

# Rocky Mountain

BY S. J. ROW.

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**IN MEMORIAM.**  
Another little form asleep,  
And a little spirit gone,  
Another little voice is hushed,  
And a little angel's form  
Two little feet are on the way  
To the home beyond the skies,  
And our hearts are like the void that comes  
When a strain of music dies.  
A pair of little baby shoes,  
And a little golden hair;  
The love our darling loved,  
And the dress she used to wear;  
The little grave in the shady nook  
Where the flowers loved to grow—  
And these are all of the little hope  
That came three years ago.  
The birds will sit on the branch above,  
And sing a requiem,  
To the beautiful sleeping form  
That used to sing to them.  
But never again will the little lips  
To their songs of love reply;  
For that silvery voice is blended with  
The minstrelsy of high.

## HOW THE MORTGAGE WAS PAID.

Counselor M., late of the Massachusetts bar, for a long time enjoyed an enviable reputation and a lucrative practice, which was honored by his constituents with many important trusts, and has often been cited as an example of rapid progress and quick success. Nothing, however, is really wider from the truth than that Counselor M. rose rapidly in his profession; little do they suspect that he was a sound, practical lawyer, and had been ten years in the profession, before the circumstances occurred that carried him into public notice, gave him an extensive reputation, and introduced him into a higher and more lucrative sphere of practice. His office, which was at the time, located in the great manufacturing city of New England, some twenty-five miles from Boston. He was seated one day in his office examining a recent volume of Reports, and comparing the principles it contained with the English common law, when a young man entered whom he remembered to have seen in some way connected with one of the manufacturing corporations. He was an intelligent, good-looking man, apparently of about twenty-five years, and dressed in the garb of the better class of operatives in the mills. He was possessed of that independent and self-reliant air that distinguishes the American mechanic from the laboring classes of all the world, and indicates a degree of intellectual cultivation which is at the same time the pride of our citizens and the safety of the republic. An expression of deep anxiety was upon his countenance, and he proceeded at once to say—  
"I wish to consult with you upon a matter of deep importance involving the integrity and happiness of a poor but virtuous and honorable family. A young woman by the name of Lucy Kendall, who is engaged as a weaver in the very room in which I am over-seer, is accused of grand larceny under circumstances of the most grave suspicion. Public opinion is very much against her, but I am satisfied that she is innocent of the crime. The net of circumstances seem inextricable, but she must be saved in some way and at any hazard."  
The Counselor suggested that perhaps she was really guilty of the charge.  
"No, no," he answered, "it is impossible! I have known her from a child. We were schoolmates together in one of the little villages among the granite hills of New Hampshire. Her father was of considerable property then and I was a poor man's son; but we were in the same classes in the village school. She was two or three years younger than I, but I looked upon her even then, and the admiration I had for her character in those school-boy days, has never since been lost. At the age of eighteen I left my native village, and came here as an operative in a cotton mill, in which I ever since been engaged. I lost sight of Miss Kendall till the year ago last Summer at which time she came here and entered the mill as a weaver; and then I learned for the first time that her father's circumstances had changed sadly—that he had lost all his property except a small farm on the outskirts of the village, on which also there was a mortgage of five hundred dollars pressing for payment. She had come from home in order to assist in raising the necessary funds to pay off the mortgage by her labor in the mill; and she had continued to work most industriously for that purpose up to the time the circumstances happened that have brought her under this unfortunate suspicion. All my former opinions of her worth are stronger than ever, since the renewal of our acquaintance; and having been in the receipt of \$3 a day for the past four years, I have received a large portion of my wages, I have repeatedly offered to lend her the balance to pay off her father's indebtedness, which she has uniformly declined. She is now accused of stealing from the office of the corporation a package of money containing five hundred dollars on the Globe Bank, Boston—and has been arrested on the charge. The examination takes place this afternoon, and I am requested to engage you as her counsel."  
He then proceeded to narrate the circumstances of the arrest, but it is unnecessary to repeat them here, as they will appear in the sequel.  
"And you really believe," remarked the Counselor, after he had listened to the narration, "that she is innocent of the charge?"  
"As innocent as the babe unborn! I would be willing to risk my soul's salvation upon it. There is villainy as well as guilt somewhere, and I strongly suspect where it is. I have more reasons than one to be interested in this matter, but the first of all to save the innocent from disgrace and punishment; and besides all that, it would add the last drop of bitterness to the cup of an honorable and proud-spirited old man—one who has ever been ready to lend a helping hand to the distressed, and who, years ago, cheered me in my struggles of youth and poverty. It would bring disgrace and sorrow upon a large class of reputable connections—and—"  
"I would put an end to the fond anticipations of a certain person who had an unusually deep interest in her welfare," suggested the Counselor.  
"Yes."  
"I suspected as much. What I can do for her shall be done. If she is really innocent, God help her!—If she is guilty, better, far better, to have found it out in time!"  
"I beg of you," replied the young man, "to withhold from your mind all idea of guilt as connected with her. I tell you she has not so

