ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 26. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1855. NUMBER 33.

Select Poetry.

THE MYSTERY

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;
No line of sightly loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by Time, and thrust
Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod
Sink with the violets closer to thy breast;
Though by the feet of generations trod,
Its headstone crumbles from thy place of rest.

The mere of thy beauty cannot die,
The sweetness of thy presence shall not fade;
Earth gave not all the glory of thine eyes—
Death may not keep what death has never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange and cold,
Nor those dumb lips, they hid beneath the snow,
Thy heart would throb beneath the passive folds,
Thy hands for me that stony sleep forego.

But thou hast gone—gone from the dreary land,
Gone from the storms let loose from every hill,
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand
Which calls thee somewhere in the distance still.

Wherever thou art, I know thou wearest yet
The smile bewitching beauty sanctified,
But calmer joy, and touched with soft regret
For him who seeks, but cannot reach thy side.

Keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in Nature, as a child,
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's hold,
Wanders and cries along a lonesome wild.

When in the watches of my heart, I hear
The messages of purer life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near,
The darkness hides the way that I should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms restore
That form, the symbol of thy heavenly part?
Open the floods of barren silence pour
That voice, the perfect music of my heart?

Or, as he bathing to the wintry lips,
Take back the tender warmth of life from me,
Or, with my kisses chilled with saw the eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death with thee.

Choice Miscellany.

THE TORN ALMANAC:

—OR—

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY A MISSIONARY ON THE PRAIRIES.

The prairie over which my road lay, was just assuming its sea like outline with the purple mists of the horizon, and was becoming so indistinct to the vision, that it might have been taken for the ocean in twilight obscurity, while groups of trees here and there, looked like dark islands in the distance. had begun to tremble, and over the vast expanse of the prairie was visible the bright light of a blacksmith's shop, shining like a bright star just risen. The path was lonely, and as I felt in my saddle as I had once before sailed upon a boat at night, on the starlit sea. My pony quickened its pace as it saw the light, and after a mile's smart riding, I could see the outline of a low roof on the verge of a grove, just where the prairie bounded towards the river.

At this moment two persons drew near on horseback, coming towards me. They were a young man and young woman, and were conversing in low tones. The girl was mounted on a large white horse, and her companion rode a handsomely formed mare.

"Good evening, sir," said he, in a cheerful tone, as we met each other.

There was not light enough for me to see their features, but there was an indescribable air about the female, that convinced me that she was very fair. As they went on I heard them talking and laughing, and more than once, the musical clear laugh of the girl reached my ears.

"Lovers, I dare say," I said in my thoughts, "they are going to the next plantation."

Thus I had passed about four miles back across the prairie, and besides the planter's house were a woodman's hut, a rude country meeting house in the trees, and a few residences of neighboring prairie hamlets.

In a few minutes I reached the blacksmith's open door. The fire was not blazing, but going down, and Wat Cameron, the young smith, was walking up and down his shop with a hasty and angry step, and the gleaming coals of his furnace cast a wild glare upon an angry brow.

He was so absorbed in his own gloomy tho'ts, that I approached unheard, and heard him mutter, "They shall never see the day!"

At this moment, the foot fall of my pony rung almost a fragment of iron on the ground, and he looked quickly up.

"Who's there," he demanded, almost fiercely.

"It is me, Cameron," I answered, for I was an old man, having only the week before, had my pony shod by him on my way up, and twice lodged at his neat little cabin near his shop, for the blacksmith entertained belated travelers, with such accommodation and fare as he had, being a young bachelor, his housekeeping being of the border sort; but as he was a good huntsman, and game was plenty, venison and wild turkey were seldom wanted at his board.

Cameron's father had been an old Indian fighter, and after the wars had settled in a rough, sturdy kind of a way upon a body of rich land, bordering the prairie; but what with his wild free habits, and the wild life of his son Watkins, in dissipating every few weeks, at the river town of Aberdeen, fifteen or eighteen miles north, there remained but a few acres after the old man's death, which took place at a drinking match over the creek, and having lost every shot, and enraged by drink, he quarreled with the winner, and was only prevented killing him dead with his rifle by the quick act of the other, who fired half a second before him. War, his son, was absent at the time, but on his return took up the feud, and not being able to kill his father's murderer, quarrelled with him, a fine cheerful, brave young fellow, and finding able to provoke him to hostilities, one day fired at him as he passed the shop, but missed him killed his horse.

"Well, Wat," said the young man quietly, as he disengaged himself from the saddle, "I hope you will let my mare go as an offset to the old nag. I could not well afford to lose her, but let us stop here and be even tie."

