THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Fashionable Tailor, rooms over the store of Smith Jackson, Cheap Side. CUTTING done on short notice.

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BLACKSMITHS, Carriage and Wagon Builders, State Street, between seventh & Eighth, Erie.

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OFFICE with Doct. A. Beebe, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, on Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

C. SIEGEL,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa

HENRY CADWELL,
IMPORTER, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

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Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 4 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 33 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie

C. M. TIBBALS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No 111, Cheapside, Erie.

JOHN ZIMMERLY,
DEALER in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
CABINET MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

EDWIN J. KELSO & CO.
GENERAL Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
E. J. KELSO & CO.

WALKER & COOK,
GENERAL Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS. T. M. AUSTIN

CARTER & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

REMOVED.
LAIRD & RUST have removed their Store to No. 1, "Wright's Block," where they will be happy to see their old customers, and all who may favor them with a call.
Erie, April 12

Select Poetry.

THE WINTER KING.

BY REV. G. V. MAXHAM.

The winds, like reapers with their sickles keen,
Had shorn the landscape of its living green,
And thick the cone-like piles of red leaves lay,
As wheaten shocks upon an autumn day.

Whilst Summer braided roses in the South,
Far in the dreary caves of Labrador
Old Winter by his icy anvil toiled,
And wrought with strange device the chrystal ore.

The swarthy armorer of the battling winds,
A thousand weapons lay around his forge;
The lance, the glittering spear, and helmet bright,
With rounded hale to storm the mountain gorge.

All ghastly red his forge's flames arose,
Like those that smelt the furnace's glowing bars,
And forked as a dragon's darting tongue
They curled and played around the livid stars.

The earth held courtly dalliance with the flowers,
Nor dreamed of conquest on her golden plains,
Whilst, like a Vulcan in his northern cave
Grim Winter forged his bands and icy chains;

And heralded by Euroclydon's blast,
The hoary king came forth in mailed might,
As comes an army on its conquering march;
With serried ranks of spears all glittering bright.

Earth's cities reeled before the dread array,
The sullen sea sent up its dismal wail,
And ships went swirling downward to their graves
As wildly rose and shrieked the foundering gale.

Fair Summer fled in fright her rosy bowers,
The chirping birds that lulled us to our dreams,
Took wings in cloudy flocks for southern climes,
And seals were on the lips of babbling streams.

And like a dying flame when rocked by winds,
The sun at noon-day flickered to and fro,
As through the yawning rifts of ashen clouds
His light fell coldly on earth's shroud of snow.

But Winter's reign of dread will soon be o'er,
For he begins to soften in his wrath,
And gentle Spring will come to fill his throne
With odorous vines and roses in her paths

And the soft breathings of her balmy lips
Shall thrill to life the heart of old decay,
And on the ruined arch the mildew stain
Shall be concealed beneath the garland gay.

The timid fawn will come again into the vale
To crop its cooling herbs at heat of day,
And happy children oft will leave their games
To hunt in cloistered dells the flowers of May.

And from the earth a great altar shall arise,
Sweat songs of praise, like incense to the skies,
And man shall kneel upon the fragrant sod
And bless in prayer the goodness of his God. —*Boston Post*

Choice Miscellany.

From Chambers's Journal.

Confessions of an Attorney.

JANE ECCLES.

THE criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr. Flint; he being more *au fait*, from early practice, than myself in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt!—There exists many records of proofs, incontestable; but obtained too late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases than that of Eliza Fenning. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death! Juster, wiser times have dawned upon us, in which truer nations prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgement on transgressors; and this we owe, let us not forget to the exertions of a band of men who, undeterred by the sneers of the reputedly wise and *practical* men of the world, and the taunts of "influential" newspapers, persisted in *teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly* cemented than by the shedding of blood—law, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the gallows. Let me confess that I also was for many years, amongst the mockers, and sincerely held such "theorists" and "dreamers" as Sir Samuel Romily and his fellow workers in utter contempt. Not so my partner Mr. Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decissions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a convict died persisted in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. And to such a pitch did this morbidly sensative feeling at length arrive, that he all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr. Flint, still, however, retained a monopoly of the *defences* except when, some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever impression it produced, thoroughly cured me—as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers and denouncers of the gallows.

