## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Alorning, Angust 28, 1852

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THE AUTHOR OF " LEISURE HOURS AT BEA." "Foul deeds will rise, earth o'crwhelin them to men's eyes."

areler who passes, during the summer of and his of the year through the States of a but he west of the Ohio river,-Indiana mais in particular—will often pause in his th feelings of irrepressible admiration. the ten thousand beauties which has spread through those regions with an theral hand. The majestic mounhe heavens on its cloudy top, does has sure arrest his astonishing eye, and the registar, dashing from a dizzy height, and w m's whirling depths below, then award showers, forms no part of of their quiet scenes. But the wide e level as some waveless lake, from as at me grass springs up with a luxuriheled in any other part of our country. e beautiful green is besprinkled with i marriads of flowers, ravishing the ear leveliness and filling the air with and, again, on either side of these anamas, standing arrayed " like host to ac leafy torests, whose silence has not then by the voice of man, and through mi recesses the dear stalk in herds, diess of primeval nature—these are scenes that call forth a passing tribute m every beholder. Such is their sombut when winter " has taken angrily

ek and heavy clouds, driven along upon seem surcharged to bursting, with the relement. It was during the latter seabe incident of our story took place. the middle of December, some ten or ears ago, before Illinois was admitted a state the Umon, on the atternoon of a day himself." nonly mild, and during the

"entance," not even the painter's pencil

a dist conception of the bleakness and

the change. Then those extensive

a covered with the infinitely diversified

haure, become one white unvaried

in the vistas of the naked trees nothing

harve but snow; and if from the chilly

of earth, the wearied eye looks up to

ien frage. It was fastened round the a hardle of a buckskin, to which was alreactivated parts of the country, where pockets of the deceased. site vegetable decay, and the stagnation states of water, produce perennial agues. fruitless search was finished, " the old curmudgeon

" st swear that it's Jun Buckhorn's." tille in this part of the territory."

have handled a power of 'em in my issues atwixst Sangamo and the Missiswork ow the valley on. I reckon, prairie wolves will finish the job." state fale seems to you but a clumsy sort which; but it's brought down a smart ar filtere am't a truer bore-except mine, - shoothe settlement to get a new sight Land At this and Major Marham's. It when we ve been out hunting together." Let Islap, Mr. Silverside."

as no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim screamer as that 'ere with a Yankee doctor.

son who was loth to trust his young companion with a gun intrinsically worth but a trifle, would, nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money. The term Yankee, which we have heard him applying in rather a contemptuous manner, was then, and for years after, used indiscriminately in reference to all such as emigrated from the States east of the Allegheny mountains. Handing the rifle across his horse to the old hunter. Charles Rivington observed-

"I am glad you have offered to take it. Mr. Silversight, for there appears a storm coming up, and as I wish to reach Mr. Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going into town to-morrow. Doctor?" asked Silversight. "I will."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn-here," said the old man, handing a little leather bag, fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest four hundred and eighty-five in Shawneetown paper, is wrapped tharine, was fast falling a victim to that disease in this bit of a rag. I want you to pay it into the which comes over the human form like autumn land office, to clear out old Richly's land : I was over the earth, imparting to it additional graces, but going to take it in; but you'll do jist as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business. and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until their only hope. It it were right in us to detain the they reached the place where the path, dividing, reader, and we possessed the power of exhibiting pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, \ believe?" said

Charles.
#It is," answered the man—"this fresh track, that we noticed a while ago, lies on my relation with a tear. But we will not-we canroute—so I'll push my nag a little, soon's I load not:this rifle, and it may so be, that I'll over take company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece-it may stand you in hand some day-I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than Jim's, you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully, poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and out, with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor-you needn't lift the sartificates-the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in

