New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

[From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Song of Appeal—Lady Franklin.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Hark to my hopeless silence she hears the north blast,
As she sits in her love English home;
Not for her but to dream of the ice-covered mast
Battling over the perilous foam,
While the heart of her mariner fills a cold urn,
Which no longer rides lord of the main:
"Still," so she cries, "may its high daring burn!
Oh, yes may it proud and triumphant return
To my bosom and country again!"

II.

Still she hears the north blast from his palace of
Where the seas the cold stars of the pole [snow;
Looking down on the desolate ocean below,
But they daunt not her glorious soul.
"For a hope born of undying love in my heart,"
So she cries, "paints my lord on the deck,
While brow unappalled where the meteors dart,
Across ice-mountains crash and the hurricanes start;
No, he shall not be sunk in the wreck!"

III.

And a pale, speechless specter now gleams on her
See it point to the white-rolling wave, [sight;
Where the centuries past saw the sad polar night
Closing over the shrouds of the brave.
"Let a thousand be laid in its lea-pillared tomb,"
So she cries, "I will hope on, despair!
Thou gray, pallid ghost, to your kingdom of gloom,
For my hope is a rose watched by love, that shall
In the breath of the wintery air" [bloom

IV.

Now she leans through the night for a word from the
Now she pleads for the lord of her heart! [throne!
And another cold bark for that desolate zone
Where the ice-heaving hurricane starts.
"Remember, remember, how often he bore,"
So she cries, "your bread flag o'er the main!
Now is not for him one—aye, but one battle more?
Should ye quail, he is mine, if he lives, to restore
My sea chief to his country again!"

V.

Oh, soul of the beautiful! soul of the true!
As ye watch o'er the land and the tide,
Let no more sunbeam ever glittered on you
Than the love of the mariner's bride!
Be it yours, be it yours, for her faith-lighted brow
Fairest garlands forever to twine,
While the bright marriage-angel who bends over her
bow,
Whispers, "Yet shall the clime of her lost hero bow
At her tomb, as a glorious shrine!"

NEW YORK, 1857.

[From the Literary Pilgrim.

To a Gimpy-Foul

That comes and squawks under my window periodibly and makes me mad exceedinbly.

You sulcatite speckled critter, you!
What's thunder 'cs squawking about?
Does anything hurt you bad? Or do you squawk
That way in Gimpy, where you come from,
And so squawks now from educational pregnancy?
What's mischief do you pull your homely head
Out'n from under your wing and squawk for?
What's under your wing to make you squawk,
You speckled "cuss?"
Something offensive, I reck'n, elsewise
You'd keep it there, for it looks better nid.
What do you get on the fence and squawk for?
Do you see anything skarmish, you white-gilled,
Black-feathered, sparrow-hawking fool?
How do you spose a feller can read or rite,
Or sleep, or live, you discordant old busted
Brass French horn, with all the keys open
And the mouth-piece cracked?
Lwish I could pizon you, you everlastin', perpetual
squawkink meetinghouse!
What're you thinking about?—home?—
You usually epitome of a Gimpy war-gong,
A Congo tom-tom and conch-shell,
And a down-east village brass band!
Dry up! you speckled parody of a machine shop!
Do you think that's music, you outrageous vocal
atrocity?
Too bother-maker's excoriated echo
You squawking abstract of Pandemonium,
Do you think a feller can attend to furnish boot-jacks
And perform chores with that dismal racket?
Maybe you think its funny, you speckled pagan of
Afrikin extraction!
Is your squawk kink, sass? or are you feared of me, say?
You brazen-throated, sheet-iron-lunged culmination
Of foul creation? Here's my blackin' brush at you!

[Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster," just published.]

Webster as a Law Student.

Arrived in Boston, I looked out for an office, where in to study. But then, as I knew none of the legal gentlemen and had no letter, this was an affair of some difficulty. Some attempts to be received into a lawyer's office failed, properly enough for these reasons; although the reminiscence has since sometimes caused me to smile.

