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Noetry.

The Bells of Shandon.*

Sabbato pango Funero plango, Inscription on an old bell.

With deep affection I often think of Those Shandon Bells, Whose sound so wild would In days of childhood Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells. On this I ponder And still grow fonder Sweet Cork, of thee, With thy bells of Shanden That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee

I've heard bells chimin' Fu!l many a clime in. White ut a glabe rate Brass tongues would vibrate, But all their music Spoke naught like thine; Of thy bellry knelling Its bold notes free Made the bells of Shandon Sound more grand on The plea-ant writers Of the river Lee.

I've heard bell- tollia? Old Adrian's mole in, Their thunders rolling And cymbals glorious Swinging uproarious In the gorgeous turrets Of Noire Dame; But thy sounds are sweeter Than the dome of Peter Flugs o'er the Tiber Pealing solemaly; Oh, the bells of Shandon They sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, While in town and Kiosk, O. The Turkman gets, And loud in air Calls men to prayer From the tapering squami-Of tall minarets, Such empty phantom I freely grant them, But there's a phanton More drear to me Tis the bells of Shandon That sound so grand on Of the river Lce.

[Father Prout *An abby near Cork, celebrated for its chimes of bell-

Marion Brown's Lament.

[Founded on the story mut told of Clareshouse, who when he had shot her husband a ked mockingis, What think you now of your braw good in (12"] "What think you now of your braw good-man?

My heart was high when I began. My heart was high and my answer ran
'More than ever he is to me?

"Mickle thought I of my brid--groom bra. Mickle I thought of him donce and grave.

When he wated me out among the fare Me a poor maiden his wife to be "But there on the green-sward lying dead,

As I laid on my lap his noble head. As I kiesed the leps that for Jesus bled, More than ever he was to me.

"My heart was high when I began, Ah! woe is me! I was so proud of my brave good-man, Altho' they stood in my e'e

"But when I laid him on his bed, Ah! wee is me! And spread the face-cloth over his head, And sat me down beside my deud, Oh, but my heart grew sair in me

And aye as I lookt at the empty chair, Ah! woe is me! And the Book that he left lying open there, And the text that bade me cust my care

On the Father of all that cared for me. And aye as my Mory and little Will, Ah! woe is me! Whispered, 'Father is sleeping still,

And hush! for Minnic is weary and ill," My heart was like to break in me. "It's well for men to be heroes grand! Ald woe is me! But a woman's hearth is her country, and

A desolate home is a desolate land;
And he was all the world to me." LITTLE Boy .- "Father, I know how to fire

off the guns and cannons of earth, but who is tall enough to touch off thunder!"

A cotemporary says "a female recruit was detected trying to put her pants by post from Liverpool to Northampton, and gently withdrawn her arm from him, and I nodded gratefully, and felt that he on over her head."

Sam, why am hogs the most intelligent beings in the world?" "Because dey

When is thunder like an onion?-

Selections.

The Phantom Witness.

-

list and the criminal paper of the Northampton assizes were crowded with cases. I had two or three briefs of no great importance, for I was young at the bar; and yet at this same Northampton assizes I was daily getting shadowy, nervous, pale and weak; I could not sleep—at times I could not think. A "case" sat heavy on my soul; I felt weighed down as by a constant nightmare. I had a criminal case on hand. It of the length of time it was supposed it

A fearful sense of responsibility was connot yet grown callous to human suffering. I could not then contemplate crime, suffering, and retribution, with the merely critical eve of an artist in law, and suffered accordingly.

Anna Dermer Heritage was committed for trial by the Northamptonshire magistrate, for the murder of John Adolphe Scaton, an infant, and her own sister's son.]

hours that should have been those of recreation, at times when my other duties should and re-read the depositions, and toiled mentally till I began to look like some wretch with undiscovered crime resting heavily upon his heart, and who walked undelived in bodily fear of detection.