Cameron made no reply, but suddenly dropped the rifle into the hollow of his arm, he passed through his shop and out into the woods.

This occurred two years prior to the evening in which I drew rein at Cameron's door. In the interim, within a few months the daughter of a farmer, in good circumstances who had been to one of the lower counties at school for four years, returned in the bloom and grace, and intelligence of a sprightly young lady, and was soon recognized as the belle of the prairies. Cameron, who was himself a tall, good looking young fellow, with a bright black eye, and jet hair, first saw her, as she rode by with her father on horseback. He stopped to speak to Cameron about a plough, and the daughter being introduced, the young smith was instantly bewildered by her beauty, at the same time annoyed at the cold, and scarcely recognised nod, whereby she acknowledged his deferential bow.

In that country, aristocracy of occupation is wholly unknown, and a young blacksmith of good character could sit as an equal at the cotton grower's table. Among country people, labor and mechanical employment does not degrade. "A man is a man for a' that."

Paul Randolph, at whom Cameron had shot, was a small planter, but on his roadside he carried on a wheel-wrights trade also; so the young men were on an equal footing. A few days passed, and Watkins Cameron resolved to make an errand to the house of the prairie beauty, for he had done nothing else but to think of her, and dream of her, and build palaces of imagination, in which she was to reign the queen.

Mounted upon a fine horse, and dressed in his best apparel, Cameron alighted at the gate one Sunday evening, and was received by the farmer with a cordial shake of the hand. The young lady, Catharine Deerfield, or "Kate," as she was termed, did not recognise in the well-dressed and handsome young wooer the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves and leather apron, and received him with a grace and civility that greatly flattered him. She had not heard his name distinctly, but half an hour afterwards, when it was spoken by her father, a change immediately came over her features, and coolness and reserve took the place of frankness. It was too apparent to Cameron not to be felt, and without being able to define the cause, he vainly tried to converse with her, but finding her answers brief and repelling, he arose, deeply mortified and vexed, and took his leave, haughtily and angrily bowing to her.

He galloped homeward across the prairies in a rage. His horse was white with foam, and panting as if he had run a race, when he drew rein at his own door.

"Proud minx! she scorns the blacksmith!" he muttered as he entered the cabin. "I will humble her! she did not know me at first, it seems. So, perhaps, she has an admirer and can do without me. Whoever it is, we are foes to the knife hilt!"

Not many days afterwards, Cameron's suspicions were confirmed. Kate Deerfield had an admirer, and it was none other than Paul Randolph, a man he loved not well. From the hour this intelligence reached him, he became gloomy, sullen, unsocial. He kept his secret in his heart, but those who had occasion to go to his shop were heard to say that "Wat would do his work, but never a civil word give to any comer high or low."

It was not the mere "blacksmith" that Catharine treated coldly on the Sunday evening we have before alluded to, but the assassin, the man who had fired with intent to kill at Paul Randolph—for Paul was already received as her admirer before the visit of Watkins—and her frank, generous nature, led her to show her contempt for a man of spirit and temper like that exhibited in Cameron's character.

There was also another lover, a young merchant of the next village, who pretended business with her father in order to make suit to the daughter; but she had but one heart and it was given to Paul, who had been her "lover," when both were children and before she left her father's roof to go to the boarding school, from which she returned the beauty of the prairies. All the young men, to be sure, who saw her at the village church, fell in love with her, and she was more talked of and visited than any other maiden of the prairies. She was attractive by her amiable temper, beauty of features, goodness of heart, intelligence and fine spirits. She was so agreeable to all, (save Cameron,) that every youth fancied that himself was the only one favored with her sweetest and most winning smile. Yet Kate was not a flirt. Her good nature made it hard to treat with coolness any one who sought her society. Her whole heart was Paul's; but her smiles were like the sunshine, dispensed to all within her influence. Being an only child, she was heiress to that part of the world, and would bring a fortune of fifteen thousand dollars to the successful suitor of her hand. But the young men thought only of her beautiful face; and Paul had not a selfish feeling in his heart. Cameron's motives were not apparent; but the young merchant evidently had an eye to the fifteen thousand dollars and "enlarging his business;" at least, that was whispered, for he was a parsimonious and "hard man."

Having thus initiated the reader into the antecedents of the parties to my narrative, I will now resume the thread of the story which I have to tell.

Upon alighting at the shop of the blacksmith, he said, in a growling and disagreeable way, "You had better go on! I don't want any travelers to stay at my house to-night."

"I have ridden hard to reach here, Mr. Cameron, and can go no further, as it is ten miles to the next place that entertains people; and the rain storm now rising in the west, will be upon me before I go three miles."

