

# THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Vol. X.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, December 31, 1860.

New Series.—No. 51.

## Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron, &c., &c., &c.

THE GREAT FALL STOCK has just arrived, and is now selling at the usual reasonable prices, at

### J. H. TURNER & CO'S.

**DRESS DEPARTMENT.**  
French Merinos, Coburgs, Cashmeres, Alpaca, Tartans, Repe, Sardinian Cloths, Wineys, Flounced Dresses, Spring Skirts, &c.

**SHAWL DEPARTMENT.**  
Wool, Tweed and Tartan Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Filled Paisley, do., Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Waterproof Capes, &c.

**MOURNING DEPARTMENT.**  
Black Coburgs, Alpaca, Indiana Paramatta, Crapes, Crap Collars, &c.

**Hosiery Department.**  
Ladies' Cashmere, Cloth, Kid and Lined Gloves and Mitts; Woolen and Cloth Hosiery, Ladies' Drawers and Vests, Child Socks, Wool Gauntlets, Sleeves, Caps, Rubber Boots and Shoes.

**FANCY DEPARTMENT.**  
Ribbons, Trimmings, Scarfs, Laces, Collars, Sleeves, Hair Nets, French and English Flowers, and Head Dresses, Dress Caps, Ladies' Felt Hats, Silks, Velvets, Plated Card Baskets, Fish Slices, &c., Sable Mantles and other Furs.

**HEAVY DEPARTMENT.**  
Prints, Cottons, Ticks, Sheetings, Towellings, Warp, Flannels, Blankets, Horses, do., 5 Bushel Bags, &c.

**FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.**  
Damasks, with wide Fringe, Tassels and Lace to match; Morocco, Linen Damasck, Table Covers, Floor Cloth, Druggist; by yard or square; Room Papers, Carriage Lace.

**GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.**  
White and Colored Shirts, Flannel do., Under Vests and Drawers, Scarfs, Ties, Mufflers, Knitted Jackets, Gloves, Mitts, Socks, Beaver, Melton and Doeskin Cloths, &c., Umbrellas, Waterproof Coats.

**GROCERIES.**  
Superior Black and Green TEA, fresh Roasted Coffee, Sugar, Muscatel, Layer and Sultana Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Almonds, Spices, Fancy Soaps, Sperm and other Candles, The celebrated Dundee Marmalade, &c.

**IRON, STEEL, SALT, ROPE, PIPES, by Box, &c.**  
British Dry Goods Store,  
Great George-street, October 23, 1860.

**J. W. BRADLEY & CO,**  
DAWSON'S BLOCK, corner of GREAT GEORGE and KENT STREETS, Charlottetown, at very low prices for CASH or PRODUCE, offer for Sale—

Cognac BRANDY—direct from England—5 years in Bond in London.

Donatque & Co's finest SHERRY, 5 years in Bond, CLARET.

CHAMPAGNE.

LONDON PORTER—quarts and pints, Bass's Pale India ALE, do

Boswell's Quebec ALE—barrel and bottled, MOLLASSES, RAININS, CURRANTS, COFFEE, SALERATUS, BLACKLEAD, KEROSENE LAMPS, PAINTS, TUBS.

A large assortment of STOVES of the latest American patterns, 150 Kegs of assorted NAILS and SPIKES, Broad & Co's celebrated New Brunswick AXES, A large assortment of FILES, from the celebrated House of Charles Cammel & Co, Sheffield, England, CROCKERY, Mill and other SAWS of all descriptions, IRON and STEEL of all kinds, Foundry Castings, Mill Gearing, &c., STEAM ENGINES, from £100 upwards; BOILERS to match, OIL—used for Threshing Machines and other machinery, 6s. per gallon, PAINTS, HARDWARE—large assortment, GLASS, TORACCO, GUNN—large assortment, CORDAGES.

Always on hand articles too numerous to mention. Charlottetown, December 3, 1860.

**Stoves! Stoves!**

To Farmers and others, who wish to save Money, when Oats and Cash are scarce.

WE, the undersigned, certify that the YARMOUTH COOKING STOVES, purchased by us from the Agent at Orwell, have fully proved to be what they were represented to us—good Stoves.

The advantages of these Stoves over American manufactured are, that they are strong and substantial—we have had them in use for nearly two years, and they appear as perfect as when new, with a fair prospect of lasting for the next ten years—and the saving of wood and labour.

