The Coquette.

Original Poetry,

THE COQUETTE.

Who robes herself in fine array. And promenades each sunny day Along the fashionable way !

Who labors wheresoe'er she goes To weave her toils around new beaux? And thus to plunge them in Love's woes! The Coquette.

Whereeke to pierce with Capid's dart An unsophisticated heart, Then mocks the agonizing smart !

Who lures you by a winning look, And if, is seized the gilded hook, Your fond caresses will not brook!

Who winks, and blinks, and smirks and smiles ! Assays to charm with artful wiles !

Who unfledged popinjays beguiles! The Coquette. Who casts a look of cold disdain Upon some passing love-sick swain;

The Coquette. Who's fond of brainless dandies' calls: Of soirces, pic-nics, drives and balls,

But seldom's found in learning's halls ! The Coquette. Who walks with prudish, mincing tread

Has little wisdom in her head. But much of giddiness instead ! The Coquette.

Who save with egotistic whine, "Fair maidens, I'm resolved to shine .-Whose leveliness compares with mine P The Coquette.

Who enters church with haughty air, Well hooped, tight laced, with plaited hair, Reflecting not Jehovah's there! The Coquette.

Who brings reproach on womankind, Perverts, the energies of mind, And leaves "an empty name" behind ! The Coquette.

Who's shunned by ev'ry noble youth, That loves sincerity and truth!-Who has few real friends for sooth ! The Coquette.

Who leads an idle, sinful life, With bitter disappointment rife. And dies-perchance, nobody's wife?

The Coquette. Lathrop, Dec. 11th 1856.

For the Democrat. CHRISTMAN FLOWER.

BY E. P. WILMOT, M. D. There is a legend in many parts of the country, prevailing to a considerable extent among the higher classes, that there is a certain flower that springs up on Christmas the foam-crested summit,-now it breaks Eve, but disappears before sunrise on the following morning.

Christmas flower, golden flower, Thou hast sprung up in an hour, Through the hard an i frozen earth, Come to prove a Savior's birth!

Christmas flower, golden flower, Thou hast got a magic power; Thou art neither chained, nor bound By the snows, nor frezen ground.

Christmas flower, fair and bright, Thou dost never see the light: For before the morning sun, Streaks the earth, thy work is done.

Christmas flower, tell us why. Thou, so soon dost fade and die: Why not with us be a guest,

Till the East, illumes the West ! Christmas flower, why so soon. Art thou from our vision flown ; and

Fairy flower! why not stay, Till is ushered in the day ! Christmas flower, I will raise

Unto thee, my warmest lays; Golden flower! thee I'll sing, When my muse her offering brings. Great Bend, Pa.

For the Democrat. ON THE DEATH OF HENRY DE FOREST LYON.

The glory is departed. From a once bright and happy home; Love's dearest tie in broken. The destroying Angel's come.

O, must one so young and lovely. Wither in Death's cold embrace; And in vonder churchyard lonely, Find a quiet resting place?

Yes, he's gone but not forgotten. Though to think of him is vain; In the hearts of all who knew him. Will his image long remain.

We can scarce believe we've lost him, So unreal does it reem; That it flits across the memory

Like some wild and fitful dream. Ye whose hearts are well nigh breaking, Smarting weath affiction's rod : 34 8

Though your fondest hopes are blasted. Weep not for your Idol crushed; What He gave, He has but taken, Then be every murmur hushed.

Let the hope that the departed Is not lost, but "gone before," Cheer your hours of gloom and sadness, Till you meet to part no more. Herrick, Dec. 1856.

Miscellancous.

THE OEEAN. BY MELLIE CLIFTON.

How I love the grand, old ocean. Hasure s beating against the rocky shore, or swell ing up on the sandy Desch, are sweeter to me than the follaby my mother suggin the day gone by. And, when the flerch winds lash the heaving waters by middless, and the funn

over the surging dies . the roar of leaping skillfully swept lyre. It is the deep bass of Nature sorgan - a triumphant anthem to Him who ruleth the deep and you hear His voice Whose heart-strings she has rent in twain? in the loudly echoing thunder, and in the howling of the tempest.

