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TOWANDA:

Konday Morning, Scylember 4, 1852.

THE RIFLE.

THE AUTHOR OF "LEISURE HOURS AT SEA." "Foul deeds will rise,

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK

The nille village in which the session of the real court were held, and which, for the sake of name, we will call Edgarton, contained about fif ors, v houses, most of them constructed with There was an open space in the midst of it, termed " public square," in which stood a building answering he purpose of a court-house during the essions, and of a meeting-house when an occasignal missionary passed through that part of the ountry, it fronted out on the public road. The occupied a corner of the same place. It was a all one story ediffice, about twelve feet square, he the court-house built of large hewn logs. essed together with iron bolts at the corners rangle apartment contained but one door and a bullet that would fit the bore ?" dow, both secured by strong bolts and bars are brick house, the only one in the town, was on the rear of the square, and was occupi- on ?" again asked the lawver. sa hotel, as the traveler was informed by a suspended from a post at the road side. m. "enter ainment for man and horse." A his patients." wher up the road, or Main street, as it was most'e side was another tavern of more humsemblage of persons collected on the mornen the important trial was to take place, all ness ?" er conversing on the crime of which the priswas supposed to be guilty; and many of them and very moderate anathemas against the couper and cheats, and who, at last, were egeno the country to break up their old mansandenstoms. The women, who were plentiwilling l

They'e a monstrous flagety people, to say age a tiem" observed the large lat wife of exer and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face mei something like vivacity as she spoke .-They want a heap of waiting on ; and don't git ka er ali. Now, there was old Went-- remarked with us, you know, Carlock, on is sick dartar, when he first came out he her was nt good enough for 'em; ane am le tea to be sure. So I sent any a em; they always make a trouble for sides, apparently with a knife.

is a general clamor.

haves but there was one of them who or He was the merchant's clerk and had estrey before. The fact was, that never and well the article of tea in her life, the poor with them. perar woman had caused a pound of it to be " and and be well to all in a large kettle, serv-. 32 to her guests as greens for dinner.

They tell said a farmer who had the reputawriting a wit among his fellows, and whose by modsey coat contrasted strangely was a "" displayed. " They tell that old Silvera. was the queerest pill to give a pa-

(Kh) exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, arm and arm with the attorney who was em-* *:ose friendly salute indicated that they betok a seat beside the lawyers within the bar. A feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered the examination of witnesses commenced.

7 tel to see the horse of his 'uncle arrive, with arrived on the evening of the blood deed, and ree and bridle on, but without a rider. He mained all night. They continued on the trail, till The hat the deceased had stopped, perhaps, for at last they found him, with greedy eyes, bending e at Buckhorn's who lived a mile or so fur- over the plunder he had torn from his grey-haired if without his turning home, he started early in of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched prining with the intention of trailing the horse. Young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail my sacred duty to display his enormity; but farther the arms of her child. and men that had joined them at Buckhorn's not-1 cannot go."

returned with the body they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and any body had been there that crossed over from the jury retired to make up their verdict. We have loved Catharine were conveyed from the scene; the other side of the stream. They were answered that Dr. Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy sheriff, had also remained the night, but the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. that he had came from farther up, on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a track from farther up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the track till they arrived in town. Being informed by Mr. Drill, the gunsmith, that Dr. Rivington had taken Buckhorn's into court; he was convinced, unless the interporifle out with him, they immediately procured a sing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that warrant for his apprehension. They found him death and ignominy must fall upon him. After a employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from Silversight.

James Buckhorn's evidence was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned, in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, this greatest calamity. In compliance with the and discovered that it had certainly been discharge ed but a short time before.

"Mr. Drill," said lawyer Blundley, who was the gun to Dr. Rivington; did you also give him a " I did not"

" Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weap

"By no means," replied the gunsmith, "I con sidered at the time that the Doctor's offer was one a mas constituently written in great yellow of mere kindness, and he had previously mention under a burlesque likeness of Gen. Wash-) ed he was a going out that way to visit some of

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sough there was but one in the village, on sagacious lawyer, " is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of awful solicitude which only a mother's heart can parance than the first. It was around these all that are owned on the road out to Buckhorn's. wes of public entertainment that a numer. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped and procured a ball of sufficient small-

"John Guntey's rifle," answered Mr. Drill eighty-seven or eight to the pound; and one of his bullets, with a thick patch, would suit Bucktion when they pretended to consider en mas- horn's pretty well. This is the only one anywhere near the size."