The man looked at me steadily a moment, and then said sharply:

"Alight! But I have no supper."

"It matters not so I have shelter," was my cheerful reply, as I led my horse through his shop towards a small stable in the rear, where my pony had lodged before, when the master of the place was in better humor than he seemed to be now. I found his own horse there with his foot bound up and very lame.

"You met a couple of people riding across the prairie?" he said as I came back and was asking him about his horse's lameness.

"Yes."

"Did you know them?"

"No. They were a young man and woman."

"Were they riding fast?"

"No: At a walk."

"Yes," he muttered, "they will take their time. They will not hurry! Lovers love to dally."

"Who are they, Cameron?"

"How should I know? It was dark when they went past here," he answered with a rude and savage tone. "But go in—go in! I will see about your horse."

Thus speaking, he led the way at a quick pace into the small log dwelling that stood in the yard next to his shop. The house consisted of two rooms only, plainly furnished. In one of these rooms were three beds. As I was to have no supper, and as there was no light but that of the stars, I had no notion of setting up, and being fatigued with a long day's ride, I at once went to bed while he went out, closing the door, and saying,

"Don't feel uneasy about your horse; I will feed her well, though I have got nothing for you."

I soon fell asleep on one of the narrow mattresses, filled with pine leaf stuffing; but I was suddenly awakened by I know not what startling dream—for though I found myself sitting up in bed, I could not recall any part of the dream that must have made me wake so singularly. All was quiet; but the room was at intervals illuminated by vivid lightning, and I heard distinct peals of sharp thunder. The flashes soon became so incessant that I could not sleep, and the thunder grew nearer and heavier, so that it was but half past eight o'clock. I had not been in bed therefore, three quarters of an hour.

I got up and dressed, and finding a pine knot, lighted it by a match from a box that I always carried in my saddle bags. I then took from them a book and began to read. The wind now began to be heard, and desirous that my pony should be well sheltered from the gathering storm, I went to open the outer door to go out, but found it fast on the other side. Cameron was not in his bed, and had evidently locked me in without thought. Finding that I could not open the door, I raised a window and stepped out, but had no sooner reached the ground than two large dogs sprang towards me ferociously, and compelled me to regain the window for safety. It soon commenced raining in torrents, and I continued to read quietly by my pine knot, supposing that Cameron might be in his shop doing some late work, though I had heard neither hammering iron, nor the ring of the anvil.

I read for an hour and a half, and the storm having gone over, the thunders ceased and the sky brightening with stars, I yielded to a returning disposition to sleep, and was about going into the room where my bed was, when I heard a fast galloping along the prarie road towards the shop. I looked out through the window, and saw a man throw himself at a leap from a white horse, and disappear with it around the angle of the shop. In the obscurity, I could not tell who it was, but I thought the horse, being white and small, looked very much like mine, and I thought of my pony when I saw it. In a few minutes I heard Cameron's neigh, as if another horse had joined him in the stable.

"It is some wet rider who has been out in the storm," I said mentally; "and I will make up a fire for him," and adding a few pieces of fat pine to my blazing knot I kindled a bright fire in a moment, upon the hearth. I had hardly done so, when I heard a quick tread on the gallery; the door was unlocked and flew open, and Cameron entered.

His appearance startled me. His face wore an expression, unlike that I had even seen on human features; his eyes were fiery, and his figure looked as if inspired with a demon.

"What are you up for?"

"The rain would not let me sleep, Cameron," I answered; "there is a fire to dry you; I see you are wet through."

"Dry me! how do you know that I have been out?" he asked furiously; "have you been watching me, you confounded spy?" and he advanced as if he would seize me by the throat.

"No, Mr. Cameron, I have not been out; you locked me in too securely for that," said I, smiling.

"Then you tried to get out, hey?" and his clenched fists approached my face, and, as they did so, I saw that the shirt wristband of one sleeve was red with blood.

The idea instantly occurred to me, that he had been fighting with some one, and hence this blood, his rage, and angry appearance.

"I was going out to see that my pony was well sheltered from the storm."

"You were, hey?" he said with an indiscribable evil look. "You have not been out then?" he said, in a more calm tone.

"No."

"Well, it is good you did not, for my dogs would have torn you to pieces! that is the reason I locked you in—for your safety, you see!" and he tried to laugh, when the effort produced the glare of a devil's smile.