Could she be guilty? I had seen her more than once-a mild gentle, loveable, fair young girl, who did not appear to have nerve enough to have crushed an inoffensive

against her. I condense it for the reader. Before we step into court on this most reyouthful and engaging prisoner.

prised a beautiful mansion and a manor in from his friends, relations, and finally from of blood. his father. But the father had long fought | The sisters slept. The little Ernest slept against the facts of his son's bad conduct; on the breast of his mother.

thankless child!

and hue.

amptonshire, detailing all these events; and ser any child here." it was that letter which produced the flood | Upon this the landlady uttered a terrible of tears we have mentioned from the lone cry, and from between the bed on which

knight.

well imagine. It sent them ample means Rachel made the following statement: to come to England, and assured them of a

the infant reached England. They traveled restless, and starting occasionally, she had what use of the fact you can." post-chare about ten miles from Heritage How long she remained in this state she soner. February, have dined with their uncle .-But this was not to be.

The inn's best room.-I took trouble to examine it, in the interest of my young client-was shabby in the extreme. It had gloom at the further end of the corridor, and that some one had placed for her just betwo beds in it, and there was down in the centre of the room a sliding partition, which, has been put off from day to day, on account on an emergency, would convert the apartment into two.

on this wild spring evening, that the two stantly present to my imagination. I had sisters, with the infant, were ushered. The rain dashed against the two latticed windows as if their destruction was the sole object of the storm; and the wind struck the large sloping roof of the house with such gusty blows that the sisters, more than once believed that some one must be at work in some mad fashion above their heads.

> The small candle that the ill-appointed inn afforded them flared and flickered in the little candle stick, and threatened each moment to expire, so they hastened to rest.

And there were the gentle sisterly ea resses, the kind "Good night!" the God bless you, Anna!" and "God bless you Day and night, at meal times, and in the Rachel!" and the little one was kissed and commended to Heaven, and the light was put out; and then Rachel, from some cause have occupied me, I pondered over my case that she could not define, burst into a passion of tears, and sister Anna called out:

"Rachel! Rachel! what is it? Why do you cry when you are going to be so happy?" "I cannot help it, Anna! My heart is heavy-so heavy! And yet how much we have to be thankful for, in the kindness of your uncle, who promises to make Ernest

And then Anna laughed and spoke in bandinage, to raise her sister's spirits:

"To be sure, Rachel; and I go to the wall and shall not get a husband, all on account of your little Ernest, when I fully intend to markable trial, we will glones over the make Uncle leave me everything. Come, now, go to sleep. Good night!"

This little dialogue was overheard by the the county of Northamptonshire, a Sir Ralph landlady of the inn. It was nothing in Heritage. This gentleman had only one itself, but it appeared in the depositions son, whose irregularities had estranged him against Anna as though written in letters

he had been the last and most loth to shut. The rain still came down in torrents, and his heart against him; and it was not until the wind still howled round the old inn .- hunted him up-I employed people to dog dered Ernest Staton mentioned to the in- The name of Brown reverberated through a highway robbery, in which Richard Her- One o'clock had just been proclaimed by and watch him. It all came to nothing -Sir Ralph was compelled to banish from his the landlord, landlady, chamber-maid and lab horizone at Vorthampton.

He was a commercial traveier for a noise in Marseilles, and was engaged in trying to the landlord, landlady, chamber-maid and lab horizone at Northampton. home the son to whom his heart clung. boots, were aroused by such a succession of do business at Northampton. Pity this poor father-pity the man who piercing shricks, from the room, occupied Several oil counsel, to whom I spoke of has garnered up his best affections in a by the sisters, that they one and all made a the case, were of the opinion that the shad- at the bar. They communicated with their Rachel Seaton. It is a duty I would fain It is Heaven's testimony—the phantom witrush in that direction, with such hastily ow seen by Ruchel, was either no shadow uncle, Sir Ralph He itage, who sent them a have avoided if possible, for no man can ness! I know it well! There is the mur-And so Richard Heritage disappeared, snatched up garments as terror enabled at all, or was the work of her imagination, and years passed away, and only now and them to produce, and with the only light or the veritable shadow of some of the peo- at the same time, that he would make his must be the task of being summoned to the There was a st