Mr. Gore had then just returned from England, and renewed the practice of the law. He had rooms in Scollay's Building, and as yet he had no clerk. A young man, as little known to Mr. Gore as myself, undertook to introduce him to me! In logic this would have been bad. *Ignotum per ignotum.* Nevertheless I succeeded here. We ventured into Mr. Gore's outmost room, my name was pronounced. I was shockingly embarrassed, but Mr. Gore's habitual courtesy of manner gave me courage to speak.

Had the grace to begin with an unaffected apology; told him my position was very awkward, my appearance there very like intrusion, and that if I expected anything but a civil dismission, it was only founded on his known kindness and generosity of character. I was from the country, I said; had studied law for two years, had come to Boston to study a year more; had some respectable acquaintances in New Hampshire not unknown to him, but had no introduction; that I had heard he had no clerk, thought it possible that he would receive one; that I came to Boston to work not to play; was desirous of all the time I could by his pupil; and at, I ventured to ask at present, was that he would keep a place for me in his office till I could write to New Hampshire for proper letters, showing me worthy of it. I delivered this speech stringingly on the tongue, though I suppose it was better composed than spoken.

Mr. Gore heard me with much encouraging good nature. He evidently saw my embarrassment, spoke kind words and asked me to sit down. My friend had already disappeared. Mr. Gore said what I had suggested was very reasonable, and required little apology; he did not mean to fill his office with clerks, but was willing to receive one or two, and would consider what I had said. He inquired, and I told him, what gentleman of his acquaintance knew me and my father in New Hampshire. Among others I remembered I mentioned Mr. Peabody, who was Mr. Gore's schoolmate. He talked to me pleasantly for a quarter of an hour, and when I rose to depart he said: "My young friend, you look as though you might be trusted. You say you came to study and not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may as well hang up your hat at once; go into the other room, take your book and sit down to reading, and write at your convenience to New Hampshire for your letters."

I was conscious of making a good stride onward when I had obtained admission into Mr. Gore's office. It was a situation which offered to me the means of studying books, and there, of all things. It was on the 26th of July, 1804, that I first made myself known to Mr. Gore; and although I remained in his office only till the March following, and that with considerable intervening absence, I made, as I think, some respectable progress. In August the Supreme Court sat. I attended it constantly and reported every one of its decisions. I did the same in the Circuit Court of the United States. I kept a little journal at that time, which still survives. It contains a little besides a list of books to read.

In addition to books of the common and municipal law, I find I read Vattel, for the third time in my life, as it stated in the journal; Ward's Law of Nations, Lord Bacon's Elements, Puffendorf's Latin History of England, Gifford's Juvenal, Howell's Tour to the Hebrides, Moore's Travels, and many other miscellaneous things. But my main study was the common law, and especially the parts of it which relate to special pleading. Whatever was in Viner, Bacon and other books, then usually studied in that part of science, I paid my respects to. Among other things I went through Saunder's Reports, the old folio edition, and abstracted, and put into English, out of Latin and Norman French, the pleading in all his reports. It was an edifying work. From that day to this the forms and language of special pleas have been quite familiar to me. I believe I have my little abstract yet.

I remember one day, as I was alone in the office, a man came in and asked for Mr. Gore. Mr. Gore was out, and he sat down to wait for him. He was dressed in plain gray clothes. I went on to my book; all he asked me what I was reading; and coming along up to the table, I held out my book; and he took it and looked at it. "*Roscoe,*" said he, "*de nisibus et nauto.* Well I read this book too, when I was a boy," and proceeded to talk, not only about ships and freight, but insurance and price of marine law, in a manner "to put me up to all I knew," and a good deal more. The gray-coated stranger turned out to be Mr. Rufus King.

OBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.—It is unspeakable what a blessing it is to a child—what a saving of unhappiness and wickedness in after life—to be early taught absolute obedience; there must be no hesitating or asking why, but what a mother says must at once be done. The young tree bends easily, but remember that in after years it becomes hard, and you will break before you can bend it. A little steadiness at first will save you many years sorrow. While you insist upon obedience, however, you must take care that you do not provoke the child, and tempt it to disobedience by unreasonable and foolish commands. "Provoke not your children to wrath;" and when it is necessary to punish them, see that it never be done violently and in a passion, but as a duty.

