

HILLSDALE STANDARD.

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Wines and Liquors. Such as Home Produced, Brandy, Cognac, etc.

SOUTHERN THE ATHEIST.

Form Adventures of a Student.

[CONCLUDED.] 'Yes, girl, love him: love that incarnate spirit of evil, that the Almighty has permitted to afflict us for a time for our transgressions.'

In the excited strain of which the above is but a faint and meager example, did the widow daily and nightly endeavor to turn her daughter from her mad affection.

'Yes, mother, she said, 'it is that dark eye of his that undoes me, but I feel him drinking my very soul, I cannot resist it. You are right, he is an evil spirit; he tells me the Bible is a lie, mother, (the old woman shuddered), and persuades me there is no such thing as sin or evil!'

'Oh, my child!' exclaimed the mother, 'let us give thanks to Him, who has at length opened your eyes to the Tophet on whose brink you stood!'

And the two women knelt together, joining their voices in thanksgiving. But the hour drew near when she was wont to meet her lover, another change came over her soul; she became anxious and restless, sighed often, moved about from one part of the house to another, and at last springing up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her, flew out of the house and away to the grove, where she found Southern, and falling upon his breast, gave away to a wild fit of hysterical laughter and weeping.

But now he began to think the charm nearly worn, and resolved to remove her from Westwater to the large city; for even he had feeling enough left to wish to keep the affair apart from the eyes of the workpeople.

One evening, when the summer was now wearing over, he broke the proposal to her that she should leave her mother's house and become altogether his.

'No, mother—not married!' A scene ensued, which I feel myself altogether unable to describe. The widow became perfectly frantic; she prayed her daughter to remain; she commanded, implored, even struck her, but all in vain; the deluded girl would go and struggled to be away. There was something fearful in it, and the neighbors trembled as they listened outside the door. At last, when she found she could no longer restrain her, she appeared to yield.

'I will let you go to him—I will; but first answer me this question. I adjure you by (here she used an expression too awful to be repeated here), tell me the truth. Are you still pure as you was before this devil possessed you? Have you as signed as yet in thought only, but not in deed?'

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ing close the canvas covering of the vehicle, attached a fresh horse to land drove off to the city to convey her to the hospital.

The widow recovered in about an hour, and eating what had been done, took her bonnet and staff and a small bundle, and shutting her little shop betook herself to the road and travelled all night after them.

At this time I had been about a week resident at the hospital as a pupil. On the day following the events just narrated, I went at the hour of visit, which was in the afternoon, into the accident-ward of the establishment. It was a long hall, with a range of low iron beds on each side, a large fire-place at the end, with doors to the right and left, leading to two or three small apartments, called thesedoriums, where any patients were kept whose cases required particular attention, or removal from the noise of the ward.

Surrounding one of the beds, I saw a crowd of pupils, and among them the surgeon and his clerk; and judge of my surprise to hear the latter read from the journal, a report as follows:—

'Jane Granton, aged eighteen, about middle stature, fair complexioned, and very good-looking; factory girl. Last evening, near Westwater cotton factory,—shire, was thrown from a gig; &c.'

I listened with amazement, and allowing my way among the young gentlemen, saw the identical girl, lying along in the usual hospital night dress, her face covered with sweat, while a twinge of agony passed over her features every now and then, when anything touched the bed, and a bright hectic flush spotted her cheeks. At her head sat her mother, holding mechanically in her hand a small tin panikin, containing wine and water, and gazing around her with a sort of blank-amazed look while her lips continued moving rapidly, though she uttered no sound.

As soon as the clerk had finished reading the report the surgeon examined the knee, and casting a look of extreme compassion at the suffering girl, directing that a consultation should be called that afternoon, and passed to the next patient.

When they had left the ward, I went to the bed whereon lay my one familiar schoolmate. As soon as she had opened her eyes, she turned her head away while her mother, rising bent over her, and they kept together.

I was deeply moved I could not dare to ask them how it had happened; but I told them that from the residents in the hospital, I could be of any assistance to them, they were heartily welcome to it. They both thanked me, and I withdrew; indeed the scene was such that, new as I was to hospital life, I was altogether unable to bear it.

That afternoon the consultation was held, and the decision was unambiguous. When it was announced Jane turned deadly pale, while the cold sweat broke out anew upon her face, and a low moan was groined out bitterly from her bosom. The widow clasped her hands and looked upward, trembling like the leaf of a tree.