soon, and in the noble cause in which she has been struggling, forgotten the lessons of her youth. Whatever may be said of a lawyer's ability to advocate an unjust cause, I know it is not in the power of man to do so with the same zeal which would inspire him on the side of truth; and if you do not give full credit to my innocence now, you may do so hereafter when it will be of no avail."

After some further conversation, the young man whose name was William Johnson, withdrew, and the Counselor reapplied himself to his task. At the hour appointed for the examination, he repaired to the office of the magistrate in and around which a large crowd was collected, much interested and excited, concentrated in small groups upon the probabilities of the prisoner's guilt. She was sitting in the office, deeply affected by the disgrace of her position. She was well but plainly dressed, of an intelligent and interesting appearance, but very pale, and her countenance bore evident traces of recent weeping. No one could look upon her without feeling interested in her fate, and no wonder that the crowd felt strong sympathy in her behalf. The examination was then commenced, and sufficient evidence introduced to fix strong guilt upon the prisoner, and warrants were issued for holding her to bail in the sum of three thousand dollars, to answer to the charge of grand larceny at the next term of the court. The prosecution evidently did not go into the case, which was at the time kept a secret, introduced no evidence at all—William Johnson and two others, also over-seers in the mills, presented themselves and were accepted as bail.

That evening Johnson had a long consultation with Counselor M. "The circumstances look suspicious indeed," remarked the Counselor, "with one or two more links in the chain, which may yet be forged before the time of final trial comes, there cannot be a jury found in the country who would not render a verdict against her, unless these matters can be explained away. We must be vigilant and secret in this matter; the counterplot must be deeply laid, and I am more than ever convinced we acted wisely in not showing our hand in this preliminary examination. Our time has not yet come. Better to bear suspicion unjustly for a time, than to escape in the end and leave a stain of doubt upon her character. Her reputation is as dear to both her and you as her liberty or life. Now first of all, go round to all the stores in the city, and leave secret orders to have the bills on the Globe Bank of Boston, answering the description of those which have been lost, particularly watched. The clerk assures me that they are a new issue, and not yet in general circulation. After that is done, we will make other arrangements for the defence."

The interval of time between the preliminary examination and the day of trial was not spent in idleness, although the defence gave no clue to the course they intended to pursue. Other circumstances had come to light which were of the most important nature, particularly Miss Kendall. It had been ascertained that her father received a package of five hundred dollars about the time of the theft, with which he had paid off the mortgage on his farm. The moment he heard of his daughter's arrest, he had hastened to see her, and was immediately subpoenaed and compelled to recognize to appear as a witness in behalf of the People, and against his own child.

The course of public opinion, which, at first, was in her favor, had now become strangely against her, as one fact after another came to light, on which the prosecution depended to make out their case. It seemed that some active agent was at work, in secret, to prejudice the community against her; but who it was, or for what object, remained concealed. The paleness of her cheek—the depression of her naturally buoyant spirit, weighed down by the terrible suspicion that was fixed upon her, and the disposition to shun all unnecessary intercourse, or to elude to the coming trial, were interpreted to her disadvantage, and set down by the gossiping news-mongers, as unmistakable evidence of guilt. Her intimate friends, however, interpreted them otherwise, and read with anxiety the effect of that agony of mind attendant upon the consciousness of impending but unmerited disgrace—a burden which, unless speedily removed, would end in a broken constitution, and an untimely grave. Johnson had gone, she knew not whether. He had obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, on the pretence of visiting friends in Ohio. The desertion of one whom gossip had fixed upon as her champion and lover, was also interpreted against her.