One forenoon during the absence of Mr. Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs. Margaret Davies called at the office, in apparently great distress of mind. This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age—I have heard a very intimate friend of hers say she would never live to see fifty again, but this was spite—and possessed of considerable house property in rather poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and scandal, in collecting, her weekly, monthly, and quarterly rents; and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare of her tenants. Very barafaced, I well knew, were the impositions practised upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promises and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still, deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs. Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be well-doing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

"What is the matter now?" I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. "Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope, likely to befall those interesting clients of yours?"

"You are a hard-hearted man, Mr. Sharp," replied Mrs. Davies between a smile and a cry; "but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a Christian, of no consequence."

"Complimentary, Mrs. Davies; but pray go on."

"You knew Jane Eccles, one of my tenants in Bank Buildings; the embroidress who adopted her sister's orphan child?"

"I remember her name. She obtained, if I recollect rightly, a balance of wages for her due to the child's father, a mate, who died at sea. Well what has befallen her?"

"A terrible accusation has been preferred against her!" rejoinded Mrs. Davies; "but as for a moment believing it, that is quite out of the question. Jane Eccles," continued the warm-hearted lady, at the same time extracting a crumpled newspaper from the miscellaneous contents of her reticule—"Jane Eccles works hard from morning till night, keeps herself to herself; her little nephew and her rooms are always as clean and nice as a new pin; she attends church regularly; and pays her rent punctually to the day.—This disgraceful story, therefore," she added, placing the journal in my hands, "cannot be true."

I glanced over the police: "Uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged," I exclaimed, "The devil!"

"There's no occasion to be spurting that name out so loudly, Mr. Sharp," said Mrs. Davies with some asperity, "especially in a lawyer's office. People have been wrongfully accused before to-day I suppose!"

I was intent on the report, and not answering, she continued, "I heard nothing of it till I read the shameful account in the paper half an hour agone. The poor slandered girl was, I dare say, afraid or ashamed to send for me."

"This appears to be a very bad case, Mrs. Davies." I said at length. "Three forged ten pound notes changed in one day at different shops each time, under the pretence of purchasing articles of small amount, and another ten-pound note found in her pocket! All that has, I must say, a very ugly look."

"I don't care," exclaimed Mrs. Davies quite fiercely, "if it looks as ugly as sin, or if the whole Bank of England was found in her pocket? I know Jane Eccles well, she nursed me last spring through the fever; and I would be upon my oath that the whole story, from beginning to end, is an invention of the devil, or something worse."

"Jane Eccles," I persisted, "appears to have been unable or unwilling to give the slightest explanation as to how she became possessed of the spurious notes.—Who is this brother of hers "of such highly respectable appearance," according to the report, who was permitted a private interview with her previous to the examination?"

"She has no brother that I have ever heard of," said Mrs. Davies. "It must be a mistake of the papers."

"That is not likely. You observed of course that she was fully committed—and no wonder!"

Mrs. Davies' faith in the young woman's integrity was not to be shaken by any evidence save that of her own bodily eyes, and I agreed to see Jane Eccles on the morrow, and make the best arrangements for the defence at Mrs. Davies' charge, which the circumstances and the short time I should have for a few days—permitted. The matter so far settled, Mrs. Margaret hurried off to see what had become of little Henry, the prisoner's nephew.

I visited Jane Eccles the next day in Newgate. She was a well-grown young woman of about two or three-and-twenty—not exactly pretty perhaps, but very well looking. Her brown hair was plainly worn, without a cap, and the expression of her face was, I thought, one of sweetness and humility, contradicted in some degree by rather harsh lines about the mouth denoting strong and purpose. As a proof of the existence of this last will characteristic, I may here mention, that when her first overweening confidence had yielded to doubt, she, although dotingly fond of her nephew, at this time about eight years of age, firmly refused to see him, "in order," she once said to me, and the thought brought a deadly pallor to her face—"in order that, should the worst befall, her memory might not involuntarily be connected in his mind with images of dungeons, and disgrace, and shame." Jane Eccles had received what is called in the country "a good schooling," and the books Mrs. Davies had lent her she had eagerly perused. She was therefore to a certain extent a cultivated person; and her speech and manners were mild, gentle, and so to speak, religious. I generally found, when I visited her, a Bible or prayer-book in her hand. This, however, from my experience, comparatively slight though it was, did not much impress me in her favor—devotional sentiment, so easily, for a brief time, assumed, being in nine cases out of ten a hypocritical deceit. Still she, upon the whole made a decided favorable impression on me, and I no longer so much wondered at the bigotry of unbelief manifested by Mrs. Davies in behalf of her apparently amiable and grateful protegee.