EDWARD MORRISSEY, Tavern Keeper; THOMAS MCPHERSON, Wharfinger; CHARLES JAMES McDONALD, Orwell; Captain JOHN McDONALD, Pinette; FINLAY McDONALD, Point Prim; RICHARD GILL, Newtown.

Now is the time to secure one of these everlasting cheap Stoves, before they are all sold.

Also for Sale, a few FARMER'S BOILERS, at a low price, suitable for soap making, dyeing, or boiling potatoes for pigs. Two Schooners will be at Orwell Wharf on the 4th October, loading with Produce for the subscriber.

PATRICK STEPHENS.  
Cheap Store, Orwell, October 2, 1860. 3m.

**Stoves! Stoves!**

JUST ARRIVED FROM YARMOUTH, N. S.

FRESH STOCK of the celebrated Cooking, Franklin and Box STOVES, with large Metal Boilers, for sale by the following Agents—

McDONALD & Brothers, Georgetown.  
Wm. CLEMENTS, Murray Harbour.  
H. J. P. TERLIZZIK, Charlottetown.  
Mr. LYNN, Wheatly River.  
JOHN ORR, New Glasgow.  
GARRATT & HUDSON, Fyfe's Ferry.  
McKAY & SON, New London.  
RUBEN TUFIN, Margate.  
D. & J. MCNEELY, Malpasque.  
JOHN HAZARD, St. Eleanor's.  
H. GREAY, Summerside.  
D. RAMSAY, Port Hill.

And at P. STEPHENS'S Cheap Store, Orwell, where one of the Stoves can be seen in use. Any parties wanting these Stoves will require to order them immediately, as many have been already engaged. Terms—3 to 12 months, on joint notes of hand.

Pat. 25 call and see before purchasing elsewhere. September 25, 1860. 1d 3m

**FOR SALE.**

7,000 TO 8,000 bushels of dry heavy OATS, 1,000 bushels of BALEY, 30 tubs BUTTER, 200 bushels OYSTERS.

Now ready for shipment at Orwell, as fast as they can be taken on board.

Also—  
1 Cargo good sound POTATOES.

For particulars, enquire of  
ALEX. MCKINNON, Charlottetown,  
PATRICK STEPHENS, Orwell.  
Nov. 5. 1d

## VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE well known FARM, situated at Little River, Lot 56, King's County, owned by the late JESSE DIXON, Esq., containing 200 acres or more for 999 years under the highest state of cultivation; the remainder is covered with a splendid growth of Hardwood; a never failing Spring of the very best water is within a few yards of the house. Part of the Farm fronts on Little River, where any quantity of Sea Weed and Mud can be procured; also partly fronts on the Sea Shore and Little River Harbor, where Sea Manure can be obtained in abundance, and most convenient for fishing. Grand River Harbor is about three miles distant, being about one of the best Harbors on the Island at which to ship produce. There are on the premises a large Two Storey HOUSE, completely finished, large Barn and Stables, Coach House, Granary, Pig Houses, Forge, Stationary Threshing Mill, and all necessary buildings required. The above Farm is in every respect so well known that a further description is deemed unnecessary. The Farm will be disposed of with the Stock, or Crop, or without, or with part or all of each, as may suit the purchaser. A part of the purchase money can remain on interest, by security on the property.

58 ACRES FREE LAND near the head of Rollo Bay, fronting on the Main Post Road, and in a most convenient situation; a few acres clear, and a considerable portion ready to stump; with a convenient House and small Stable on the same.

75 ACRES OF LAND on the road leading from Grand River Bridge to Georgetown, East Side, and joining God's Road, chiefly covered with Hard and Soft Wood.

20 ACRES OF LAND near the Head of Little River, about 10 acres under good cultivation; the remainder well covered with Hardwood and Fencing, and very conveniently situated.

LOTS IN GEORGETOWN.  
Half Lot No. 3, 3rd Range, Letter G, with convenient House and Stable.  
Lot No. 6, 1st Range, Letter D.  
Lot No. 7, 1st Range, Letter E.  
A Plan of the above Farms and Lots, and all particulars, given on application to the Subscriber.

ELIZABETH DINGWELL,  
Little River, King's County, October 16, 1860. 3m.