At length the time arrived for the sitting of the criminal court. The Grand Jury were empaneled and found an indictment of grand larceny against Miss Kendall, and the case was set down for trial on the next day but one. At the opening of the Court, that day of trial, a dense crowd that had been waiting round the door, rushed in and filled every nook and corner of the spacious court-room. Hope and fear, anxiety and doubt and curiosity were depicted on every countenance. The prisoner's appearance, unlike the calm and dignified demeanor we are wont to associate in our imagination with innocence, in a trying scene like this, was pale and agitated; shame and fear and grief were written on every lineament of her face. Her father, a white-haired old man, was sitting by her side, and Counselor M. was consulting with them, while the clerk was making order in the court, and the court was empaneled a jury to try the case. The District Attorney then proceeded to open the case on behalf of the People, and stated, in substance, that he expected to prove, by circumstantial evidence, beyond all reasonable doubt, the guilt of the accused.

The clerk of the corporation was first called and sworn. He testified that on the Saturday before the arrest of the prisoner, he had been paying off the operatives in the mill—that he had taken from the safe about the amount necessary for that purpose, in packages of from one to five hundred dollars—that all the bills paid out were on the Lowell Bank; but that, in addition to the sum paid, he had taken from the safe a package in a brown paper envelope, of five hundred dollars, in tens and twenties, on the Globe Bank, of Boston, that were lying on his desk, inside the railing that fenced off his place of business from the rest of the office—that the prisoner was the last of the operatives who were paid that day; and after having received her money, she sat down by a small table to make an entry in a small book in her possession—at which he stopped out of the office for a few moments, and on his return she was gone, and the package of money had also disappeared. The witness was

here shown a torn envelope marked "\$500,—\$10's—20's—Globe Bank." He identified it as the envelope of the missing package, and the writing was in his own hand.

Julia Mason was the second witness called by the prosecuting officer. She testified that she worked in the same house with the prisoner. That on the day but one after the money had been abstracted, she had gone out shopping in the city, and, by mistake, had taken Miss Kendall's reticule, instead of her own, as they were much alike. That on her return, in removing the articles she had purchased, the envelope introduced in the court was found under them, but the seal was broken, and no money in it; and that she immediately called the attention of the magistrate to the fact, and gave the paper to him.

The express agent testified that about the same time, a package of five hundred dollars was deposited in the office, directed to J. Kendall, — New Hampshire, and by him forwarded to its destination; by whom it was deposited it was impossible to tell.

The next witness's name was Miller. He was employed as a second over-seer by the corporation—had a reputation for low cunning, and was universally disliked. He was a man who, it was generally believed, would sacrifice friendship and honor to his own advancement, and who had shown himself, in more instances than one, vindictive and revengeful to the last degree. It was known in confidence to a few, that he was a rejected suitor of Miss Kendall, and that he had sworn that he would be revenged on her—that if any other man ever made her his wife, it should be after she was disgraced forever. It was also whispered that he had lately been paying marked attention to Julia Mason, who had sworn to the finding of the envelope. Miller testified, that on the afternoon the larceny was committed, he was passing across the yard near the office; that he saw the clerk come out, and in a few moments after, the prisoner likewise; that, on seeing him, she appeared confused, and thrust something into the bosom of her dress; that he thought nothing of it at the time, nor until after the theft had been made public and Miss Kendall was arrested.

Old Mr. Kendall was now called to the stand. Although he felt in his own soul that his daughter was innocent of any crime, he feared and believed that the weight of his own testimony would seal her fate. After being sworn, the district attorney inquired, "Did you, on or about the 20th day of August last, receive a package of money by express from this city?" "I did." "How much money did it contain, and of what denomination were the bills?" "Five hundred dollars, in tens and twenties." "Did any communication accompany the money, and if so, what was it?" "A few lines, merely. I was directed in the subpoena to bring it into the court. This paper is the one." Its contents were as follows:—"August 20, 18—  
"Dear Sir:—Please apply the accompanying five hundred dollars toward the satisfaction of the mortgage on your farm, and oblige one interested in you and—  
"Yours."

Question by the district attorney:—"Is that your daughter's hand-writing?" "I cannot say, positively; it is not her ordinary hand." "Do you think it is her hand?" "I cannot conceive no reason why she should disguise her hand to me." "Answer the question, and do not comment upon or evade it."