in the family tomb of the Heritages. He and Ruchel, the mother of the infant boy, was a calm enlightenel judge, who never party were compelled to take refuge from "Witness, you must look this way." was a lonely man; and it was with a gush was lying half in and half out of the room, permitted his own prejudices—as some of the raging storm, and to pass the night at of grateful tears that, one autumn evening, on her face. Anna was sitting up in bed, his successors have done-to warp either an inn named the Wheatsheaf. The child, vation of Anna, and they could all see the Seaton had seen it, even as she had seen it he read a letter that had reached him from looking seared and bewildered, and seem- law or justice; and come what might of the the mother, and the aunt, retired early to a tears roll down her cheeks. Ceylon, to say that his youngest brother, lingly not conscious that her hands, face, and matter, I knew that the young prisoner double-beddel room. The child slept with "Sirs—sirs!" she cried, "this should not the oil lamp in the passage, as he shrunk Altred, who had many long years ago sought clothing about her were daubed in blood. would have a fair trial.

that their uncle, Sir Ralph, would give them who had given his name as Mr. Brown, hur-force.

matter?"

"It's murder!" said the landlady.

corded with her sister, she had gone to sleep table to me. It contained these words: The time sped on, and the sisters, with with her child on her arm, but finding him

trunk of a tree, which in the dim twilight | ran to the door of the room, which she flung | ed over the front of it, with both arms ex- | he could add nothing to the evidence of the |

the chaise that it was impossible to proceed from Rachel. I give it in her own words: farther with it, and the party were fain to "On opening the door, I saw that from take shelter for the night at a road-side inn, some light below (that was the oil lamp in burst into a passion of sobs and tears. The per they indulged in to each other the word The rain came down in torrents, and the section on the wall of the corridor, which gether, and there they remained for some wind howled through some neighboring was to the right hand; and through that re- mements, until the judge said, in a deep, copses, as if presaging by its dismal tones flection, passing along it, as if stooping to sad voice: unheard of evils to the unfortunate travellers avoid it if possible, I saw the shadow of a "This must not be. Proceed, proceed."

> disappeared.' Overcome, then, by the terror of she knew

she declared herself as thoroughly satisfied upon her sister's lap as she sat beneath. of as of the existence of Ileaven.

Sir Ralph Heritage was sent for, and the shock so completely unmanned him that, although filling the office that year of High Sheriff of the county, he was compelled to go home, where he took to his bed, from in a mild, clear voice said: which it did not seem probable he would rise agam.

shrunk from undertaking the defence of I, and be happy. She is not guilty, sirs." sion on the jury, and when I rose to cross-Anna Heritage, and the case was brought to me. I took it, and from the moment I jogged Anna by the arm, and whispered to tend to. did so I felt a conviction that there was her, when she looked up hastily and said, some fearful mystery in it which, unless "O, no, no! a thousand times, no!" elucidated, would leave the youthful accused to be judicially murdered.

And so I thought and pondered over the affair until I was afraid my mind would get into some abnormal condition, and I would be unable to do what human means could do for Anna Heritage.

I saw her but once before the trial. shall never forget the manner in which she looked at me as she gently shook her head aving: "They will kill me, sir, but Heaven knows

am innocent! If my death would bring back to poor Rachel her boy (here she burst into tears), I should be willing to die; but as it is, I am very, very young to be murdered!

I could say but little. I pressed both her hands in mine, and only gasped out some commonplace expression of hopeful consolution, and then left her.