> There is a sublimity, an awful grandeur it storm on the ocean, that seems to throw off the mantle of mortality and lift the soul above the earth, mingles with the proud, exulunt feeling that fills you at such an exhibition of uncontrolled strength, there is a sense of awe and worship, and unconsciously you bend the knee in silent adoration of the God who made the ocean and the earth for His footstool. If Ningara is sublimely beautiful, the ocean is was it in the list of killed and wounded. A awfully grand,—the former sinks into insig map of the coast where the fight took place nificance beside the latter.

a cloud all rimmed with gold. It comes on when the landlord entered with a Plymouth

ing of distant artillery. The inky clouds inflicted on the young man's father, and times rather follow Raciel to her grave. plays over their surface; -there is an universal pause in the elements :- Now bush! hold upon-us in its might! The rain comes in torrents :- the thunders roar like the report of a thousand cannon, -the forked lightnings leap from cloud to cloud, and light up the -cene with a larid glare. Youder comemighty wave, black as darkness itself, save against the beetling cliff with a shock like the clash of two contending armies, and dashing the briny spray high in air.

Old ocean is lashed into fury; and its waters are foaming, and dashing, against the rocky shore, in sullen grandeur; and is not the scene one of terrible sublimity? Varied emotions of awe and admiration swell up in your soul like the surging of the mighty ocean at your feet. You feel there is a God. and that he is near you; and even amid the storm, the warring of elements, you send up your heart-worship to the Being who could

bid the chafing surges " Be still." And, O. how beautiful, how glorious is the ocean when its waters are flashing in the gold. en sunlight; and the azure deep above seembending to kiss the answering deep below .--When a hand of silvery foam is lving on the glittering beach, when it softly innimure its never-ceasing song in the ears of Earth's pil grims,-when it gently leaves the mountains hase, and seems stooping from its proud strength to do homage to the glittering citieon its shore, and to the brightly smiling fields above it, and to the gallant ships floating on its surface,—curbing its angry passions to sport with the toys it can crush so easily:even as the king of the forest sometimes spare

the timid animal that crouches at its feet. "Yes, old Ocean, thou are passing lovely i thy calmer moods, yet we love thee for, thy showly and with partially recovered calmness respecting Mr. Bradshaw's hoarding propensigrandeur and thy strength, and for the leons thou dost teach us of mortality:-

Monarch of awful tread and treacherous Wooing the shallop with thy smile to-day.

To-morrow, wrecking! Not a single trace Of prow, or mast or pennon fluttering gay But in the caves, the hollows of the breast Are flung in wrath to moulder and dethy, Citio and fleets, beneath the tide's beel me f"

These are thy prophes, Owan ! This thy

WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

AN EXCITING NABRATIVE.

About the year 1768, James Bradshaw and bimself involved. William Drysdale, both invalidated masters of the Royal Navy, rutired to live for the re- said Mr. Drysdale, partially raising his head mainder of their days at about twelve miles from his hands in which it had been buried distance from Exerciton the London road .- whilst his son was speaking. "Where is Bradshaw named his domicile-an old fash- it!" ioned, straggling building-Rodney Pikce in er's Inn a public House, kept by one Thomthe union of his niece and heiress, Rachel Elford, with Edward Daysdale, his fellow veterin's only surviving offspring. The precedent condition however, was that Edward should obtain permanent rank in the Royal Navy; and with this view a midshipman's warrant was obtained for the young man, then in his eighteenth year and he was despatched to cannot spell it to mean anything else. Come,

The naval profession proved to be, unfortusately, one for which Elward Drysdale was altogether nufitted by temperament and bent of mind, and sail consequences followed. He had been at sex about eighteen months, when news renched England of a desperate but sucessful cutting out affair by the boats of a frigate to which he belonged. His name was not mentioned in the official report—but that could hardly have been hoped for-neither was procured; the battle was iought over and Stand with me on this line of bold, jutting over again by the determs, and they were slowly in the western horizon; its top loom | paper in his hand. In it was an extract from

stopped, and Edward Drysdale alighted from be seized and sacrificed to no purpose. eiaculated:

"Edward! It is not true-I am sure that it is not—that you—that you—"

-" quite true."

