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WOMAN.

BY M. P. WELLS.

Oh, what is woman—what her smile— Her lip of love—her eye of light— What is she, if her lips revile The lowly Jesus I love may write His name upon your forehead, and And linger in her curls of jet— The light spring flower may scarcely bow Beneath her step, and yet—she is— Without that meek grace, she'll be A lighter thing than vanity.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

BY H. C. PARSONS.

Brightly gleamed the lamps in the imperial palace at Vienna; shining in their long rows upon a scene of gayety and gladness. To the light steps of a thousand feet, which moved along the marble halls, music sounded harmoniously, and the joyous strains came forth to the ears of those without, and rising were borne far and wide by the evening breeze. Lovely women and gallant nobles thronged the palace, clothed in the gorgeous apparel of the fifteenth century; here standing to converse in the chivalrous tone of those days, and there bounding on in the endless evolutions and mazes of the dance. The lustrous lamps were hung on high between the stately column and the marble arches of the palace, shedding a soft and mellow radiance upon the scene below. Upon the ladies and nobles, upon the tapestry and furniture, the statues and adornments of the royal palace, while Sigismund sitting on his chair of State, gazed with a serene countenance upon the happiness of his people.

A young man, superbly dressed, whose light hair and blue eyes proclaimed his Saxon origin, had just passed from the side of the Emperor. Edgar, Marquis of Allondale, had been two weeks at the court of Sigismund. His handsome person, his great wealth, and his deeds of arms, had made him there no unwelcome guest—and rumor even then asserted that the most beautiful maiden in Germany had plighted her troth to him. As Edgar passed through the crowded rooms he paused to address the lord chamberlain. "Ah, my dear marquis," said the latter, "I am delighted to see you. All the world is here to-night; but come with me, I have a private word for your ear." He drew me into a recess. "Marquis, you have a rival for the hand of Adrianna. See, she is in the next room, and notice by her side that tall, dark nobleman. It is the Count of Palatine. He has just returned from Italy. Without success he has long sought the hand of your lady. This evening he has been constantly by her side; he means no good. Beware of him—you will find him a dangerous rival, for," he lowered his voice to a whisper, "he is supposed to be connected with the Tribunal of the Holy Vehm. You know its power—but I am called. Farewell! remember my warning."

Edgar stood as if paralyzed; the words dropped by the chamberlain, the name of the Holy Vehm, made him shudder and grow pale. Before him was the peerless Adrianna, in all the pride of youth and beauty, "a perfect woman nobly planned," and by her side stood the Count of Palatine. Tall and strongly made, with black hair, a heavy moustache, a dark eye that flashed from under his overhanging eyebrows, the count looked like one whom few would wish to brave. Raising himself with an effort, Edgar walked towards them. An expression of joy lighted up the countenance of Adrianna, as she saw him, while the count's face grew darker as he gazed upon the handsome stranger. Edgar requested Adrianna to join him in the dance that was about to begin. Looking timidly towards the count she consented. They walked towards the dancers. The count gazed after them for a moment, with a sneer upon his lip; then looking around, and seeing that he was observed, he passed into the outer room. The Count of Merlin, Adrianna's father, was standing near the door in conversation with some nobleman; the count touched him as he passed, he turned and followed him. "There will be a meeting of the Holy Vehm at twelve to-morrow night, in the vaulted chamber of the castle of Drackenfels."

"To-morrow night," said the Count of Merlin, "what new offender?" "Have you any chief for reason? Beware! Count of Merlin, you are not invulnerable. Remember, at twelve to-morrow night."

The festivities were not concluded until a late hour. Before the parties separated Edgar and Adrianna were engaged in a long conversation. Joyfully did Edgar walk to his lodgings, so engrossed with the thought of Adrianna's beauty that he did not perceive that a man, followed him to his very door. Hastily divesting himself of his apparel, the young man retired to rest, as the red sun arose from behind the hills that were crowned by the castle of Drackenfels. When Edgar awoke that morning the

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bright sun was shining in his chamber window. He turned upon his pillow and started as if an armed foe had been near. In the very pillow on which his head had been lying, buried to the hilt, was a long dagger with a chord twisted around the handle, to which a slip of parchment was attached. Tremblingly Edgar read "You are summoned to appear this night at twelve o'clock before the Tribunal of the Holy Vehm." A guide will be with you at eleven." Edgar turned deadly pale as he read the fearful words. A fearful summons it was in truth, for rarely did any one leave the presence of that dread tribunal a living man. Originating as it did with some who wished to preserve the laws which their rulers were unable to enforce, it soon fell from its "high estate," and became the instrument in the hands of many for perpetrating the most atrocious crimes. The most powerful dukes and the greatest princes had been summoned to appear before the Holy Vehm; and too well did Edgar know that he who failed to obey their call perished by the hand of a midnight assassin. Conscious of his innocence, he determined to be ready at the appointed hour. Rising, he sought Adrianna at the palace of her father; to his astonishment and grief he learned that she had that morning left this city in company with her father.