The old man really supposed that the money had come from her, and consequently, as the writing bore some faint resemblance to hers, he had made dollars toward his recognition that it was his daughter's. There was a struggle in his breast at the repetition of the question. He cast an imploring look upon the unrelenting questioner, and then turned his eyes slowly and sorrowfully upon his daughter's face. He suppressed his emotions, however, in a moment, and then answered slowly and distinctly—"I should call the writing hers."

"What bank were the bills upon?"  
The counsel for the defence objected to the question on the ground that the bills themselves should be produced in court as the best evidence on that point; but the prosecution removed the objection by proving that the bills had passed through several hands since, and finally been taken West by a drover to purchase cattle, and it was impossible to procure them.

"Answer—I cannot recollect the bank."  
"Was it on the Globe Bank, of Boston?"  
The counsel for the defence again interposed, and objected to the question on the ground that it was a leading question of the most objectionable character, and put, too, by the examining party to his own witness.

The court overruled the objection, and suspended the general rule, on the ground that the witness, though no doubt honest, was from the very nature of the case, and by reason of his connection with the prisoner, an unwilling witness.

The old man cast another imploring look upon the District Attorney, but he disregarded the silent appeal, as it was his duty to do, and pressed for an answer.  
"I cannot swear positively, but I think that was the bank," replied the witness.  
"You say, then, that you have no doubt they were upon the Globe Bank?"  
"Oh, no! I did not say that—I cannot positively say, but I think they were! I would not perjure myself to save my child!"  
The old man buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly; and many an eye in that crowded court-room was moist in sympathy with the father's distress. The prosecution here rested their case.

Counselor M. in behalf of the prisoner addressed the jury briefly in opening the defence. He said that as to the commission of the crime, by some one, there could be no doubt. That a chain of circumstances, partly accidental, and partly resulting from a coincidence of independent events, and which he should be able satisfactorily to explain, connected with a deep laid scheme of fraud and villainy involving another not only in the crime here charged upon an innocent and unoffending girl, whose character up to this time has been above reproach, but also the deeper and damming crimes of conspiracy and perjury most foul. That he trusted with the aid of facts within the knowledge of the defence, and of unimpeachable evidence which he should be able to produce, not only to explain away all evidence on the part of the prosecution, that made against the prisoner, and set her character in all its pristine beauty before all men, but also to fix the double guilt beyond doubt upon the real party. That if he should succeed as he anticipated, in shielding

a really innocent person from the mistaken vengeance of offended justice, it was all he asked; and he trusted in God and in the righteousness of the cause in which he was engaged, to be able to show the character of the accused as pure and spotless as the noonday sun in heaven.

There was a breathless stillness throughout the court-room during the progress of these remarks. The confident manner in which they were uttered, in the face of testimony so astounding, which had carried conviction to almost every mind, of the prisoner's guilt, awakened a redoubled interest, and caused a painful idea in the minds of the more reflecting, that possibly, in the silent workings of their own thoughts, they had condemned the prisoner too soon.

The gentleman who had held the mortgage was the first witness called by the defence. He came into the court-room a few moments before with the drover to whom he had paid the money, accompanied by William Johnson, who, it now came out, had been to seek him in Ohio, and bring him back as a witness in the case.

The mortgage testified to the payment by him to the drover of the same bill, he had received from the prisoner's father, but he could not identify the bank.

The drover, however, swore positively that they were on the Granite, and not on the Globe Bank. That he noticed and remembered them particularly, as ten and twenties, check letter "B," and that he had paid them out for stock, in small amounts at a time, except two or three of the bills which were then in his possession, and which he produced in court.

After having been searchingly cross-questioned by the District Attorney, without varying in the least from the previous statement, he was permitted to withdraw, and William Johnson was called upon the stand. After having been shown the letter which accompanied the package of money sent to the prisoner's father, he was asked—  
"Have you ever seen that letter before?"  
"Yes."  
"Can you, or can you not, identify the hand?"  
"I can. I wrote that letter myself, and sent it, with the money that accompanied it to Mr. Kendall. I drew it from the Granite Bank, of Boston, on a check in my own name. From motives of delicacy, it was kept a secret at the time; and when I explained it to the counsel for the defence, by his advice it has been kept a secret until now."

There was confusion and excitement in the court-room, and it was some time before quiet could be restored.

He said, in answer to the District Attorney on the cross-examination, that he had no secrecy or delicacy about the matter now; that he had been some time engaged to the prisoner at the bar, and that unknown to any one, he had taken on himself the privilege of discharging the indebtedness of a man whom he had known and honored in early life and who was the father of his intended wife.