The hospital at — was a large, dark, oblique, consisting of two parts joined together like the letter T. It was several stories high, and over the centre of its roof stood a great glass dome, which formed the operating-theatre. This situation was chosen, as much with the view of obtaining the best possible light, as of preventing the cries of patients reaching the ears of their fellow-unfortunates in the wards, or of the public in the streets. It was reached by a series of wide stone stairs, with long lobbies and passages leading to different parts of the building. In the interior was a circular place with an area in the centre of a similar shape with tiers of seats rising all round, one above another, up to a considerable height. A circle of massive pillars supported the dome, which was very lofty, and round about the cornice, over these, were a number of medallions bearing representations of figures dancing playing on lyres, &c.—not very suitable ornaments certainly, for a place of such a description. It also contained on one side, a pulpit and a clerk's desk, for it served likewise as a chapel for the patients on Sunday. In the centre of the area, which was laid with painted canvases, stood the operation-table, a most striking thing to look at. It appeared very heavy and strong, was covered with dark leather, and had dispersed about it a quantity of iron machinery, which gave rise to the most revolting ideas in the mind.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon.—The place was already nearly filled by the medical gentlemen, their clerks and pupils, and I who felt very strongly, as it was the first important operation I had ever seen, took up my position close to one of the pillars that supported the roof. We waited for some time, when the folding doors were thrown open, and we saw Jane borne in by the dressers and nurses. As soon as she saw the crowd of spectators—many of them mere boys—the flush of pain forsook her cheeks, and she became pale as her dress; but on the instant, as if a flood-gate at her heart had been thrown open, a red flush gushed over her face and neck, and she began fussing them. She was placed on the table, whose machinery being slightly put in motion immediately placed her in the most suitable and safe position. But who it is that stands beside her head, whispering in her ear, and fondly caressing her fair brow, whereon the sweetest now glimmers in diamond-like drops?—It is her mother; the mother who in her frenzy, prayed Heaven that this might befall her. How changed, how dreadfully prayed upon, looks that poor, woe-stricken parent now!

But the tourniquet had been applied, and the surgeon, after a short examination, to be sure of his course, motions with his hand to a tall young man who stands apart. What is that that passed under the table, glancing for a moment, clear, cold, and metallic? It is the knife! It was quickly handed, but she saw it and her frame made a convulsive spring that shook the iron work of the hideous table, while an expression seized her face of mortal fear and horror. My eyes were now fixed immovably on the operator. Balancing the long, sword-like instrument in his hand for a moment, he struck it into the milk-white flesh of the noble limb, transfusing it completely, and cutting rapidly to the surface. Thereupon the cold blood splashed upon the floor, and she shot up into the echoing concave of the lofty dome a protracted shriek—the wild 'Oh my God!' of agony unendurable by human spirit. It was followed by a succession of short, sudden, exhausted gasps, like efforts to catch and retain a life about to take wings to itself, and flew away forever. But are these the only sounds! No. What voices that mingling in uncatchable notes in the dreadful discord!—It is the widow's. Falling at once upon her knees, while her cry drops from her head, and her long gray hair streams abroad upon her shoulders in the disorder of extreme excitement, she stretches wide her arms and prays with the strange and vehement fervor of her sect, that he would give her poor afflicted daughter strength to drink to the dregs the cup of his wrath, or world, in his mercy, give the suffering spirit permission to escape from its mangled torment.

It was indeed a most appalling scene; so much so as even to shake the nerve of the surgeon, a most determined and experienced gentleman, who habitually florid countenance grew pale as that of the fainting girl under his hands—but he went on with his work. I could not look at it; I felt sick and dizzy and turned my eyes for relief to the bright blue sky, seen through the glass overhead, and was watching the sunny white clouds sailing along. Hark! What hideous sounds it is, heard so strangely distinct above the groans of the daughter and the prayers of the scarcely less agonized parent! It is the harsh grating of the saw, as it rasps through the living bone and marrow—oh, most horrible!

The disserver member was hurriedly pushed under the table. 'She is gone!' said some one. 'I know he would take her!' said the widow, rising to her feet; 'I never prayed to Him in vain!'

'No, no,' cried the surgeon, 'lower her head—a little more, Mr. —,' addressing the clerk. She sighed deeply, and slowly returned to consciousness. In the mean time the vessels had been secured, and the dressing having been completed with much dexterity, she was removed to one of the quiet side-rooms of the accident ward.

