YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

OUR LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS AS A NATION ARE IN OUR OWN KEEPING, IF THEY ARE EVER SACRIFICED IT WILL BE ON THE ALTAR OF PARTY SPIRIT, AT THE INSTANCE OF DESIGNING AMBITION AND BY OUR OWN HANDS.

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POETRY.

From the Native American.

A SONG.

Austere was my air,
And haughty my brow.
I suppressed, then, the care
That oppresses me now.
I meet thee with boldness,
Undaunted, unmoved,
With an aspect of coldness,
As though we ne'er loved.

I saw thee display
Exultation and pride,
When I stooped to survey
The one at thy side.
Tho' thus thou 'st dealt by me
Thou hast love for me yet,
Which I boldly defy thee
To ever forget!

I saw thine eye languish,
As on me 't would rest,
I knew that keen anguish
Still tortured thy breast,
A sadness came o'e thee,
Thy sigh betrayed pain,
And the love thou erst bore me,
Was kindled again.

Cold was that meeting—
It severed us twain—
We met without greeting,
Tho' not without pain—
We mournfully parted,
With tears of regret,
Half broken-hearted—
Why was it we met?

The Rock Deserter.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HENRY K. W.——

In the commencement of the American revolution, there stood, on the banks of the Delaware, a cottage inhabited by an old man, his wife, and an only son. Although age utterly incapacitated the father from active duties, still he sacrificed his son on the altar of his country's freedom, and with blessings innumerable, Henry Harland left his home to enter upon a difficult and untried scene. To his young and ardent mind, which had pictured all the imagined glories of a soldier's life, and the honor of fighting for a country's freedom, the disappointment when the reality came to view,—was a momentary gloom, but which was soon forgotten in the excitement of a skirmish with the British, that took place soon after his arrival at the camp.

After about a month, the company which had now been augmented by the arrival of recruits, was ordered to join the main body under Washington, at the Highlands. Here our hero experienced a different scene. It was not the remissness of duty that had characterised the first entrance as a soldier. Here every one was subjected to severe commands, and Washington himself saw that no order as to the regular duties of the soldier was disobeyed. Here in several minor engagements, Harland soon gained a name among the soldiers for courage and bravery: and for his conduct in one skirmish, he was applauded by General Washington before the whole army. This was but a taste of glory, and the young soldier's ambition was excited to quaff the rich goblet of fame which was held out to him, and he eagerly desired for some enterprise of danger to present itself, that he might show to Washington that his commendations were not unmerited. An opportunity was not long wanting. Washington, being desirous of making an important move against the enemy, was anxious to send a trusty spy to find out the true state and contemplated actions of the camp. To this he was further incited by a deserter from the enemy, who swore on the pain of his life, that he brought him the correct watchword of the British; but as Washington did not like to trust to his further information, he determined that now would be the best opportunity that might, for some time, be offered to send his spy to the British camp. From the numerous volunteers who eagerly stepped forward and desired to risk their lives for their country's freedom, Henry Harland was chosen, and after communicating with the commander-in-chief, he left the American camp, and proceeded on his destined expedition.

He was dressed completely in the uniform of a British soldier, but his heart would often throb quickly, and now and then he would pause as the full force of his danger came across his mind.—True, the thought that the British deserter might have given him the wrong watchword once flashed across him, but he did not think of returning. The danger was nothing compared to the service which he would do for his country, and the glory that would accrue from it. Thus he approached the line of sentinels that guarded the British camp. Stepping boldly up to the first one, he whispered "*The King!*" but no sooner had the words passed his lips, than with a loud yell of exultation the sentry discharged his musket, which was quickly followed by the whole line of sentinels.

Astonished, stupefied and bewildered, Harland was seized, and to his utter dismay he heard himself designated as the rebel by the crowd which now poured around him. Triumpantly he was borne before the commander: but the broken exclamations which came to his ears, convinced him that the deserter was only a stratagem to decoy an American to the British camp, for they vainly believed that threats and promises would extort from one every moment of Washington. With a proud, bold mein, Harland confronted the commanding officer; but what was his surprise, when he was told that if he would betray the secrets of the American camp, he was at liberty to pursue honor and glory with the king's soldiers, or to return unmolested from whence he came; but, on the contrary, if he refused, he should die the death he deserved.

"Ask me not." said he, while a flash of insulted pride lit upon his features, "ask me not—for an American soldier never fears death, and life itself would be odious to me after I had played the part of a traitor!"

Surprise was the first feeling of the Briton; but the next moment rage was the predominant passion!