"A coward!" she vehementl exclaimed: "you that-but no. 7 she added, giving way to grief as she looked upon her lover, " it can misfortune. It is impossible."

the world will never I fear, admit so much.

inther's parsionate representes have subsided Him, and fear not." A to I have to be to a more patient, suldued and hopeful sor. So brave a woman should have been match-

the service. He had, it appeared, suddenly which for the first time in his life he found

"You have a letter, from Capt, Otway,"

The note was directed to Mr. Drysdale, honor of the Admiral in whose great victory whom Gapt. Otway personally knew, and was he had fought. Drvidale's smaller and snug- no doubt kindly intended to soften the blow ger dwelling about half a mile from Rodney the return of his son under such circumstanc-Place, was so called Popular Cottage, and es must inflict. Although deciding that Edabout midway between them stood the Hunt- ward Drysdale was unfit for the naval profession, he did not think that the failure of the as Burnhain, a stout-hearted, jolly-bellied in- young man's physical nerve, in one of the dividual. The retired masters, who and long most murderous encounters that had occurred known each other, were intimate as brothers, during the war, was attributable to deficiency hotwithstanding that Bradshaw was much of true courage; and as a proof that it was the richest of the two having contrived to not, Capt. Otway mentioned that the young pick up a considerable amount of prize man had jumped overboard during half a gale se in addition to rather a large sum inherited of wind, and when night was falling, and from his father. Neither did the difference of saved, at much peril to himself, a seaman's

> and murmured, "you hear." "Yes, William Drysdale, I do. I never doubted that your son was a good swimmer, no more than I do that coward means coward, and that all the letters in the alphabet Rachel," added the grim, unreasoning, iron tempered veteran, " let us be gone. And God bless, and, if it be possible, comfort you, old friend. Good-by! No, thank ye, young sit!" he continued, with renewed fierceness, as Edward Drysdale snatched at his hand .-"That hand was grasped by Rodney, in some such another business as the letter speaks of.

not be touched by you." The elder Drysdala took not long after wards to his bed. He had been ailing for some time; but no question that mortification at his son's failure in the profession to door closed upon them, Mrs. Drysdale say, which he had with so much pride devoted rocks. The sea is murmuring its melody at still indulging in these pleasures of the imag- him, helped to weaken the springs of life and This was said in a nervous, shaking voice, his wife to make terms with her uncle pre- children's sake, I confidently leave to Him our feet; but, yonder in the deep blue sky, is ination in the parlor of the "Hunter's Inn" accelerate his end, which took place about six and her master replied, in the same tone, paratory to her returning to Rodney Place? into whose hands I shall untimely render up months after Edward's return home. The "No; I changed my mind," or words to that And was it at all likely that Mr. Bradshaw, my spirit. This is all I have to say." father and son had become entirely reconciled effect. Then there was a quick whispering ing up like mountains of amber and gold as a letter written by one of the frigate's officers, with each other, and almost the last accents for a minute or two, interrupted by a halfthe magic sunlight gilds them with goligeous plainly intimating that mid-hipman Drysdale which faltered from the lips of the dying sea- stifled cry or scream from Mrs. Drysdale.splendor, making them seem like fit thrones | bad shown the white feather in the late brush | man, were a prayer to Bradshaw to forget and | A sort of hubbub of words followed, which with the enemy, and would be sent home by forgive what had passed, and renew his same the girl -a very intelligent person of her On they come, growing darker and darker the first opertunity. The stroke of a dagger tion to the marriage of Edward and his niece class, by the by could not hear, or at least till the sun is obscured, and then comes the could have been nothing compared with the The stern man was inexorable, and his piti- could not make out till Mr. Drysdale said, in far off mutterings of the tempest like the fir-sharp agony which such an announcement less reply was, that he would a thousand a louder, slower way "You Rachel-the

overspread the sky with a vast pall, and then Bradshaw was equally thunder stricken. But The constancy of the young couple was not all is still. Not a breath of air is stirring, he quickly radied. William Dividale's son to be subdued, and something more than a and you shudder at the strange, inviterious a coward! Pooh! the thing was out of na- year after Mr. Drysdate's death, they married; calm that precedes a storm. The waters are ture-impossible; and very heavy was his their pre-ent resources were the rents, about smooth as a mirror; not a rippling breeze malediction, savagely echoed by Burnham, one hundred and twenty pounds per annum. with whom young Drysdale was a great fa of a number of small tenements at Exeter. vorite, of the lying labber that wrote that let- They removed to within three miles of that and mistress both up, the kitchen and parior your breath in very awe, for the tempest is ter, and the newspaper rascals that printed city, and dwelt there in sufficiency and peace for about five years, when the exigencies of a Alas! it was but loo true. On the third fast increasing family induced them to disevening after the applearance of the alarming pose, not very advantageously, of their cotparagraph, the two marriners were sitting in tage property, and embark the proceeds in a the porch of Popular Cottage-separated on- showy speculation, promising, of course, imly by a flower garden from the main road, mense results, and really ending, in the brief conversing upon the sad and constantly te- space of six months, in their utter ruin. Edcurring topic, when the coach from London ward Drysdale found himself, in lieu of his came in sight. A youthful figure, in naval golpen hopes, worth about two hundred amform, on the bex-sent, instantly riveted pounds less than nothing. The usual consetheir attention, as it did that of Raeliel Efford; quences followed. An undefended suit-at-law who was standing in the little garden, appa- speedily reached the stage at which execution cently till that moment busied with the shrubs might be issued, unless a considerable sum and flowers. The coach rapidly drew near, could be instantly raised, his furniture would