**For Sale,**

THAT FARM, consisting of 59 acres, lately occupied by Richard Milford, Esq., situate on Mill Creek, West River. On the Farm is an excellent Dwelling House, as well as a new Out-building, consisting of Barn, Sheep-house, &c. Within a mile of the Farm are both Grist and Saw Mills, as well as Blacksmith's Forges and a Cartwright, and a short distance from the shore is a never-failing bed of muscle-mud. For further particulars apply to Mr. William E. Dawson, Charlottetown, or to

(of) JOHN MILFORD, Royalty.  
April 18, 1859.

**MAPS FOR THE DISTRICT SCHOOLS.**

FOR SALE at HAZARD'S Book Depot, Cundall's Maps of Prince Edward Island, new and improved edition, mounted on rollers, &c., price to Schools, 15s. 9d. only,—to be delivered, on payment, to the order of Teachers or School Trustees. The Board of Education has ordered that Trustees of each Public School heretofore supplied with a Map of the Island, shall forthwith procure a copy of the above.

JOHN MCNEILL, Sec'y. B. Education.  
September 4, 1860.

**Accounts, Arbitrations, &c., &c.**

COMPLICATED Accounts arranged, Arbitration Papers prepared, Insolvent's Papers organized for appearance and presentation before the court, and all intricate or unpopularly kept accounts clearly and intelligently stated. Fees proportionate to time and talent required.

Address Accountant, care of SWABEY & ROBERTS, Great George Street Charlottetown.  
June 26, 1860. 1d 1y.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE, a fine FARM of 50 acres, near CANNON'S, Malpasque Road, fronting 1 1/2 miles on the Malpasque and 27 chains on the Loyalist Road—cropped with about 8 or 9 acres Oats and Potatoes, and six acres Pasture. Some large old Wood on the property. Lately in the occupation of J. N. CRAIG. Apply to SWABEY & ROBERTS, Charlottetown, July 3, 1860.

**ALMA.**

FOR SALE, a valuable situation lately occupied by the subscriber, containing 100 acres of LAND, twenty acres of which are clear and mostly under hay, &c. There is a main 27 by 25 feet and stable 40 by 24 feet, situated on the West Western Road, on Township No. 5, in Prince County, one-half on each side of said road, being one of the best stands for a House of Entertainment on the road, as the road from the West Shore to Cascapecum passes through the Farm, crossing the Western Road at the house. The house and stable were built particularly for the business. For further description of the premises apply to Mr. Benjamin McEwen, on the adjoining Farm. For terms of sale to the owner at Lot 16, The Farm is a leasehold.

JOHN CAMPBELL.  
Lot 16, June 19, 1860. 1d.

**BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.**

TO BE SOLD, by Private Sale, several BUILDING LOTS on the East side of the Malpasque Road, opposite Spring Park. If not previously disposed of, they will be offered for Sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, in lots to suit intending purchasers, on or about the First of MAY, of which notice will be given. Apply to

WILLIAM FORGAN.  
March 27, 1860.

**FREEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.**

A FREEHOLD FARM, consisting of 120 Acres, on the Tryon Road, Lot 27, 40 of which are in a high state of cultivation, the remainder covered with Hard and Soft Wood. There are a good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises, and also a good well of water within a short distance from the dwelling. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

WILLIAM MCKAY.  
Tryon Road, Lot 27, Nov. 19, 1860. 1d.

**ALEXANDER MCKINNON,**

**AUCTIONEER**

AND  
**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,**

QUEEN STREET,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Office in the same Building as A. H. Yates, Esq.

**J. & T. MORRIS,**

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Leather, &c.,  
Import direct from Liverpool, New York and Boston.  
Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1860. 3m.

**MEDICAL NOTICE.**

**ELZEAR D. GAUVREAU, M. D.**

McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.  
Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada.  
Office at Mr. W. McKay's, Dorchester Street, Ch. Town.  
May be consulted daily between the hours of 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.  
October 2, 1860.

**FRANKLIN HOUSE,**

SITUATED IN  
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,  
Now complete and open for the accommodation of  
TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS.  
PETER MACGOWAN, PROPRIETOR.  
Aug. 7, 1860.

**Reduction of Duties.**  
CONFIDENTLY anticipating the above on the first day of May next, the Subscribers, till then, offer their enormous stock of West India RUM at 4s. 9d. per gallon.  
Great George-street, SWABEY & ROBERTS,  
Charlottetown, November 19, 1860. 3w  
N. B.—Island made WHISKY, also lowered to same price.