"And thou shalt die!" said he; "die as a rebel dog should die. Ay!" he continued, when he saw that his words awoke no perceptible emotion in his listener; "ay! and by my sword you shall be hung amid the gaze of thousands, and in your death throes you shall be taunted as a felon by those with whom you and your comrades would vainly endeavor to cope! Ha! ha!" he said when he saw that the spirit of his captive writhed under his words, "you will be ready me thinks by to morrow's morn, to commence your journey to New York!" And calling to his soldidrs, he ordered him away; but threatened the lives of his guards if he escaped.

Having heard his threat, Harland knew it would be hopeless to attempt to escape; and he lay down, strongly manacled, and endeavored to gain some repose, although the thoughts that now rushed through his mind, effectually forbade all thot's of sleep. Morning dawned, he was led down to the river and placed, strongly ironed, in a boat manned by six men, and sent down to N. York. Far different is the first view of the city from the noble Hudson now to what it was then, a few miserable fisherman's huts. Sir Henry Clinton's quarters were situated near the centre of the city, and thither Harland was taken. Fifteen minutes Sir Henry was alone with the superior of the soldiers, and then the captives fate was known to him; tha next day, at sunrise he must die.

Scrutinizing eyes were bent on him, but no emotion was visible; and with a moody silence, he was led to the Provost prison. However dormant his emotions without, he was left alone, and surveyed the dark and gloomy walls of his prison. Yet he looked calmly upon the near approach of death, and although it was hard to die; hard, and he felt that it was hard to leave his betrothed Alice without one kiss; still, he considered himself as one of a number who were to die for American liberty, and be determined that the sacrifice should be willingly made.

Night drew on, and with it came gloomy thot's to the imprisoned soldier. Alone, in the dreary cell, with but a few hours between him and a disgraceful death—Washington uncontious of his fate, and perhaps even then beleiving in his desertion, no wondor his thoughts were gloomy and sad. Then the gibbet rose before him and he fancied that he could see the multitude eagerly waiting for his death, and hear their exultation as they witnessed his dying agonies. He endeavored to shut out his thought, but a new vision rose before him; Alice, hearing of his death, and dying of broken heart, wrung tears from him which no torture could have brought forth. And thus passed the night; and now the first gray tints that heralded the approach of day, were visible thro' the grated windows of his cell. Although the night had been one of anguish to him, still the dawn seemed hastened on before its time. and the east now appeared to brighten more rapidly than it had ever done before.

The door opened and stern voice told him that five moments more of life were all that were allotted him—and at that moment the roll of the drum was heard to prepare for the execution. He knelt down and fervently poured forth his soul to the Searcher of all hearts, and asked help to support him in this his trial. Sudenly, a quick sharp crack of a musket was heard, and then the hum of the impatient crowd was suddenly hushed. as the drum beat forth to arms; then came a mighty rush, as the multitude swept over the pavement, past the building, shouting "they come—they come!" He looked out—the crowd seemed borne by one common impulse toward the north end of the city. He waited. Hours passed on, and the roll of the drum, and the frequent discharge of musketry at the other part of the city, told that the excitement was in that quarter.

Still he was left in suspense till near night, when the same one who had told him of the near approach of his doom in the morning, came with the intelligence that his execution was deferred till the following sunrise. All the reasons that imagination could conjure up, were construed as the right cause of this interruption, but were soon set aside as utterly futile. And now night had set in, and he determined to use some method to effect his escape. He had observed in the day time that the removal of a large stone might be effected, and he sat about the task by scraping off the cement which held it fast. Suddenly he paused—it could not be his own fancy, surely there was some one at work without upon the very same stone. With increased vigor he resumed his labor; but, being possessed of the advantage of tools, his outside helper made the most progress, and considering the amount of labor to be accomplished, it was not long ere the stone was removed. A human head now appeared at the aperture, and in a low voice said—

'Hist, Harland, hist! On your life make no noise! Escape now to your friend!"

With the utmost caution, and some difficulty, Harland crawled through the opening, and the clock of St. Paul's struck midnight as he was released from the few remaining shackles which were on him and ready for flight. His comrades, for there were four of his assistants, gave him a sword and two pistols, and silently they took their way toward the north wharf. They gained their boat without interruption, but Harland could hardly believe in the reality of his escape till he commenced rowing up the Hudson.

'Now, tell me all," said he, after they had proceeded but short distance. And after a momentary pause, one of his companions began.