SEDDEN GROWTH OF THE NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE STEAMBOAT TRADE.—In looking over the columns of one of our city papers, yesterday morning, we were surprised to see recorded under date of March 3d the arrival at Mobile of seven steamboats from New Orleans. [Mobile Tribune.

Blood Will Find a Voice.

A TOURIST'S STORY.

The story which I am about to tell is, in the main, so literal a fact that it requires no further "embellishment,"—that's the word, I think—at my hands than the words in which I clothe it, those of course being the most forcible with which I can give this episode in common life the requisite emphasis.

My mania, if I have one, is that of rambling. With some it is a failing. Mine is of a walking order; and being on one occasion spending some days with a hospitable friend in the busy town of Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales, I had an opportunity of pursuing my fancy to "the top of my bent."

One fine morning, while taking a long walk up one side of the lovely valley of Neath, and arriving, by some queer procedure or other, by bridges, flood-gates and the like, across the river and the canal, until I was in the romantic and noisy village of Aberdylais, I was gratified by the sight of a noble waterfall in full sonorous action, and after a lengthened stroll I began to turn homeward, the sound of the rushing cataract still sounding in my ears.

The sight of the broad flowing river in the valley, with the canal on one side and the railroad on the other, the fresh pungent smell of the earth, the towering mountains on either hand—grey, brown and green—the verdure of the marshes, the accessories of industrial occupation, and the pretty farms and cottages, dotted at intervals around, conspired with the fineness of the day to put me on the best possible terms with myself and the world generally.

Close by the road-side tavern, into which I now entered to refresh myself with a glass of excellent ale, I saw, a little further on, a very picturesque old church, that of St. Cadwg, or Cadoxton, as it is generally called. The gate being open, I entered the church-yard; and it was with a sensation of real horror that I saw, on the first object which met my gaze—a tall grave-stone, towering far above the rest, being some seven or eight feet in height—the following dreadful legend:

"TO REGORD MURDER!"

It is impossible to describe the mingled shock of awe and astonishment with which I perused the words engraved beneath the sinister introduction. There stood the memento of a hideous domestic tragedy, which once made that peaceful vale thrill with horror from end to end. I could not get it out of my mind. The few particulars I gleaned at the public house, given with a sort of shuddering reluctance, only served to whet my curiosity to know more.

The folks of Glamorgan, and indeed of Wales generally, not without some show of reason, pride themselves upon the very small amount of crime—especially that of a darker dye—perpetrated among them. It is a creditable fact that, session after session, the Judge is presented with white gloves, emblem of the stainless nature of the calendar, which makes his labors a mere sinecure. It speaks well for the peaceful and well-conducted life which the bronzed and dusky mysteries of the country lead. Beyond minor offences of assault and battery, occasioned by the warmth of Welsh ale, applied to an explosive temperament, outrages against life and property are, as a general rule, unknown. Still there are exceptions, and those so rare that when they do occur, they cause an electric thrill to run through the bosom of the community.

Upwards of thirty years ago, Neath was little more than a small hamlet, devoid of all the improvements which can now be honestly boasted of. The canal was uncut and the railway undreamt of. Just in the vicinity of Cadoxton church there spread a wide waste of bog and marsh-land, intersected by ditches and watercourses for the purpose of drainage. My story, therefore, is confined to that immediate spot which lies less than midway between the old church and the marshes in question.

On a slope of this marsh-land leading towards the river Neath—beautiful in the rich yielding summer, so luxuriant was the meadow-land, so prolific the odorous grasses, with thick copses, and nodding willows bending over the brooks, and the fair fringing woodland bounding all—in the very heart of this wild greenery there stood at the period I speak of a long low-roofed, rambling old office, half farm and half dwelling-house. Here dwelt one Shon (John) and his wife Nanny Richards, together with a son, some two or three and twenty years of age, who followed their half farmer and half miner; But is to say, while his wife tended the dairy and overlooked the produce of the few acres rented, Shon, like his forefathers, was working away deep in one the pits. At that time wages were good, and the old man steady and frugal, so that the couple were looked upon as being very comfortably off in the world.