it. The two seamen instead of waiting his One only possible expedient remainedapproach, hastily arose from their seats and that of once more endeavoring to soften the went into the cottage, as much perhaps to obduration of Mr. Bradshaw. This was finalavoid the humiliating though compassionate by determined to attempt, and Mr. and Mrs. glances of the outside passengers as from any Drysdale set off, by a London morning coach, other motive. The young man was deadly upon the well nigh hopeless undertaking.pale, and seemed to have hardly sufficient They slighted at the Hunter's Inn, where strength to move back the light wicket gate. Drysdale remained whilst his wife proceeded which admitted to the garden. He held by alone to Rodney Place. Thomas Burnham ic till the coach had passed on, and then turns was friendly and good-natured as ever. The ed toward Richel. She, poor girl, was as old mariner, he told Drysdale, was visibly much agitated as himself, and appeared to be failing, and his chief amusement seemed to scanning his countenance, as if hopeful of be scraping together and hoarding up money. reading there a contradiction of the dishonor. James Berry, a broken down tailor, had been ing tumor that had got abroad. In answer for some time valet, gardener, and general to his mute appeal, the steeped quickly to- factorum at Rodney Place, and appeared to ward him, clasped his proffered hand in both exercise a great influence over Mr. Bradshaw. hers, and with a faint and trembling voice The only person in the establishment was the old cook, Margaret Deans, who, never other wise since he had known her, than desperately hard of hearing, was now becoming deaf as "That I, Ruchel, have been dismissed from a stone. Drysdale, it was afterwards rememthe naval service, as unfit to serve his Majes- bered, listened to all this with eager attention, ty, is quite true," regained Elward Drysdale, and was especially inquisitive and talkative ties, and the solitary, unprotected state in which he lived.

tremulous hopes which her protracted stay not be; there must be some error—some called feebly forth, vanished at the sight of reluctantly, to add the dreadful crime of murher pale, tearful, yet resolved aspect. "It is der to that which he originally contemplated. "There is error and missake, Rachel; but "useless, Edward," she murmured -" it is use. The outery through the country was terrific, the best of the wretched materials at our disless to expect relief from my uncle, save upon and as Elward Drysdale, by the advice of Mr. But come, let us go in ; will you go with the heartless, impossible condition you know Sims, the attorney, who subsequently instruct. The foregone verdict, of the jury that were We will not follow them till the first out- is still above our heads, though clouds and peared to be nothing of a feather's weight to break d'augry excitement is past till the darkness rest between. We will trust in oppose against the tremendous mass of cir-

happy affair which led to his dismissal from namely, that she should abandon her husband, evening in question for the purpose of con- he supposed, drinking. They were standing and take up her abode with her children at cluding with that gentleman an arrangement fainted at the sight of the hideous carnage in Rodney Place, was discussed by her indig- for the separation of himself from his wife had reins to drive with passed through the nantly. Once, also, when she mentioned and children, and their domiciliation at Rod- front windows, was fast asless a drinker that the old will in her favor was not destroyed, but should be, her uncle threatened, if she did not soon return, a bright, almost fiery expression seemed to leap from his usually mild, reflective eyes, and partially dissipate the

thick gloom which mantled his features. March, and the evening up to seven o'clock had passed gloomily with the Drysdale's when at once, the husband, starting from a profound reverie, said he would take a walk as far as Exeter, see the attorney in the suit der to pay the debt and costs in the suit against him, and, if possible, gain a little time for the arrangement of the debt. His wife acquiesced, though with small hope of any favorable result, and the strangely abstracted man left the house. Ten o'clock, the hour by which Edward

from a dial on the mantel-piece. Mrs. Drys. dale trimmed the fire, lit the candles, which en, to go to bed, when the sond of carriage door. It was a return post chaise, and bro't Edward Drysdale. He staggered, as if intoxicated, into the kitchen, renolred down a half bottle of brandy from a cupboard, and took it to the post-boy, who immediately drove off. Anne Moody, the servant girl, was greatly startled by her master's appearance; he looked pale, she afterwards stated and shook, and "cowered," as if he had the rue. Mrs. when the owner of it did not faint. It must Drysdale came into the kitcher and stood not be touched by you."