The surgeon immediately came forward, and showing the assemblage the extensive and severe nature of the injury, informed them that the means they had seen used were the only ones that could be had recourse to, to save the patient's life. He adverted to the unusual and very trying nature of the scene altogether, and recommended them to be ever prepared for such occurring in their own future practice. He concluded by stating he had no doubt the case would do well.

Next morning we found she had passed a good night; indeed all promised a rapid recovery. The next night she slept well, and there continued to be no indication of an unfavorable result. Immediately after the operation I wrote to Southern an account of it. The next day a post from Westwater brought me the following answer:—

'My dear —, I regret exceedingly my idea of carrying the girl Granton to the city. The adventure should have commenced at Westwater—but I believe, what with her own and her mother's madness, I always had doubts about whether the affair could be brought to a desirable wind-up. I think she can be of little use to me now, after being pruned in the manner you describe, so that Williams may have her for me. I leave her a leg-acy to him—oh? By the way, I should like to have the girl hushed up as quietly as possible, as it may interfere with another small piece of business I am about to engage in. When will you be out to Westwater? I have a number of things to show you—one a new application of the eccentric motion in lapet weaving, an idea I hope you will give me some credit for; I have the book, too, that I read the paddle wheel to be a modern invention; but you will hear and see all when you come.'

'Believe me, my dear —, Yours very truly, EDWARD SOUTHERN.'

This most heartless and depraved letter I actually read twice over, before I could convince myself of its reality; and from that moment resolved never again to hold communication of any kind with such an atrocious scoundrel.

Next day I went to see how she was. I found her mother absent. She appeared overjoyed to see me alone.

'Well, Mr. —,' said she, with much animation, 'has he come—is he here?'

went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowded with dim figures. One of them, a tall dark being, approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr. —, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection; did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?'

She told me this with an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thoughtful, struck, and utterly at a loss. She had described with the most unerring exactness the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars &c., of the hospital, the dead house, the fatal No. 14 on which she said the moon shone through the little grated window, and lastly the clinical lecture-room. Now, both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side-room, for the night-nurse sat up in the ward all the night and had observed nothing besides; in my own pocket was the key to the private door of the ward, opening out upon the stair-case, which I had locked with my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which on examination I now found as I had left it.—Of course sleep-walking was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it!—And she along with that fact, to titulate that she never in her life before been in the hospital, in this city, indeed out of Westwater at all; and that when she was brought in she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone stair case I at first described, to the ward; that from thence to the operating theatre and back again to the side-room, comprised all her removals! It was indeed an inexplicable dream, delusion, or whatever you may call it, one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science, the physiology of the nervous system. I mentioned it afterwards at a society meeting to a student, a friend of my own, and he referred me for explanation to the study of Mesmerism.

Unable at the time to trust to my own reason—he persisted so strongly in his statement—having procured the key of the door No. 14, I opened the private door of the ward and descended the staircase. On reaching the door I could not help pondering on the precision with which she had described every particular. On going into the dead-house (a large stone-paved place, with a barred window, where the bodies of those who had died in the hospital were kept till removed by their friends) I found everything as it should be, and no trace of any one having been there.

As I returned along the passage, musing upon the above, I was met by the sub-porter of the institution, who informed me that there was somebody outside the back-door (by which the friends of patients were admitted, though only at a particular hour). The person had been knocking furiously for a considerable time; he told me, but had latterly been a little more quiet. I bade him unfasten the door which opened into a quiet lane, leading down the hospital and a large church yard.—He did so. A man was sitting on the step.—I touched him with my foot, when he sprang to his feet, and showed me—Williams. I was much surprised. He looked exceedingly worn and haggard.

'Bless me, Williams!' said I: 'I thought you were in London. How did you come here?'

'Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. —. Is she living?'

'She is; but very, very ill, Williams.' 'Oh, let me see her, good Mr. —, as you hope yourself for mercy!'

'Well, as you shall wish; but come in and compose yourself a little. It is a great regret; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one.'

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I found him sitting on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

'Forgive me, Jane!' he was saying; 'may God forgive him who has wrought you this, as freely as I forgive you, my first and only love!'

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were like-wise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the error performance of the peculiar forms and duties of their church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room, I observed her gazing around her with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight, mingled with surprise.

'Mr. —,' said she, 'whose are all those pretty, smiling little children round about the bed?'

I felt at a loss what to say; of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapid and fanciful wit.