But beyond the moral doubt thus suggested of the prisoner's guilt, my interviews with her utterly failed to extract anything from her in rebutment of the charge upon which she was about to be arraigned. At first she persisted in asserting that the prosecution was based upon manifest error: that the impugned notes, instead of being forged, were genuine Bank-of-England paper. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing her that this hope, to which she so eagerly, desperately clung was a fallacious one. I did so at last; and either, thought I, as I marked her varying color, and faltering voice, "either you are a consummate actress, or else the victim of some frightful delusion or conspiracy."

"I will see you, if you please, to-morrow," she said, looking up from the chair upon which, with her head bowed and her face covered with her hands, she had been seated for several minutes in silence. "My thoughts are confused now, but to-morrow I shall be more composed: better able to decide if—to talk, I mean, of this unhappy business."

I thought it better to comply without remonstrance, and at once took my leave.

When I returned the next afternoon, the governor of the prison informed me that the brother of my client, James Eccles, quite a dashing gentleman, had a long interview with her. He had left about two hours before, with the intention, he said, of calling upon me.

I was conducted to the room, where my conferences with the prisoner usually took place. In a few minutes she appeared, much flushed and excited, it seemed to be alternately with trembling joy and hope, and doubt and nervous fear.

"Well," I said, "I trust you are now ready to give me your unreserved confidence, without which, be assured, that any reasonable hope of a successful issue from the perils in which you are involved is out of the question."

The varying emotion I have noticed were clearly traceable as they swept over her tell-tale countenace during the minute or so that elapsed before she spoke.

"Tell me candidly, sir," she said at last, "whether, if I owned to you that the notes were given to me by a—a person, whom I cannot, if I would, produce, to purchase various articles at different shops, and return him—the person I mean—the change; and that if I made oath this was done by me in all inocence of heart, as the God of heaven and earth truly knows it was, it would avail me?"

"Not in the least," I replied, angry at such trifling.—"How can you ask such a question. We must *find* the person who you intimate has deceived you, and placed your life in peril; and if that can be proved, hang him instead of you. I speak plainly, Miss Eccles," I added in a milder tone; "perhaps you may think unfeelingly, but there is no farther time for playing with this dangerous matter. To-morrow, a true bill will be found against you, and your trial may then come on immediately. If you are careless for yourself, you ought to have some thought for the sufferings of your excellent friend, Mrs Davies; for your nephew, soon perhaps, to be left friendless and destitute."

"Oh spare me—spare me!" sobbed the unhappy young woman, sinking nervously into a seat. "Have pity upon me, wretched, bewildered as I am!" Tears relieved her, and after a while she said, "It is useless, sir, to prolong this interview. I could not, I solemnly assure you, if I would, tell you where to search for or find the person whom I spoke. "And," she added, whilst the lines about her mouth of which I have spoken grew distinct and rigid, "I would not if I could. What indeed would it, as I have been told and believe, avail but to cause the death of two innocent persons instead of one, Besides," she continued, trying to speak with firmness, and repress the shudder which crept over and shook her as with ague,—"besides whatever the verdict, the penalty will not, cannot, I am sure, I know! be—be—!"

I understood her plainly enough, although her resolution failed to sustain her through the sentence.

"Who is this brother, James Eccles, he calls himself, whom you saw at the police-office, and who has twice been here, I understand—once to-day?"

A quick start revealed the emotion with which she heard the question, and her dilated eyes rested upon me for a moment with eager scrutiny. She speedily recovered her presence of mind, and with her eyes again fixed on the floor, said in a quivering voice, "My brother! Yes—as you say—my brother."

"Mrs. Davis says you have no brother!" I sharply rejoined.

"Good Mrs Davies," she replied in a tone scarcely above a whisper, and without raising her head, "does know all our family."

