Near it are the various docks, in which vessels can be repaired at once; the foundry, which supplies annually 1,200 tons of bombs, balls, &c.; the Admiralty rope-walk, tar-works, and excellent wood-docks. By the new Catherine canal, commenced in 1782, which communicates with the merchant's port, and is 1,800 miles long, Government vessels are enabled to take their stores, munitions, &c. directly from the store-houses. The town is very regularly built, and contains many fine, straight, and well-paved streets, and several public squares. The houses, however, with the exception of those belonging to the Government, are chiefly of one storey, and built of wood. The city has three gates, and is divided into two parts, the commandant and admiralty quarters, which are subdivided into four districts. Between the Peter's and Catherine canals is the old Italian palace, built by Prince Menshikov, who took the island from the Swedes in 1703. It is at present occupied by the School for Pilots, a large establishment where 300 pupils are educated for the naval service, and 20 for the merchant service. The permanent population of Cronstadt, exclusive of the garrison, the pupils of the naval school, workmen, and sailors, is not considerable, during the summer a month or 40,000 individuals, of various nations; of these only the Russians, the English are most numerous. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the sea.