So saying, the two travelers parted, each urging of which there had occurred a light fall of his horse to greater speed, and night threatened persons were seen riding along one shortly to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter acknowledging to himself in mental soliloguy, that resemed advancing in years, and was the doctor was a "right nice and cute young a the usual habituments of the country - fellow, considering he was raised among Yankees," each made of the skin of an otter, and a rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded m et blue linseywoolsey covered his about tour or five miles further on his way, when a y descending to the knees, and trimmed he perceived that the track he before observed put out into the prairie. "So so," said he "Slayled a bullet-pouch made of the some ma- mush has been out among the deer to-day: I was se cap. His feet were covered with buck in hopes 'twas some one going up to the head wacasas and leggins of stout cloth were wrap- ters," and he kept racking along the road, when direal times round his legs, fastened above rectly, the report of a musket was heard reverberatee and at the ancies with strings of green ing through the night, and the old man, writhing The horse he bestrode was so small that and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which retalmost straggled on the ground, and scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the praidatameteral gast which is denominated rie. A form was seen, a few minutes after, cau-The old man's hair fell in long and un- tiously approaching the place, fearful that his victacks beneath his cap, and was white with tim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied many winters; while the sallowness in this particular, by his motionless silence, he ad-Empiration gave proof of a long residence valued, and proceeded immediately to examine the " Damnation!" muttered he at length, when

Mar a young man, dressed accord- has nt got the money after all; and I've put a bul-The way of fashion of the cities of the let through his head for nothing. I'm sure I heard Ness, and bright blue eyes evinced that I him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, salered from the effects of climate. - that old Richly give it to him to carry; well, it's was bona spirited horse, and carried his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it, and -ae but resting on his toe-a heavy- the gray-headed scoundrel won't never jeer me agin, for using a smooth bore, before a whole com-" are Rivington," said the elder per- party of Kentucky squatters. It carried true enough and the more har looked to see one of to do his business. I'm sorry I dropped that flask are held g about will you a rale Kentuck any how, but this powder horn will make some has well has thought I'd be riding myself amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the ar-1: I dadn't see it in your hands, I ticle he spoke of from the breast where it had hung for forty years. "What the devil have we here? said he again, as he struck his footagainst the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," fore, and the wrinkles that age, or more likely his discharging it into the nir. "if the worst comes to the worst, they'll think his piece went off by accisaid the old man, "and there ain't dent and shot him. But there's no danger—it will this time the haggard appearance of his face was snow before daylight, and cover the trail, and the

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, see: fast and last. That lock's a rale nearly at right angles with the path along which the

unfortunate hunter had been traveling. It was in a log house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in With expendit, and mine a leetle over that willerness country, besides a fire that sent a be pound. Jam has used my bul- broad and crackling flame half way up the capacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evenrespectively with the worth of the gun," ing of this atrocious morder, in addition to its ordiates It vington, "but stepping into the nary inmates, the young physician from whom we you sir?" said the maternal Mrs. Wentworth. as morning. Theard him lan ent that lately parted. His great coat, hat and overalls were seed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy laid aside; and he was conversing with that agrees | night's sleep will be best for me; its what cures all ble buoyancy and pleased expression of countenance my ailings." And in compliance with his wish, the that se of it myself. In this wilderness which denoted that he was happy in the society guest was shown to his apartment. we must stand ready to do such little of around him. Opposite, and busily employed in hensitous glad to get his piece again," said of her attention, she every now and then would warm by it, how that tinker would trust the silent language of twe, the tale she never could "to me-I can't bide seeing a good rifle tiful; and of a complexion so char that

Rivington resigned the weapon with a That one might almost say of her, her very body the right.

of that he had been carrying—he knew, though the | which, though not tall, was well formed and grace- her to those sweet dreams which slumber bestows | "The gunsmith has already been before me," turning to her maid, "get my hat and shaw!, July," old man's manners were rough, there was nothing | ful; if all these traits combined constitute a claim to like roughness in his heart. Indeed the very per- the epithet, it certainly belonged to her. She was modestly attired in a dress of no costly material; and the little feet that peeped from underneath it were clothed in white stockings of her own fabrication, and in shoes of too coarse a texture ever to have been purchased from the shelves of a fashionable city mechanic. Yet that same form had been arrayed in richer apparel, and had been tollowed by glances of warmer admiration than ever nerhans fell to the share of those who are ready to condemn her on account of her garb. Catharine Wentworth was the daughter (at the

time of our story the only one,) of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the city of New York, but whom misfortunes in business had suddenly betatten, and stripped of all his fortune. While surrounded by affluence he had been regarded as remarkably meek and affable: but became proud and unsociable in adversity; and not caring to remain among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated, with his whole family, to the wilds of Illinois. He was actuated in part, no doubt, by a higher and better motive. At that time he was the father of another daughter. Louisa, older than Catoo truly whispering that the winter of death is nigh The medical attendant of the family, perhaps to favor the design which he kne w Mr. Wentworth entertained, intimated that a change of climate was in the melancholy sweetness of reality, the progress at nat interesting temale to the grave, till at length she lay down in her attenuated loveliness to awaken in heaven-all who have hearts would moisten the

