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The Surgeon's Revenge. The following deeply interesting story was related by doctor Gibson in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of Italian surgeons.

And Vesale first saw the light in the city of Brussels. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the princess Margaret, aunt of the emperor Charles V., and governor of the low countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the term science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it.

Vesale was the first to break through the trammels of the ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science, and surrounded with admirable courage and constancy the disgust, the terror and even the peril inseparable from this description of labor.

He devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulgar for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals left there to be devoured by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwyck, the daughter of a merchant at Harlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life.

The family of Van Steenwyck was wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, enabled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Harlem burgler; the emperor's first physician was accepted by him as a most eligible son-in-law.

The marriage solemnized, Vesale accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, and Charles Holbein held her hand.

Though she loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affection as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance, in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome.

Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, mistook her timidity for coldness and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealousy on her side.

One day, while engaged in the dissection of a human body, he was surprised to find a small, dark, and somewhat fleshy object, which he at first considered as a mere curiosity, but which he afterwards discovered to be a small, dark, and somewhat fleshy object.

He was struck by the resemblance of the object to a human figure, and he was struck by the resemblance of the object to a human figure, and he was struck by the resemblance of the object to a human figure.

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"Talking of absent friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "You have not spoken to me of Don Alvar de Sois. Are all hopes of hearing from him relinquished? He was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted no man ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him."

Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to a door at the farther end of the room, and throwing it wide open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," said he, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de Sois, the object of your guilty love—contemplate him well, if the sight can render your moments happier, for you are about to die too—the white I have given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence and its frightful illustration burst upon her affrighted mind, she was paralyzed with horror, and she fell in a swoon, the scream that had risen to her throat, died there in straggling murmurs, and sinking back, she fell, as one dead, upon the arms of Vesale.

She was not dead, however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died; and, in that solemn moment, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena that sometimes attend the dying—

Awakening from a torpid slumber, conscious that the memory retained of her husband, with them a calmness and courage she had never possessed in the flush of life.

"And," said she, fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you in word or deed. Don Alvar pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you. I loved and honored you as much as I loved you, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh, Alvar, believe my words—the dying deal not in falsehood! Should I be thus calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knee solemnly prostrated his faith in the immortality of the soul, and exclaiming, "Alas! how true is the saying, 'The dead speak to the living!'"

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A HORRIBLE CATALOGUE OF CRIME.—The verdict of the jury in Tippah county, Mississippi, in the case of Smith, convicted of the premeditated murder of his own son, has excited no small surprise wherever it has been made known. A more horrible, disgusting and fearful crime, is not to be found in the criminal records. Unless a maniac, Smith deserves death, if any crime should be so punished; and yet the jury bring in a verdict of manslaughter, with confinement in the penitentiary! The death penalty is a mockery, in the face of such verdicts as this. Judge Scruggs, in passing sentence, justly rebukes the looseness of administering the law, in the following strong terms:

"In reviewing the testimony in the case, I am convinced that, while the verdict affords to you abundant cause of gratification and relief, it is at the same time, to every intelligent mind familiar with the facts, a source of special wonder. And although it may have been honestly made up, it has inflicted upon this community a deeper and more lasting injury, than was done by the crime which it is intended to punish. The proof shows that on various occasions previous to the death of your son, you indulged in various unkind remarks concerning him, and while the earth was yet fresh upon his grave, when enlarged with having killed him, you denied the fact, but added, that often before his death, you would have killed him if you had had a gun, but damn him, he knew you had no gun. On another occasion, you spoke of Miss Smith as the daughter of a devil, (of which no proof) and expressed an intention to kill him. Still later, and not more than a month or two before you killed him, you stated that you could very easily make a pretence of friendship, whilst concealing a weapon, and by throwing him off his guard, you could strike a blow that could enable you to take his life, without danger of being hurt yourself, although he might be much stronger than you. That you could then pile limbs or fallen boughs of trees upon him, and no one could tell but that he had fallen upon and killed him; concluding that the whole should fall upon him."

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interest and destructive to the ends of justice. Whatever may have been the motives of the jury, they have by their verdict dealt out to you the least drop of mercy, and you have none to expect from the court. It is to this strange indulgence of the jury you are indebted for the fact that you are not now subject to the extreme penalty of the law, instead of mere confinement in the penitentiary of the State."

This sickly sentimentalism which revolts at the taking away of the life of a man by the hands of the law, is working immense mischief and evil. Wherever it has been tried, it has increased crime, and rendered life and property more insecure. And it yet remains to be seen whether the good of society will not demand that a step shall be taken backwards towards the severity of punishment from which humane considerations led our law-givers to depart.