## Literature.

### FRENCH AND ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Tripping gently, tripping lightly,  
Little foot that wakes no sound;  
Glancing keenly, glancing brightly,  
On each dear loved object round.

Figure slender, jetty tresses,  
Fillet might be proud to bind;  
Eye that sparkles and expresses  
All the active joyous mind.

Pleased with life, and ever smiling,  
Cheerful star mid sorrow's night,  
From her bosom care exiling,  
Mere existence a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,  
Yet most rich in fancy's fire;  
Such is Gallia's light-souled maiden,  
Stint not praises—love, admire.

Saxon beauty! in my dreaming,  
Pensive, radiant visions rise!  
Moving proudly, yet still seeming  
Mild of mien with softest eyes.

There she leans—faint-blushing roses,  
In our hues from silvering caught;  
Tint her cheek, where calm repose;  
Smooth that brow—the throne of thought.

Plainly classic, richly shining,  
Back is drawn the dark brown hair;  
As the moon with living brown fair;  
Makes at eve fair clouds more fair;

So the soul doth fling more brightness  
On the form already bright,  
Beauty graceful in its lightness,  
Winning, growing on the sight.

With statos's fine ideal,  
Carved by matchless Grecian skill,  
She doth mingle all the real,  
Warmer, but as perfect still.

Blue as azure heaven above her,  
Looking virtue shine her eyes,  
Spirit's home; who would not love her,  
And that English beauty prize?

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,  
Nestle, dove-like, in her breast;  
Guardian angels, round her stealing,  
Watch her, guide her, make her best!

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

FROM A JUDGE'S NOTE BOOK.

I was on my first circuit—both the cause list and the criminal paper of the Northampton assizes were crowded with cases. I had two or three briefs of no great importance, for I was young at the bar; and yet at this same Northampton assizes I was daily getting shadowy, nervous, pale and weak—I could not sleep—at times I could not think. A case at heavy on my soul—I felt weighed down as by a constant nightmare. I had a criminal case on hand. It had been put off from day to day on account of the length of time it was supposed it would occupy, but it was coming on.

A fearful sense of responsibility was constantly present to my imagination. I had not yet grown callous to human suffering—I could not then contemplate crime, suffering and retribution, with the merely critical eye of an artist in law—and I suffered accordingly.

A young girl—almost a child—her age was but fifteen—was to be put upon her trial for murder. Anna Dornier Heritage was committed for trial by the Northamptonshire Magistrate, for the murder of John Adolphus Scaton, an infant, and her own sister's son. I was retained for the defence. Day and night—at meal times—in the hours that should have been those of recreation—at times when my other duties should have occupied me, I pondered over this case and read and re-read the depositions, and toiled mentally till I began to look like some wretch with an undiscovered crime resting heavily upon his heart, and who walked and lived in bodily fear of detection.

Could she be guilty? I had seen her more than once—a mild, gentle, lovable, fair young girl, who did not appear to have nerve enough to have crushed an offensive fly. But the evidence was awfully, conclusively against her. Condense it for the reader. Before we step into court on the occasion of this most remarkable trial, we will glance over the record exhibited against the youthful and engaging prisoner.

There resided on his own property, which composed a beautiful mansion and manor, in the county of Northamptonshire, a Sir Ralph Heritage. This gentleman had one only son, whose irregularities of life had estranged him from friends, relations, and finally from his father. But the father had long fought against the facts of his son's bad conduct; he had been the last, and the most loth to shut his heart against him; it was not until a highway robbery, in which Sir Ralph Heritage most unquestionably had a share, that Sir Ralph was compelled to banish from his home the son to whom his heart clung.

Pity this poor father—pity the man who has for years garnered up his affections in a thankless child!

And so Richard Heritage disappeared, and years passed away, and only now and then came vague rumors that he was a wanderer about those South American states which team with adventures of every clime and every hue.

And Sir Ralph felt that he was getting old and feeble; his wife had long since in the family tomb of the Heritages. He was a lonely man; and it was with a gush of grateful tears that, one autumn evening, he read a letter

that had reached him from Ceylon, to say that his youngest brother Alfred, who had many a long year ago sought that island as a home, with a sickly wife, was no more; and that the two children—orphans, and one a widow—were left destitute, or nearly so, and were only waiting in the hope that their uncle, Sir Ralph, would give them encouragement to come 'home.' They called England 'home,' although they had been very little children indeed when they had gone to Ceylon with their sick mother and their anxious father.