Slowly dragged the day along; at length the appointed hour arrived. Edgar heard a knock upon the door of his apartment, he arose and opened the door. A man clothed in black, with a mask upon his face, entered the room. "I am ready," said Edgar. "Come, then," said the guide, "we have no time to lose."

They descended into the street; two horses saddled and bridled stood before the door. They rode rapidly through the city, when they had passed the gate the guide turned to Edgar: "Sir," said he, "you must consent to be blindfolded." "As you please," said Edgar. The guide drew a handkerchief from his pocket and quickly blindfolded him. For some time they rode on in silence—at length they stopped. In an instant Edgar felt himself lifted from the horse and hurried forward. They passed through a wall, which appeared to him to be a long hall, then down a stone staircase. A door was thrown open, the handkerchief fell from his eyes, and he stood in the presence of the Tribunal of the Holy Vehm. Seated around a long room were some thirty or forty men, dressed in black robes, with black masks upon their faces. At one end was a raised platform, on which was a table. Behind the table sat one who appeared to be the chief. By his side was seated the secretary. Two iron lamps threw a dim light upon the scene.

"Edgar, Marquis of Allondale," said the chief, in a loud, harsh voice, "you have been summoned to appear before the Tribunal of the Holy Vehm. 'Tis well that you have obeyed our commands. Listen while the secretary reads the accusation."

The secretary rose and read from his parchment book— "Edgar, Marquis of Allondale, is charged with having dared to aspire to the hand of a German countess against her father's consent, and contrary to the law of our land."

"Your defence, young man," said the chief, "is to be made by you. In an instant the truth flashed upon the mind of Edgar. He was the victim of a base conspiracy, but who would summon him thus? Ah! it flashed through his brain like lightning; it was the Count of Palatine. He turned fiercely: "Wretch! do you think your cunning artifice is not discovered? That I do love the daughter of Count Merlin I will avow before all the world. But as for thee I will maintain—"

"He has confessed his guilt," said the chief, rising and clapping his hands; two men-at-arms entered. "Away with him, you know his punishment." Edgar was seized and hurried away. When they reached the hall through which he had passed, he was blindfolded. He was then led along a second passage a door was opened, and the night breeze played softly upon his heated brain.

### SONG IN BABY'S LONELY DESERT.

Swiss Air—"Ronde de Yacht."

In Earth's lonely desert, Regions above, To rest and wait, There's nothing like love, It brightens the landscape Wherever we go. Ah! seems like a star, On our pathway of love, When the myrtle of love, Blushes in words around, The music of hope, Gives to silence a sound, O! there is love's tone, Where our fingers first met, There sorrow will linger, Though joy may forget. All melody breathing, All sunshine and bloom, And garlands our tomb, Far away—far away, Where bright planets roll, O! there is love's tone, In the land of the soul.

### THE BEAUTY—A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

"O, that I was only beautiful!" sighed a plain, little maiden, mournfully wiping away a tear. With these words she fell asleep. As she closed her eyes, there darted in at the window as lovely a being as ever graced a fairy festival in the charmed realm of Fairy. Peering here and there, she sought for the half-opened bud of a geranium, which grew fresh and bright beneath her pressure, she rested her eyes thoughtfully upon the shadow of a flowering vine which intercepted the moonlight and threw delicate figures softly upon the carpet.

Here she paused, folding her small and upon her bosom, to await the more perfect slumber of the maiden; soon, however, she advanced to the bedside, and bending over the pillow, she permitted her tresses to brush lightly as the wing of zephyr; the brow of the sleeper, and thus she whispered in her dreams: "Maiden, it is the desire of thy heart to be beautiful. Learn this, oh young inheritor of immortality! that true beauty, the beauty which fades not when the hair becomes gray and years have developed form within. 'Adornments' which are worn alone will not render thee lovely; nor will bright eyes, sunny locks, and comely features, (except as these serve to represent the symmetry of thine inner sanctuary,) cause thee to be beloved; but in the high thoughts of a pure soul, which will beam forth from thy fresh young face, and tempt thee to the power to attract all hearts irresistibly unto thee."