The law which hung men for stealing, was no hardship upon honest men. The relaxation of the law which tempts thieves to indulge their propensities, is the law which inevitably sacrifices the life of the murderer, does not imperil the peaceful citizen. The relaxation of the law which gives immunity to the turbulent and the murderously inclined, does. The popular sentiment needs correction in this regard, and we applaud Judge Scruggs for the stand he has taken. [Memphis Bulletin.]

RISE AND DECLINE OF A GREAT QUESTION.—The London Times thus pleasantly comments on the settlement of the great Central American question:

Political and national events are apt to be small in their beginnings and their endings,—in shape they are pointed at both ends, and bulge out in the centre. They make very little noise at first, then they get to be understood, excite attention, create discussion, and form the subject of debates in parliament; then they gradually withdraw and disappear from the public eye, an occasional allusion in the press just keeping up a faint shadow of existence, till at last every trace is gone. They are emblematic in short of human life, which is brought up in the quiet of the nursery, is next found making a great show in parliament or at the bar, or in the field of battle, and finally withdraws into the retirement which precedes the grave. The great Central American question has gone through the first, and is now in the last of these stages; having widened out into a very small point, it is now arriving at a point again; and, having started in the retirement of the nursery, in which it was training for the noise and publicity which it subsequently attained, it has now entered on the retirement which precedes a total demise.

Our readers may or may not have observed in the column of American intelligence in our Monday's impression, a document with the names of Clarendon and Herlan appended to it. This was the copy of a convention between this country and the State of Honduras, in Central America, and the purport of it is that the Bay Islands, near the coast of Honduras, are constituted a part of the territory of Honduras, and that the territory of Honduras is to be returned to it in full claim of possession. This document with an English and a Honduras name to it, finishes the great Central American question; Alexander's last falls up a bangle; the charges and recriminations of governments, the rhetoric of congress and the house of commons, and the task of the political world repose in this territorial arrangement with a small, obscure and remote republic. We must observe that due attention seems to be given in this document to the importance of securing a neutral and independent neighborhood to the important isthmus which divides the two great oceans, and to the establishment of a point again; and, having started in the retirement of the nursery, in which it was training for the noise and publicity which it subsequently attained, it has now entered on the retirement which precedes a total demise.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RESURRECTION.—The Pavlovski, or the regiment of Paul, presents an appearance which would be grotesque if it were not imposing. All the men—prayer do not laugh—have cocked noses. Every soldier with a "mezz retouze," who is of proper height, is sent to this regiment, which was formed by Paul in one of his eccentric freaks, and a very determined pug is eligible if he be accompanied by sunken eyes, and high cheek bones. But more than this. The men, clean shaven, like all Russian soldiers, except on the lip, wear their mustaches brushed upwards towards their ears, which gives them a strange and savage aspect. This bizarre and ferocious appearance is increased by the shape of their lead dress, which is like a sugar loaf with one side cut away—an angular section of a cone, with the round side to the front. On this side the shako, or whatever it is, consists of a brass plate; from the top there is a curious tuft, or pom-pom, sticking out horizontally, so as to be parallel with the lower part of the wearer's nose. The brass front is religiously preserved, should it have been pierced by a ball, and is worn only by deserving soldiers. Some of them have very remarkable features, and four places in the days of Catherine II., and in Frederick's campaign, where the regiment greatly distinguished itself, and on the under part of each plate is engraved the name of the soldier who wore it when the ball came in such unpleasant proximity to him. Should one of these plates be worn out with age, its form is scrupulously imitated, and the holes renewed with the greatest care. The regiment when at the march, always carries bayonets at charge. Although the look of these four thousand and odd men, all of whom are over six feet, is very novel and striking, and if they are half as ugly in the fight as they are on parade, they must prove most formidable antagonists. They are dressed like the other regiments of the guard, with the exception of the helmet.

A BOY EATEN BY A BEAR.—A day or two since we noticed an occurrence which occurred near the village of Neshota, in Wisconsin, wherein a child five years old was seized in the presence of its mother, borne into a thicket, and devoured. Several of our exchanges record another occurrence of a similar character, and equally horrible in its details. Near Rocky Point, in Greenbrier county, Va., on Thursday week, at the residence of William T. Mann, George Fox, about 15 years old, was instantly killed and partly eaten up by a large bear, belonging to Mr. Mann. This boy had on the day previous killed a ground hog, and in carrying or skinning the same got some blood on his clothes. Not having changed his blood, he was probably excited by the scent of the blood, and he was devoured by the bear, and he was devoured by the bear, and he was devoured by the bear.

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