How strangely does the human mind accommo date itself to any situation: the man who had spen his life hitherto in a sumptuous mansion, surround ed by all those elegancies and means of enjoyment. which, in a large city, are always to be procured by fortune, now experienced, in a log cabin, divided into but four apartments, and those of the roughest kind, a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well he might be happy, for he was rich-not in money-but in a better, a more enduring kind of wealth. His wife, two hardy and active sons, and the remaining daughter, Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment and ruddy in health. We can only estimate our condition in this life by comparison with others, and his plantation was as large and as well cultivated, his crops abundant, his stock as good as any of the settiers on that prairie. He had still a better source of consolation: Louisa's death, the quiet of the country, and the natural wish of every active mind to create to itself modes of employment, had led him more frequently to read and search the Scriptures than he had found leisure to do before; and this was attended, as it always is, with the happiest result, a knowledge and love of him " whom to know

is life eternal." But we are digressing. The family of Mr. Wentworth, with the addition of Charles Rivington, (whom, indeed, we might almost speak of as one of its members, for, on the coming New Year's day he was to receive the hand of "their saucy Kate," as the happy parents fondly termed her.) were gathered round the fire-side, conversing freely on every topic that presented itself, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Rumley the deputy sheriff of the county, entered the apartment. He apologized for his intrusion, by saying that having business to attend to at a cabin farther up the prairie, which detained him longer than he expected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to return to town until the following morning; he therefore hoped he might be accommodated with a hed. His request was of course readily complied with.

He was a tall dark person, dressed much in the manner of the unfortunate hunter, except that his leggins were of buckskin. He had lost an eye, when a young man, in a scuffle with an Indian, two of whom spring upon him from an ambush; this with a deep scar on his torehead, received in a I tayern brawl at New Orleans two or three years bemanuer of life had ploughed, gave to his countenance a sinister and disagreeable expression. At increased, either from having been a long while exposed to the cold, or from some latent sickness working on him, for his lip quivered and was of a bloodless hue, and he was remarkably pale .-Charles Rivington; who often met him in his tides. was the first to notice the change from his usual ap-

"You look pale and fatigued, Mr. Rumley; I hore you are not unwell.

"No. sir-that is-yes I do teel a little sickish, and should be glad to go to bed, if it is convenient,"

"Perhaps there is something that we can do for "No, ma'am, I thank ye. I reckon a good

One by one the different members of this peace knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her ful family sought their pillows, till soon Charles work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion | Rivington and the blushing Catharine were left sole occupants of the room. But though alone, they but my wonderment is and I don't send a turtive glance to the guest, thus telling, in were not lonely; he had many an interesting tale to whisper into the maiden's ear, (for it was almost have found words to utter. We say she was beau a week since they had met!) and she, though some. It the poor man was murdered, the one who did it pious boy. Father of mercies!" said the pale and thing of a chatterbox, when none but her mother must certainly have left tracks; and I fear they agitated mother, sinking on her knees, " if this The cloquent blood spoke through her cheek, and brothers were present, on this occasion betray- have fallen upon his trail and taken it for mine.— withered heart is doomed to receive another wound, who never loved a friend, or labored to make a ed a wonderful aptitude for listening. The hours But it is in my power to prove that I had no weap- if my last earthly prop is to be torn from me, oh, do , f. i and happy. undered while for he had been some time -If laughing blue eyes, lighted up by mellige-ce glided rapidly away; and the gray morning was one with me, except that unlucky tifle, and the thou give me strength to bear this greatest of afflicconstity, and parily understood the love which and glossy auburn ringletts; teeth white as the stready advancing, when the happy young man, gunsmith will testify that he gave me no balls with tiens, and enable me to eay, thy will, not mine be et always feels for a piece of the character snow around her father's dwelling, and a person mit-ating a good-night kiss upon her cheek, left it."

only on the young and impreent.

that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town such proof as could not be rejected. He states that at the same time on the table before him, when certainly been discharged. I am sorry to do it sir, three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner!" cried the foremost the party. "By heaven! Jim, look there; there's tion. Our hero was committed for trial; and so the very money itself. I can swear to that pouch." And here he seized our hero by the collar.