"The dahlia and the poppy are more gay than the rose, yet the rose is the more perfect slumberer of the maiden; her soft petals are laden with grateful odors; from her heart floweth the holy wealth of a sweet nature, and the sweet nature, and the surrounding atmosphere is hallowed by her presence. 'Gratitudes' and purities are to these dear maiden, as fragrance and cheerfulness to such as are lovely and pure; and tenderness and purity will always dwell as a sacred presence about thee."

"Let me ask, then, beautiful spirit," timidly inquired the maiden, "if this will indeed constitute me very beautiful, so that all who look upon me will love me?" "Yes, truly," returned the fairy. "This will indeed render thee beautiful, yet remember, maiden, that in thy hope of danger and temptation, purity and loveliness are not easily secured. Oh, fall not to regard them as a prize to be constantly and religiously guarded. In thy abort sport upon earth, thou mayest have beheld a valued but tender plant rooted out by the grosser children of Elysia's domain. Had a wise hand but timely removed those intruders from the soil about her roots, sunshine and showers would have surely raised her to the high estate of a joy and blessing to the upper air. But the rank weeds grow, the young plant died, and the air never knew how rich a treasure was once hidden within her gentle heart."

"Loveliness and purity are within thy spirit, sorrowing one; tender and beautiful flowers which God has planted there that thou mayest cherish for him. Yet if the growth of impure thoughts and ungodly passions is allowed, they would soon shut out the light, drink up the dew, and poison the soil; while loveliness and purity would wither, sadly wither, under their deadly shade."

"Be it thy constant care, dear child, to keep clean the garden of thy heart. Leave it ever open to the rays of truth, and let the dew of innocence nightly rest upon it. Then, as the rare plants of virtue unfold, sending abroad their unnumbered branches to fill the atmosphere of thine inner life with fragrance and joy, thine outward form will gradually rise to the heavenly proportion of thine inner self. The impression of angelic beauty that blossoms within, will glow softly in thy smile, and fall tenderly from the glances of thine eyes. Thy brow will become radiant as thy spirit expands, and thy voice melodious as thy heart swells with that love which

encircles every creature of God within its embrace. "Good-night, little maiden. Seek thou to be generous and noble, truthful and pure, and thou shalt become indeed very beautiful, even unto the eyes of angels."

The fairy ceased, and bending gracefully upon the maiden, she parted the hair upon the forehead of the sleeping one; then kissing her with the tenderness of a mother, she flitted back to the window. Resting once more where the shadow of vines wrought their delicate arabesque upon a pound of moonlight, she clasped her hands together, and upraised her eyes as if invoking a superior power. She remained thus for a moment, but ere long passed away. As she was departing, a mystic light, soft as the moonbeam, but clear as the morning sun, gathered about the couch whereon the little maiden rested. Beneath its magic influence all traces of sorrow were effaced, a calm smile came in their stead, and she was baptised with the spirit of joy.

Henceforward her life was a charmed life. When she awoke upon the morning, her heart was peaceful and strong, her soul light and free. All about her marked the wonderful change that had come upon the little maiden, though she was half unconscious of it herself, for the day-hours seemed but the corner of a trifling dream. The quiet, humble grace that attended her steps like an angel of light was as the prompting of her fairy benefactor. Years passed cheerfully on. The spirit enshrined within that young form became exceedingly lovely; from day to day the outward figure yielded to its sweet proportions, and the fairy's prophecy was at length fulfilled.—The Student.

A lady friend of ours relates an amusing incident, showing the "means and appliances," whereby one of the "obnoxious" was swapped off and boot given with him. "Twas thus: A young lady from the East, visiting her relations in this city had been considerably annoyed by the attentions and self-sufficient airs of a conceited "flea of wax" boarding with them, and finally concluded to show her friend upon the next opportunity, how a few plain words should put him down. "That day at dinner our gentleman was anxious that C— should sit beside him, which she gravely excused herself from doing until the cholera season should over. "Cholera season—why—what—oh—yshaw! come and sit down by me. "Not now—can't do it possibly—father told me when I left home not to touch, taste or have anything to do with any green thing at my meals; and the young lady proceeded with her dinner, leaving Sir Powerful Pretensions wondering whether the "snigger" that was creeping around the table wasn't at his expense.—Clem. Her.