Both were well spoken of, and liked by their neighbors; but of the son, Llewellyn Richards, there were many conflicting opinions held, the majority maintaining he was one of those rural roues, who are the pest of the place in which they dwell; while others held that it was only the period of that conventional sowing time of his "wild oats," which would soon be over, when he would settle down like his father, into the quiet of domestic life. The former shook their heads, and prophesied very little good to be expected from one who exhibited every talent belonging to a thorough scamp and scapegrace.

His riotous conduct at last resulted in much domestic contention and his quarrels with his father became loud and bitter, until the young fellow obviated this by rarely coming across him when at home. To make amends he only visited the house in Shon's absence, and by dint of coaxing or bullying his mother in turns, she loved him with that strong exhaustless affection which is so often lavished upon the prodigal, supplied him with money, and whether for his necessities or his excesses, mattered little. Idle and dissolutory in his best mood, his earnings were far from sufficing him. Matters had been going on thus for some time, when another person appeared on the scene, and soon the aspect of affairs was changed.

To assist Nanny Richards, whose industry was of an indefatigable order, in the heavier out-door work of the farm, was a stout-bodied loutish servant man, who lodged with a cotter a mile or so away, coming in the morning and departing again at sundown. Living in the house will the old people, however, and assisting her mistress at the dairy, about this time, was a young comely servant girl, a native of Caermarthen, Margaret Williams by name, and the heroine of this story. She soon proved herself to be invaluable to the old woman, on whom age and hard labor, added to the continued worry and fret caused by her son's wild course, were beginning to tell alarmingly. Prostrated at last upon a bed of sickness, the integrity and industry of Margaret were proved to the satisfaction of even her captious mistress, who began to grow greatly attached to her.

Margaret was reputed as being the very perfection of Welsh beauty. Dark-eyed, with black waving hair, a brunette complexion, with a fine mouth and dazzling teeth, a figure at once tall, light, and active—young, beautiful and the belle of the district—no wonder that she drew the attention of the impressible Llewellyn to her charms. Had she been an astute and designing girl, her work was done to her hands.

But modesty and a native goodness made her shrink from his advance. Besides that, in verity she had an accepted suitor, one David Morgan, otherwise David Dhu or Black David, a pseudo name common enough, and so bestowed from the unusual swarth of his complexion. David had followed his sweetheart from Caermarthen; for, with the jealousy of Othello, his love was as deep as death. He soon found employment in a neighboring stone quarry, where his remarkable strength and stalwart limbs were rendered conspicuous, and where his quiet obliging demeanor soon placed him on friendly terms with his rough companions.

Accustomed to visit the farm of John Richards of an evening, to converse with Margaret when his work was done, his quick eye discovered that Llewellyn was paying his sweetheart those extravagant attentions which, while they moved his silent anger, only provoked the girl's silent mirth. With his usual phlegm, David manifested little or no outward recognition of the arrogant youth's growing advances. They were wasted on Margaret, who soon grew tired of his impertinences; but Llewellyn was far too self-conceited to take her marked antipathy as real. As he was a handsome fellow enough, perhaps; this consciousness blinded him. Perhaps he trusted in the proverbial fickleness of woman, and so bided his time.

One evening Llewellyn, encouraged by David's calm demeanor, though the dusky blood was boiling within him and mantling in his cheek, was paying his fulsome compliments, and carrying them to the length of seizing Margaret round the waist to kiss her, when David rose, and with a single blow sent his rival rolling to the ground; adding that the next time he presumed so far, his punishment would be remembered for many a day to come.

The servant man, who was by at the time, remarked that when Llewellyn rose, his stained and pallid face wore a smile of such fiendish hatred as startled even his stolidity, and that he hurried from the spot with clenched hands and vaguely muttered threats. David on the contrary resumed his usual placidity, and after a little while as quietly departed.

But poor Margaret was not destined to be left in peace. Her mistress had so far recovered as to be able to hobble about the house; and, learning that David and her son had been quarreling, felt all the irate blood ablaze in her warm, Welsh, motherly heart, when she heard how Llewellyn had been chastised; and, heedless of his offence, visited Margaret with a scolding as unmeasured as it was unmerciful. Unfortunately the two rivals met again that evening near the town. It was a "Noswaith Llawen," or night of merry-making, when numbers of both sexes meet together, and the night is mirthfully spent; and intoxication is by no means uncommon; these assemblages are rarely marked by drunken outrages, while in no place do liquor never degenerate into license, the married elder folks keeping the younger in subjection, and by their presence rendering the whole otherwise harmless.

