

By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Epson...

TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1878.

At 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate...

All the right, title and interest of Jacob...

All the right, title and interest of Charles...

All the right, title and interest of John...

The Ante-Columbian Discoverers of America.

The belief that Christopher Columbus was the first European to discover America is so general that multitudes would be surprised that a person could be so hardy as to attempt controverting what we have been taught as a truth from our school-days...

St. Patrick landed as a missionary in Ireland in 432. When in that part of Ireland now known as County Kerry he prophesied the birth of a boy who would be the founder of a great monastery at the place afterwards known as Cloufert...

St. Brendan traveled along the western shore of Ireland, seeking possible information from the descendants of the ancient Tuatha Danann inhabitants of the country...

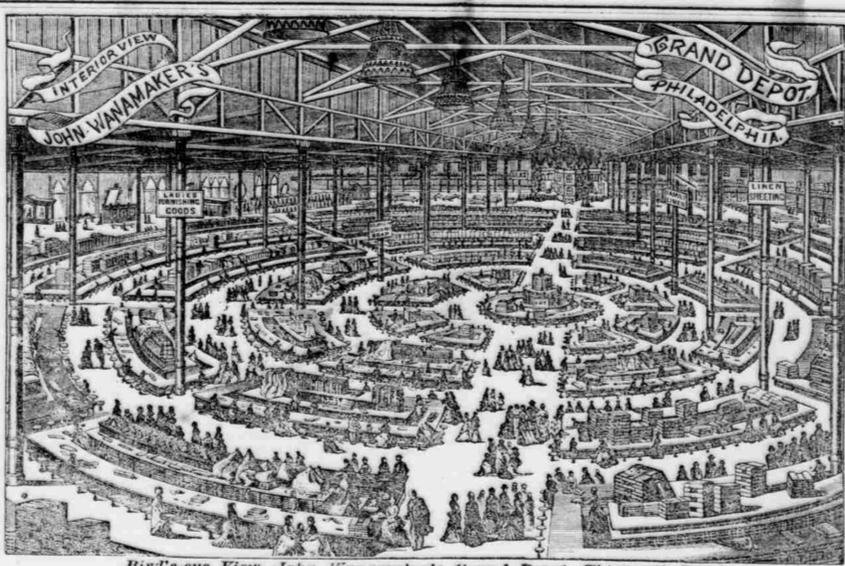
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Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans...

- Silks Dress Goods Mourning Goods Cloakings Flannels Linens Muslins White Goods Laces Ribbons Trimmings Embroideries Prizes Zephyrs and Worsteds Neckwear Gloves Toilet Articles Stationery Flowers & Feathers Ladies' & Misses' Suits Sacques & Cloaks Underwear Hosiery Upholstery Goods Blankets and Quilts Trunks and Valises Rubber Goods Horse Covers Men's & Boys' Clothing Hats Shoes

Very respectfully, JOHN WANAMAKER, Grand Depot, Thirteenth and Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

of the Bay of Biscay; and if 2000 years ago, with all their recollections of one thousand years of adventure, Brendan and his companions should have braved the fierce storms of the Atlantic, their anxiety to gather sheep into the fold of Christ, it would not be very surprising.

Traces of ante-Columbian voyages to America are continually cropping up, and it is not at all improbable that the Phenicians in the voyages from what is now known as the Straits of Gibraltar to Cape Finisterre in Spain, and from that to Cape Clear in Ireland, must have been occasionally driven out of their course and made discoveries among the Azores, Madeira, the Canary and Cape Verde Islands...

Many very ancient manuscripts are to be found in the Icelandic chronicles, or "Shal-holt-Saga," bearing date 1117, carefully delineating several bays and shores of America; they also mention the death of an Icelandic woman, named Sanna, who had accompanied an expedition, and so minutely described the topography of the place where she was buried that Sir Thomas Munn conjectured that the spot should be the immediate vicinity of the great falls on the Potomac river above Washington.

There should be no surprise expressed at meeting Irish names in the list of mariners in the Spanish fleet, when the qualifications for enrollment in that expedition are considered. Nowhere on earth could such a school of seamen be found as the Princeps Scotia from whom the country was called Scotia, and the inhabitants (Scoti), with her three sons and their troops, landed in Ireland and conquered the Tuatha-Danann. From that period the intercourse between Erin and Spain began, the roadway lying over the fearfully rolling waves

AN INNOCENT MAN HUNG.

The case which is about to be narrated has few parallels. More than a dozen suspicious circumstances pointed to the guilt of persons accused, and one fact dovetailed into the other with the utmost neatness and accuracy.