His language, his violent manner, the wildness of his disordered appearance, made a disagreeable impression upon me. I thought it best to be silent and retire at once—especially when I saw him take a bottle from the cupboard, pour out a tumbler full of whiskey, and drink it down. He made no objection to my retiring, and in order not to be intruded upon by him in the dight, I locked my door. For an hour or more I heard him walking up and down the floor talking incoherently, and sometimes breaking forth in the most appaling curses.

Suddenly a horseman hailed the house from the road. He started, and I heard him cock his rifle before he opened the window to reply.

"Can I lodge here to-night?" asked the traveler, in a thin, shrill voice.

"No, I don't open my doors for anybody after dark. All in bed, been in bed since sun set.—Nobody goes out or in after dark on these premises. Ride on. An't you Mr. Basset?"

"Yes," said the shrill voice; "I've hurt myself by falling."

"Then be of, or I'll set my blood hounds after you."

The man was heard to gallop forward in haste, and Cameron, shutting the window, muttered

"Miserable shop keeper, he dare to look that way! Let him go on and get her to do up his hurts? He'll find a night's lodging there. Go—Satan sent him this way!"

I heard nothing more. Sleep overcome me. In the morning I was roused by his hoarse voice.

"Come, get up, stranger! it is time you were traveling.

In a quarter of an hour I was in my saddle and on my way towards town. Cameron had saddled my pony for me and brought it to the door, as if wishing to see me off. The money I offered, he refused with a curse; but as I was moving off, he said, fixing his eyes upon my face,

"You know I was at home all night; remember it, will you?" He added in a menacing way that surprised me. "If any one asks you if you met Basset, the traveler, you can tell him he passed by here last night, riding across the prairie, on his way to Deerfield's.

About noon I reached town, and had forgotten by the next morning my stormy night at Cameron's, when I was told by one whom I met in the street, that Catharine Deerfield had been found murdered on the prairie, a mile from her father's house, and that Paul Randolph had been arrested as the murderer. The intelligence filled me with surprise and horror. A short time before I passed the two riding home in the liveliest spirits; and now to hear that one was murdered and the other a murderer, almost petrified me with surprise.

Upon partical inquiry, I learned that Paul's horse came galloping up to the house of a young farmer of Deerfield! in the midst of the storm, a sight which alarmed the family, and immediately Mr. Deerfield started to see what had become of Paul and his daughter, whom he was expecting under his escort.

Half a mile from the house they met Paul on foot. He was in a state of the wildest excitement, and immediately reported that about half an hour before, as he and Kate were riding along within a mile of home; and were about to quicken their pace to escape the storm, a horseman, mounted on a small white animal, rode rapidly up, passed them by a wide sweep on the prairie, and then meeting them, raised his rifle and fired at him; that he was wounded in the head, and dropping his rein, his horse startled by the shot, leaped, and cast him headlong upon the ground.

"In a moment," said Paul, "I was upon my feet, only to see the assassin with the rein of Kate's horse within his grasp, and riding off with her at full speed, straight into the open prairie. My horse was gone, and although I pursued, they were soon lost to view in the obscurity. I still held on in the pursuit, when in a different direction, I heard a shriek afar off, and the report of a gun or pistol. Bewildered and faint from bleeding, and not knowing in what direction to seek her, I made my way hither to give the alarm and procure horses to recover your daughter."

This was the account given by Paul. Mr. Deerfield, having without delay mounted Paul on one of the servant's horses, and sent him back to call others to assist in the pursuit, rode the party swiftly in the direction which Paul had heard the second shot and the shriek. The father and lover were intensely excited. But a few words were spoken as they dashed on at the highest speed of their horses. When they reached the place about where the shriek had been heard, they shouted and called the maiden by name, but there was no sound heard in response. Almost beside themselves in their suspense and the danger surrounding her, they rode rapidly in various directions about the prairie, at intervals calling and then listening.

Suddenly they heard a distant neighing, and galloped precipitately in the direction whence it came. They had not ridden a quarter of a mile, when they discovered a dark object on the open field, and drawing near they saw it was a horse. In a moment they were at its side.

"My daughter's horse!" cried the father with emotion; "now, where is my child!"

"What is that upon the ground?" exclaimed Paul.

Both discovered the object at the same instant, and both sprang to the ground. By the starlight they could see that it was a female form. Paul and the father rushed forward. They stopped and recognized Catharine Deerfield! Her bosom was wet with blood. She had been shot through the heart.

We draw a veil over this scene of grief and horror; the father's anguish, the lover's grief and rage, pen and ink cannot express.

They took her up and laid her lifeless form upon her horse, and walking beside it, bore it to her home.