The teller of the Granite Bank fully corroborated the drawing of the funds by Johnson, and produced the identical check on which they had been drawn.

Miss Mason was now recalled, and asked if she had lately purchased a shawl of Campbell & Co.; to which she answered that she had, and that the price was twenty dollars.  
Question:—"Of how many dollars did you receive the money you paid for it?"  
Answer:—"Of Miller, one of the witnesses for the prosecution."

The clerk of Campbell & Co., produced the bill, which was paid by the last witness for the shawl, and it was identified as one of those which had been stolen. Miller was seen at this moment to be making for the door in evident haste and confusion, but the eyes of the whole Court were directed toward him, and he was immediately taken into custody by a warrant from the Bench. The trial was suspended for a short time, while a search was made of his apartment, and nearly all the missing money was found in the bottom of his trunk.

The case was then submitted without argument or charge, and the jury at once returned a verdict—"Not Guilty."

The most intense excitement prevailed in the city. A crowd assembled before the jail, threatening to seize the villain Miller, and tear him limb from limb; but being overruled by better counsel, they repaired to the Court, and as the prisoner (now prisoner no longer) came down the steps leaning on the arm of Johnson, sent up a loud, loud cheer to heaven, that made the welkin ring again. The counsel and his fair client, with her father and Johnson were placed in a coach, from which the horses were unharnessed, and drawn by the ready hands of excited men, in triumph to their homes.

Miller and Julia Mason were indicted for a conspiracy, and the trial set down for that very term of the Court; but a *non prosequi* was entered in her behalf, on condition that she would disclose the plot. She said that Miller had promised her marriage on conditions involving her own dishonor, and had afterwards refused to fulfil them. That he had subsequently renewed his promise with the most solemn protestations, in case she would assist him in fixing the larceny he himself had committed, upon Miss Kendall—in order, as he said, to avenge an insult which he had received at her hands—and that he had given her the twenty dollars which she had given to Campbell & Co.—that after many promises and threats, she had at last consented in the hope of retrieving her own disgrace, and that she had placed the envelope, which was given her by Miller for that purpose, in the place where she testified it was found.

Miller was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the State Prison for ten years; Counselor M.'s reputation was established as a celebrated lawyer; and Lucy Kendall, with unblemished character, was restored to her father, her lover, and her friends.

There was a wholesale execution of river pirates at Canton, China, lately; not less than two hundred being decapitated on the bridge where such executions occur. The whole business took but half an hour. The executioners, of whom there were several, used to see who could do the largest amount of work; one succeeded in cutting off 63 heads, for which he would receive what he would consider a nice douceur, as 500 cash is given for each *cepse*.

Several iron works in Centre county have commenced operations since the passage of the new tariff bill.

## DISLODGING TABLE ROCK.

George Wilkes writes: "I said I had something to do with the fall of Table Rock, that broad shelf on the Canada side, which in 1850 looked over the very cauldron of the seething waters, but which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June of that, by me, well remembered year. About noon on that day, I accompanied a lady from the Clifton House to the Falls. Arriving at Table Rock, we left our carriage, and as we approached the projecting platform, I pointed out to my companion a vast crack or fissure which traversed the entire base of the rock, remarking that it had never appeared to me before. The lady almost shuddered as she looked at it, and shrinking back, declared that she did not care about going near the edge. "Ah," said I, taking her hand, "you might as well come on, now that you are here. I hardly think the rock will take a notion to fall merely because we are on it."

"The platform jutted from the main land some sixty feet; but to give the visitor a still more fearful projection over the raging waters, a wooden bridge, or staging, had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten rods. This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position, and enabled to bear its weight, by a ponderous load of stone heaped upon its inner ends. The day was very bright and hot, and it being almost lunch time at the hotels, but very few visitors were out so we occupied the dizzy perch alone. We gazed fearfully upon the awful waters, we stretched our heads timidly over the frightful depth below, and we felt our hearts quail in every fibre by the deafening roar that seemed to saturate us, as it were, with an indefinite dread.

"This a terrible place," said I. "Look under there, and see on what a mere shell we stand. For years and years the teeth of the torrent, in that jetting, angry stream, have been gnawing at that hollow, and some day this plane must fall."