On the 5th of June, 1869, Robert Bell, a farmer residing in the neighborhood of Norwich, England, was found murdered and robbed in an unused by-road leading from the highway to his house. Two laborers going at daybreak to a small copple near by, saw...

THE BODY IN A DITCH. and, recognizing the farmer, notified his family, which consisted of a wife and daughter. The proper authorities were summoned, and a careful examination begun. Mr. Bell's skull was cut in two places by the blows of a blunt weapon, and there was one stab wound in his heart and another in his throat. In the mud near by were the marks of Mr. Bell's boots, and of the bare feet of another party...

THE PRINTS OF NAKED FEET. These latter were traced along the road leading from Norwich for about a quarter of a mile, to a stone by the roadside. Here they ceased, and it was supposed that the murderer had sat upon the stone and put his boots on. Between the stone and the hedge Mr. Bell's hat was found. The lining was wanting. On the top of the stone there was a thin layer of mud, and in it was the impression of corduroy trousers.

THE ASSASSIN HAD VISITED THE INN. Inquiry showed that Mr. Bell frequented Norwich about 7 o'clock in the evening to walk home, a distance of about three miles. The probability was, therefore, that he was murdered between 8 and 9 o'clock, while it was still daylight. About some clock the same night a Jewish peddler called at the inn, in the yard of which the hat lining had been found. He wore long boots and corduroy trousers. He ate a little bread and cheese, drank a glass of ale and quitted the place, remarking that he had a long journey before daylight. That was all that was known about him at the inn, but the wife and daughter of the murdered man were not present.

AN IMPORTANT FACT TO RELATE. Between 6 and 10 o'clock the same night the peddler called at the farmer's house and informed Mrs. Bell and her daughter that Mr. Bell had sent him with a message to the effect that he had forgotten some important business and had returned to Norwich, and that probably he would not return home until the next morning. These facts clearly pointed to the peddler as the guilty man. After making up and robbing the farmer he concocted the plan of pretending to be a messenger from him with the view of relieving his family from all fears at his prolonged absence, thus securing...

TIME FOR HIS OWN FLIGHT. Officers were sent after the peddler, and next day he was arrested, examined and committed for trial as the murderer of Mr. Bell. When the trial came on the peddler, who was found in the newspaper room, Lewis, told a most extraordinary and, as was generally believed, artful story. Before this, however, additional testimony of a most startling nature was produced for the prosecution. In the fact of the peddler having looted it to him that very day to bore a hole in a strap of a harness he was fixing. None of the money which the farmer was known to have had about him was found on the peddler, but it was supposed that he had hidden it somewhere before he was arrested.

THE PEDDLER IN HIS DEFENSE. proved, first of all, that he was a man of good character, bringing up his family in respectability. Then he told his story. He said that on the night of the murder he was on his way from Norwich to the midland counties. About a hundred yards from the stone above referred to he met a man who muffled up; the man passed him and the peddler walked on. He sat down on the stone to rest, and filled his pipe. The paper in which he carried his tobacco was worn out, and he looked around to see if there was anything lying near he could substitute for it.

BETWEEN THE STONE AND THE HEDGE he saw what he supposed was an old hat. He picked it up, tore off the lining, and wrapped his tobacco in it. As he did this he saw the man whom he had passed just before coming toward him. When the man got close to him, he said: "Friend, do you want to earn a couple of shillings?" "What is the message?" the peddler asked. "I've there," said the man. "Go and tell the folks that I have forgotten some important business, and am going back to Norwich, and won't be home, perhaps, until to-morrow." The peddler agreed to go and carry the message, and the man gave him ten shillings wrapped in a piece of newspaper. The peddler took the money and the paper found in his pocket to-morrow.

AFTER eating his supper at the inn the peddler, according to his story, went into the yard and filled his pipe. Then he transferred the rest of his tobacco to his waistcoat pocket, and threw the wrapper—the lining which he had taken out of the hat he found by the stone—upon the ground, where it was subsequently found.

The peddler said that, seeing the farmer around in the inn yard, he asked the hostler where he lived, whether he was well off and whether he had any children, with the sole view of finding out whether it would be worth while visiting his residence for the purpose of selling his wares. As to whether he admitted that he was the man that he had lent it to the hostler to bore a hole with the day of the murder; but he also solemnly averred that the hostler had never returned it to him.