'These,' said she, 'are the babes of two years old and under, that were slain by the command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you shortly be, my own darling girl!'

'How bright and beautiful they look!' murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.

'Mother, dear mother, I am going away from you—give me your hand—Williams, Mr. —.'

She was gone! Slowly the dim gleams of death came over the orbs of her celestial eyes, and her lips fell asunder.

'The Lord give thee, and the Lord take thee away,' said the widow, slowly and with difficulty getting out each syllable.

'Blessed be His holy name!' answered Williams; and falling forward upon the body, he gave way to a paroxysm of hysterical grief like a weakly girl. Adding a fervent 'Amen,' I withdrew to a neighboring side-room which which was empty, for I was ashamed to go through the ward in the state of emotion I was in.

Next day a clinical lecture was delivered on her case to the pupils of the establishment, and the next day her mother and Williams came, and with a few friends of their religious sect, and removed her body. But she does not sleep in the quiet little churchyard at Westwater. Before they went away they gave me a small and abundant mass of her yellow hair; they each wringing my hand warmly, they went out from the city northward, and I saw them no more.

But what remains to tell? Southern's piece of business mentioned in his letter to me proved his ruin. It was a scheme to elope with the wife of the principal partner of the Westwater company, who held through her his shares in the concern. He hoped that upon her being divorced he could marry her, and obtain with her the immense property she had brought her husband. He was most lamentably foiled, and with a broken character, deprived of his situation at Westwater. His name was immediately erased, by advertisement, from the books of several scientific societies of which he was a member; and he went to seek his bread in London where I believe he draws a wretched subsistence from an obscure and filthy penny paper of which he is editor and proprietor.

Sensible Labor. With the farmer, each season has its appropriate, even its indispensable labors. Those of the appropriation are multifarious and of too much importance to be neglected. First in time and importance, are repairs of the fence.—These should be put in good order.

The cattle will soon be turned from the yard, but not a hoof should be allowed to go upon the meadow, or wheat field. A drove of cattle going over the wet soil, in early spring, leave a blight upon every spot over which they pass. Keep them in the yard as long as possible.

If not already attended to, see that all the drains and water courses are cleaned out.—Stranding water, at this time, will kill grass and wheat if not soon removed.

Soil clover and timothy seed. Though the price may be high. Let not a crop of wheat grow, without seeding the field. The fall feed and the turf to turn under for the next crop, will more than compensate for all the expense.

Have a care that the seed is pure. It is bad policy to buy and sow noxious weeds. It is good policy to sow timothy or clover with spring grain.

This is just the season to look to the manure. If any is wanted for spring crops, select the finest and best, that from the stable, and any left after putting in wheat. All that is left in the yard should be put into convenient piles.—It will rot faster, retain more of its good qualities, and be less liable to leach with spring rains. The barn yard will likewise become dry and clean.

Take good care of the stock, especially that portion which is to raise the young. Grain in small quantities may be used in feeding with decided profit.

Get your tools ready, plows, harrows, hoes, harness and all necessary farm implements. A day spent now, for this purpose, will accomplish as much, and not be as valuable to the farmer, as a good day for work after the summer, business has been commenced.

If you have not a good wood pile, get one at once and have the wood for summer use split fine, and placed under cover, where the wood can get it without hard work. It is poor policy for a farmer to be drawing up wood at midsummer.

Now that you are ready, plow deep, pulverize well. Sow the best seed of its kind—till every piece of ground and crop thoroughly—and watch the progress with thankful hearts, for seed time and harvest are the sure promise especially to the diligent, systematic and intelligent farmer.

The Crops.—The Prospect. The wheat is looking well. It could not be better. We never saw it so thick upon the ground and looking so strong and thrifty at the season in any former year. But the great rain which has just terminated after a continuation of two weeks, almost without interruption, has put back the spring work, and been the death of a multitude of lambs. The fruit prospect is good.

In this section the wheat never looked healthier or better; while every bush and tree capable of bearing fruit, is loaded with blossoms, giving promise of the greatest possible abundance.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

THE WHEAT CROP, in this section of the country, never looked better than at present.—Niles Rep.

Everything now has the appearance of "peace and plenty," especially to the farmer. The wheat crop promises an abundant yield, and, as yet, the fruit is entirely untouched by frost.—Chron. of St. Joseph, Co.