A subterfuge was, I was confident, concealed in these words; but after again and again urging her to confide in me, and finding warning and persuasion alike useless I withdrew discomfited and angry; and withal as much concerned and grieved as baffled and indignant. On going out I arranged with the governor that the "brother," if he again made his appearance, should be detained, *bongre, malgre,* till my arrival. Our precaution was too late; he did not reappear and so little notice had any one taken of his person, that to advertise a description of him with a reward for his apprehension was hopeless.

A true bill was found, and two hours afterwards Jane Eccles was placed in the dock. The trial did not last more than twenty minutes, at the end of which, an unhesitating verdict of guilty was returned, and she was duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck until she was dead. We had retained the ablest counsel practising in the court, but with no tangible defence, their efforts were merely thrown away. Upon being asked what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect, she repeated her previous statement—that the notes had been given her to change by a person in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and that she had not the slightest thought of evil or fraud in what she did.—That person, however, she repeated once more, could not be produced. Her assertions only excited a derisive smile; and all necessary forms having been gone through she was removed from the bar.

The unhappy women bore the ordeal through which she had just passed with much firmness. Once only, whilst sentence was being passed, her high strung resolution appeared to falter and give way. I was watching her intently, and I observed that she suddenly directed a piercing look toward a distant part of the crowded court. In a moment her eye lightened, the expression of extreme horror which had momently darkened her countenance passed away, and her partial composure returned. I instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and thought I detected a tall man enveloped in a cloak engaged in a dumb momentary communication with her. I jumped up from my seat, and hastened as quickly as I could through the thronged passages to the spot, and looked eagerly around, but the man, whosoever he might be, was gone.

The next act in this sad drama was the decision of the Privy Council upon the recorder's report. It came.—Several were reprieved, but amongst them was *not* Jane Eccles. She and nine others were to perish at eight o'clock on the following morning.

The anxiety and worry inseperable from this most unhappy affair, which, from Mr. Flint's protracted absence, I had exclusively to bear, fairly knocked me up; and on the evening of the day on which the decision of the council was received I went to bed much earlier than usual, and really ill. Sleep I could not, and I was tossing restlessly about, vainly endeavoring to banish from my mind the gloomy and terrible images conjured with the wretched girl and her swiftly-coming fate, when a quick tap sounded on the door, and the servant's voice announced that one of the clerks had brought a letter which the superscription directed to be read without a moments delay. I sprang out of bed, snatched the letter, and eagerly ran it over. It was from the Newgate chaplain, a very worthy, humane gentleman, and stated that, on hearing the result of the deliberations of the Privy Council, all the previous stoicism and fortitude exhibited by Jane Eccles had completely given way, and she had abandoned herself to the wildest terror and despair. As soon as she could speak coherently, she implored the governor with frantic earnestness to send for me. As this was not only quite useless in the opinion of that official, but against the rules, the prisioner's request was not complied with. The chaplain, however, thinking it might be as well that I should know of her desire to see me, had of his own accord sent me this note. He thought that possibly the sheriffs would permit me to have a brief interview with the condemned prisoner in the morning, if I arrived sufficiently early; and *although it could avail nothing as regarded* her fate in this world, still it might perhaps calm the frightful tumult of emotion by which she was at present tossed and shaken, and enable her to meet the inevitable hour with fortitude and resignation.

It was useless to return to bed after receiving such a communication, and I forthwith dressed myself, determined to sit up and read if I could, till the hour at which I might hope to be admitted to the jail should strike. Slowly and heavily the dark night limped away, and as the first rays of the cold wintery dawn reached the earth, I sallied forth. A dense, brutal crowd were assembled in front of the prison, and hundreds of well-dressed sightseers occupied the opposite windows, morbidly eager for the rising of the curtain upon the awful tragedy about to be enacted. I obtained admission without much difficulty, but till the arrival of the sheriffs, no conference with the condemned prisoners could be possibly permitted. Those important functionaries happened on this morning to arrive unusually late, and I paced up and down the paved corridor in a fever of impatience and anxiety. They were at last announced, but before I could, in the hurry and confusion, obtain speech of either of them, the dismal bell tolled out, and I felt with a shudder, that it was no longer possible to effect my objects I turned, sick at heart, to leave the place, and in my agitation missing the right way, came directly in view of the terrible procession. Jane Eccles saw me, and a terrible scream, followed by frantic heart-rending appeals to me to save her, burst with convulsive effort from her white quivering lips. Never will the horror of that moment pass from my remembrance. I staggered back, as if every spasmodic word struck me like a blow; and then, directed by one of the turnkeys, sped in an opposite direction as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me—the shrieks of the wretched victim, the tolling of the dreadful bell, and the obscene jeers and mocks of the foul crowd through which I had to force my way, evoking a confused tumult of disgust and horror to my brain, which if long continued, would have driven me mad., On reaching home, I was bleed freely, and got to bed. This treatment, I have no doubt, prevented a violent access of fever; for, as it was, several days passed before I could be safely permitted to re-engage in my business.