The attorney for the people here asked the witness another question:

" For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the 16th of last December ?' "I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket-

pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in I believe, to inquire if they were finished." " Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the

jury," said the prosecuting atterney. " Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men who had returned with the body the bettlement to git some, and I of Silversight. On his way back, and about two the place where the murder hundred yards from the place where the murder was committed he found a copper powder-flask. musicone fer, neither; 'twas bitter nasty (which was shown to him, and he identified it,) sever I'd wish to taste. But it's always the letters C. R., M. D., being cut upon one of its

There was but one more witness on the part of marks of the in lignant woman were fully the people-Mr. Lawson, the magistrate before the next of her simple and unsophis- whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were despospelito thrust his terigine into his cheek, ed before him, together with the acknowledgment 26 aside to prevent the dame from seeing of Dr. Rivington that he had been in company with Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted

.The prisoner was now put on his defence : and by his skillful counsel. The witnesses were crossexamined, and re-cross-examined, but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to word 'mnocent.'" - cauce shirt, the collar of which was osten- the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms or kill with these Yankee doctors, any that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied i re ever hearn of; and he took the trouble by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr more weapon to try in behalf of his client-the ""damused themselves, until at length the master of the art, but alas ! was used in vain. He | ye're his mother" Been Med, and after the preliminaries, the dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client far tral commenced. The prisoner had been had wished his route to be trailed from the village, "If his anxious and affectionate parent, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose, when and earlie hale comforts which the narrow apart- the disastrous snow storm occurred, and took away bimited of, except fire and candles; they the only hope he had to prove his innocence. He tongue were loud in mockery and revilings. First dien on account of the material of which | cited many cases to the jury, in which circumstan-An was constructed. But the coldness of the ces, even stronger than these, had been falsified, er had been excessive, during a part of the when their victim, murdered by the laws, was a he was the occupant of that dreary abode slumbering in his grave. He appealed to them as he boundaries of his cell not allowing of parents, to know if they would believe, that a son who had been so filial, whose character had previthough not dangerous in its nature, had ren- ously been without a stein or blemish, could sudthin thin and very pale. He came into the denly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honor, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it oplead his cause; and slightly bowing to were useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasionthu him innocent, he passed through the crowd they were ineffectual. The attorney for the prosecution summoned up very briefly. He assured the the high and exemplary character which he jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so secuned invariably from his first settling in concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to Pace, until the present back suspicion rested on moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered a certain degree of intuitive respect was ac- man, a powder flask, such as the eastern people the by all that must have been most gratifying principally use, had been found with the initials of the prisoners name and medical degree, engraved upon it-C. R, M. D.-Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and leads them h the night of the 16th of December, he was to the house of Wentworth, where the prisoner

already told the reader that the prisoner was pale. in consequence of sickness produced by his exposed situation in prison, but the appalling events of He sat firm and collected; and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance which told that all was calm within. Indeed the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been fully made known to him before he came severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, " Thy will be done !"

His mother, by the assistance of that never-failing comforter in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something resignation to the divine will, earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with calmness and connsel for our hero, " you mention having given equanimity throughout the trying period, she refrained from going to court on a day that was to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlor of their dwelling, together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with intense anxiety the issue of the laggard hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time to which we have brought our narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every preeze that shook the casement seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law against her son. And know, strove to speak words of comfort to the love ly being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affliction.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child; alas, I soon may have no other child but you. What sound is that! I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropt, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrntable decree. But this, O my Father," groaned the tortured parent, " suffer this bitterest cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears; He whose powerful hand led would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around him." At this moment Judy was seen from the window

running rapidly towards the house, and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment. "Judy !" faintly cried the agonized parent, trem-

bling in every nerve, but unable to utter more. "Ah, madam," responded the servant, "I know cided yet; the juries has jist gone up stairs to talk man, and he knows exactly what kind of a body Mr. Charles is. He described him jist for all the live with an unsulfied fame." would as I would, only I couldn't use such ilegant words."

"The jury wept-there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent, in a faltering voice.

Wept, did they? Yes; and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give in his evidence for crying; and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I niver seed him look all that talent and ingenuity could devise was done so ilegant before. But I jist rin here to tell ye how things was going on. I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths till its jist to spake the

> "Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of susit be the worst that can befall."

