

The Wheel

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. S. & H. N. GALLAHER.

VOL. 29.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1837.

NO. 52.

THE BROKEN HEART.
Pale as a white rose withering, she lay,
Lovely, though dying, and her eye dim
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay.
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine,
She seemed too beautiful for Death's embrace,
And hollowed e'en her as a zone,
Language had fled, but Music's plectrum
Hung on those lips that lately breathed its tone.
Oh! thou! the perfumed, cruel, faithless, blind!
How couldst thou bow such sweetness to the dust!
How break the heart, where thy lov'd image
Shin'd,
Dwell in the beauty of undoubting trust?
But thou did'st break it! Nature could not cope
With love neglected, whose undying power,
E'en from the very sepulchre of Hope,
Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled
Bow.
Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect,
Thou didst repay with undiminished scorn.
Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
She bleas'd thy name, then kissed the lock of
hair,
That from thy brow in happier days she shed,
Then looked to heaven, and pray'd to meet
thee there!
And with a holy look of hope and peace,
She showed her head; the parting pang was o'er,
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul no radiant beam had caught,
Warm from the fountains of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NEW-YORKER.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

"For the love of God!"
A woman stood before me, and, with
her long bony hand stretched out, so-
licitly charity. Her countenance and
her eyes were the expression of
poverty and wretchedness. The chill
winds of November whistled drearily
along the streets, and the pedestrian
hurried by, buried in the ample folds
of his cloak; but this poor child of
want was sheltered from the cruel air
only by a tattered calico dress that was
scarcely sufficient to hide her naked-
ness. Want and we had written their
record upon her face in legible charac-
ters, and the tearful eloquence of her
look appealed irresistibly to the heart.
I am not guilty of much almsgiving,
but now my hand went with a spas-
modic motion to my pocket, in search
of a stray coin. I know not what expres-
sion my countenance may have worn
as I dropped a piece of silver in her
hand,—but as her eye rested upon my
face, she paused, and seemed hesitating
whether to receive or reject the gift.
"It is hard, very hard, to be a beggar,"
at length she said, "but how can I bear
her ask for bread and have none to give
her! Oh, God! were I alone, I could
bear any thing, every thing; but I can-
not see my poor Alice dying by piece-
meal before my eyes, perishing for lack
of food!" There was an earnestness
in the poor woman's voice that showed
how deeply she felt what she spoke.
Our hearts were touched. Partly from
benevolence, and partly from curiosity,
we resolved to follow her and look up-
on the misery of which she told. "Oh,
sir," said she, as we announced our in-
tention, "the God of the widow and the
fatherless will bless you! How faith-
less was I, to doubt his promise! But,
sir," she continued, with a voice bro-
ken by sobs, "you know not how strong
may be the agony of a mother's heart.
I have sat night after night by the
meekly suffering child, praying that
she might die; and when the sun has look-
ed in through the smoky window, and
she still lived, thoughts of murder have
sprung up in my heart! But my hand
has been mercifully withheld, and now
I know it was for good."

We passed into a narrow and dirty
lane, and in a few moments paused be-
fore a miserable house. Two or three
filthy and half-naked children were
playing around the door, while within
sat several bloated persons, male and
female, drinking and blaspheming, and
singing snatches of ribald and licen-
tious songs. We had never before
gazed upon so complete a picture of
human misery and degradation. Our
soul sickened with infinite disgust, and
we were turning loathingly away, for-
getful of the errand that brought us
there, when the poor woman laid her
hand upon our arm, and looked be-
seachingly into our face. Her silent
appeal to us was enough,—and, without
speaking a word, we followed her guid-
ance. Opening a side door, she passed
rapidly through a dark hall to the rear
of the building, and ascended a flight
of crazy stairs that trembled beneath
our step.