Twelve years had elapsed, and father and mother were both dead. The oldest girl, Rachael, had married for love, and he whom she loved died within eighteen months of their union. Rachael then was a young widow with an infant clinging to her breast. Her sister Anna it was who wrote to their uncle at his grand estate in Northamptonshire, detailing all these events; and it was that letter which produced the flood of tears from the old lone knight.

Would these two sorrowing ones and the little child be welcome? Would he open his heart to them? Ah, yes! The mere thought of their coming was new life to him, and he was seen to smile, for the first time in the memory of some of his servants, on the day succeeding the receipt of Anna's letter from Ceylon.

That the answer to that letter was all that could be wished by the sisters, we may well imagine. It sent them ample means to come to England, and assured them of a fatherly welcome to Heritage hall.

The time sped on, and the sisters, with the infant, reached England. They travelled post from Liverpool to Northampton, and but for the accident of a break down of the post-chaise about ten miles from Heritage hall, would, on a wild tempestuous day in February, have died with their uncle. But it was not to be.

On a cross road that the postilion was advised to take, since it avoided a very hilly district, the chaise encountered a fallen trunk of a tree, which in the dim twilight was not observed until too late; and then it had so dislocated the machinery of the chaise, that it was impossible to proceed further with it, and the party were fain to take shelter for the night at a roadside inn, named 'The Wheatsheaf.'

The rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled through some neighboring copses, as if pressing by its dismal tones unnumbered evils to the unfortunate travellers then benighted on their journey.

The inn's best room—I took the trouble thoroughly to examine it, in the interests of my young client—was shabby in the extreme. It had two beds in it, and there was down the middle of the room a sliding partition, which, on an emergency, would convert the apartment into two.

It was into this room, then, at ten o'clock on this wild spring evening that the two sisters, with the infant, were ushered. The rain dashed and beat against the two latticed windows, as though their destruction was the whole and sole object of the storm; and the wind struck the large sloping roof of the house such gusty blows, that the sisters more than once believed that some one must be at work in some mad fashion above their heads. The small candle that the ill-appointed inn afforded them, flared and flickered in the little candlestick, and threatened each moment to expire, so that they hastened to rest.

And there was the gentle sisterly caress, the kind 'Good night!' the 'God bless you, Anna!' and 'God bless you, Rachael!' and the little one was kissed and commended to Heaven, and the light was put out; and then Rachael, from some cause that she could not define, burst into a passion of tears, and her sister Anna called out, 'Rachael, Rachael! what is it? Why do you cry when you are going to be so happy?'

'I cannot help it, Anna! My heart is heavy—so very heavy! And yet how much have we to be thankful for, in the kindness of our uncle, who promises to make Ernest (the infant son) his heir.'

And then Anna laughed and spoke in badinage, to raise her sister's spirits.

'To be sure, Rachael; and I go to the wall, and shall not get a husband, and all account of your little Ernest, when I fully intended to make Uncle Ralph leave me everything. Come now, go to sleep. Good night!'

'Good night, dear!'

'Good night!'

The little dialogue was overheard by the landlady of the inn. It was nothing in itself, but it appeared on the depositions against Anna, as though written in letters of blood.

The sisters slept. The little Ernest slept his last sleep on the breast of his mother.

The rain still came down in torrents, and the wind still howled around the old inn. One o'clock had just been proclaimed by the tall, old-fashioned clock in the bar, when landlady, landlady, chambermaid, and boots were all aroused by such a succession of piercing shrieks from the room occupied by the sisters, that they one and all made a rush in that direction, with such hastily snatched up garments as terror enabled them to procure, and with the only light that was still burning in the house—an oil lamp that was always on a slab in the passage.

The sight that met their eyes was a terrible one. It was one that has converted the old roadside inn into a melancholy ruin, for never would sleep in it again.

The door of the chamber was wide open, and Rachael, the mother of the infant boy, was lying half in and half out of the room, on her face. Anna was sitting up in bed, looking scared and bewildered, and seemingly not conscious that her hands, face and the clothing about her were all dabbled in blood.

The landlady shrieked 'Murder!'

The landlady called aloud for help.

A traveller, who arrived on foot at the inn some hours after the sisters, and who had given his name as Mr. Brown, hurried along, a long, anxious courier, at the 'further end of which he slept, to the place of confusion.