Lands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself Blandly discontinued his examination; he had one are hard-hearted people about the place that b'lieve filled 'em full of your clothes; you may take him, he's guilty, because he's a Yankee-ods rot their doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in Secure a specimen of the idle talk with which powerful one of eloquence, and it was used by a saucy tongues—and they mout jeer at ye, because welcome—but I, that come here to set you clear,

"They cannot. At any rate I will go forth," said the afflicted mother; "he's my own, true and because I don't try." noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every other

" And I will go with you mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair and drying her tears; it is better to hear it at once than linger here in

such anguish." The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine entered the court house of Edgarton. A passage was instantly opened for them, with that intuitive respect alwhen accompanied by guilt. They had not been of his intended deliverers. It was not many minlong seated, in the part of the room where they could be most screened from observation, when the Jury returned, and handing a seal verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk arose, and read in a faltering voice, "we find the prisonor Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips when a piercing shriek rang through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth feli lifeless on the floor. Not so with that Christian mother,--with unwonted strength she darted through the assembly until she reached her child; "my boy!" she cried, "my boy ! be of cheer. Your heavenly father knows your inmost soul; and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together, for down the timber; but as the night passed victim. "Such," concluded he, is a rapid outline think not I can survive you—we shall lie down to-

We shall not attempt to describe the situation of man, therefore, humbling himself before the throne similar acts of beauty were preclaimed abroad, by

The charge of the Judge, who was evidently our unhappy here, for words are inadequate to the of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there which the grateful hearts on which they had been confertask. The insensible forms of his mother and be- he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted the and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathizing multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce death upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it except a reiterated declaration of his innocence and he besought the court. that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be dying a continual death while he survived. It was accordingly fixed to take place on that day three weeks.

busy throng which the trial had collected together were dis persed, and the moon, high in heaven, was wading on her silent course through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, started from a unquiet slumber, by a tancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in bed that he might more intently listen, he heard his own name whispered from the onter door.

" Will you awake Mr. Charles !" was softly uttered in the sweet accents of our little Irish acquaitance, Judy. " Was there iver the like," continued she, " and he sleeping at that rate when his friends are opening the door for him."

" Be quiet Judy," responded a masculine voice. but modulated to its softest tone, and stand more in the shadow. The doctor will wake fast enough, as soon as I get this bolt sawed out : but if ve git that tavern-keepers dog a barking there's no telling but it may wake the jailor instead of the doctor.

"And you're right Jimmy dear,,' responded Judy " here, leave go with your fingers, man ; you can't pull it off that 'ere way. Here, take this bit of a yet that noble won an, though torn by the deep and stake for a pry-and now that's your sorts, "continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log, to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground. " Now. one more pull, Jimmy and the day is our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of uni ted strength when the prison door flying open. Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

'There, Mister Charles, say nothing at all about it, but just take Jimmy's nag that's down in the hollow, and git clare as soon as you can. There's a steamboat, Jimmy says at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could get, but it is enough to pay your passage any how." said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and, as forth unharmed from the fiery turnace the three that she believed guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, " and you are a noble fellow Buckhorn; but you forget that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to neighborhood, and to get possession of him, or of what you'd be asking me-tak' comfort, it's not de- who are wavering now : besides, I could hardly examine it as he said so. expect to escape; for, my life being forfeited to the laws, a proclamation would be immediately issued, souls, they cried amost as fast as I did mysell, when and apprehension and death, then as now would It's not his—it never was his—he has never seen Mr. Blandly spoke to 'em. Ah, he's a nice gentle- be my doom. No, no, my good friends, you mean it." me well, but I cannot consent to live, unless I can

> "Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose speaking about it. If you stay, you've but a few days to live, and take your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out and go well agin."

> "That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in him who beholds all our actions," returnmyself of the hope that the truth will yet be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhon, going up to him, and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you-but I'm sartain now. The man that murlered Silversight in cold pense, "I will go with you. I trust that heaven blood, wouldn't be standing shilly-shally, and the will give me strength to bear the issue, even should jail door wide open. I always was dub'ous about it, tho' the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down Ye had bitter not, my dear mistress, for there in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy advise you to stay, and if I don't find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day, it shan't be

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter, one of those warm pressures of the hand, which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him, by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were know he is innocent—and should the worst come now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing ed brightness; and throngs of males and females from the shadow of a neighboring horse-shed at the same moment, made directly towards the door of the jail, crying out in a load voice, "the prisoners has broke out! the prisoners has broke out!"