In a low, dark attic, lighted by a sin-
gle narrow window in the roof, we
paused. We looked around us.—There
was no fire—no chair—no bed. Stretch-
ed on a couch of straw, and covered
with a tattered cloak, a girl of some
nineteen years lay asleep. Her face
was very pale and emaciated,—but
there was an expression of patience
and of resignation upon it that almost
made it beautiful. It might once have

been so. Her rich auburn hair was
parted over her pale forehead, and lay
in damp masses upon her white neck.
One thin hand was under her head,
and the other lay motionless upon her
breast, looking like the hand of a corpse.
The sleep of the invalid was not rest.
Her breathings were short and quick,
as if a crushing weight were laid upon
her heart that she was struggling in
vain to throw off. Her mother knelt
by her side, and laid her finger upon
her pulse. The touch awoke her.—
"Dear mother," said she, in a low and
silvery tone, "I am glad that you are
here. I am in pain, but I have had
sweet dreams. I was in my far-away
home, sitting upon my father's knee,
with an innocent and a happy heart.
My wanderings were all over—my
guilt was all forgiven—my father's
hand was upon my brow, and the voice
of his blessing was in my ear. Mother,
shall not my dream prove true?"
"Alas, poor child! do you forget that
your father is dead, and the home of
your childhood passed into the hands
of strangers?"
A shade of thought—perchance of
memory—passed over her countenance.
Another moment, and her features
glowed again, as she exclaimed with
enthusiasm, "I have a house not made
with hands, eternal in the heavens!
I shall meet my father there, and hear
his words of love. My heart will
ache no more—my cheeks will there
be dry—for God will wipe all my tears
away." At this moment, her eye for
the first time rested upon me. Her
countenance flushed with surprise, and
she looked inquiringly into her moth-
er's face. "God hath sent him,"
said the mother, as I approached,
"and his errand is of mercy."
"Welcome, thou blessed of the
Lord!" exclaimed the girl, raising her
self upon her elbow, while her whole
countenance glowed with thankfulness
too deep for utterance; "for I was an
hungered, and ye gave me meat—
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink—
I was a stranger, and ye took me in—
naked, and ye clothed me—I was sick,
and ye visited me—I was in prison,
and ye came unto me: inasmuch as
ye have done it unto one of the least
of the children of God, ye have done
it unto Him!"
Should I live to the years of Methu-
salem twice told, never could I forget
that moment. I stood hushed and
awe-struck, yet my heart was full of
happiness, and every nerve thrilled
with ecstasy. My pride, my evil pas-
sions, my ambition, were at that mo-
ment crucified, and I seemed standing
in the presence of a holier power than
I had yet known. Before me was that
patient girl, her countenance glowing
like an angel's, and her eyes turned
upward, as if she would claim of the
Saviour the fulfiling of his blessed
promise in my behalf. It was like
standing upon the verge of heaven, in
the very presence of the redeemed.—
In such an atmosphere, Distrust would
fall and infidelity would die.

CONJUGIAL AFFECTION.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser,
gives the following incident, which took place
during the trial of Richard White, for setting
fire to the Treasury buildings at Washington.

In the course of the trial, the most
clever and celebrated trial takers have
been examined, and scenes of ingen-
ious villany have been disclosed, which
have inspired us with wonder, ap-
proaching to admiration. There was a
beautiful woman examined, a Mrs.
Baldwin, to prove that she overheard
White telling her husband that he had
succeeded in setting fire to the Treas-
ury. "Where is your husband?" asked
the Counsel for the prisoners. She paused
for a moment; a hand beautifully
formed of ivory whiteness was passed
over her dark eyes, and then in a low
voice answered, "he is in the States
Prison in New Jersey." "And were you
not in the States Prison?" "Yes,
when I went to see my husband." "But
were you not confined there for
an infamous offence?" "No." "Were
you never charged with an infamous
offence?"

TRAVELLER'S TRICK.

During a period of very active opposition be-
tween rival coach proprietors, one coach
stopped to breakfast, the repast was de-
layed, under various pretences, till the
coachman's horn announced the mo-
ment of departure;—in vain the passen-
gers remonstrated against this precipi-
tancy; he must drive to time, and could
not delay. When at length he had
succeeded in getting his grumbling
company together, one gentleman was
found wanting; and on "mine host!"
opening the door of the breakfast-room,
he found him quietly seated at the
deserted table. "The coach will be off,"
exclaimed the landlord; "And so
would I too, could I have got a
spoon to eat my egg," replied the guest.
"A spoon, sir?" "Yes, sir, a spoon."
"Why, why, where are thy spoons?"
"Stop, stop coach! Jack, Joe, run
every one of you; stop the horses—
stop the coach till I get my spoons!"
vocalized the landlord. While struck
with consternation, each passenger
looked to his neighbor for an explana-
tion of the scene. In a few minutes a
crowd had collected around the car-
riage, to whom the robbery of the
spoons was detailed, with the resolution
of the host, that all the passengers
should be searched with the assistance
of his party. He was about commencing
his operation, when out walked the
diligent passenger from the breakfast
table, who immediately demanded
what was the matter. "Matter!" roared
out the landlord; have not I been
robbed of a dozen of silver spoons by
some of your rascally company—and
your blackguard coachman is prevent-
ing me searching?" "Then drive on,"
Paddy said; "I'll be sworn, the
wag, and turning to the exasperated
host, he said, "look into the tea-pot for
your spoons; and for the future, make
more haste with your breakfast!"