It would be impossible to describe the feeling which agitated the neighborhood when the sad news flew from ear to ear. The house was filled the next morning. The lovely dead girl was robed in white and laid in the hall, and all eyes that gazed, wept; and none more freely than those of the numerous young men, who, hearing of her murder, had come to see her, and learn the dreadful particulars.

Among the visitors was Watkins Cameron, carefully dressed and full of condolence; nor did he fail to lay great stress upon the fact that he had seen her pass the evening before with Paul Randolph, just before the storm.

In the absence of any definite direction in which to look for the author of such a murder, it was easy for envy and jealousy to think of and speak this fact, till at length the suspicion so grew that the young lover who was overwhelmed with grief, and had sought the private apartment of the house to weep with the father, was intruded upon and arrested, charged with the murder. His amazement made him dumb, and his silence and confusion were construed into positive guilt.

At length the day of trial came. The court was crowded to suffocation, for the whole country was deeply interested. Paul was kept in prison. He was in good cheer, save the sorrows that the cruel death of her he loved caused to weigh down his heart. Singularly enough no suspicion had been directed towards Cameron, except by me—for in the moment I heard of the murder, I said in my heart "Cameron is the murderer." And when I afterwards recalled carefully all the circumstances of the night I spent beneath his roof, and his strange words and conduct, then so unaccountable, I was as well convinced of the deed being done by his hand as if I had been an eye witness.

He, himself, influenced by the suspicion that always is attached to guilt, and fearing lest Paul might clear himself, had talked a great deal about Basset having crossed the prairie. And so frequently did he speak of it, that those friends of Paul, who disbelieved his guilt, suspected Basset, the trader, to be the guilty person—for they knew he had been rejected by the maiden, and therefore might have a motive in avenging himself. Therefore there were two parties suspected by the public, but Paul was the only one under arrest.

But Basset hearing of the suspicion, proved by two gentlemen that they had overtaken and joined him at the blacksmith's, and that they had kept on together in the storm and reached Okolena, and put up at the same inn, an alibi to which the inn keeper bore testimony. This fact being established, Paul was regarded as the guilty man; even his friends were beginning to falter in their confidence, believing him to have been the murderer, actuated to the deed by some unaccountable impulse of jealousy. It was easy for his accusers to account for the wound in his head by charging him with inflicting it upon himself to give color to the deed he had done.—On this "circumstantial evidence," Paul, after suffering two month's imprisonment, was arraigned to answer for life or death.

The trial continued till the afternoon of the second day, and every step seemed to fasten the guilt of murder upon the lover, who had been last seen with her. I was in court, too, having been summoned as a witness, to say what I heard and saw when I met them on the prairie. But had I not been summoned, I should have been present from another motive, as the sequel will explain. The prosecution on the part of the State having got through with its part of the evidence, all of which was purely circumstantial, but which seemed to carry full conviction to the guilt of the prisoner, Paul's counsel now took up the line of defence on the part of his client. He spoke eloquently of the excellent character of accused, of the well-known attachment existing between him and Miss Deerfield. He stated that the marriage was soon to have taken place, and the idea that a sudden quarrel, as suggested by plaintiff, while they rode along in lively humor, could not have ended in such a tragical and dreadful way. The murderer must be looked for otherwise. Were there no motives which could lead any person to do the deed? Had she ever given mortal offence to any young man? Lovers rejected are more likely to be enemies to a maiden than a lover accepted—a husband betrothed and on the eve of marriage. Had the deceased Miss Deerfield offended any one? Young men of honor and right feeling do not harbor malice because a young girl expresses her choice of another. But there are unprincipled and hardy young fellows who hate where before they admired. The records of criminal courts contain many reports of trials, where lovers rejected, have, in revenge, taken the life of the rejector to their suit especially when another had been preferred. The circumstances connected with the late murder show that it was a two-fold murder in intention. It looked like a discarded lover's vengeance, for he first attempted the life of her wooer, and then destroyed her. Who in this community was likely, from what is know of his antecedents, to have been a revengeful lover. Who had been heard to use vindictive language against both the deceased and the prisoner at the bar? Who is well known to have been rejected by her, and also to have been long an enemy of the defendant—nay, once attempted his life? I see that some eyes turn towards my friend, Mr. Basset, but public opinion, as well as his examination before a justice, showed that he had no part in this deed. (Glances, not a few, were also directed towards Cameron, who was in court). But he would bring forward his testimony, and keep them no longer in suspense.