The case was fearfully strong against her. There was but one supposition in her favor. The shadow-the phantom-like form seen

old roadside inn into a melancholy one, for came, and full of anxiety as I was, it came ship Alceste, and took a post-chaise to mother got into the witness box, but she

itive disturbance at the door hindered the on that night the landlord and his wife were stand how I loved him because because A traveller who had arrived on foot at commencement of the day's proceedings for awakened by lond screams, and they hur- that is hidden here—here, in my pior bro- cape; but he was overpowered and secured or nearly so, and were only waiting in hope the inc some hours after the sisters, and a full half hour, and was only quelled by

called England "home," although they had end of which he slept, to the place of con- from London to prosecute on behalf of the at the bar was sitting up in bed, and much innocent, you should listen to me. Last crown; and the counsel's seats were so disfigured; on her hands were blood. The night, sirs-it was at the same hour last had gone to Ceylon with their sick mother "Good Heavens!" he said, "what is the closely packed that no one could stir, except those engaged in the case.

mother were both dead. The eldest girl, consciously she passed her blood stained The judge was pale and more serious look.

The prominent facts, but there are some | How she wept—what a passion of grief side of the judge. It was Sir Ralph Heri-Rachael, had married for love, and he whom hands over her face, and looked about like ing than usual; and as for me, I felt sick at "The child" cried the landlord; "there Anna Heritage was placed at the bar, it was "What child?" said Mr. Brown; "I don't courage to look at her. How pale, how wan,

Her fair hair was dressed in the most simple style possible, and she wore a dress Anna was and the wall she lifted the lifeless of gray silk, which fitted closely around the neck, terminating in a narrow plaited frill. The little one was stabbed to the heart Her lips trembled, and her gentle eyes seemed to shrink behind their abundant

that could be wished by the sisters, we may ery from a swoon, which listed many hours, and then he rested his head on his hands, and appeared in deep thought. The Attor-Soon after the conversation we have re- new General tossed a scrap of paper over the

"The witness Brown has absent led: make

"Dear, dear Anna, God bless you, and

neath the dock.

Poor Anna's fortitude seemed wholly to not what, Rachel fell into that swoon in have given away. Her fair face was hidden which she was found by the people of the in her hands, and rested on the front of the bar. It was a fashion to place a row of aro-Such was the statement of the half-dis- matic herbs on the bar before the prisoner tracted mother on the examination of Anna, in those days, and among them she leaned; whose innocence of the murder of her child and some of them, watered by her tears, fell

> Then came the question, "Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty to the present indictment?"

> heard the question; but her sister rose, and

tle one. He is in Heaven now, and if you the landlord had stated. Her account of Out of my way." Several of the seniors of the bar had take her life she will go to him sooner than what Anna had said made a strong impros-The governor of the jail had by this time examine her, I felt that was the point to at-

"The plea is Not Guilty," said the judge, no doubt?"

was hushed. I never took my eyes off his

for one moment while he spoke: "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, the

deed belonged to the prisoner, and was

facts, on which the case rested.

now rose and called "Jacob Wilts."

There was a slight bustle, and the landlord got into the witness box. He merely can." The Clerk of Arraigns, in a high, cracked, deposed to the coming of the sisters and the child to the "Wheatsheaf," and the alarm there it was, and it passed away into the dictment, and Rachel sat down in a chair in the night, and the finding of the dead

> The Attorney General then glanced at me, and rose to cross examine.

"When did he come?"

"About an hour after the ladies." "Was he a stranger to you?"

"Quite, sir." "Where did he sleep?"

nces off the indies' room.'

"Yes, sir." witness examined, and she confirmed what shall have the place down about our ears!

"Now, Mrs. Witts," I said, "you have said many a thing in jest to your husband,

"Lord bless you, yes, sir."

"And meant no harm?" "Not the least, sir."

"Of course not. Now, can you recollect anything you may have said to him, or of

"Oh dear, yes, sir! When he takes a drop too much I am very apt to say that I hope the shadow of its terrible atrocity over every the next will choke him, but I no more mean

> "And of course, by the tone in which you say it, he knows it is only a joke?" "To be sure."

"You speak it in something of the tone of the prisoner at the bar when she said she should never get a husband?"

"Just so, sir." "That will do. You can go down." Mr. Brown was the next witness called ind no one appeared. I was resolved to make the most I could

ters in the course of years, was married to ance of Brown, although I feared it would

"It is my most painful duty to call Mrs.

The Attorney General said faintly, "I will

Then I rose.