Our friend, Judy and Buckhornn were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of the alarm most all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even I seemed more to secure the prisoners than the arrest utes before a considerable number of the idle and curious were collected by this clamor around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a farther at-

tempt at rescue. The glimmering hope which had been lighted up in our hero's heart by the fast words of Buckhorn, and the cor fident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled perpetrator of crime. To add to the anguish of his A thousand acts of unasked for benevolence were situation, he learned that his lovely Catharine was now remembered, in favor of him who was to sufconfined by a wasting fever to her bed; and that fer. Here was a aged and afflicted woman whom

greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, a little mean looking cabin, cailed " Brown's Tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were setting at a table, with a bottle of whisky between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that I was to take place on the morrow, when third one entered and calling for a dram, took a seat some distance from them. He was a tall dark man, dressed in a hunting frock and buck It was near midnight of that important day. The skin leggings, and held in his hand one of those mongrel weapone, which, partaking of the characters both of rifle and musket, are called smoothbores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood fire, by a single long dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candle stick; and its only turniture consisted of the atorementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but was now resumed.

"For my part as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, " I think the thing has been too death pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from hasty altogether."

"The doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made them more cautious stay the execution. how they acted; especially as he wanted them to go right out on his trail, and they'd find that he had kept straight on to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he wouldn't a-told,'em that, if it wasn't so: and I'm half a-mind to believe that he's not guilty after ro's innocence, superadded to his love for Judy,

"That's damned unlikely," said the stranger, in a grnff voice.

"Why, bless me, Mr. Rumleys," continued the first speaker, " I didn't know it was you, you set so in the dark. How have you been this long time. Let me see-why yes, bless me, so it was -you and me that was talking with poor Silversight the day he started from here with the money. I havn't seen you since. Why, ain't you a-going to be over in Edgarton, to see the doctor hung tomorrow?"

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, tho 'm monstrous soury for the poor man "

"Sorry, the devil !- hang all the cursed Yankees say," responded the amiable deputy-sherift.

"Come, that's too bad-though I like to see you ngry on account of the old man's murder, becase ye was not very good friends when he was alivebut bless me, Mr. Runley, that powder-horn looks

"Stand off!" cried Rumley, " what do you 'spose

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in and obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy-sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the heart seemed almost broken, "what's the use of others; "It's a lie! I know it well-I've hunted from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk with the old man often, and I know it as well as I of the county, on his way back to the tarren, from do my own. Bill Brown, and you, John Gilman, addressing himself to the one who first recognized | place, in order to while away an hour until the then you might come back, Charles, and all would the powder-horn, "I accuse Cale Rumley of old Silversight's murder—help me to secure him!"

"The deputy-sheriff stood motionless for a mo-

ment, and turning as pale as death, (from surprise our hero, "and I must conless that I cannot divest | perhaps.) then, suddenly recovering his powers, he darted across the room, and seizing his gun, be- ting where they will, without fingering and examfore any one was aware of the intention, levelled instantly filled with smoke, which, as it slowly in a careless manner, and turning it over in his rolled away, discovered to the astonishe Speholders, hand, his eyes fell upon the letters. the stiff and bleeding form of Caleb Rumley, streatched at full length on the floor. As soon as he discharged his piece, the idforiated men had sprung towards the door, designing to make an imcharged his fallen antagonist with murder, and lately transpired. who luckily was not touched by the ball that was ment to destroy him,) and with one blow of his tell you it's my flask, or article as you prefer calling powerful arm, he telled the scoundrel to the earth.

trio, the nature of the proof he had obtained of to Orleans-let's see, that's three years, come Rumley's guilt; and succeeded in satisfying them | Spring. I ought to know the cursed thing, for I that he ought to be made prisoner, and immediate- broke a bran new knife in scratching the letters on ly conveyed to Edgarton. The morning which our hero believed was to be

the last of his earthly existence, arose with unwont-

came pouring into the little village, impelled by the mysterious principle of our natures, which incite us to look on that we nevertheless shudder to the flask. The magistrate who grieved as much behold. But no sounds of obstreperous merriment, no untimely jokes were uttered as they passed along the road to grate upon the ear of the unfortu- his clerk enter his apartment in such a plight. nate Charles, and break him off from his communion with heaven; on the contrary, many a tear on the table, "C. R. M. D. spell something bewas shed that morning by the bright eyes of rus. sides Rivington. Send your servant out of the tic maidens, who were " all unused to the melting for sympathy for the culprit, who was that day to dental tone, "that flask is Caleb Rumley's and derful change had been wrought among the ever- him and that imp of Satan, Michael Davis, togethchanging multitude, by various rumors that were er; and Michael Davis told me so with his own whispered from one part of those wide prairies to by, and no trace could be discovered of the real another, and spread with almost incredible velocity. ington's an honest man-huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! ''