"My companion shuddered, and drew herself together in alarm. Our eyes swept the circling circle of the waters once again; we gazed about in fearful fascination, when suddenly turning our looks upon each other, each recognized a corresponding fear. "I do not like this place!" exclaimed I, quickly. "The whole base of this rock is probably disintegrated, and perhaps sits poised in a succession of steps or notches, ready to fall out and topple down at an unusual perturbation. That fissure there seems to me unusually large to-day. I think we had better leave, for I do not fancy such a final hand, besides, my paper must be published next week."

"With these very words—the latter uttered jocosely, though not without alarm—seized my companion's hand, and, in absolute panic, we fled as fast as our feet could carry us towards what might be called the shore. We first burst into a laugh when we gained the land, and jumping into our carriage, felt actually as if we had made a fortunate escape. We rolled back toward the Clifton, but before we had proceeded a few minutes our way, a thundering report, like the explosion of an engine, burst upon us, and with a roar the ground trembled beneath our wheels. We turned to find that the Table Rock had fallen. We were on the last upon it, and it was doubtless the unusual perturbation caused by our flying foot-steps that disturbed the exactitude of its equilibrium, and threw it from its final poise.

In a minute more the road was filled with hurrying people, and during the following half hour we were told by honest times in advance of the next morning journals, that a lady and gentleman who were on the Table Rock gone down the falls. We are told that the trot of a dog would shake old London bridge from end to end, when it would not be disturbed by the rolling wheels of heavy loaded trains. Table Rock had not been run upon in the way I have been describing for years—perhaps never and therefore, whenever I hear it spoken of, I always shudder and feel as if I had something to do with its fall."

**A SKELETON STORY.**—There is a very strange story current in Kittington just now, in which it is related that a farmer named Hooks, residing in one of the adjacent townships, has become suddenly rich through the discovery of certain buried treasure, with the existence of which he became acquainted in the following singular manner. While digging a hole for a fence post one day, he struck upon a hollow substance, which he afterward discovered to be the skull of a human being. Being a gentleman of weak nerve, the sight at first appalled him, but resuming his labor he succeeded in digging out the entire skull, beneath which he found a brass kettle containing some beads and other relics, and also a small box, within which he found a paper on which were words written in the French language. This writing he afterwards took to Freeport, and had it translated by the Catholic priest then residing there. It stated among other things that the deceased formerly resided at Le Beau, in Erie county, and that certain treasures of which he was possessed were buried at a particular place in that locality. Shortly after this, Mr. Hooks absented himself from his family, and was not heard of in the neighborhood for some time. However, one pleasant morning he returned, enjoying the very best health, and had ever since been in the enjoyment of such quantities of money as to lead his neighbors to infer that he had availed himself of the information conveyed by the mysterious writing, and has become possessed of the wealth of the defunct Frenchman. The story is related by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who is acquainted with Mr. Hooks and his circumstances, and avers that the facts are substantially true as we have stated them.

The N. Orleans *True Delta* says that an election for trustees in the town of St. Martinville, on the 8d, all doubtful voters had, before depositing their ballots, to take the oath of being citizens of the United States.

An Irishman working on the canal lately walked into the water, and coming across a turtle, with head and legs extended, hallooed to his companion that he had found a box full of snakes.

Colorado and Nevada are Spanish words. Colorado means colored, generally reddish, and is the name given to several rivers in America. Nevada means white as snow.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid of animals, yet it always dies game." Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of?

## A BIT OF ENGLISH SCANDAL.

An extraordinary marriage case which is going on at Dublin is at present occupying more attention, perhaps, among all classes in England and Ireland, than any other topic. It is an old story; has been before the courts in another form previously, but not accompanied with certain details which now invest it with uncommon interest. The story, as gathered from the English papers, may be briefly told. Five years ago Miss Theresa Longworth, scion of an old Lancashire family, but apparently more connected by natural ties with Ireland and France than England, and Major Charles Yelverton, of the Royal Artillery, crossed together in a Channel steamer and fell in love. They did not see each other till more than a year had elapsed, but afterwards met in London, in France, in Naples, in Malta, and in the Crimea, the most ardent letters passing between them at intervals, the lady being certainly not the least eager for those occasional and out-of-the-way meetings, which extended over a period of four years, with irritating incidents sufficient to prove once more that the course of true love never did run smooth. During this time the lady became aware that the man of her choice was hopelessly involved in debt, from which there was no chance of extrication until he succeeded to the Earldom of Dromore, of which he is now the apparent and was then the remote heir. She had £200 a year, and though they might tide over with that and his pay until better times came. Marriage, but under a bond of secrecy, was an understood matter between them, and before parting in the Crimea he endeavored, ineffectually, to induce her to let the ceremony be performed by a Greek priest in Balaklava.