"Madam! Madam!" My voice sounded hollow and strange, in child you have destroyed. My Lord Judge,

"Ah, yes!" she said, "to you-to you!" "Ah, yes!" she said, "to you—to you." and when they went to raise him they found She had recognized me as acting for the a corpse.

bought by her at Columbs, in Caylon. Gen-murderer of my darling, but I saw his shadow. cure a deadly poison, and avoided the sentlemen, God aid and help us all to get at the It is ever present with me now -like a phantence of the law. truth of this matter. I have nothing more tom, it goes with me wherever I may go!-Last night, too-oh, you will say that was a The Attorney General sat down, not addream, but dreams are of Heaven's making, ding one word to his bare statement of these as well as waking thoughts-I saw him tices put in their claims; but a sufficient sum then-my little angel! Oh, what a light of was secured for the case and comfort of both A cold perspiration sat on my brow .- Heaven in the dear eyes and on the little Rachel and Anna. How fearfully strong was the case, and face-the shining colors of Heaven were

There were sobs and cries now in the court and twice I had to command my voice to the blank, half terror-stricken countenances | madam! that shadow you saw on the night

> "I will-I will I saw it on the wall .-The tall, broad shadow, or the phantom of

> "What was it like," interposed the judge. "Tell us, madam, what it was like if you

"I will! I will! What is this?"

Mrs. Seaton looked around her and up at the widows of the court with a shudder. "It is nothing," said I. "A thunder storm

s about to take place. That is all." For the last few moments the court had een gradually getting so dusk that it was scarcely possible to see from one side of the room to the other, and scarcely had the last worls passed my lips when a flash of blue lightning, that was perfectly bewildering in its brightness, lit up the place, and was followed by such a peal of thunder that the building in which was the court house appeared to shake to its foundations.

A scene of confusion appeared in court by the efforts of some to leave, and by some females fainting. A loud voice then cried out close to the dosr. "Make way there-make Martha Wilts, the landlady was the next way! I cannot-I will not stay here. Wo

A man who had been hiding in an obscure orner, close to the jury-box, tried to fight his way out of court. Then a voice cried ut, "That is Brown!"

It was never discovered who uttered those words, but I called out loudly: "Detain that nan! He is a witness in this case, and duly subpornaed, and being in court can be compelled to speak. Stop that man!" Brown was pounced upon by several offi-

eers and brought forward. "What is this for?" he cried. "What have I done? Ha, ha! A prime joke this!"

Lord Judge, may we have lights?" "Lights!" said the judge; "I cannot see

charge of heavy ordnance, rolled over the huilding. "I have nothing to say," cried Brown-'no evidence to give, I tell you. I was fast asleep and heard cries, and went to see what

"Lights, there!" cried the judge.

"Yes, my lord," said a voice. A man appeared with a light with which o ignite the clinndelier.

"Look-oh, look! There on the wall, near o you, my Lord Judge! This is God's me

They come—the child, the mother, and the helped, and I therefore call Mrs. Seaton." and the judge looked askance with amaze-Cast on the wall of the court, by the light as a positive relief to me. The then Lord Northamptonshire. The chaise broke down kept her eyes upon Anna with a longing, that had been brought, was the shadow of old and feeble; his wife had been long since The door of the chamber was wide open, Chief Baron of the Exchequer presided. He at a place named Dallington Flats, and the tender glance, till the judge said mildly—the man Brown. Huge and exaggerated, there it was; and he shrunk down in the

> on his soul. Brown then made a frantic effort to es-

"Not Guilty!" cried the jury with one

Then a tall, pale old man stood up by the collateral ones, which it is my duty to men- was there!—and throughout all that court tage, the High Sheriff, who had rison from tion. The landlady of the Wheatsheaf will you might hear sobs and faint cries; and the his sick bed, and arrived in court during occupied by the sisters, she heard them con- and leaned back in his chair; and all was clasped together and with a deep sigh, he

> have a key to all these horrors. You have done murder, lest a new claimant on my affection should arise in the person of the poor

who have compassion." The High Sheriff sank back on the bench,

The motive of Richard Heritage in comthe second, then, my lord, and gentlemen of speak to me, and before I could ask her mitting that dreadful deed at the inu was now but too apparent. He was tried and "Sirs, all listen to me. I did not see the convicted in due course, but managed to pro-

Poor Rachell She only lived one year,

Misses may be wived, but oftentimes

wives, even though they die are not missed.