It so chanced that Llewellyn, smarting under the pain and shame of his recent defeat, had been drinking freely, and in the midst of his younger companions, carried away by his usual braggadocia, was speaking in a slighting and boastful tone of Margaret, when the door opened, and the form of David Dhu filled the opening.

"Thou'rt a liar, Llewellyn," said he, in his deep voice, his eyes emitting the fire of his fully aroused nature. "Thou'rt slandering a young lass who scorns thee, and thou knows it."

It was an unlucky spot both for the assertion and the contradiction. No one believed Llewellyn, but he could not take the lie thus. "Armed in ale," he with an oath repeated a portion of his slander, and a moment after the two men were in the street fighting. Five minutes settled the whole. Llewellyn, dreadfully beaten, was helped away; and this filled up the mother's cup of fury against Margaret. The next day, even against her secret wish, Nanny Richards paid Margaret's wages and dismissed her. The weeping girl went to Neath, and was domiciled with an old widower whom David knew, and for whom she kept house, more for the home and shelter found there than from especial choice in the matter. Here she remained for the space of ten weeks.

In the meantime Llewellyn disappeared, and was stated to be working at Hirwain, a large coal and iron district some miles away in the vale. This, with recent occurrences, contributed to break the heart of the poor old mother, whose hitherto indomitable courage was at last fairly destroyed. She again took to her bed, sickened and died—all within the limits of a few weeks; and the home of Shon Richards was now very lonely and desolate.

In this extremity, being by no means well acquainted with the reasons of Margaret's dismissal, or his son's absence, while things were going into sad confusion about him, he prevailed upon the girl to return—a matter, as it turned out, of little difficulty. This was something to the displeasure of Black David, who, for the first time, had words with his mistress upon the subject—words meaningless enough, but which were afterward remembered. His visits, now still fewer, and his silent and sombre manner, really began to throw a shadow over Margaret's usually cheerful and happy disposition. She in time became taciturn and absent, in manner, so much so that it began to be commented upon.

It was in the month of June—that midsummer season of life and nature, when the nights vie with the day for beauty, and the glories of the moonlit and the starry eves are even more lovely than those of any hour of the sunny day. One night David was returning to his home, past the end of the narrow cut-lane branching from the main road to Shon's house, when the bright moonshine fell upon the forms and faces of two persons, male and female, walking up the embowered lane. David stood petrified, for the female uttered a suppressed cry of alarm, and hastily made for the house, while the other, in whose debauched countenance he recognized the features of Llewellyn, passed on to the main road with a light laugh, and went in the direction of Neath. What David's feelings were on that night, we may very easily imagine.

What now elapsed within the few days ere the ghastly crime was perpetrated, becomes more complicated; nor is it likely that the exact truth will ever be known. It appears that David seldom saw Margaret, whose depression and lowness of spirits were increasing, and were only the ominous forebodings of the dismal tragedy to follow. In the meantime, it seems Llewellyn had returned and was staying at home a second time, on better terms with his father, and that his suit for the hand of Margaret, whatever it was before, was now sanctioned by the old man. Bob Parry, the serving man, averred that of late the young man seemed to have obtained an unaccountable ascendancy over the doomed girl. Be this ascendancy consisted, he was unable to say, but the character of Margaret came out of the ordeal in which it was tested without a stain or even a suspicion.

David, it was remarked, had become more silent and mournful than ever. The mute sadness with which he was supposed to view the alleged defection of Margaret, accounted for this, and only gained the general sympathy in his behalf. He was known to love her so truly, that a feeling of pity for him was entertained by all who knew him.

Early one Saturday evening he called at the house of John Richards. He saw (as Bob Parry, who had the curiosity of a magpie, stated) Margaret alone. His voice, at first low and persuasive, became stormy, and the poor girl cried bitterly. He left her muttering execrations, and encountered Llewellyn in the lane. Again they had some fierce words together, and again parted with mutual menace.