" Stand back sir, and lay hold of me at your per is it you have to say ? and it I am to be made a prisoner, produce your warrant."

stable. "You perhaps can explain everything; but you must come before Source Lawton. This is necessary to say that suspicion rests upon, you, as the murderer of old Silversight, who was found shot through the head on the road this morning."

"Is it possible! poor old man, has he really been killed? When I parted with him last night, he was not only well but seemed in excellent spirits," said the doctor.

Buckhorn;" said the one who had just received a severe repulse from our hero, and whose name was Carlock. " He left him in excellent spirits! mark what the villain says."

n my bad fever last spring, and agin when I had he ch.lls in the fall and you stuck by me truer than any friend I've had since my old mother died, except this ere rifle, and I'm monstrous sorry. found it where I did. It may be so, that you've got a clear conscience yet; but though whether or no, though old Silversight and me has hunted together many and many's the day, you shall have by conscious innocence, and knowing that not a air play any how, dam me if you shan't. That ere money looks bad; if it had been a fair fight, we mought a-hushed it up, somehow or 'nother."

Our hero, while Buckhorn was speaking, had ime to reflect that if Silversight was indeed dead. circumstances would really authorize this arrest.-The rifle which he was known to have carried with him from town, had been found it seems beside the murdered body. The money that the unfortunate man had entrusted to him was discovered in his possession; and how could it be proved for what purpose it had been given to him? As these thoughts run rapidly through his mind he urned to the officer and observed.

" Mr. Pike, I yield myself your prisoner. I pereive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely for a while upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honor and fair dealheaven places in the hands of Justice the real perpetrator of the deed."

table, and departed with the officer and his com- such a child as mothers pray for; he strove by re- up to snow, and that will fill up the tracks to short panions to the house of Mr. Lawton, who, being a doubled filial attentions to supply the place of the order. So Judy give me your hand, and there, is Justice of the Peace, had issued a warrant for his lost ones to his parent: and her eye seldom rested continued he, kissing the blushing guls lips, "there apprehension."

I have always been glad to see you heretofore, Dr. Rivington," said the magistrate, politely, on the appearance of that person before him, "and should be so now, were it not that you are charged with a crime, which, if proved, will call down the severest vengeance of the law. I hope and believe, fruit. however that you can establish your innoceace .-Where were you, sir, on the afternoon of yester-

I went out to visit some patients, meaning to continue my ride as far asMr. Buckhorn's, and took his rifle with me from the gapsmith's with the intention of stopping and leaving it; but I met with old Mr. Silversight at the cross roads, swho was going up from the new settlements, and he offered to take charge of it. I gave it to him. We parted at the lock, and I crossed over to Mr. Wentworth's."

" Did Mr. Silversight continue on his journey, having Jim Buckhorns rifle with him ?" asked the

"Yes sir; but before we separated he gave me this money," handing the notes and specie to the magistrate, " requesting me to pay it into the land office to day to clear out Mr. Richly's land. He said there were \$500 in all, and I was counting it when arrested."

"There is a most unfortunate coincidence of circumstances against you, Doctor. The man is found murdered, the rifle which you were known to have carried lying near him, and you arrive in town the next day, with the money of the deceased in your possession. The poor old man's horse going home without his rider excites alarm; Buckhorn and Carlock, with other neighbors, set out upon the track; they find the murdered victim, stark and bloody, lying on the snow, which was scarcely whiter than his aged head; they divide-some bearing the body back, while the others follow on the trail; it leads them to Mr. Wentworth's, where you acknowledged you passed the night; they there inquire what person had made the tracks which they had followed and were answered it was you; they continue on their trail until they arrive in town; they make affidavit of these facts, and procure a warrant for your, arrest when, to complete the chain of evidence, you are found counting the spoils of the murdered man. Now, sir, what answer can you make to these appalling circum-

"They are appalling indeed, sir," said our heto, " and I can only reply to them-I am innocent.

said Squire Lawton, " for I was loath to have I you where he resided, was seated in his office, employ. I when he gave you the gun, the locks had been reed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying paired and polished, and that since that time it has but my duty compels me to commit you"

