

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

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**THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.**  
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night. A unanimous determination to save our beloved teacher any annoyance made us diligent in our studies and careful in our manners; and we were amply rewarded in seeing the calm return to her troubled brow, the love glance to her eyes, while her sweet voice pronounced us good children, a tender kiss to each, accompanied by a whispered blessing concluded our forenoon exercises.

During the hour of recess, as we played on the lawn, a carriage drove to the door, from which a gentleman descended, and soon after we saw the carriage turn and drive away. Supposing it was some visitor to father, we took no further notice until we returned to the house when we were met by mother, who informed us that she had called upon the school, as a friend of Miss Norman's had called upon her, and she was engaged with him in the parlor. There seemed no need of speculation as to what this friend might be; and my mother's hospitable feelings toward him were mingled with the dread lest his visit should have for its object the depriving us of our incomparable governess, and herself of her invaluable companion.

Dinner hour arrived, and the cordial invitation to take a seat at our table was politely accepted by the stranger; and all were glad of an opportunity to see and make the acquaintance of one around whom so much mystery existed.

Dr. Stratton—for so Miss Norman introduced him—was a dark and melancholy looking man, of foreign air and haughty manner. In conversation with my father, during dinner, he displayed a richly endowed mind and vast funds of information; never saw him stand in the vanguard of fame, never felt the staid awe which they drew; never saw him look like a man of a glorious name, never saw him look like a man of a great name.

Accompanied by a brother and sister next in age to myself, I fled with joyful haste through the quiet wood. Anticipating the pleasure of the return walk with her whose conversation was delightful as it was instructive. The path was one along which we had often leisurely strolled, lingering over the beauties strewn there by nature's hand; but no bird or flower or insect caught our eyes.

My heart was full of joy and gladness, and I was thinking of the many pleasures which I had enjoyed in my life. I was thinking of the many pleasures which I had enjoyed in my life. I was thinking of the many pleasures which I had enjoyed in my life.

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guilt. He had induced the murdered lady to go with him through the wood, declining my father's offer of the carriage. When the train stopped at the station, he appeared alone hurrying from the wood, brown, the love glance to her eyes, while her sweet voice pronounced us good children, a tender kiss to each, accompanied by a whispered blessing concluded our forenoon exercises.

The motive of the deed was also traced. In my mother's evidence, Miss Norman's serene engagement was revealed, with the reasonable supposition that Dr. Stratton was her affianced, whereas, the doctor alleged that there existed no bond between him and the deceased but that of friendship—his heart was given to another. As to this other it was elicited that she was a lady of fortune and position; and here was found the clue to the commission of the crime. His engagement with the humble governess matched that which he made him free. From me he was withheld, as I best could relate it amid tears and choking sobs, the mental agony the deceased had suffered, alone in her chamber, after the reception of the last letter. For that, any other letters which might throw light on the affair, search was then instituted, but without avail; if the lover had written on a line which would bring accusation against him, woman's strong love had taken care that it should not exist.

The investigation at length came to a close; the jury unanimously agreed; the coroner rendered his verdict, and Dr. Stratton was conducted to the county jail to await his trial under the awful charge of wilful murder.

After the first shock occasioned by his arrest, the proud man conducted himself with a calmness and self-possession which was not to be expected in the presence of the dead, he betrayed no symptoms of guilt; and as he gazed at the sweet uncomplaining face, sorrow rather than remorse was depicted on his countenance. His account of himself was given in a few words, and with self-possessed manner. He saw the strong feeling that existed against him; and though his cheek blushed, his features became even more beautiful, his expression as he looked toward the coroner upon whom the verdict, and with steady dignity submitted to the officers who took him in charge.

The crowd had retired, the house again was still, and oh, how still! Grief, too deep for tears of wailing, had visited our household; the assassin's hand dealt a blow which reached to every heart, and dumb silence reigned throughout our large and joyous circle.

In the parish church-yard, within our family lot, a grave was prepared for our governess; and the largest and most serious funeral attendance which had been in the country for years, was that which accompanied the murdered maiden to her grave.

The trial of Dr. Stratton for the murder of Miss Norman was a case of no usual importance. The little country court house was crowded to excess, while the town overflowed with visitors from afar and near, many of whom had an interest much deeper than curiosity in the result. The prisoner was surrounded by a strong phalanx of friends, while the most eminent lawyers conducted his defence; but the array of evidence against him was as complete as circumstantial evidence could be, and his conviction was looked for as certain.

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of time, his farrow words, uttered to his friend and the public, in presence of the most concourse assembled to witness his execution, asserted the purity of his hands and conscience from the stain of blood, and prayed the forgiveness of God upon all who were instrumental in his untimely death.

It was a soft evening in early spring, just twelve years after the terrible events above narrated when I accompanied a friend to a revival meeting, in one of the churches of New York. The sermon was one of those awakening, heart-scouring discourses under which sinners start, and the careless and indifferent start up to a sudden consciousness of their guilt and danger, and so they passed, she to martyrdom of a hidden grief, he to soothe his disappointment by a deeper plunge in dissipation, while he nursed within his proud heart jealousy and revengeful feelings.