DAUGHTERS.

Let no father impatiently long for sons. He may please
himself with the ideas of boldness
and masculine energy and moral or
martial achievement, but ten to one he
will meet with little else than forward-
ness, recklessness, impetuosity and
ingratitude. "Father give me the por-
tion that falleth to me," was the imperi-
ous demand of the profligate prodigal,
who had been indulged from his
childhood. This case is the representa-
tion of thousands. The painter that
drew that portrait, painted for all poster-
ity. But the daughter—she clings,
like the rose-leaf around the stem, to
the parent home, and the parental
heart; she watches the approving smile,
and deprecates the slightest shade on
the brow; she wanders not on forbid-
den pleasure grounds; wrings not the
heart at home with her doubtful mid-
night absence; wrecks not the hopes
to which early promise had given birth,
nor paralyzes the soul that dwells on
this its chosen object. Wherever she
goes, she may wander in search of fortune
or pleasure; there is the daughter, within
the sacred temple of home, the Vestal
Virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keep-
ing alive the flame of domestic affec-
tion, and blessing that existence of
which she is herself a part.

RESOURCES OF EUROPEAN POWERS.

The Philadelphia Inquirer of Satur-
day, contains the following statement
of resources of the principal powers
drawn from various sources.

GREAT BRITAIN.—National debt,
\$3,490,896,768; the yearly revenue,
\$233,340,600; population, (say nothing
of colonies) 25,000,000; army in
peace, 90,615 men; in war, 378,370;
navy in peace, 610 ships; in war, 1,050.

RUSSIA.—National debt, \$200,000,
000; yearly revenue, \$52,000,000—
population, (Europe and Asia) 46,000,
000; army in peace, 600,000 men; in
war, 1,000,000; navy about 140 ships,
and fast increasing.

FRANCE.—National debt, \$480,000,
000; yearly revenue, \$157,760,000;
population 34,500,000; army in peace,
251,000 men; in war 320,000; navy,
in peace, 320 ships; in war 354.

AUSTRIA.—National debt, \$200,
000,000; yearly revenue, \$33,000,
000; population, 31,000,000; army in
peace, 371,404 men; in war 270,504;
navy 72 ships.

PRUSSIA.—National debt, \$116,840,
000; yearly revenue, \$30,477,000; popu-
lation, 15,000,000; army in peace,
105,000 men; in war, 624,420; ships,
under 20.

TURKEY.—National debt, \$30,000,
000; yearly revenue, \$11,200,000;
population, (Europe and Asia) 21,000,
000; army in peace, 80,000; in war,
200,000; navy in peace, 80 ships; in
war, 100.

APRILY SUPERSTITION.

There is said to exist among the Russian girls the
following beautiful superstition. On
the Thursday previous to Whit Sunday,
they try what is called "the prophetic
swimming of the bridal wreath." A
wreath of flowers is plaited together
and thrown into the stream, when, if
the wreath swims on the surface of the
water, they will, in the same year,
exchange their maiden for a nuptial
state; but should it sink they are to wait
still longer for the happy change.

A NEW BELIEF.

An Irishman, nearly
three sheets in the wind, was asked
of what belief he was. He replied,
"Go to the widow Milken. I owe her
twelve shillings. It is her belief that I
will never pay her; and faith that's my
belief too."

BURNING OF THE TREASURY.

In the case of HENRY WHITE, in-
dicted for burning the Treasury, and
under trial before our Circuit Court,
the Jury went out at five o'clock last
evening, and after an absence of two
hours returned with a verdict of guilty.
[Our. Int. Jan. 17.]

AT THE SECOND TRIAL OF R. H. WHITE.