When it comes peal on peal.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

I was on my first circuit-both the cause

would occupy, but it was coming on.

A young girl, almost a child-her age was but fifteen—was to be put on her trial for murder.

was retained for the defense.

fly. But the evidence! The evidence was awfully conclusive

There resided on his property, which com-

And Sir Ralph felt that he was growing | none would sleep in it again. that Island as a home, with a sickly wife, The landlady shricked "Murder!" was no more, and that the children-orphans, and one a young widow -- were left destitute.

been very little children indeed when they fusion. and anxious father. Twelve years had elapsed, and father and It was terrible then to see Anna, as unthe loved died within eighteen months of one in a dream. their union. Rachel then was a young widow, with an infant clinging to her for help. Her sister Anna it was who wrote to was a child!" their uncle at his grand estate in North-

Would those two sorrowing ones and the and murdered body of the little Ernest. little child be welcome? Would he open his heart to them? Ay, yes! The mere thought with a steel ornamental paper-knife. The of their coming was new life to him, and he sisters had been robbed at Liverpool, or on lashes as she met the gaze of friend and foe memory of some of his servants, on the day which that paper-knife might have been.

fatherly welcome to Heritage Hall.

On the cross-road that the postilion was

was not observed until it was too late; and open. then it had so dislocated the machinery of named "The Wheatsheaf."

then benighted on their journey.

It was into this room, then, at ten o'clock

(my infant son) his heir."

"Good night, dear!"

dering about those South American streets | The sight that met their eyes was a terri- were hastening to her room. which teem with adventurers of every clime ble one. It was one that has converted that And so at length the morning of the trial young aunt. They reached Liverpool in the With a slow and melancholy step the poor ment on his face.

The landlord called for help.

And here comes a remarkable statement the passage), there came up a strange re- sisters could only interlace their arms to- "guilty" might be found. man, large, and not very well defined, owing to its exaggerated dimensions; but still, indifferent voice, proceeded to rend the in-

Mr. Brown? Who and what was he? I

encouragement to come "home." They riel along an ancient corridor, at the further The Attorney General had come down

The jury looked grave and half frightened. heart, and when the uneasy kind of a hush that pervaded the court let me know that for some moments before I could muster un and yet how beautiful she looked!

was seen to smile, for the first time in the board the vessel from Ceylon, of a trunk in in that crowded court—that is, if one so young, so fair, and so innocent, could have memory of some of his servants, on the day succeeding the receipt of Anna's letter from But one fact was admitted. The knife belonged to Anna, and she bought it at College to Anna, and

but for the accident of a break-down of the bad been persuaded that he sleept soundly. would only just do his duty against the pri-

tended as she cried: prove your innocence as I feel it!"

Anna did not stir. The poor girl had not you again.'

"She is not guilty, sirs. He was my lit-

'so enter it." The Attorney General arose. The court

prisoner at the bar, Anna Dermer Heritage, is on her trial for the murder of Ernest Seaton. It she be guilty, it is guilt which casts hearth in England; if innocent, she is a it than you do, sir." piece of suffering virtue which I implore Heaven to protect. I am here to perform a duty, not to advocate a cause. God forbid that by one word, one look, one tone or gesture, I should seek to color or inflame your passions. I wish to be the mouth-piece of a narrative merely; you are the judges .-The present respected High Sheriff of the county is Sir Ralph Heritage, of Heritage Hall. He had a brother who married and went to reside in Ceylon with his wife and two infant daughters. One of those daugh- in favor of the prisoner out of this disappearby the mother-who was he? Was it this Mr. Seaton, a young merchant. He die !, no. be much, but it was not then time to leaving her a widow with a child-the mur- take notice of it. dictment against the prisoner now on trul the court, and the passages, and the adjawith her infant son-the other the prisoner