Gazing at her husband till the offer door was fastened, when they both went unstairs into a front sitting-room. Curiosity induced Anne Moody to follow, and she heard, just as the "you have not been to Exeter, I am sure."

> children are provided for, but, O God! at what a dreadful price!" Anne Moody, fearful of detection, did not wait to hear more, but crept stealthily up stairs to her bed, as her mistress had ordered her to when she left the kitchen. On the following morning the girl found her master fires lit, and breakfast nearly over. Mr. Drysdale said he was in a hurry to get to Exeter, and they had not thought it worth while to call her at unseasonable hours. Both husband and wife looked wild and haggard, and this Anne, when she looked into their bedchamber, was not at all surprised at, as it was clear that neither of them had retired to rest. One thing and the other, especially kissing and fondling the children over and over again, detained Mr. Drysdale till half-past eight o'clock, and then, just as he was leaving the house, three men confronted him! a constable of the name of Parsons, James Berry, Mr. Bradshaw's servant, and Burnham the landlord of the Hunter's Inn. They came to arrest him on the charge of burglary and murder! Mr. Bradshaw had been death beside his strong box.

I must pass lightly the harrowing scenes which followed the tumultuous agony of the vife, and the despairing asservations of her usband, impossible to be implicitly believed n, even by that wife, for the criminating evdence was overwhelming. Drysdale had been seen skulking about Rodney Place till very late, by both Burnham and Berry. Inthe room through which he must have passed t was now discovered that he, Drysdale, had peared probable that the aim of the assassin cumstances arrayed against the prisoner.

pected; that the interview was a long one, during which he, Drysale, had seen nobody but Mr. Bradshaw, although he believed that the aged and deaf cook was in the kitchen This occurred on a winter's day in early that he had arranged that Mrs. Dryadale and his children should be early on the morrow with her uncle; that he had received the house, from the deceased's own hands, in orwherein execution was about to be levied on his furniture, and that the residue was to be his return home, which had told so heavily Drysdale had promised to return, chimed this statement—as, indeed, they were—and nity and power. for economy's sake she had extinguished, and did not, therefore, bear the frightful meaning the union of his nieve and heiress, Rachel El- soons, Rachel had ceased reading, Mr. Drys- had their frugal suppers laid. He came not. that had been attached to them. With res- he said. "Their fatal verdict is I am sure, dale looked deprecatingly in his friend's face, Eleven o'clock! What could be detaining pect to the change of hats, that might easily as conscientious as God and myself know it him so late! Twelve-half-past twelve late have happened, because his hat had been left, to be erroneous-false! Circumstances are, I Rachel Drysdale was just about to bid the on entering, in the hall passage, and in his feel, strongly arrayed against me; and it has servant-maid, who was sitting up in the kitch- hurry coming out by the same way, he had been my fate through life to be always harshno doubt mistoken Berry's hat for his own; ly judged save only by those whose truth wheels going towards Exeter, stopped at the but he solemnly denied having been in the and affection have shed over my checkered