The counsel for the defendant then called in succession four witnesses, young men, all of whom testified that at various times, and more than once, they had heard Watkins Cameron utter oaths, when at his cups, against Paul Randolph and Catharine Deerfield. One testified that he hoped that some good rifle would put a ball through his head before he married her! Another testified that he had said that he would rather see her drowned in the Red Sea before she should marry a man that he had hated as he did Paul Randolph. A third testified that one day he was in Cameron's shop, and saw him running bullets, as he said, to kill deer; but taking up one of the bullets, that had burned him, he showed it to witness, and said that "he would be a happy man to see that bullet go through Paul Randolph's heart!" A fourth, among other testimony, gave evidence that he was having his horse shod one day by Cameron, when Mr. Deerfield and his daughter rode past. "There goes a girl I will either marry or murder!" said Cameron, who was then somewhat under the influence of drink.

The eyes of the court were by this time fixed upon the young blacksmith, who sat with a stern face and iron brow, not moving a muscle, and endeavoring to appear wholly unconscious and indifferent. But a volcano of rage burned beneath his bosom.

The testimony, however, did not weigh against the fact that Paul was last seen with her, and that blood was on his hand. My testimony was at length called for, and under oath I gave a detailed account of the events of the night passed by me at Cameron's house. I was closely and fiercely cross questioned, but the testimony remained the same. The court and the audience at the conclusion of it was evidently as clearly convinced of the guilt of Cameron as I had been from the hour I heard of that night's deed of blood. Paul's friends began to smile on him as a general reaction of opinion was rapidly taking place in the court room, when Cameron rose, and in the most violent and indescribable manner, denied all I had said, with terrible oaths and execrations, and was beginning to charge me with not having reached his house until after the storm, and that if Paul Randolph was not the murderer of the girl, I was.

At length the court compelled him to be silent and sit down; but he had to be held in his seat by two constables, as he foamed and writhed like a chained tiger, and swore he would have my life and the life of every witness who had testified against him.

A complete revulsion was now effected. But, though suspicion had a new object, yet the prisoner had not been able to prove his innocence. The strongest efforts were made by the attorney for the prosecution—as if his own honor and credit depended on hanging the prisoner at the bar—to turn the tide against Paul. The Court seemed dividing and hesitating, when the counsel for the prisoner called up another witness. It was Basset, the trader. He testified that after leaving the blacksmith's shop, on being refused shelter, and being soon afterwards overtaken by the two travelers, they rode on rapidly together, putting their horses to a canter to get shelter from the storm as soon as could be. About a mile before reaching Deerfield's house, he said that seeing something whitish on the black ground of the prairie, he thought it looked like a dollar, and he stopped and got down to see. But it was a piece of paper, and as he thought it might possibly be a bank note—he could not well see—he put it into his waistcoat pocket to examine it when he should get into the light, for he never passed any pieces of paper without looking at them. (Here there was a slight smile observed on the faces of some who knew the trader's parsimony and love for money.)

"I was not a minute behind my companions; nay, as was proved before at the justice's court, one of them stopped with me to see what I got down for. The next morning I had forgotten the paper, and I thought no more of it until I had heard that a murder had been committed on the prairies. This reminded me of what I picked up, and looking at it I saw that it was crumpled and burnt with powder, and was a piece of an almanac. It also had a part of a name on it."

Here a visible start made by Cameron drew the eyes of many towards him, and they saw that he was pale as death.

I showed the paper to no one, for I had my own thoughts, but went with it directly to the counsel, who I heard had been engaged by the prisoner at the bar, and placed it in his hand, as I thought it might lead to the discovery of the person who had fired the shot. Upon going with the lawyer to the place where I picked it up, I found that it was where Paul Randolph had said he had been shot. After consultation with the lawyer and sheriff, we took an opportunity, when we knew Cameron was in town, to ride out to his house, for the words written on the piece of wadding were 'MERON.' This was, of course, guide enough for our surmises. We entered his house, and found above his mantle piece an almanac, on the back of which was written, 'WATSON CA,' and putting the pieces together, we found that they matched perfectly, both as to the writing and the printed parts, which had been torn.—There was also another portion torn out of the almanac, which we then knew nothing of."

A murmur mingled with excitement now ran through the court room. There was not a human eye that Cameron was not the abhorrent object of. He hung his head with all his bravery; and when Paul's counsel, taking from his pocket book the torn almanac, and held it up, and placed the piece where it belonged, the excitement it the court room was so great that the sheriff had to aid the bench in calling the multitude to order.