On the following morning (Sunday, June 14th, 1822) Margaret Williams was found—murdered.

Some of the people dwelling at hand asserted that, far in the depths of night a great wailing, shrieking cry was heard—one of those awful outbreaks upon the almost solemn silence of the night, such as makes the flesh of the listener creep, and goes far, many a time, to confirm the creed of the supernaturalist.

The once blithe, beautiful girl was found lying dead in one of the wide and deeply-trenched brooklets running to the river, which, even at that season, had one and twenty inches of water running through it. Bob Parry, (by all accounts, and especially his own) was the first to discover the body; and when the corpse of the unhappy girl was lifted out, and borne away to await arraignment, the question every one uttered was, "what was the murderer?"

In no part of the kingdom, as any who have visited Wales can testify, is the serene stillness of the Sabbath more profound, or its sanctity more expressive, and in the remoter valley and mountain district especially so. The gorgeous richness of a midsummer morning, with its rippling streams, odorous roses, orchards in blossom, slumbering wood, and deep repose; while men, who come forth to inhale the balmy air, seem to step softer, to speak lower—all uniting with nature herself in that mute adoration of the Most High—and to have that holy peace broken in such an appaling manner!

Judge, therefore, the terror and consternation which this barbarous murder produced, for it is quite impossible to describe it.

The hapless girl was proved to have been dead for hours. There were the trampled footprints of a desperate struggle upon the bank of the ditch. On her throat were the marks of strangulation, and the body was completely covered with water. "It was a sorry sight!"

In the course of the day, Llewellyn Richards, one of the two men on whom suspicion fell, was taken into custody at a little tavern not far from Resolven, a place now familiar to all tourists who visit the valley of Neath. He exhibited the greatest astonishment at his seizure, mingled with horror at the crime; but his entire innocence, he said, could be proved.

In effect, at the inquest, held before the coroner or magistrate of the district, though admitting he had been with Margaret at his father's, and had even met David Morgan the previous night, he proved an *alibi* otherwise so complete in its particulars, as thoroughly exonerated him in the general sense.

"Why had he, on that particular night, not slept at his father's, as he had of late?"

The answer to this was somewhat indirect, if not vague. He accounted for it as a forbearance on his part towards David Morgan, as his (Llewellyn's) presence seemed, to exasperate the other, and he dreaded personal violence.

Bob Parry deposed to having seen a figure hovering about the house and lane in the later twilight; and that his motions, though suspicious, were not of a kind to create any particular watchfulness. But he, too, had heard the great thrilling cry, and with the earliest dawn went forth into the marshes and discovered the body.

Meanwhile, by a strict examination of the marshes, a bundle of old garments and of strong half-boots, easily recognizable as Black David's working costume, were found tied up, and sunk with a stone beneath a clump of alders. This was dreadfully circumstantial; but where was David? At present no where to be found; and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had left his lodgings early on the same morning, with a bundle and a stick, intending to go to Swansea, and there put in effect a project for emigrating he had lately been known to entertain.

At Swansea, therefore, a constable found him. He did not seem to be hiding himself; and when he was told upon what plea he was wanted, his countenance became ashy pale, his lips trembled, his strong frame shook as in ague, and his sole, piteous tones did more were frightful to behold. The burden of his moan was to exclaim, with wringing hands, "My poor darling! My heart—my heart! In the water—in the water! Murdered—dead! Oh, white God! My darling Margaret!"

So at intervals, as they hastened to Neath in a car, he mourned, and wept, and murmured. His anguish seemed to be unscathing his reason.

But he also, on examination, proved, on credible testimony, an *alibi* even more convincing than that of Llewellyn; and the cleverest detective—unfortunately, no skilled hand in this department was employed—could not have made anything of either. On both sides, every hour of the night seemed to be completely accounted for, and fully justified the magistrate in giving the accused the benefit of the doubt that arose.

Supposing that the poor girl had been won by the artifices of the seducer, (which, however, was not proved in any particular) it might have been said that remorse and shame had induced her to commit suicide; but there were the marks of struggling feet and the livid finger pressures on the throat to deny that. The bundle of David's working clothes found in the marsh required to be explained.