On revisiting the office, a fragment of a letter written by Jane Eccles a few hours previous to her death, and evidently addressed to Mrs. Davies, was placed by Mr. Flint, who had by this time returned, before me. The following is an exact copy of it, with the exception that the intervals which I have marked with dots, ... were filled with erasures and blots, and that every word seemed to have been traced by a hand smitten with palsy:—

"FROM MY DEATH-PLACE, *Midnight.*

"DEAR MADAM: No, beloved friend, mother let me call you . . . Oh kind, gentle mother, I am to die . . . . . to be killed in a few hours by cruel men!—I, so young, so unprepared for death, and yet guiltless of the offence for which they will have the heart to hang me . . . Nobody, they say can save me now; yet if I could see the lawyer . . . . . buoyed up by lying hopes, till just now the thunder burst, and I—oh God! . . . . . As they spoke the fearful chapter in the Testament came bodily before me—the rending of the vail in twain, the terrible darkness, and the opened graves! . . . . I did not write for this but my brain aches and dazzles. . . . . . It is too late—they all tell me! . . . . Ah, if these dreadful laws were not so swift, I might yet—but no! . . . clearly proved to me how useless. . . . . I must not think of that. . . . . It is of my nephew, of your Henry, child of my affections, that I would speak. Oh, would that I. . . . . But hark!—they are coming . . . . . The day has dawned. . . . . to me the day of judgement! . . . ."

This incoherent scawl only confirmed my previous suspicions, but it was useless to dwell further on the melancholy subject. The great axe has fallen, and whether justly or unjustly, would, I feared as in many, very many other cases, never be clearly ascertained in this world. I was mistaken. Another case of "uttering forged notes," which came under our cognisance a few months afterwards, revived the fading memory of Jane Eccles' early doom, and cleared up every obscurity connected with it.

The offender in this case was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, of the *name of* Justin Arnold. His lady mother, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Barton, retained us for her son's defence, and from her and other sources we learned the following particulars:—

Justin Arnold was the lady's son by a former marriage. Mrs. Barton, a still splendid woman had, in second nuptials; espoused a very wealthy person, and from time to time had covertly supplied Justin Arnold's extravagance, This, however, from the wild course the young man pursued; could not be forever continued, and after many warnings, the supplies were stopped. Incapable of reformation Justin Arnold, in order to obtain the means of dissipation, connected himself with a cleverly organized band of swindlers and forgers, who so adroitly managed their nefarious business, that till his capture, they had contrived to keep themselves clear of the law—the inferior tools and dupes having been alone caught in its fatal meshes. The defence, under these circumstances, necessarily a difficult, almost impossible one, was undertaken by Mr. Flint, and conducted by him with his accustomed skill and energy.

I took a very slight interest in the matter, and heard very little concerning it till its judicial conclusion by the conviction of the offender, and his condemnation to death. The decision on the recorder's report was this time communicated to the authorities of Newgate on a Saturday, so that the batch ordered for execution, amongst whom was Justin Arnold, would not be hanged till the Monday morning. Rather late in the evening a note once more reached me from the chaplain of the prison. Justin Arnold wished to see me—me, not Mr. Flint. He had something of importance to communicate, he said, relative to a person in whom I had once felt great interest. It flashed across me that this Justin might be the "brother" of Jane Eccles, and I determined to see him. I immediately sought out one of the sheriffs, and obtained an order empowering me to see the prisoner on the afternoon of the morrow, (Sunday.)