It was now objected that though it could be proven that it was Cameron who fired at and wounded Randolph, this was an old feud and could have nothing to do with the death of the young girl; that her murder was quite another and distinct affair, and was not of necessity committed by the one who fired at Paul Randolph.—This argument, however, was silenced by the production of Dr. Charles M———, as a witness for the defendant. His testimony was that he had extracted the ball, which had been proved to fit Cameron's bullet mould exactly. (And here the bullet was exhibited to the court, and shown to fit the mould.) In opposition to this evidence it was suggested by the prosecuting attorney that another person might have got possession of one of those bullets; that a ball from Cameron's bullet mould might have been fired from the prisoner's gun.

But the counsel for the prisoner was not yet defeated. The coroner was called by him to the stand, and testified that he had taken from the dress, near the wound, she wadding of the gun, and that he had kept it, as likely to be of use in the trial; that he had seen the torn almanac, and it proved to be the other part which had been torn off. Here the wadding was produced. It fitted the second page of the almanac, letter to letter.

"What need of further witness?" cried the counsel for the prisoner. And turning to the jury, he said "Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

Before the court could interpose to check this irregularity, the jury rose and shouted:

"Not guilty!"

"Not guilty!" cried the people with loud enthusiasm; and while some rushed towards Paul, who was almost overcome with surprise and joy, others made a leap towards Watkins Cameron, who was desperately trying to reach an open window to make his escape.

In vain the call of the court to order; in vain the struggles of the blacksmith. He was seized by a dozen infuriated hands, and cries of "lynch him! hang him to the next tree!" rung through the court house.

In a moment he was dragged out through the front door, followed by half the people, whose rage and vengeance were as irresistible as a stormy sea breaking its bounds. Paul's friends gathered about him with the deepest joy. The court was broken up rather than adjourned, and for a few moments congratulations, mingled with execrations against Cameron, prevailed.

Suddenly there was a cry outside that they were hanging the blacksmith! The Judge shouted an order to the sheriff and officers to arrest the man, and hold him in custody for a fair trial. But their voices might as well have been thrown to the care of a whirlwind! In an incredibly short time, the mob, consisting mostly of young men, excited by ungovernable rage, had taken a rope from a horse, tied it to a tree, and slipped it in a noose around the wretched man's neck, who implored, and begged, and entreated and finally shrieked for mercy. Heedless of his cries and terrors, they knew neither mercy nor compassion.

"You would have hanged Paul Randolph, you double assassin!" cried one. "Hang now yourself!"

"You showed no mercy to her—you have none from us. All ready there, men!" cries another.

"All ready!" was the response of a dozen voices.

"Up with him, then!"

In another instant he was raised of the ground by the line, strongly bound, within the hands of some of his executioners, and his cries for mercy—for time to say a prayer—were suffocated in his throat, a loud shout of revenge filled the air as he swung between heaven and earth. In a few minutes the body ceased to struggle, and hung dead from the limb.

Leaving the blackened corpse to swing in the night wind, the crowd escorted Paul to his house with mad rejoicings.

Thus terminated one of the most extraordinary trials, and the most fearful tragedy, that the south-west country has known. It occurred many years ago, and illustrates a case of circumstantial evidence such as seldom occurs in the history of criminal trials. The proceedings in the courts of that day were not marked exactly with that regularity of progress and order of taking evidence which would have pleased Chief Justice Hale, but these things are now improved, and the courts of this region are at the present time conducted by the same rules that distinguish those in the older portion of the Union. Lynching is also abated, and the authority of the law is everywhere respected and recognized.

GULF WEED.

BY C. G. PENNER.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Dreadfully drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low
Lashed along without will of mine;
Spots of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam, afar and near,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in thy place appear

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be,
Spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;—
Corals curious coat the o'er
White and hard in apt array,
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow by night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers sport to me,
Restless and foaming forevermore,
Like this dreary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
Th' eternal Type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

The Dead Men's Train on the Old Colony Road.

The *Old Colony Memorial*, published at Plymouth, narrates an incident which is sufficiently marvellous to please the most ardent believers in "signs and wonders." It states, as a matter of common notoriety in Plymouth, that during the last summer months, between three and four o'clock in the morning, there was regularly and distinctly heard upon the railroad the whistle as of an approaching train. As it was well known, however, that no train passed over the road at such a time in the morning, four gentlemen at the Samoset House determined to investigate the mystery. Accordingly, unknown to any one, they one morning about two o'clock stationed themselves on the railroad track, about a mile from town, and awaited the arrival of the supernatural visitor. They did not watch long, nor wait in vain, for immediately they distinctly heard, far off in the north, the sound of a railway whistle, and presently "the distant clatter of wheels was heard—louder, nearer, nearer still it came—the click of the rails in their chairs; the rush of steam was as plain in their ears as if the lantern glared before them—the shriek of a demon whistle close at hand made them leap from the track, as the train thundered down the grade—the hot breath of the panting steed was in their very faces as it passed—as the unearthly scream ceased, they heard the brakemen screwing up their brakes, the tinkle of a bell and a sound of meeting cars, as if the invisible spectre monster of the road had reached his journey's end."