'Good heavens!' he said, 'what is the matter?'

It was terrible, then, to see Anna, as unconsciously she passed her blood-stained hands over her face, and looked about her like one in a dream.

'It's murder!' cried the landlady.

'The child!' cried the landlady: 'there was a child.'

'What child?' said Mr. Brown. 'I don't see any child here.'

Upon this the landlady uttered a terrible cry; and from between the bed, on which Anna was, and the wall, she lifted the lifeless and murdered body of little Ernest.

The little one was stabbed to the heart with a steel ornamented paper knife. The sisters had been robbed at Liverpool, or on board the vessel from Ceylon, of a trunk in which the paper knife might have been; but one fact was admitted: the knife belonged to Anna, and she bought it at Colombo. This was the case. On her recovery from a swoon which lasted many hours, Rachael made the following statement:

Soon after the little conversation we have recorded with her sister, she had gone to sleep with her child on her arm, but finding him restless and starting occasionally, she had gently withdrawn her arm from him, and had been persuaded that he slept soundly. How long she had remained in sleep she knew not; but what awakened her was a faint kind of sob, which she felt certain was the last sound uttered by the little Ernest in life. It aroused her on the moment, and she sprang out of bed on finding that the child was not with her, and mechanically ran to the door of the room, which she flung open. And here comes a remarkable statement from Rachael; I give it in her own words:

On opening the door, I saw that from some light below (that was the oil lamp in the passage) there came up a strange reflection on the wall of the corridor, which was to the right hand; and through the reflection, passing along it as if stooping to avoid it, if possible, I saw the shadow of a man—large and not very well defined, owing to its exaggerated dimensions; but still, there it was, and it passed away into the gloom at the further end of the long corridor, and disappeared.

Overcome, then, by terror of she knew not what, Rachael

fell into that swoon in which she was found by the people of the inn.

Such was the statement of the half-distracted mother, on the examination before the Northampton magistrates of her sister Anna, whose innocence of the murder of the child she declared herself as thoroughly satisfied of as of the existence of heaven.

Sir Ralph Heritage was sent for, and the shock so completely unmanned him that, although filling the office that year of high sheriff to the county, he was compelled to go home, where he took to his bed, from which it did not seem probable he would ever rise again.

Several of the seniors at the bar had shrunk from undertaking the defence of Anna Heritage, and the case was brought to me. I took it, and from the moment I did so, I felt a conviction that there was some fearful mystery in it, which, unless elucidated, would leave the youthful accused to be judicially murdered.

And so I thought and pondered over the affair until I was afraid that my own mind would get into some abnormal condition, and I should be unable to do what human means could do for Anna Heritage.

I saw her but once before the trial. I shall never forget the manner in which she looked at me as she gently shook her head, saying:

'They will kill me, sir; but heaven knows I am innocent. If my death would bring back to poor Rachael her boy—(here she burst into tears)—I would be willing to die; but as it is I am very, very young to be murdered.'

I could say but little. I pressed both her hands in mine, and only gasped out some commonplace expression of hopeful consolation, and then left her.

The case was fearfully strong against her. There was but one supposition in her favor.

The shadow—the phantom-like form seen by the mother—who was he? I hunted him up—I employed people to dog and watch him. It all came to nothing. He was a commercial traveller for a house at Marseilles, and was engaged in trying to do business at Northampton.

And so at length the morning of the trial came, and full of anxiety as I was, it came as a positive relief to me. The then Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer presided. He was a calm, enlightened judge, who never permitted his own prejudices—as some of his successors have done—to warp either law or justice; and come what might of the matter, I knew that the young prisoner would have a fair trial.

The court was crowded to excess. A positive disturbance at the door hindered the commencement of the day's proceedings for a full half hour, and it was only quelled by force.

The jury looked grave and half frightened. The judge was pale and more serious looking than usual; and as for me, I felt sick at heart, and when the uneasy kind of hush that pervaded the court let me know that Anna Heritage was placed at the bar, it was some few moments before I could muster up courage to look at her. How pale, how wan and yet how beautiful she looked!

Her fair hair was dressed in the most simple style possible, and she wore a dress of grey silk, which fitted closely round the neck, terminated in a narrow plaited skirt. Her lips trembled and her gentle eyes seemed to shrink behind their abundant lashes as she met the gaze of friend and foe in that crowded court—that is, if one so young, so fair and innocent could have a foe.