Subsequently in Edinburgh he read over, with her, the marriage ceremony from a Scotch prayer-book, and wished to claim marital rights; but being a sincere Roman Catholic, she refused to recognize any ceremony but one performed by a Roman Catholic priest. Eventually they were married in a Roman Catholic chapel at Rosraver, near Newry, Ireland, Major Yelverton representing himself as a Catholic, but not a very good one, in order to induce the priest to go through the ceremony. They afterwards lived as man and wife, but the ban of secrecy being still held over the lady's head, she went abroad to be confined and by common consent they seem afterwards to have lived apart with the same purpose in view. The Major has since married a rich widow at Edinburgh; and against him for bigamy have been brought down, and the present suit is to recover a sum for the maintenance of the lady whom most persons will consider is best entitled to be called his wife. The Major repudiates the liability on the ground that he was really a Protestant at the time a Roman Catholic priest married him to Miss Longworth, and that therefore the ceremony was illegal. This is in effect an admission that he willfully perjured himself, and travestied a solemn ceremony in order that he might debauch one who loved him and whom he professed to love, conduct scarcely becoming one who assumes to be "an officer and a gentleman."

All that can be said against the lady is that she was of an impetuous temperament, and perhaps too fond of receiving general attentions. But these are qualities which claim the sympathy of Irishmen and Irishwomen, and in Dublin she is received as a heroine. One of her *contrabands* appears in the very voluminous correspondence which has been read at the trial. In one of her letters Miss Longworth slipped in the wedding card of an older admirer, a naval lieutenant, and her soldier lover either misunderstood or willfully interpreted this into an announcement of her own marriage, writing back that she had now earned his "lasting gratitude, as, on reflection, I find that I had placed myself in a false position with regard to you, and one of all others the most painful to me, viz., that I had promised you to do more than I could have performed when the time came." A high spirited woman might have resented this remarkably free confession; but Miss Longworth only reproached him for supposing her capable of inconstancy, became more ardent in her expressions of attachment, and even wrote—  
"Be you a very devil, I feel I am fast to you, for some good end, no doubt, in the far off future." To such lengths will even a virtuous woman's passion go on a paper.

The scenes in court during the trial have been peculiar. Both parties have been present, Mrs. Yelverton being a witness (the suit is brought by a Mr. Thelwall, a friend, to recover moneys furnished her, and therefore she is able to testify; technically, the case not being her own); the father of Major Yelverton and the second wife also attend. On one occasion the odious force seems to have exerted some of its influence, discovering the presence of her magnetizer, faintly away, and was unable to proceed with her testimony until he had left the court-room. The two wives thus present at a trial whose result will determine the legitimacy of the marriage of each, must furnish a strange spectacle. The struggle is for a perage, as well as for an honest name, therefore the present Lord Avonmore attends, to discover which of the ladies is his daughter-in-law, and will hereafter belong to that distinguished body, the British Aristocracy.

Detective Keese, of Washington, has seized and retained by order of the Court, bogus and counterfeit notes on twenty-seven different banks, amounting to \$200,000; also, plates, dies, etc. The larger packages contain the following: \$30,000, in counterfeits, on the Bank of Augusta, Maine; \$60,000, unsigned counterfeits, on the State Bank of Ohio; \$30,000, bogus, on the Columbus Bank, Washington City; \$50,000, in counterfeits, on the Farmers' and Mechanics Bank, of Virginia; \$8,000 of seven denominations, in counterfeits, on the Camden Bank, New Jersey; and four plates of the above bank. Dies of the denominations of ten cents, one dollar, and two and a half dollar pieces, were also captured.

We know the richest man on earth cannot heal all, but every man may select a patch of the moral desert, and cultivate that patch, and try to make it brighter, if not to blossom as the rose.

People talk about the equality of the sexes—they are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman, will vanquish ten men.

Life would be a perpetual sea hunt if one were to run down all the insinuations, untruths and suspicions that are started.