THE CROPS.—The wheat on the ground, all we can gather, never looked more promising than at present. Our exchanges, almost unanimously, say the same thing. They also speak of the fine prospect for a good crop of fruit.—[Ann Arbor Argus.]

THE GROWING WHEAT CROP.—We notice by our Ohio exchanges the growing wheat generally promises well. The cultivator of the West, states that the appearance of the wheat is fine about Columbus.—[Clev. Her.]

WHEAT CROP.—We are informed that the winter wheat has survived the winter in good condition, and promises an abundant yield.—The surface sown, however is but small, especially under the prairie, where heretofore it has been subjected to occasional failure.—[Fond du Lac Journal.]

THE GROWING WHEAT.—The rains of the past week have served to fertilize the young wheat, and the appearance of the fields, as we learn from every county in the State, never looked more thrifty and healthy since Wisconsin commenced raising wheat.—[Milwaukee Wis.]

FARMERS READ.—The farmers of Indiana well remember what a difficulty they had last spring in getting their corn to come up right. Many farmers had to plant a second and third time. But I was well aware of the difficulty before hand. I ascertained it by the following experiment:—I took one hundred grains of fifty different ears and put them in a small pan of dirt, and sowed them by the fire so as to keep the dirt sufficiently warm. The result of this experiment was, that only about half of the grains sprouted. I repeated the experiment several times with like results. This spring I have repeated the same experiment several times and find that nearly every grain sprouts well, there was only three or four grains out of a hundred that would not come up. So I think the farmers this spring have no fear on this point. By making similar experiments, the farmers even of Wayne county may save several bushels of seed corn. I hope the farmers of Indiana will try the experiment for themselves.—[Indiana Farmer.]

IMPORTANT ARREST OF A FUGITIVE.—A young man, 19 years of age, a native of Vermont, was taken to New York from Toledo Ohio, where he was arrested on a charge of embezzling \$2,500 from Adams & Co's Express. The accused was in the employ of the Company in the capacity of Delivery Clerk, for about two months before he committed the larceny. Mr. Wm. B. Dinmore, of the Express Co., made affidavit to the fact of the accused having on the 7th of March last absconded with the money—a package containing \$1000, and another containing \$1500. The prisoner made a clear confession of his guilt. The magistrate asked him whether he was guilty or not, and when he replied, 'I am perfectly guilty—I took the money.' Upon being asked where he lived, he said, 'I expect to live in the Tombs for trial, in default of \$3,000 bail. It is expected that most of the embezzled money will be recovered.—[Albany Register.]

Dr. James H. Gray, of Springfield, Mass., and brother-in-law of H. B. Dunlop, one of the proprietors of this paper, was killed at the railroad accident at Norwalk, Conn., on Friday last.—[Dot. Adv.]

Query.—Why is Queen Victoria like a dog's tail? Because the Queen keeps a carriage and the dog's tail keeps a wagging. Boston Times.

Went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowded with dim figures. One of them, a tall dark being, approached me; I fainted away, and on coming to myself found I had been conveyed back. Oh, Mr. —, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection; did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?'

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'Bless me, Williams!' said I: 'I thought you were in London. How did you come here?'

'Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. —. Is she living?'

'She is; but very, very ill, Williams.' 'Oh, let me see her, good Mr. —, as you hope yourself for mercy!'

'Well, as you shall wish; but come in and compose yourself a little. It is a great regret; you should have had an order from the matron; but I will go and get you one.'

While I was gone he had made his way to the room where she lay. I found him sitting on the edge of her bed, pressing her hand between his.

'Forgive me, Jane!' he was saying; 'may God forgive him who has wrought you this, as freely as I forgive you, my first and only love!'

She was now falling very weak indeed. It was plain to me she could not live over the evening. Of this her mother and Williams were like-wise persuaded, and neither of them left her, but passed the time in the error performance of the peculiar forms and duties of their church. It felt like intrusion on my part to stay, so I left them, looking in every now and then. In the course of the afternoon, on entering the room, I observed her gazing around her with a curious glance, as of amusement and delight, mingled with surprise.

'Mr. —,' said she, 'whose are all those pretty, smiling little children round about the bed?'

I felt at a loss what to say; of course there was no child there; but it was not so with the rapid and fanciful wit.

'These,' said she, 'are the babes of two years old and under, that were slain by the command of Herod throughout all the borders of Bethlehem. Even as one of these shall you shortly be, my own darling girl!'

'How bright and beautiful they look!' murmured her daughter.

There was a long pause.