room, or near the part of the house where existence the only happiness I have over his hat was alleged to have been found. This was the gist of the explanation; that the prosecuting counsel, connecting the cirinfortunately it was not sustained by any re- cumstances under which I left the may with ceivable testimony in any material particular. True, Mrs. Drysdale, whom everybody fully here accused-convicted, I suppose I should believed, declared that this account exactly say. I forgive that gentleman his cruel sneer coincided, with what husband told her im- as freely as I do you, gentlemen of the jury, mediately on arriving home in the nost-chaise: your mistaken, verdict -- you, my lord, the but what of that ? It was not what story the death sentence you are about to pronounce. prisoner told, nor how many times he had The manner in which I hope to pass through told it, that could avail, especially against the brief, but dark and bitter passage lying the heavy improbabilities that weighed upon betwix me and the grave, will I trust be his, at first view, plausible statement. How sufficient answer to the taunt of cowardice, was it, that knowing Mr. Bradshaw's almost and the future vindication of my innocence, whose implacable humor Mrs. Drysdale had experienced on the very day previous to the murder, should have so suddenly softened to. auditory. The Judge, Chief Baron Macdonwards the man he so thoroughly hated and ald, a conscientious and somewhat nervous despised? I trow not.- And the first consultation on the case were a wielchedly black cap, and presently said, rather hastily. dismal aspect, till the hawk eye of Mr. Prince lit on an assertion of Thomas Burnham's that he had gone to Burnham's house upon some particular business at a quarter his bed-room window.

"Rodney Place," said Mr. Prince, " is nine miles from Drysdale's residence. I understood you to say, Mr. Sims, that Mrs. D. declares that her busband was at home at twenty minutes to one ?"

dence, you are aware, cannot avail the hus-

must be cleared up without delay."

I and Williams, Sims' clerk, set off imme-city. diately to see Mrs. Drysdale, who had not left her room since her husband's apprelien- burst into a tavern parlor, where two trunks sion. She was confident it was barely so had been deposited. "He's not come yet," late as twenty minutes to one when the post- Burnham went ou, "but the coach is to call chaise drove up to the door. Her evidence for him here. He thinks to be off for London was, legally, inadmissible, and our hopes to-night. rested on Anne Moody, who was immediately found early in the morning, cruelly stabed to She had been asleep in the kitchen, and could not possibly say whether it was twelve, Look there!" and make the said out one or two o'clock when her master reached home. There was still a chance left—that of These then are his trunks, I suppose 22 3 300 the post-clinise driver. He did not, we found, teach Exeter, a distance of three miles only, from Mr. Drysdale's till a quarter to three Margery has well ascertained that. You o'clock, and was then much the worse for know Margery-but hush here he comes." liquor. So much for our chance of proving an alibi.

There was one circumstance perpetually in going and returning from the scene of his barped upon by our bright-eved friend of the frightful crime, his hat had been found : and Hunter's Inn-Cyclops-I and William called him. What become of a large sum, in notes, taken away and worn home one of Berry's- paid, it was well know, to Mr. Bradshaw no doubt from burry and inadvertence. In three or four days before his death I What addition to all this, a considerable sum of also of a ruly ring, and some unset precious money, in gold and silves, inclosed in a can- stones he had brought from abroad, and which to have a smoke and a bit of chat with you. vass bag, well known to have belonged to the he had always esteemed, rightly or wrongly, deceased, was found upon his person. It ap- at so high a price? Drysdale's house and garden had been turned inside out, but nothhad been only robbery in the first instance, ing had been found, and so, for that matter, for the corpse of the unfortunate victim was had Rodney Place, and its two remaining infound clothed only in a night dress. The mates had been examined with like ill sucfair inference, therefore, seemed to be that the cess. Burnham, who was excessively dis-Mr. Drysdale was long gone; but the robber, disturbed at his plunder by the wake- satisfied with the progress of affairs, swore ful old seaman, had been compelled, perhaps there was a mystery somewhere, and that he shouldn't sleep till be bad ferreted it out That was his business. Ours was to make posal; but the result we all expected followed. of. But let us return home. God's heaven ted Mr. Prince, reserved his defence, there ap empanelled in the case was just about to be of steel. formally recorded in a verdict of guilty. "You're caught scounded picked man when a note was handed across to Mr. Sime. ped found out, and by bom; thick year One Mr. Jay, a timber merchant, who had Why, by dear, paralytic Margary, whosefold And when, upon the arrival of the king's heard the ovidence of the postillion, desired eyes has never wearied in watching you from Gilazar Stawars the relebrated portrait fow, and Buchel's waveling faith in the man- ed with a stout hearted man; but this, un- commission at Exeter, Mr. Prince received a to be examined. This the judge at once the bour you slew and robbed her good old that the streets of hord of her betrothed, had regained some happily, was not the case. Edward Drysdale very full and carefully drawn brief in defence assented to, and Mr. Jay despoted that have mafter till to day, when you dreamed your Boston, who said to him. Ah, Mr. Stewart, thing of its old firmness. Entering then, we was utterly despondent, and he listened, as his aspecious, but almost wholly ensupported ing left Exeter in his gig apon business, at self-alone, and she discovered the strategy of I have just seen your fixeness, and kissed it shall find that only Mr. Bradshaw has re-wife was referwards fain to admit to berself story of the prisoner's appeared all that could about two colock on the morning of the that collar. because it was so much like you." "And, mained obstructly and contemptationally deaf and others, with impatient reductance to all be relied upon in reductance of murder, he had observed a post chaise at the Let me go!" gasped the misorant area Let me go!" gasped the uncorrect of the Crown. According to Edward Drysdale and of God."