It is needless to dwell longer on this examina strong were the proofs adduced against him, that the worthy magistrate and indeed the whole neighborhood, could scarce hesitate to believe him guil-

il," returned Charles Rivington, steroly; as, shalty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles king the man from him, he gave him a blow that Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Lovsent him to the other side of the office. "What ing and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to hind him to Catharine in the lender relation-"You may as well submit quietly, Doctor Riv- ship of marriage, he looked back upon the glorious ington," said another of the party, who was a con- orb as it burst up through the eastern heaven with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How chang. ed the scene at its setting! Its last rays fell upon my authority, (showing a paper,) and it is only him through the iron-guarded window of a prison Yet, could we examine into the soul of that young apartments, on a bed of straw that had been spread for a former inmate, we should find, perhaps, though surrounded by the greatest danger-the danger of dying an ignominous death, and of having a blot eft forever on his memory-he was still serene and "He parted from him last night; mark that happy. And why was this? He had a companion in that dreary place, whose acquaintance had been sought in the hours of prosperity, and who ye." now, in the darkness of trouble, would not departa companion that can cheer us amid the revilings "There need be no jeering about it," replied of the world, can pierce through the bars of a'dun-Buckhorn. "Doctor Rivington, you tended me geon, and whisper to the desponding spirit, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comfort-

> Charles Rivington was one of the too small number of young men who are not ashamed to be religious; "and verily he had his reward." The mere worldling similarly situated, would have been loud in imprecations or dumb in agony; but he, upborne sparrow talls to the ground without the will of our Heavenly Father, humbled himself in prayer before that being "who is mighty to save unto the utter most," and he grose from the exercises with those tranquilized and invigorated feelings which are its invariable result.

Nearly two years had elapsed since our here emigrated to that western region. He was the youngest, and, at the time of our narrative, the only son of a widowed mother, who had been doomed to follow successively to the grave, a husband, a lovely daughter, her eldest born, and two fine and healthy boys. Sick of the scene where death had made He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, provided for the wounded heart of the Christian wid-So saying, he gathered up the money from the ow, a baim of sweetest efficacy. Her son was tery, from the overfuliness of gratified maternal love. Their family misfortunes had rendered his mind uncommonly ductile; and it was she who planted there those seeds of righteousness, which,

> On the afternoon of the son's commitment, she breathless, into the apariment.

sarve your old heart from breaking-but I's got bad news for ve."

the pious old lady, interrupting her, "that it is ex- dered boy, as in their affection they called him. tremely wrong to use the name of your Maker so and the blue eyes of Catharine wept tears of supfamiliarly on all occasions? "The Lord will not plications and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto hold him guildess who taketh his name in vain?" untouched by sorrow, except on the occa-i in of her that now-

can you speak so-

"Ma'am, will you please to hear me!" roared out the serva...t, at length fully restored to her voice are you agoing to set here and let them murder

Mr. Charles ?" "Charles! gsacious Providence," ejaculated the love of our duty, than a great capacity. mother, catching the alarm of the menial, " what is the matter-surely nothing evil has happened to

"Oh nothing at all, at all, mistriss," responded Judy, striving to speak calmly, that she might not ed against our integrity and honor. too suddenly shock the trembling parent; then, unable to control her feelings, she sobbed out my poor dear young master's in prison."

" In prison!" exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weping girl and grasping her arm, "Judy," said she, with the earnestness of agonized apprehension, " tell me the whole truth-you have seen me bear calamity beforewhat does this mean?"

"Ah, madam, fist be quiet," returned the anx ions servant; "it's only one them drunken hunters what's kilt himself, and the blackguards want's to lay it to poor Mr. Charles, because he's a Yankee, victories, deriving their highest lustre from the numas they call it, and, that's jist the whole of it."

" My boy accused of murder! my honorable, my done." She arose with renewed composure, and enemics, to gain them.

said she "I am glad it to no worse; this is but It was late in the afternoon of the following day, apprehended, except on an application backed by passing cloud; for he is innocent and his innocent cence will soon be manifest, I feared lest ha might be sick, or thrown from his horse, but the Lord be praised, who hath not tried his servant beyond her strength."