his mother, though she still bore up, murmured not lie had not only visited without hope of reward, and very large and corpulent, but a mountain of against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a but upon whom he had conferred pecuniary as flesh could not have kept him down, when such a gether to awake with the Lord-my boy! little did broken heart into the grave. The evening previ. well as medicinal comforts. There was an indus- thrilling news tingled in his ears, and he too be-I think to see this bitter day;" exhausted nature ous to the fatal day which was to terminate his trious cripple who had received a receipt in full gan to dance a jig, that shook the tenement to its could endure no more, and the mother fainted in earthly career, at length arrived, but brought no from the young physician, when creditors to a less cheering promise with it, and the unhappy young amount were levying upon his farm. And many

red, all helping to produce a change of sentiment which was manifestly wrought. Still the general impression seemed to be unshaken, (so strong had been the proofs) that, in an evil hour, he had yielded to temptation, and imbrued his hands in a fellow creature's blood.

The hour at last arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal place with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectators guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death, for his eye had a calm expression, and the muscles of his face were as motionless as an intant's slumber. They reached the spot. A prayer, a solemn prayer, was offered unto heaven for the murderer's soul, in which every hearer joined with unaccostomed fever. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord, while the agonized mother, vainty endeavoring to emulate the firmness of her heroic boy, approached, with trembling steps, to bid a last farewellwhen, bark! a shout was heared-all eyes was were turned to catch its meaning-another shout and words, " stop! stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In less than on instant after, the his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining to reach towards the sheriff an order from the judge to

Reader our tale is nearly at an end. Jimmy Book. horn had been faithful to his word. He had sought for some cine to the real murderer, with an earnestness which nothing but a firm conviction of our hecould possibly have enkindled. For some time he was prepocessful. At length the thought struck him that the track on the side of the stream where Mr. Wentworth resided, might have been caused by a traveler passing along, on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy-sheriff, in the case might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr. Wentworth's to see if his story that he had been further up the the stream was correct. This took considerable time, but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upom him screey, until the proper time for disclosure, and proceeded to disenter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he ev. er dared to hope; the ball had lodged in the cavity of the head, and being produced Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth bore. He set out directly for Edgarton, choosing to go by the way of the New Settlements, for a two fold reason. He had heard that Rumley was in the his gun at any rate, he deemed very essential -Besides, that route would take I im by the house 'd be doing with the old scoundret's powder horn! of the judge, and from him it would be necessary to procure an order to delay the proceedings. We

was not yet complete. A wild and dissipated young man, by the name Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river the place where the execution was to have taken time for dinner should arrive. The powder flask, which had been brought in evidence against our here, was laying on the table with the graven side downward. There is a restless kind of persons in the world, who can never be easy, let them be sitining whatever is in their reach—and such a one and fired at his accuser. The apartment became was Michael Davis; he accordingly took up the

> "Why, halo," what the devil are you doing with my powder-flask?" asked he.

"I wish the unlucky article had been your's, or any body's except the unfortunate Dr. Rivington's" nediate escape; but the motion was anticipated by returned the clerk, who was a firiend of our hero. our friend Jimmy Buckhorn, (for it was he who and deeply deplored the circumstances that had

"Unfortunate devil's," reiterated Michael; " [it; or ra her it was mine and Cale Rumley's togeth-He now rapidly explained to the wondering er. We bought it when me and him went down

> The clerk started from his seat-he enatched the flask out of the hand of Davis-he gazed at it a moment intentl; -then, the truth suddenly flashing on his mind, he rushed out into the road forgeting his hat, forgetting every thing but the letters on as any one, at the supposed dereliction of their young friend, the physician, was amazed to see

"There!" cried he, as he threw down the flask room." As soon as he was gone, and the door mood :" and many a manly breast heaved a sigh | carefully closed the clerk continued in a low confimake expiration to the offended laws. Indeed Caleb Rumley is the murderer, (no wonder he has since the sentence of the court was passed, a won- kept himself away all this while.) It belongs to month, not three minutes ago-and Charles Rivconcluded he as he danced and skipped about the apartment, with delirious joy true friendship inspir-

ed. The magistrate was a man of a middle age, toun Jation.

It became the duty of the worthy magistrate to