At Washington City, for burning the
Treasury Building—
Mr. Merritt was called again. Mr.
Key requested the witness to say if it
was easy to open a door when the key
was left inside. [It appears by the de-
positions taken after the fire, and which
were read in evidence, that the doors
of the Treasury were all locked on the
night of the fire, and the keys left in
the doors. Mr. Brent, in his argument
on the first trial, contended that from
this fact it was evident the prisoner
could not have entered the building by
false keys, and that no door-lock could
be picked when the key was left in.]
—Witness replied it was easy enough.
Mr. Merritt here explained to the
Court how it could be done. He showed
an instrument of thin wire, temper-
ed very hard, which, being introduced
by the key-hole, is extended towards
the handle of the key in the door, and
grasping it by the handle enables the
rogue to turn the key about at pleasure,
and open the door with as much ease
as if he held the key on the other side.
Easily as this could be done, yet Mr.
M. produced an instrument (which he
described as being an English inven-
tion) by which the same could be done
still more easily, and without making
the least noise. The instrument was
so contrived as to screw on to the small
end of the key, which projects a little
beyond the wards, and to seize it as it
were by the nose; thus enabling the
operator to lock or unlock the door with
the utmost facility: it is as if he had a
new handle to the key on the other
side. Mr. M. said he first saw this in-
strument in the possession of Elijah
Drew.

RELI-GION.

There is a religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy
religion in the unbreathing things of
nature, which man would do well to
imitate. It is a meek and blessed in-
fluence, stealing as it were, unawares
upon the heart. It comes; it has no
terror, no gloom in its approaches. It
has not to rouse up the passions; it is
untrammelled by the creeds, and un-
shadowed by the superstition of man.
It is fresh from the hands of the author,
and glowing from the immediate pres-
ence of the great spirit which pervades
and quickens it. It is written on the
arched sky; it looks out from every
star; its shrubless mountain-tops pierce
the illia atmosphere of eternal winter,
or where the mighty forest fluctuates
before the strong wind with its dark
waves of green foliage. It is spread
out like a legible language upon the
broad face of the unsleeping ocean.—
It is the poetry of nature. It is this
that uplifts the spirit within us, till it
is tall enough to overlook the shadows
of our place of probation; which breaks
link after link, the chain that binds us
to materiality, and which opens to the
imagination a world of spiritual beau-
ty and holiness.—*Sic H. Dany.*

SINGULAR DELUSION.

The barn of
Colonel Elijah Hall, New Haven, was
destroyed by fire on Saturday, 24th ult.
A young man by the name of Platt,
deaf and dumb, and also deranged, ac-
knowledges by signs and writing, that
he set the barn on fire; that he had
conceived the notion of going to heav-
en, as Elijah of old, in a chariot of
fire; that he set fire to the barn, and laid
down by the side of it, expecting to
be wafted upwards; but the fire
scorched him so that his faith failed,
and he was obliged to leave the char-
iot and escape on foot!

NEGRO RIOT AT Utica.

Two runaway slaves were lately arrested
near Utica, and taken before Judge
Hayden for examination. That they
might have a free opportunity to con-
sult with their counsel they were al-
lowed the back room of Judge Hay-
den's office. During the whole day
there was much excitement on the
subject, and about six o'clock in the
evening a crowd of men and boys col-
lected around the office, evidently with
the intention of effecting a rescue.

Several persons were engaged in
endeavouring to keep open a passage
down stairs: a signal was at length
given, the lights (except the lamp
which was suspended by a cord, and
was drawn up out of reach) were ex-
tinguished, and a number of negroes
and white men made a rush for the
room in which the prisoners were con-
fined, the door of which was burst
open, and after a severe struggle with
the officers and citizens who were on
guard, several of whom were more or
less bruised, they succeeded in rescu-
ing the fugitives, who have not since
been heard from. The rioters were
armed with clubs about eighteen inches
long, evidently prepared for the occa-
sion.

THE CITY OF CINCINNATI HAS VOTED TO BORROW \$600,000 FOR PROMOTING THE OBJECTS OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

The objects of internal improvement, viz:
the Charleston and Cincinnati Rail-
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DEFERRED ARTICLES.