Such was the language of the exemplary Mrs Rivington, as she walked out that evening, with the littention of visiting her son in prison. We will not accompany her; their meeting was such as will be anticipated from their enlightened and pious characters; and though the good women was alarme ed by the strength of the circumstances adduced against her beloved boy, yet not for a moment was her faith in the justice of the Almighty so shaken, as to permit a fear that the guildess would suffer.-But leaving them mutually striving to streng hen and encourage each other, we will ask of our reader to accompany us into the kitchen of Dr. Rivington's house, whither Judy immediately returned on the departure of her mistress.

She's a noble-hearted woman, that's what she is," said the girl, whose admiration was excited by the Christian firmness she had seen exhibited; she's jist the right sort of a mather for such swalt young gentilman as he is ; and you Jemmy." ('urnhig to Buckhorn, who sat with a sorrowing countenance in a comer,) "ye're a pretty blackguard. ar'nt ye, to be going to give information 'gainst a man what you know niver did harm in his born days. Ah! git along with re-1'm fairly sick of

But, Judy, when we found the rifle laying by the dead body," answered the distressed young man, "I very naturally said to Carlock, that that was the best trial we could have; for I know'd old Silversight had been down in the new settlement. and so, says I, the man who got this 'ere riste from Dril's, must be the murderer: but if I'd a-know'd It was the Doctor took it out, miss-fire but I'd a-held, my peace, if I never could shoot buck again till I told it. I hardly b'lieve he killed the old tellow.

Now 'pon my honor ye're a great fool," responded the indignant Judy ; " you hardly b'lieve it, do you? I tell you what, Jimmy Buckhorn, the man as comes a sparking to me, if I set ever so much by him, should never get my consent; if he was the means of putting the dear young gentleman into limbo, till he contrived ways and means to get him clear again. You don't bl'ieve ha's guilty! Arrah now, Jimmy, I've told you afore I's a sort of bking for you-but I'd sooner b'lieve you had murdered the poor old vagabond, in cold blood, than that Mr. Charles did it, if he was ever so provoked."

Buckhorn rose from his seat when the fluent and handsome kish girl had finished her speech, such havoe, and crushed so many fragrant buds of and taking her hand, "Judy," said he, " my nag is promise, she consented to accompany her sole re- lired down-but I'll git Bob Millar's-I'll go down maining child to a place where the newness of the and see the Doctor at the jail winder, and find country seemed to hold forth greater prospect of which way he went out the head waters-then I'll success, than was afforded to a young practitioner follow up his trail from town, and see where he among the overstocked population of a city. Hith- but off to old Wentworth's for its sartain he slept to their expectations had been amply realized. there—and it may turn out the villins trail and his keep on the scent 'till I find out who the rail ruff'an is-and there's no time to be lost, for it may come on his manly form, that they did not become wa- I'll find out who the scamp is, or, in case that's impossible, if Doctor Rivington does'nt git clear it shall be his own fault."

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the practice as white and smooth as as we have seen, sprang up and brought forth good unwritten paper, and consequently deprived our calumiated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his annocence. was sitting in the parlor of the pleasant little house His confidence however, in the Divine protection which they occupied, when Judy, the Irish girl, was undiminished, and nightly from the silence of who had lived long in the family, remaining with his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul. them through all their trouble, came running almost that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer hea i g Father. Nor did those vious oris-"Och, Mistress, and the Lord bless you," she ons ascend unrecompanied through the still vault cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "and pre. of night to the Almighty's ear. The aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayer. the paren's of his affianced bride knelt of en before "How often Judy, must I repeat to you" said the throne of Heaven for the weltare of their slan-"Botheration, ma'am, but I's no time to tend to sister's death, now con i wally sent unworded and unutterable appeals to her Creator for her lover's "Judy !" interrupted Miss. Rivington again, " how | life. In the meanwhile week after week rolled by and the day appointed for trial at lenght arrived.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Tave philosophy, says Plato, consists more n fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the

HE wno has forfeited his good faith has nothing else to, lose. All the other possessions of this world are comparatively of little value when weigh-

YEARS are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save

THAT State of life is most happy, wherein, superfluities are not required, and necessaries as not wanting.

OF The triumphs of truth are the most glorious. chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all ber of saved, not of the slain.

( REAL fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power

Do good to your friends, to keen them -to vons