Black David, with an impressive but simple solemnity, denied the horrid deed. He loved her too well—he would have given his heart's blood for her; and it was only in his dreary despair, and amidst the wreck of all his hopes, which he said were breaking his heart, that he had parted from her, resolved never to see her more, and to put the Atlantic between them; and now a gulf still greater than the whole bulk of the world stood between—the ghastly grave of murder.

But he, too, seemed accounted—at first it was taken as the shock of conscious guilt—when his old clothes and the boots, identified with the foot-marks on the bank, were shown before him in court.

There was a still, dead pause. The man seemed to be overwhelmed by this damning testimony; or else to be searching his memory for some clue or other that he had lost. Finally, he denied that they were his!

A smile of derision and contempt succeeded this; but it wore away as he made his statement.

He wore his working clothes and strong boots on then, (his best being in his bundle) and a glance sufficed to show that such was the case; that they were of the same make, style and material, only newer, though soiled with his late employment. He made this purchase, his old one being taken in part exchange at a clothier's in the town, which was corroborated by the clothier himself, who added, that he had sold the old garments, then in court, to a young dark-faced tramper some two or three weeks ago; but that he did not know the man, and doubted whether he could identify him again even if he saw him. It was not Llewellyn, he could swear, and David he knew in person too well to make any mistake upon the matter; and thus both men were released under nominal recognizances to appear when required.

The body of poor Margaret was borne to the grave at Cadoxton church, followed by hundreds of the town-folks and country people—David, with an air of awful sorrow and brooding absence, constituting himself in a manner as chief mourner. Llewellyn Richards, however, was not among them.

When the sessions came there was no trial. There was no prosecutor—no prisoner; and the matter dropped. Instead of David being the emigrant, it was now Llewellyn, who ere this departed for Liverpool, and sailed thence to America—and it was believed that all trace of him was lost. For a length of time David also disappeared, though he was heard of in Caermarthen; and thus this appalling crime was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. One or other of these two men must have done it, and yet the strong proofs of the *alibi* each produced were not to be contested.

That "murder will out," is a creed that men hold to with an intensity proportioned to the delay. Even the spirit of the doomed girl seemed to be speaking with a terrible emphasis of menace through the words cut deeply into the stone at the head of the grave. "Although," the significant memorial goes, "the savage murderer escaped for a season the detection of man, yet God hath set his mark upon him, either for time or for eternity, and will assuredly pursue him to a certain and terrible, but righteous judgment!"

And what subsequently happened seems to prove this. Some years had elapsed, when there returned a native of the district, from the bleak Canadian wilds who had there established himself as a farmer. In the course of conversation he stated that he was present at the death-bed of a man of bad and dissipated character—no other than Llewellyn Richards, whom he had known as a boy. He appeared to be laboring under some strange terror at his last moments, and spoke, through the agency of some interpreter or other—of a dreadful struggle on marshes—of an appaling murder-cry—of a dying woman—of fleeing from a pursuing Nemesis; and in the midst of this recital falling back dead with a fearful groan, pointing fingers, and the sweat of unutterable agony upon his brow. There remained little difficulty then of putting the tangled meshes together. The murderer had been pursued, and "God had set his mark upon him, pursuing him to a certain and terrible punishment."

Poor David wandered about the country—especially haunting the marshes—a cowering, gibbering idiot—harmless, but mourning evermore the burden of his great sorrow—"My poor darling! In the water! Murdered—dead!"

I was out on my accustomed ramble one uninviting day, having a desire to make a stretch, if possible, as far as Swansea, across a bleak and lonely tract skirting the sea, and known as Crymlyn Burrows. On my way I passed the beautiful old abbey ruins, then by the iron works, anon by the shore of the canal, the river turning sharply off into an estuary on my right. The bleak, bare tract, with Swansea Bay gloomily opening out, and the wild mountain heights on my right—the gray, frowning sky—the utter solitude—the lonely chapel of St. Margaret, and the brown, bare, blackening desolation still ahead, made me less heart. The long evening setting in decided me to go back ere I had gone much more than half-way.