CONFIDENCE.—"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?" "Yes sir." "State to the Court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence." "Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports about eatin' his men, an' I used to kinder think—"

"Never mind what you thought tell us what you know." "Well sir, one day I goes down to Cooke's shop an' sez I, give's a wheel pie." "Well, sir, proceed." "Well, just then Mr. Cooke comes up, an' sez 'he, 'how du, Smith, what ye goin to hev?" "Well, pie, sez I." "Good," sez he, 'I'll take one in; so he sets down and eats one of his own wheel pie right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?" "Yes, indeed, sir, when an eatin' house keeper lets down afore his customers an' deliberately eat one of his own wheel pie, no one can refuse to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

HOW FAR SAVED HIS DOG.—The mania for poisoning dogs having reached Somerville, an Irishman, the owner of a large dog accosted a neighbor one morning and the following conversation ensued: "Dye see what's this they're after doing? Pisen my dog, to be sure—An' didn't I find a piece of mate in my yard this morning, all pizened for my dog; but shure I knowed better than to eat after lettin him ate it?"

"What did you do with the meat?" "Do wid it! An' what should I do wid it, shure; but throw it into my pig pen." "But won't it poison your hog?" "Oh! by me soul! I niver thought of that!"

Pat went and looked into his sty, where he found that poor piggy was just breathin his last. An exchange paper says—any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world; and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk of stillatoes, gatherings, surging, hemmings, gorings, entings, whippings, lacings, cuffings and bastings! What a list of abominables!

The reporter of the San Francisco News furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech of a California auctioneer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have now the honor of putting up a fine pocket-handkerchief; a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one-half cotton, 't'other half cotton, too; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and stripes and stars on 't'other. It will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers. Its great length, breadth and thickness, together with its dark color, will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing. Going at one dollar—seventy-five cents!—fifty cents!—twenty-five cents!—one bit! Nobody wants it! Oh! thank you, sir!"

"Next, gentlemen—for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article—is a real, simple pure, tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor; bran spankin new; never opened before; the sun-light, moon-light, star-light, day-light or gas-light; sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance or a poor relation; handle of buck-horn, with all the rivets, but the two at the ends, of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? one dollar? half a dollar? and a piece of soap sweeter than roses, fathes better than a schoolmaster, and strong enough to wipe out all the stains from a California politician's conscience, all for four bits! Why, you have only to put the razor-strop and soap upon your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning close shaved. Won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot? I know I'll sell them."

"Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair of socks, stockings, hose or half-hose, just as you have a mind to call them; knit by a machine made on purpose, out of cotton wool. The machine is a politician's conscience, all for four bits! So, you have only to put the razor-strop and soap upon your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning close shaved. Won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot? I know I'll sell them."

"Always let your children have their own way, for 'children are children and must be indulged.' Dress them in tip-top style, and always take advantage of every opportunity to cultivate in them a love for dress and show. Above all things teach your children the 'art of begging from strangers.' Satisfy all the whims of your darlings, for 'they must have amusements.' Cultivate in your dear ones a dislike for work, for 'poor, delicate things, they cannot stand it.' Never let your children associate with any but those of rich parents, for money makes the man. Teach your daughters to be affected and your sons feippish, for 'nature is by art refined.' Never, never punish, or in any manner correct your children, for they will come out right in the end."

A PORTRAIT.—A young man wishing to be noticed in the gay circles of the world, buys an old watch for five dollars. At the end of four months, finding it does not keep time as well as a new one, he pays three dollars to have it thoroughly repaired. Two months after, finding it is not exactly a new watch, he pays two dollars for further repairs. At the end of the year, growing sick of it, he swaps it for an old musket. He then tries to get rich by hunting, but not finding game very plentiful, and receiving a summons from the merchant to pay for his powder and shot, which has amounted to eight dollars, he says to himself 'I'll get rid of the rotten musket somehow; so he swaps it for an old horse, and pays five dollars to boot. He hires his horse kept at the end of the year his bill for horse-keeping has amounted to forty dollars, and his own to seventy-five. He says to himself, this is not getting along very fast, so he sells his horse for a barrel of brandy, which finishes his earthly career.—Country Gentleman.

AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION.—Joe, when you grow up do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionary store?" "I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister." "Oh, don't be a minister, Joe, for you can't go to church, then." "I know that, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know Mrs. Lovegrove says Mr. Frothy face, and wouldn't you like to be a doctor, Tom?" "Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses." "Ob, yes you can; ministers drive fast horses, now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a billious attack, the worshippers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents, and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country seat, and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?" "Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles."

WAR.—"Now look aside," said Jerrold, "and contemplate God's image with a musket! What a fine looking thing it war! Yes, dress it as you may, dress it and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine cases out of ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling! Yet O man of war! at this very moment you are shrinking, withering like an aged giant. The finger of opinion has been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered things you were; and then this! this! the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding iron, even while you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of iron, into your sword."

"If you marry," said a Roman Consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself neat, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."

The following is a good phrase descriptive of an energetic character:—"Cromwell did not wait until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking!"