Then, said Stewart, "it was sort like up." in the sindication of help was spoken of, be merely tought. Mr. Bradshaw upon the the city, where the jaded horses had been, streaming. Take all, and let me go!" gasped the uncorrect down to murder, no nad observed a post chaise at the Let me go!" gasped the uncorrect down the Crown. According to Edward Drysdale and of a pond about a mile and a half out of whose palid cheeks big drops of agony wine.

Then, said Stewart, "it was sort like up." in the sindication of help was spoken of, be merely tought. Mr. Bradshaw upon the the city, where the jaded horses had been, streaming. Take all, and let me go!" gasped the uncorrect down.

still, and the post boy, who was inside, and ney Place. It was further averred that be sleep, it seemed and he, Mr. Jay, had to was received with greater civility thru beer- bawl for some time, and strike the chalse with his whip, before the man, who, at fast with a growl and a curse drove pa . He believed, but would not like to positively sweet that the postillion he had board examined was that man. This testimony, stronly suggestive as it was his lardship owined did not materially affect the case; the jury concurred money found in his possession and at his and a verdict of guilty was pronounced and recorded amid the death-libe silence of a hushed and anxious auditory

The unfortunate convict staggered visibly beneath the blow, fully expected as it nous applied to his, the prisoner's own use; that have been, and a terrible spasm convulsed the expressions deposed by Anne Moody, and his features and shook his frame. It passed his own and Mrs. Drysdale's emotion after away, and his bearing and speech when ask ed what he had to say why sentence of death against him in the examinations before the should not be passed against him according magistrate, were perfectly reconcilable with to law, was not without a certain caim dig

> known. I observed too, the telling sneer of the congardice of the dead of which I stand

The prisoner's calin, simple, unburried words produced an effect upon the court and man, pansed in the act of assuming the "Let the prisoner be removed; I will pass sentence on him to-morrow." The court then immediately adjourned.

I was miserable, depressed in spirits, which past twelve on the night of the murder, and the cold sleety weather that greeted us on had seen the deceased alive at that time, emerging, from the hot and crowded court who had answered as he frequently did, from considerably increased. I was thinking that glass might not be amiss, when whom should I jostle against but Cyclops, aligs Thomas Burnham. He was going the same way as myself, in a prodigious haste, his whole manner denoting intense excitement. Is that you," he broke out. "Come along, "Certainly she does; but the wife's evi-then, and be quick ! I've missed Sims and his clerk, but you'll do as well, perhaps better." I had no power, if I had the inclination, "True; but the servant girl! the driver of to refuse, for the authusiastic man soized me the post-chaise! This is a vital point, and by the arm, and hurried me slong at a tromendous rate towards the outskirts of the

"This is the place," he exclaimed, as he

"Whom are you talking of i Who's off to called in. Her answer was exasperating. London to-night to the control of the con "James Berry oif he's elever enough!

"I see : James Berry, passenger, London. "Right, my boy; but there is nothing of

importance in them. Sly, steady-going Berry-it was he-could not repress a nervous start as be unexpectedly encountered

Burnham's burley person and fierce glare. "You here!" he stamered as he mechaally took a chair by the fire. "Who would have thought it 12 "Not you, Jim, I'm sure; it must be,

therefore, an unexpected pleasure. I've come Berry-there isn't a riper berry than you in the kingdom-before you go to London. Ho! ho! ho! ho i zounds! how pale and shaky you're looking, and before this rousing fire. too ! Villain!" shouted Burnham, jumping suddenly up from his chair, and dashing his pipe to fragments on the floor. "I can't play with these any longer. Tell me-when did the devil-learn thee to staff collars with the spoils of murdered mea, ell "

A yell of dismay escaped Berry, and he made a desperate rush to get past Burnhain -but in vain. The force publican caught him by the threat and held him by a gripe