About a month since, says the *Memorial*, one of the watchers visited a spirit circle in Boston, where he was an entire stranger to all present, save one to whom he had never revealed the summer incident, when the engineer of the spectral train held spiritual converse with the astonished company. A protracted sitting was suddenly brought so a close, by the communing spirit announcing that he must go.

"Where and for what?" some one asked. "To run the train," was the prompt answer. The sitters looked each upon the other, and "What train?" was the universal exclamation. "The Old Colony train," was the reply. "Do you mean for us to understand that at this hour of the night a train of cars passes over that railway?" There was a long pause. Slowly and deliberately, as if making no common revelation, the arm of the medium moved at last, and the pencil wrote these words:—"In life I was an engineer upon that road. At stated intervals, a train unseen of mortal eyes, takes the spirits of pious dead to the Pilgrim home they consecrated by their lives. Mr. ——, who is with you, will say whether he has ever heard or knows ought of that train. It is not for mortals to know more."

The *Memorial* vouches for the truth of this wonderful narrative. It is a little singular, we will simply hint, that spirits who can enter rooms with closed doors, and who are ever present at the call of mediums, should require a train of cars to transport them to Plymouth—*Boston Journal.*

A VIRGINIAN'S OPINION OF KANSAS.—A correspondent of the Winchester *Republican*, who emigrated to Kansas from Frederick county, writes a letter to that paper under date of November 8th, from which we take the following extract:

"Kansas, according to our humble opinion, is greatly overrated. Timber is extremely scarce, being found only along creeks, &c., but the soil, generally, is very prolific. The Territory has been very unhealthy, and the shakes have forced many to sigh for 'home again.' Kansas will undoubtedly be a free State, for we have twice as many arrivals from the North as from the South. The largest city in Kansas does not contain over 1,500 inhabitants, and many of the cities you 'read about', exist only in name. Many are returning, and upon the whole, Kansas is a humbug."

A Lady who was present at the Battle of Saratoga.

Mrs. Margaret Martin, who is at present stopping at the residence of her grandson, in this city, is ninety-eight years of age. She is one of the few remarkable women of the Revolution who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American Independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a sergeant in the army of Gates, and was engaged in the battle of Saratoga. Mrs. Martin, then a very young woman, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle, and terminating in the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots, and secure Sir Henry Clinton in possession of the southern line of defences. Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrible. She says, that towards evening, when Burgoyne, maddened by the consciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, ordered his whole reserve and cavalry force upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants sided within half musket shot of each other, and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch. Towards evening, Mr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder; and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage, she herself was wounded in the hand. She says, "Gilbert sprang up like a chafed lion; 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly dogs better manners than to shoot at a woman'—and I saw him no more till the fight was over."

Of such material were the men and women of the Revolution. We can readily imagine that the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the "softer sex." Mrs Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidences of strength, and her eye sparkles as she recounts the deeds of that glorious day, or speaks of "that coward Gates, who stayed safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for the men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest." One by one the survivors and landmaks of the Revolution are fading away.—*Troy Whig.*

An Arkansas Legislator.

A member of the lower chamber of the Legislature of Arkansas was pursuaded by some wags of his neighborhood that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembling he could not be sworn, and would loose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the capital, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house, on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on, and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate Chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out:

"Strangers, whar's the man that swars me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the Clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses he found that there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool who! with your corn bread!" he roared, "you can't fluck this child no how you can fix it—I'm elected to this here Legislature, and I'll go agin all hands and eternal improvements' and if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skunned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a woolchuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on, jest as soon as you like, for though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle with "Come here old Suke, stand by me!" pointing it at the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "gentlemen, I beg your pardon. Had I did n't think that lower room was a groggery, may I be shot."

WHAT IS A NAME?—A friend, just returned from abroad, says he once found two Austrian Custom's officers endeavoring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They got it "Mr. Varanti Solzer." The trunk was marked. "Warranted sole leather."

☞ According to Haller, women bear hunger better than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow old and never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary, they will run after lions); according to Gunter, they can talk a few!

☞ An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his plush, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah," replied the Frenchman, "zar, be une grande difference between you and me, for se Irishmen are used to it."

COOL.—"My dear Jerusha Ann, may I see you home from singin' school to-night, and keep the spooks away from you?"

"No, Jonathan!"