As rain fell in the day that followed the farmer's murder the feet of the peddler could not be compared with the prints in the mud, the latter having been utterly obliterated. The prisoner's counsel made a long and able address in behalf of his client. He referred to his good character and industry as a boy, to his perseverance and thrift through his early manhood, to his having married a woman of good Irish family, and to his having expensively educated two sons and a daughter. A score of witnesses were brought to testify to Lewis' excellent character as a man and his integrity in business matters; but all was in vain. The evidence against him was overwhelming. The prosecution had a fearful array of material to work from, and his address to the jury.

HE DECIDED THE PEDDLER'S FATE. In half an hour they returned with a verdict of wilful murder. The Judge in passing sentence expressed his entire satisfaction with the way in which the jury had done their duty, and after a solemn and terribly scorching address to the prisoner, sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

THE SEQUEL. Six weeks after the hanging of Abram Lewis, Henry Wilson, the hostler whose testimony had been so damaging to the unfortunate man, told his employer that an uncle had died in Lincolnshire and left him a considerable sum of money. Wilson gave his associates a treat and started northward. At the end of a month he returned clad in mourning, and took up his abode as a guest at the the inn where he had served for three years as a hostler. He appeared to have plenty of money, and soon made a host of friends. He was a medium-sized, dark-looking young fellow of twenty-six, and when well-dressed, as he was now.

CUT A VERY RESPECTABLE FIGURE. After consulting with the landlord he leased a small farm adjoining that owned and cultivated by the widow of the murdered farmer Bell. He purchased suitable stock, and devoted himself diligently to the cultivation of his land. He was a regular attendant at the parish church for the first six months of his residence, and after he began to attend the Methodist chapel, where Mrs. Bell and daughter worshipped. He soon formed the acquaintance of these two ladies, and, though they never gave him any encouragement, called repeatedly at their house.

MISS BELL WAS A FAIR, pretty girl of twenty years, and it was rumoured that she was a widow. The report was considerably corroborated, and when Wilson at length showed up, he conducted and words, that he entertained hope of winning her for a bride, she refused him with indignation. He bore her rebuff for some time, and then complained at length one Sunday that Miss Bell was returning home from church alone, he followed her and entered into conversation with her. After a few commonplace remarks, he spoke out boldly and asked her to marry him. She was greatly annoyed, and told him flatly and finally that she not only did not love him, but positively disliked him. Wilson, who hitherto had...

IN her presence, threw off his assumed gentleness, and addressed her in coarse and angry invective. Miss Bell, who was as brave as a lion, gave him her mind freely. Carried away by passion, he exclaimed: "I suppose you hope to marry 'Squire Redmayne. He is a fool if he has anything to say to you." Mrs. Bell said to Mr. Redmayne, "Miss Bell was not aware that any one on the face of the family knew that Mr. Redmayne had ever entertained any desire to make her his wife. She quickened her steps and fled from the scene, and her mother of her interview with Wilson, and of the mark he had made respecting Mr. Redmayne.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Bell was seriously on the subject. Mr. Redmayne had died the day before her father's death. The day on which her father was murdered Mr. Redmayne died at the inn in Norwich with a broken heart, and before he left handed him a letter asking him to read it and send him an answer in a day or two. The letter, along with £1,500 in gold, silver and notes, was taken from Mr. Bell's body by his assassin. The funeral Mr. Redmayne had told Mrs. Bell about the letter and that it contained a request to be addressed to Mr. Redmayne, had, at her daughter's request, asked Mr. Redmayne to allow the matter to be in abeyance a twelve month. He had promised to do so, and had never been in the house since.

A STARTLING QUESTION. How did Wilson know that Mr. Redmayne was anything to her? Mr. Redmayne told him the remarkable circumstances of the case, and he had never left a hint of the matter drop to any one, not even his own family. On returning home Mr. Redmayne carefully read over the testimony given on the Lewis trial. One fact struck him like a flash of lightning. Lewis solemnly averred that he was his knife to Wilson the day of the murder, and that Wilson never returned it. Mr. Redmayne laid the whole matter over to Wilson, who was in jail. The story of Wilson having taken her property was now explained, and the testimony of two persons showed that on the night of the murder he was absent from the inn. The landlord himself testified that he left him in between 11 and 12 o'clock that night, and that he was muffled up and disguised. But still there was something wrong in bringing home to him the crime to which he was suspected. His trunks were carefully searched, and the letter written by Mr. Redmayne, given handed to Mr. Bell on the very day he was murdered, was found at the bottom of one of them. Wilson was committed for trial, and that very night strangling himself in the cell with his suspender.