I found that the convict had expressed great anxiety lest I should decline to see him. My hoped-for visit was the only matter which appeared to occupy the mind or excite the care of the mocking, desperate young man; even the early and shameful termination of his own life on the morrow he seemed to be utterly reckless of.—Thus prepared, I was the less surprised at the scene which awaited me in the prisoner's cell, where I found him in angry altercaion with the pale, affrighted chaplain.

I had never seen Justin Arnold before; this I was convinced of the instant I saw him; but he knew, and greeted me instantly by name. His swarthy, excited features were flushed and angry, and after briefly thanking me for complying with his wishes, he added in a violent, rapid tone, "This good man has been teazing me. He says and truly, that I have defied God by my life, and now he wishes me to mock that inscrutable Being, on the eve of death, by words without sense, meaning, or truth."

"No, no, no!" ejaculated the reverend gentleman. "I exhorted you to true repentance, to peace, charity: to"—

"True repentance, peace, charity!" broke in the prisoner with a scornful burst; "when my heart is full of rage, and bitterness and despair! Give me *time* for the repentance which you say is so needful—time to lure back long since vanquished Hope, and peace, and faith! Poh!—you flout me with words without meaning. I am unfit, you say for the presence of men, but quite fit for that of God, before whom you are about to arrogantly cast me! Be it so; my deeds upon my head. It is at least not my fault that I am hurled to Judgment before the Eternal Judge himself commanded my presence there!"

"He may be unworthy to live," murmured the scared chaplain, "but oh, how utterly unfit to die!"

"That is true," rejoined Justin Arnold with undiminished vehemence. "Those, if you will, are words of truth and sense; go you and preach them to the makers and executioners of the English law. In the meantime I would speak privately with this gentleman."

The reverend pastor, with a mute gesture of compassion, sorrow and regret, was about to leave the cell, when he was stayed by the prisoner, who exclaimed,

"Now I think of it, you had better, sir, remain. The statement I am about to make cannot, for the sake of the victim's reputation and for her friend's sake, have too many witnesses. You both remember Jane Eccles!" A broken exclamation from both of us answered him, and he quickly added—"Ah, you already guess the truth I see. Well, I do not wonder you should start and turn pale. It was a cruel, shameless deed—a dastardly murder if there was ever one. In as few words as possible so you interrupt me not, I will relate *my* share in the atrocious business." He spoke rapidly, and once or twice during the brief recital the moistened eye and husky voice betrayed emotions which his pride would have concealed.

"Jane and I were born in Hertfordshire, within a short distance of each other. I knew her from a child. She was better off than I, worse than we subsequently became—she by her father's bankruptcy—I by my mother by Mrs. Barton's wealthy marriage. She was about nineteen, I twenty-four, when I left the country for London. That she loved me with all the fervor of a trusting woman I well knew, and I had, too, for some time known that she must be either honorably wooed or not at all. This, with me was out of the question, and as I told you I came about that time to London. You can, I daresay, imagine the rest. We were—I and my friends I mean—at a loss for agents to dispose of our wares, and at the same time pressed for money. I met Jane Eccles by accident. Genteel, of graceful address and winning manners, she was just fitted for our purpose. I feigned re-awakened love, proffered marriage, and a home across the Atlantic, as soon as certain trifling but troublesome affairs which constantly harrassed me were arranged. I got her to change a considerable number of notes under various pretexes, but that they were forged she had not and could not have the remotest suspicion. You know the catastrophe.

After her apprehension I visited this prison as her brother, and buoyed her to the last, with allusions of certain pardon and release, whatever, the verdict, through the influence of my wealthy father-in-law, of our immediate union afterwards, and tranquil American home. It is needless to say more. She trusted me, and I sacrificed her—less flagrant instances of a like nature occur every day. And now, gentlemen, I would be alone."

"Remorseless villian!" I could not help exclaiming under my breath as he moved away.