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The Editor of the National Intelligencer,
in announcing the death of Judge Dancy
Carr, of the Court of Appeals, of Virginia,
and a nephew of Mr. Jefferson, takes occa-
sion to publish the annexed letter from him to
himself. It is equally honorable to both.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Richmond, Feb. 22, 1836.
"My subscription has been due to you
since the 4th-December last. I have
no excuse to offer for this delay,
except that I have been continually
engaged in the business of my court;
and it is somewhat troublesome to get
the exact sum of six dollars in a form
to be enclosed in a letter. I expect
this delinquency has pressed more heav-
ily on my mind than yours; for the
Intelligencer is to me an old and es-
teemed friend. I have taken it from
its origin, now, I think, upwards of
thirty-five years; and to be tardy in
the payment of my dues seems an un-
grateful return for the pleasure, the in-
formation, the profit, I have constantly
received from it. I will take the lib-
erty to add, that the Editors have my
best thanks for the firm, able, and gen-
erously manner in which they defend
the public liberty."

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

From an able article in the Frankfort (Ky.)
Commonwealth, upon the Senate of the United
States, and the abuse of the doctrine of In-
struction, we copy the following—
"This doctrine, in itself of the very
essence of freedom, heretofore contend-
ed for as the palladium of popular
rights against all encroachments upon
them, is now interpreted to mean the
right to change, alter or abolish, any
features in the constitution, which are
not acceptable to the rulers for the time
being. Under the operation of the new
application of an admitted principle,
the Senator's term of six years is to be
reduced to a mere tenancy, at the will
of the dominant party—and the Senate
itself, instead of standing as a tower
of defence for the people against Execu-
tive encroachments, is to become the
register of Executive decrees. The right
of instruction has become synony-
mous with the right to expunge—and
this right to expunge, ostensibly operat-
ing for a single object, is made to ex-
punge not only "the Journal," but every
Senator who is not subservient to the
Chief Magistrate! Well, the expun-
gers are in the majority, and the pre-
sent Senate may go down to future
times with that enviable title attached
to it by way of distinction.

SMALL MATRIMONIAL DRESS.

"Arrah, Pat, why did I marry ye?—jist tell me
that! for it's myself that's had to main-
tain ye ever since the blessed day that
Father O'Flannigan sent me home to
yer house." "Swate jewel," replied
Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's
myself that hopes I may live to see
the day when ye're a widow, weeping
over the cold spot that cofers me;—then
by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye'll get
along without me; honey!"

THE GRAND JURY OF OVERTON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, HAVE PRESENTED HOPKINS L. TURNEY AS A SUITABLE CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

The New York Courier pre-
sumes that the attorney for the State
will prosecute the indictment, and that
the culprit will be sentenced by the
proper tribunal to two years' confine-
ment in the national penitentiary at
Washington—that is, if they find him
guilty of the necessary qualifications
for the office.—[Lynchburg Vir.]

ACTRESS AND THE PUN.

In a room full
of ladies and gentlemen, a lady re-
quested a gentleman who was sitting
next to the first place, to ring the bell.
"I never before," said the gentleman,
"heard of a lady's pun; but for once I
will try." So saying, he rose, pulled
a ring from his finger, approached the
lady who had requested him to ring
the bell, and who was the finest in
the room, and deliberately put the ring
on her finger, saying, it is with plea-
sure, indeed, that I obey your orders,
and thus ring the bells.

TOWN-MAKING ANECDOTE.

Those who have been to the west
where towns are made in the night,
(on paper) sold in an hour, and built
up in a week, have seen signs of specu-
lators who purchase a quarter section
of land, lay it out in town lots, make
a map of the surrounding country, laying
down rail roads and canals, all entering
in their town, which is thus demon-
strated to be "the future" Emporium of the
West.

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE TAKES OF THIS PRACTICE OF TOWN SPECULATION TO A T.

We copy it from a Rochester paper:
"A fellow who had observed all the
sellers of land, and had seen all the
canals, rail-roads, &c. which had been
built, on paper, brought a hoble cow to
one of the great land markets to sell.—
He placed her by the side of one of the
land-officers, and offered her for sale.
"What is your price?" he asked one.—
"Sixty dollars," he answered.—
"Sixty thousand!" vociferated an aston-
ished countryman, "why is she so
much?"
"Here is a map of her," said the fol-
lowing, pulling a paper, with a large
picture upon it, out of his breeches
pocket, and he continued; "You see
here the great Wild cat Turnpike runs
from her head to her tail, to the city
of the swamps. Loon-Lake Canal will
intersect her head on the top horn side,
and the Cataract rail-road passes di-
rectly through her! Gentlemen, don't
all speak at once."