'Well, then, notwithstanding all the confidence that Washington placed in you, he was anxious, and this anxiety was increased by the strange behavior of the pretended British deserter. After your departure, he was twice caught in the attempt to escape, and this confirmed a suspicion of Washington that he was not what he pretended to be Ordering a strict watch to be kept over him, he waited anxiously for your return; but when the morning dawned, and the day wore on without your appearance, he gave orders that the deserter should be shot, and sent us to N Y. to aid you; for Washington conjectured that your captor would not take vengeance into his own hands while his superior was as near as Sir Henry Clinton was. Accordingly, with a stratagem to effect our entrance into the city, we departed. When in sight of the city, we quickened our rowing, shouting out 'God save the King!' and 'the rebels,--the rebels.' This soon attracted attention to us, and rowing we landed with terrible story of the defaet and massacre of the British by Washington, how that we were all escaped, and how that Washington would soon, and perhaps already was on his march to the city. Our British dress, torn and bloody, gave somewhat of plausibity to our story, and the sentinel discharged his musket in the air, which, thank God; was in time to hinder your execution. By dint of some careless inquiry, we found out the cell in which you were confied, before the crowd began to pour around us. After having been teased by Sir Henry Clinton's inquiries for hours we slunk away till night, when we commenced our labors for you assistance, with what success you are already acquaninted."

The company now bent themselves to their oars, and morning had not long dawned when Henry Harland related his adventures to Washington.

Through the long end varied struggle that followed, Henry Harland bore a conspicuous part. In the time when the American cause was at its lowest ebb, and most predicted a speedy termination to the contest by the triumph of the Enlish arms, his heart never lost its confidence, his sword was never sheathed till his country was free, and he was at liberty to wed his Alice and happiness.

American reader, Henry Harland is but another name for one of your country's Hero's.

From the New-York Evening Post.

Mesmerism.

Some time since, we extracted from a Georgia newspaper, a brief account of an operation performed upon a Mrs. Clark, while in the mesmeric sleep. A more authentic and minute description of this operation appears in the last number of the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal, written by Dr. L. A. Ducas, Professor of physiology in the Medical College of Georgia, who performed the operation in the presence of several eminent physicians. This operation, it will be seen, was a complete extirpation of the mamma of the patient:—

On the 3d of January, 1845, Mrs. Clark, (wife of Jesse Clark, of Columbia Co., Georgia,) came to this city, for the purpose of getting me to remove a schirrous tumor of her right mamma, which had ben gradually increasing for the last three years, and which had now attained the size of a turkey's egg. The tumor had never caused any pain of consequence, was not adherent to the skin; nor did it implicate any of the auxiliary glands. Mrs. C. is about 47 years of age, has never borne a child, and her health, though by no means robust, pretty good, and had not been impaired by the evolution of the tumor. The operation having been dertermined upon for the following day. Mrs C. remarked to me that she had been advised by Mr. Kenrick to be mesmerised, but as she knew nothing about it, she would like to have my advice, and would abide by it, to which I replied that there were several well authenticated cases on record, in which surgical operations had been performed, under mesmeric influence, without the consciousness of the patient, that I would be happy to test the subject in her case, and that I would endeavor to mesmerise her, instead of operating as had been proposed, on the day following.

On the 4th January, at 11 o'clock, A. M. I called on Mrs. C. and was informed that on the preceding evening she had been put to sleep by Mr. B. F. Kenrick (at whose house she resided.) I then mesmerized her myself, and induced sleep in about fifteen minutes. Finding my patient susceptible to the mesmeric influence, and reflecting that it would not be convenient for the same person to maintain this influence and to perform a surgical operation at the same time, I requested Mr. Kenrick to mesmerise Mrs. C. morning and evening, at stated hours, until insensibility could be induced.

This was regularly done, with gradually increasing effect, when, on the evening of the 6th January, sleep was induced in five minutes, and the brick of a pin was attended with no manifestation of pain. The sittings were continued, and the patient's insensibility daily tested by myself and others in vrrious ways.

On the 9th of January, I invited Professor Ford to be present, and after pricking, and pinching strongly the patient without evidence of pain, the mesmeriser was requested to leave the room, when we exposed the breast, handled it roughly in examining the tumor, and readjusted the breast, without the consciousness of the patient. We then held to her nostrils a vial of strong spirits of Hartshorn, which she breathed freely for a minute or two, without the least indication of sensation, unless the fact that she swallowed once be regarded as such: instead of a mere reflux action. On the 11th of January, in presence of Professors Ford and Means, in addition to the usual tests, I made, with my pocket knife, an incision about two inches in length, and half an inch in depth, into the patient's leg, without indication of sensation

Fully satisfied now of our power to induce total insensibility, I determined to operate on her the next day at noon, but carefully concealed any such design from the patient and her friends, who did not expect its performance until several days later.