its mother, the prisoner at the bar in the be You will understand, sirs, that he was away with the blood of the innocent child up-The court was crowded to excess. A pos- other hed. At five minutes past one o'clock my boy-my only one. You cannot underried in the direction of the sound, which led ken heart. But when I who, losing him, in a moment. The storm clouds passed over, them to the room in question. Mrs. Sea- you see, sirs, have lost all-all that I had in and a long, broad beam of sun hine streamed ton was lying in the doorway. The prisoner this world-when I declare that Anna is into the court. body of the child Ernest, was found between night-he, my babe-my own dear, dear the bed and the wall, with a knife in its babe-oh, Heaven, these tears scald me! voice, and in another moment Anna was in heart. Now, gentlemen of the jury, these If I could die now -- now!" depose that, as she was passing the room judge wrapped his mantle round his face, its darkness from the storm. His hands versing, and with an incidental curiosity, still but the voice of grief in that court. she paused to listen, when she heard the prisoner say, "I shall go to the wall, and ask nothing of this woman." not get a husband, all on account of your little Ernest, when I intended to make our uncle Rulph take to me, or make me his favorite, and leave me all his money." These, the midst of such grief and such sounds of this is my death-blow. Take me home, you the landlady will tell you, may not be the tears, and the poor woman started and looked exact words used, but she will swear to you, up at me. as she has already sworn to the justice, that that they are very near, and contain the sentiment that was uttered. Colluteral fact defence, and she meant to say that she would the jury, is, that the knife which done the anything, she went on:

Hall, would, on a wild tempestuous day in knew not, but what awakened her was a Then there was a strange half-sigh, half- what had I to rebut it with? Nothing— about him—my own dear little one. I heard and then went to see, not in a dream but in faint kind of a sob, which she felt certain hush, all through the auditory, and a lady nothing! What if Brown had absconded? his voice—so soft, so low, so beautiful; and reality, the sunshine of Heaven on the face was the last sound uttered by the little Er- in deep mourning came into court. It was What if Brown had been swallowed up by he said that she was innocent, and had ever of her baby boy. nest in life. It aroused her in a moment the bereaved mother. She went direct to an earthquake? His absence or presence loved him." advised to take, since it avoided a very billy and sprang out of bed on finding that the the front of the dock, where her sister was would make but little account in such a "Sister, dear sister," cried Anna, "I did district, the chaise encountered the fallen child was not with her, and mechanically arraigned on so dreadful a charge, and lean- case. He had only seen what others saw - ever love him - I am innecent."

landlord and landlady of the inn.

I felt as if my very heart paled, as I saw speak before I could speak to hear, "Madam, Anna was overcome by this, and she of the jury, and fancied that in every whise of the murder? Tell us of it."

The junior counsel for the prosecution a man."

body of the child, as stated.

"Had you any other guests in the 'Wheatsheaf' on the night in question?" "Yes, sir; a Mr. Brown."

"At the end of the gillery, about fifty "You can go down now, but I shall want

him, in that harmless way lately?" The Attorney General sprang to his feet. "You are our witness," he said. "My

> my notes." The darkness of the court increased each moment, and the thunder again, like the dis-

was amiss; and then I saw just what the landlord and landlady saw-no more, no

"What shricks are those? Oh! sounds of error-wild laughter, cries of exultation mingled with horror. It is the bereaved mother.

There was a strange shouting cry in the then came vague rumors that he was wan- that was always upon a slab in the passage, ple of the inn, who, alarmed at her cries, grand-nephew. Eraest Seaton, his hoir.— prosecution in this case, but it cannot be court. The counsel all rose from their seats. Then she gently turned from the obser- vain hope of escaping its production, Mrs. cast on the wall of the corrider of the inn by

said as he looked at Brown-"You are my unhappy son, and now I

A will of Sir Ralph Heritage was found which left the bulk of his property to the poor murdered child, so that his male rela-