He turned quickly back, and looking me in the face, without the slightest anger, said,—

"An execrable villian if you like—not remorseless one; her death alone sits near, and troubles my, to all else hardened conscience. And let me tell you, reverend sir," he continued, resuming his former bitterness as he addressed the chaplain—"let me tell you that it was not the solemn words of the judge the other day, but her pale, reproachful image, standing suddenly beside me in the dock, just as she looked when I passed my last deception on her, that caused the tremor and affright, complacently attributed by that grave functionary to his own sepulchral eloquence. After all, her death cannot be exclusively laid to my charge. Those who tried her would not believe her story, and yet it was as true as death. Had they not been so confident in their own unerring wisdom, they might have doomed her to some punishment short of the scaffold, and could now have retrieved their error. But I am weary, and would, I repeat, be alone. Farewell!" He threw himself on the rude pallet, and we silently withdrew.

A paper embodying Justin Arnold's declaration was forwarded to the secretary of state, and duly acknowledged, accompanied by an official expression of mild regret that it had not been made in time to save the life of Jane Eccles. No further notice was taken of the matter, and the record of the young woman's judicial sacrifice still doubtless encumbers the archives of the Home Office, forming, with numerous others of like character, the dark, sanguine background upon which the achievements of the great and good men who so successfully purged the old Draco code, that few a faint vestige only of the old barbarism remains, stand out in bright relief and changeless lustre.

New Kind of Man.

A stranger was picked up at the end of last year in a small village of the district of Lebus, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, whither he had wandered no one could tell whence. Such a circumstance would hardly have piqued curiosity in another country; but to a people fond of speculation, and situated far away from the great highways of the world, there was something strange and startling in the fact that the stranger spoke German imperfectly and had all the marks of a Caucasian origin! Whether the man was a common impostor and tricked the village authorities, or whether these worthies began, in their usual way, to construct a history from him "out of the depths of their moral consciousness," is uncertain: at all events, they looked on him as a great prize, and carried him to Frankfort. On being questioned by the burgomaster of that enlightened city, the stranger said his name was Jophar Vorin, and that he came from a country called Laxaria, situated in the portion of the world called Sakria. He understands, it is affirmed, none of the European languages (except we must suppose, the broken German,) but reads and writes what he calls the Laxarian and Abraman tongues. The latter he declares to be the written language of the clerical order in Laxaria, the other the common language of his people. He says that his religion is Christian in form and doctrine, and that it is called Ispatian. Laxaria he represents to be many hundred miles from Europe, and separated by vast oceans from it. His purpose in coming to Europe, he alleges, was to seek a long-lost brother: but he suffered shipwreck on the voyage—where, he does not know,—nor can he trace his route on shore on any map or globe. He claims for his unknown race a considerable share of geographical knowledge. The five great compartments of the earth he calls Sakria, Afiar, Aslar, Auslar, and Euplar. The sages of Frankford-on-the-Oder, after much examination of the tale and its bearer, have come to the conclusion that it is true. Some men believe things because they are incredible. However, Jophar Vorin has been carefully despatched to Berlin, and is now the subject of much scientific and curious gossip in the Prusian capital. What mystification hides under the story, time will probably show.—*London Athenæum.*

TENACITY OF LIFE.—Dr. Franklin gives a singular story of a fly which, having taken up its quarters in a pipe of Madeira, lay torpid there, perhaps for years, and ultimately came to life when taken out of the wine, and placed in the rays of a Philadelphia sun. A still more marvellous instance of resuscitation occurred lately in the British Museum. An Egyptian snail, which had been glued to a card for four years, confined in a close glass case, actually came to life, and was found crawling about in his narrow domicile, to the great astonishment of his curator.

☞An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling?" said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here's a guinea, go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

☞The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ha! there you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day, with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again!" "Yes, madam," replied he, cooly, "burning it."

AN OLD HORSE.—George Young, of Grand Rapids, states in the Michigan *Farmer* that he owns a horse which is forty-five years old. He says he bought the animal in 1825, and that his age was then stated to be fifteen years: that he drove him in this city (Albany) for six years, and for the last nineteen years he has been one of a farm team; that in 1848 he drove him two hundred and forty miles in four days.

About nineteen years ago his teeth became so uneven that he could not grind hay well, and his owner had them filed down, since which he has been able to feed with the youngest horses.

☞It is estimated that the cost of the fuel annually required in the United States for mechanical and manufacturing purposes—mainly for the generation of steam—cannot fall short of fifty millions of dollars.