On the 12th January, at twenty minutes past 11 A. M., C. was put to sleep in forty-five seconds, without touch or pass of any kind, the facility with which the mesmeric influence was produced having gradually increased at each sitting. At 12 o'clock, M., in presence of Professors Ford, Means, Garvin and Newton, and Dr. Halsee, the patient being in a profound sleep. I prepared her dress for the operation, and requested my professional brethren to note her pulse, respiration, complexion, countenance, &c., before, during, and after the amputation, in order to detect any evidence of pain, or modifications. As Mr. Kenrick had never witnessed a surgical operation, he feared he might loose his self-posession, and requested to be blindfolded, which was done. He now seated himself on the couch near the patient and held her hand in his during the operation. This was accomplished by two eliptical incisions about eight inches in lenght, comprehending between them the nipple and a considerable portion of skin, after which the integuments were dissected up in the usual manner, and the entire mamma removed. It weighed sixteen ounces. The wound was then left open about three quarters of an hour, in order to secure the bleeding vessels, six of which were ligated. The ordinary dressing was applied, and all appearances of blood removed, so that they might not be seen by the patient when so aroused. The amount of hemorhage was rather more than isusual in such cases.

During the operation the patient gave no indication whatever of sensibilty, nor was any of the functions observed by those present, modified in the least degree. She remained in the same sound and quiet sleep as before the use of the knife. Subsequently the pectoral muscle, which had been laid bare, was twice or thrice seen to contract when touched with the sponge in removing the blood. About fifteen minutes after the operation, a tremulous action was perceived in her lower jaw, which was instantaneously arrested by the application of the mesmerizer's hand to the patient's head—This phenomenon recurred in about ten minutes after, and was again in the same manner quieted. Professors Ford, who counted the pulse and respiration, states that before any preparation was made for the operation, the pulse 96, and the respiration 64 per minute; that after moving the patient to arrange her dress for the operation, and just before this was commenced, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 17; that immediately after the detachment of the breast the pulse was 96—respiration not counted; and that after the final adjustment of the bandages and dress, which required the patient to be raised and moved about, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 16. All present concur in stating that neither the placid countenance of the patient, nor the peculiar natural blush of the cheeks, experienced any change whatever during the whole process; that she continued in the same profound and quiet sleep, in which she was before noted, and that had they not been aware of what was being done, they would not have suspected it from any indications furnished by the patient's condition.

The patient having been permitted to sleep on about half an hour after the final arrangement of her dress, the mesmeriser made passes over the seat of the operation in order to lessen its sensibility, and aroused her in the usual manner, when she engaged in cheerful conversation with Mr, Kenrick and myself as though she had no suspicion of what had taken place. I then introduced to her the gentlemen, who had placed themselves so as not to be seen by her on awakening, and observed that I had invited them to come in during her sleep, in order that we might fully test her insensibility, preparatory to the operation. After a few minutes of conversation, I asked her when she would like to have the operation performed? To this replied the sooner the better, as she was anxious to get home. I added, 'Do you really think that I could remove your entire breast when asleep without your knowledge? Answer. 'Why, Doctor, the fact is, that from the varrious experiments I am told you have made on me, I really do not know what to think of it." 'Well, Madam, suppose I were to perform the operation one of these days, and to inform you of it when you would awake, would you believe me, and could you control your feelings, on finding that it had been done?' Answer. 'I could not suppose that you would deceive me, and of course I would be very glad, but would try not to give way to my feelings." 'Have you perceived, since your arrival here, or do you now perceive, any change in the ordinary sensations of the effected breast?" 'No sir, it feels about as it has done for some time back."

About a quarter of an hour having elapsed since she awoke, I then told her that as we found her in a proper state for the operation, I had performed it, and that the breast was now removed. She expressed her incredulity said I was certainly jesting, as it was impossible that it could have been done without her knowing it at the time, or feeling anything of it now. She became convinced only on carrying her hand to the part and finding the breast was no longer there. She remained apparently unmoved for a few moments, when her friends, approaching to congratulate her, her face became flushed, and she went unaffectedly for some time. The wounded healed by the first intention.

In laying the above narrative before the profession, it is due the cause of truth to state, that it has been submitted to all the physicians present at the operation, and that I am authorised by them to say that it accords in evey particular with their own observations so far as they were present. I should also add that, having no other object in view than the establishment of the fact that a surgical operation may be performed under such circumstances without the consciousness of the patient; I have designedly avoided any mention of the various and interesting mesmeric phenomena manifested prior and subsequently to the operation. These have been carefully and judiciously recorded by Mr. Kenrick, whose well directed zeal has enabled him to collect a body of highly important facts from a field unfortunately explored too exclusively in ignorance and charlatanism.

From the London Punch.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

LECTURE VI.

Mr. Caudle has lent an Acquaintance the Family Umbrella. Mrs. Caudle Lectures thereon.

"Ah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella.—Do you hear it rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me.—You cant be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, *I* say? Oh, you *do* hear it?—Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, *Mr*, Caudle, Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks—and no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing—the blessed creatures—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow, you knew that; and and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder; me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes dawn in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I wont have a cab! Where, you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence! two-and-eightpence for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for em? I cant pay 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care, I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more. I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through the water like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite, Needn't I wear 'm then? Indeed Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gratious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once'—better, I should say. But when I go out,