I turned at last, fearful of being benighted if I went too far. Shortly I beheld in the distance the dark figure of a man leaning and coming towards me with hurried steps, tossing his arms aloft and gesticulating wildly. I confess to a slight touch of dread as he came nearer and nearer. A more pitiable and shocking sight never crossed my vision.

His once tall figure was bent, and so haggard and spectral was his form and aspect, that a shudder ran through me. His eyes seemed burning in their sockets, his cheeks sunken, his long beard heard were long and matted, his frame was fleshless as that of a skeleton, and his ragged garments fluttered in the wind. Glaring rather than looking before him, muttering, clenching his hands, and borne onward and supported by energies beyond that of his hunger-wasted form, like a wretch pursued by an evil spirit that left him "no rest for the sole of his foot." He approached, passed and was gone. I looked after him in vague fear and deep pity, as he glided onwards into the darkness of that spectral region—the fitting place for so troubled a spirit to wander in.

"My little girl—my loved one! In the water! Oh, white God! Lost—drowned—murdered!" So he moaned and muttered. I then knew that I had seen the wreck of poor Black David, who for more than twenty years had survived the dreadful shock; but the deprivation of his reason had brought the unhappy man no oblivion of the dreadful past.

He is since dead—his wasted body being found on the stark Crymlyn Bog, on a morning as desolate as his own life had been.

"YOU LOVE ME SO DEARLY."—There are times when we learn as much from our children as they learn from us. There is something in the artless simplicity of childhood that proves stronger than the careworn severity of mature years.

I was sitting on the piazza at evening, musing too doubtfully upon the future, and letting the clouds of care darken the beauty of a brilliant sunset. I will not say what burden weighed upon the spirit, but what doubt has risen as to the course of Divine Providence.

Just then little fact were heard and my child ran gaily to my extended arms. Catching the playful spirit of my girl, I seized her in my hands and held her over the railings as if to let her fall. Astonished at her want of fear, I asked: "What, not afraid? Why don't you cry? Won't I let you fall?" "No, papa love me so dearly!" was the instant reply.

I cannot tell what instruction distilled like cordial through my soul. The words of perfect confidence lingered in my ears and entered my heart. It is impossible that a father's love should let fall the child who lies smiling in his arms. How then can the Heavenly Father let fall the children who trust in him. Every doubt is rebuked, and every dark foreboding put to the blush, by the lesson which a child has uttered. Are we not the sons of God? And is our future destiny too sublime for comprehension, so it doth not yet appear what we shall be; and still shall we fear to lie passive in our Father's arms? Does he not love us too dearly to let us fall? If he did not refuse the greatest boon, but "deliverd him up for us all," will he not also freely give us all things? With an adequate idea of our relations to God as his adopted ones, can we justify one doubt, can we harbor one fear as to the future? If God is our father does he not love us too dearly to let any evil befall us? Will He not make all things work together for our good? [N. Y. Observer.

"BLESS YOUR INNOCENCE."—A rogue asked charity on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "from birth." "Poor fellow," said the lady—and gave him a dollar.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 7 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.: closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for foreign letters.

LAKE COAST MAIL—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M., and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pascagoula on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,800—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL.—Supplying Labranche's, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Gonla, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Braly's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 9 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 10 A. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 4 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL.—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL.—Closes on the 12th and 26th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying English Turn, Pointe-a-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Bonquilo Settlement and Burns Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALIDA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 2 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, pre-paid.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Half Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NON BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	24c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	44c.	2c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the office of delivery is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.

NEW GRENADA, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, NEW SOUTH WALES AND CHINA.—Closes on the 4th and 19th of each month, at 8 P. M. Arrives on or about the 12th and 28th of each month.

☞ Postage to New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, etc., via England, by packet or private ships, 32 cents single rate, prepaid; via France, 10 cents each quarter ounce, prepaid, is added to the above postage; via New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 43 cents; and on each newspaper, 8 cents, when sent; and 10 cents on each letter, and 2 cents on each paper, when received.

☞ The postage to New Grenada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Dieman's Land and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 10 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The single letter rate to California and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply. A. S. NEVITT, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	11	12
Rod Leaf	12½	13½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	9	11¾
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 20	1 25
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