A year passed, during which the lovers had corresponded, Julia's gentle pen breathing affection and earnest desire for reformation, that of Frederick pouring forth passionate devotion, mingled with unworthy suspicions of the maiden's motive in postponing his happiness. At last the wild scheme entered the young man's head to put an end to the tantalizing uncertainty in which he lived. He therefore wrote a few terse and burning lines, informing Julia that he would make still appeal to her in person, and if she still persisted in refusing to fulfil her contract and become his wife, he would shoot himself on the spot.

The day following, the mail horse started to put his threat in execution. Arrived in the neighborhood where his betrothed resided, he sprang from the train; but instead of calling a carriage to take him immediately on, he turned into a wood which offered an inviting retreat, where he could rest awhile and calm his agitation. The quiet wood, however, was the last place into which Frederick Keese should have turned his eyes. He had scarcely penetrated its shades when he saw what made the blood leap in frenzy through his veins. At a little distance, in a narrow path, stood she whom he was on his way to visit, in the act of parting from a tall dark man, with whom she had evidently been walking. The farewell words reached not the ear of him whose eyes were fixed upon the pair, but he noted the glances of the happy, the hushed over the interesting space to the railroad, which he had barely time to reach ere the train started.

Julia lingered until the sounds of the swift and heavy wheels assured her he was gone, then turned to retrace her steps, when suddenly from amongst the bushes, a maniac face appeared before her, while in a low choking tone an infuriated voice exclaimed, "Perdition woman! you shall never be another's!" As the words were uttered a bullet pierced her breast and Julia fell to the earth, the pistol reposed in the loud neighing of the fast retreating iron horse.

The murderer fled, he knew not whither—through woods, along lanes, back roads, over fields, and across streamlets he wandered, shunning the sight and habitation of man, and vainly endeavoring to escape from his own racking thoughts. Night overtook him, and amid darkness and despair, he sped on, till suddenly he reached a railway station, at which a down train had just stopped. Weary and worn he stepped aboard, and, sinking into a seat, crouched down like one asleep, while he listened to the conversation that went on around. He heard the subject of his dark and vainly endeavoring to escape from his own racking thoughts. Night overtook him, and amid darkness and despair, he sped on, till suddenly he reached a railway station, at which a down train had just stopped.

Free from the brand of murder, Frederick Keese mingled again with the world; yet, did the non-discovery of his crime occur him a constant reminder. Long days and nights of cold reflection, and outraged conscience, made his life scarcely endurable; and the gay scenes through which he moved to him were realms of torment. As long as he felt that in taking the life of her he loved, he had punished infidelity and avenged a heavy wrong to himself, his depraved heart endeavored to soothe him with a show of fixedness in the deed; but soon he learned his fatal error, and upon the untimely death of his wife, he was no longer his.

He whom, in his jealous rage, he had supposed to be a favored rival, was a schoolmate of his childhood, and of hers, who entertained but kindly feelings toward all with whom she came in contact. Edward Stratton, as Surgeon to the United States Army, had lately been stationed at a distant outpost, where he met with a quondam friend, the former being returning, the latter charged him with affectionate messages to his sister; and it was for the faithful conveyance of those that, when on his way to B—, where his own lady loved, he called on Miss Norman. This was Dr. Stratton's defence on his trial; and Reese with a spell had drawn to that county Court House, felt, in his inmost soul, that every word was true.

It was a sickening recital, that of the bitter sufferings of him whose guilt was known only to his Maker; his fierce struggles against conscience, who urged upon him the duty of saving an innocent life by confession and surrender; and his mortal agony when, after the execution of the guiltless, he felt his soul crushed under the weight of another and double murder—that of the fame as well as the life of the victim. From that day Reese was a lost and ruined man. Pride, ambition, talent, hope, all were extinguished. Lower and yet lower he sank in vice and wretchedness, an outcast and reprobate, by friends and kindred disowned. He had no desire, no motive, no aim in life; and beyond the consciousness of his animal wants, all feeling was dead within him. But oh, the stupendous power of saving grace, the immeasurable tenderness of a Father's love, who was passed with him by his fellow-mortals, and the heart of mercy to the foot of the cross, his load of misery and sin removed, his polluted soul washed clean, and the love of justice, even to the rendering up of his life to his country's laws, implanted within his heart.

oughly tested, but every doubt was dispelled, and the accuracy of the deposition fully proven. The long-deferred sentence was passed, and Frederick Keese expiated his crime upon the same scaffold where his own judgment had sacrificed an innocent man twelve years before.

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**NOTICE.**—The undersigned hereby announces that he has been appointed by the Board of Directors of the Lancaster and York Railroad Company, to act as its Agent for the sale of its Bonds, and to receive the interest thereon. He will be pleased to receive applications for the same, and to issue the same, at the office of the undersigned, at Lancaster, Pa., on and after the 1st day of June next.

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**THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.**  
I have issued my proclamation, calling on officers and soldiers of the United States Army, to be ready to march at any time when required. The time has come when all loyal men and patriotic citizens should be ready to march in support of their country's rights.

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