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DESERTED.

Never a ripple upon the lake,
Never a sound upon the lea,
Never a rustle amid the leaves,
Nor a note from the bird on the tree.

Never a stir 'mid the heather bloom,
In its purple shot with gold
By the sunset; never a plaintive bleat
From the tenants of yonder fold.

Silence afar around, anear;
Silence—silence and rest;
Only a tumult of bitter woe,
Stirred in mine own sad breast.

Never a cloud in the rose-flecked sky,
Never a glistening tear
In the pure white folds of the lily cup,
Nor a mote in the sunlight clear.

Why did he come with his low, deep voice,
With his manly sunburn face,
With his clear dark eye and his tender smile,
With his manhood's supple grace?

Ah me! ah me! to the bird on the tree
Would I tell the old, old tale;
From hour to hour would I sigh to the flower,
If but my grief would avail.

'Tis past, 'tis gone, that dream of a morn;
I move as a thing apart,
From the joys of summer, of life, of love,
Cold winter is in my heart.
—All the Year Round.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

I.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?"

The speaker was a lady, tall and slight, with a figure that was shown to great advantage by a simple, flowing black serge dress, neither too short nor too long, and a dark gray waterproof cloak, which hung in graceful folds about her. She wore a small black hat, and black gauze vail thrown back. A neat tie of blue ribbon round her throat showed that she was not in mourning, and there was an air of self-dependence, a quiet, placid look, that almost told what she was—a district visitor.

The man she addressed was a wagoner, who forthwith jumped down from his perilous seat on the shafts, pulled up his horses with a jerk, and with such politeness as might be expected from him, answered his interrogator with these words—

"What d'ye say?"

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?" the lady repeated; and this time she tapped her foot with her umbrella a little impatiently.

"'Ardy," echoed the man, leaning on his whip with one hand, and scratching his head with the other, by way of assisting his memory. "'Ardy; widow woman—longish family?"

"No," replied Miss Forrester, "I know she is not a widow; she is ill and has been hurt by Farmer Johnson's cow."

"Oh! her," and the man grinned; "Bill 'Ardy's wife; it must have been a brave beast as 'ud meddle wi' she; ha, ha, ha!" and still chuckling, he pointed down the lane. "She do live in that there cot, the red 'un; and fine mischief do go on there, I count;" then reseating himself, he cracked his whip and went on his way.

Miss Forrester was almost sorry she asked the question. She had rather rejoiced that suffering gave her an excuse for a first visit; for however much it may be a duty, it is not always agreeable to knock promiscuously at strangers' doors, when not by any means sure of a welcome.

It was early in November, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the shades of evening were gathering. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant time to be out; some rain had fallen, and the clouds were chasing each other quickly through the sky, driven by a soft south wind; and she was accompanied by a large mastiff of the Pyrenean breed.

"I did fly very well, but I lighted bad," was the graphic account given by Mrs. Hardy of the accident, when questioned by her visitor; "and t'ain't very often as I go out nowhere, with all these terrifyin' children. Give out, Annie, coming so close to the lady, and she a stranger. The dog'll bite ye, sure."

"No he won't, Mrs. Hardy;" and Miss Forrester laid her hand upon the huge head.

"I do like to see people as is fond of dumb critturs," remarked the invalid, in a querulous tune; "some can't seem to starve and ill-use 'em, but my husband can. Now that there cat, and she pointed to a thin, wizened creature that was crouching under the clock, with eyes all pupil, staring at the dog, "he'll turn 'im out, bless ye!"

"Hush, mother," interrupted a tall, stout, surly-looking girl, with red hair, who had hitherto remained silent; "father don't stare and ill-use the cat no more than you do beat and starve me, when ye've got a mind."

"I can't give ye what I 'aven't got, and I'd as soon ye were out of this earning ye're own bread as idling here, and sooner."

"I don't want to bide at home," retorted the girl, sulkily; "and 'tis allus father this, and father t'other, when we shouldn't have nothin' to eat some days if 'tweren't for he."

"If ye could find a place for our Jenny, ma'am, I should be glad," said the woman, taking no notice of her daughter's words. "She's just about a good 'un to work, if she'll keep a civil tongue in her head; where she do get her sarce from I don't know, nor where she do learn it."

Miss Forrester smiled. She promised to do her best, but she thought she could give a pretty shrewd guess from whom it was inherited; and quite agreed in the mother's opinion that the girl would be better away.

She had scarcely left the cottage after paying her visit, when she encountered a big, burly man, like a "navvy;" he had a scowling, dogged expression of face, small, ferret-like eyes, thick lips, and whiskers and beard all in one, of coarse reddish brown. He was in a dirty working dress, and had a black-and-white tie, loosely knotted about a thick muscular throat. Miss Forrester was half inclined to turn back; even the trusty, well-schooled Lion gave a low growl, and bristled up.

The man stopped, and looking at the dog, remarked, "A rum customer, that, to come across of a dark night."

"Yes," replied his mistress, timidly, and the thought crossed her mind, "You're another;" but she nerved herself to the interview, and substituted, "What is your name?"

"Bill Hardy, if ye do want to know," was the reply; and the man stalked off toward his home.

His first act on entering the house was, not to inquire after his sick wife, who was huddled up in a chimney corner with her leg on a rickety chair, by way of a sofa, but to walk up the crazy staircase to his own bedroom, which was a low, dilapidated looking department, with light peeping in through sundry crevices where it should not, and in which were three wooden bedsteads. Raising the mattress upon one of these, he drew forth a large and somewhat tattered net. "Mother," he shouted.

"I can't come up stairs, I tell ye," was the answer to the summons from below; "the pain do go right d'roo my leg if I do move 'un, and I ain't a coming."

Upon which a heavy, blundering step descended the stairs, and throwing the net down, the man exclaimed, "If that lazy wench, Jenny, don't mend they holes afore midnight, it will be wus for her," and the speech was flavored with an oath.

"Father, take I up," pleaded a little piping voice, while two fat, dimple armsd clasped the man's leg; "give I a kiss."

The father looked down into the little chubby, and not over-clean face, with its innocent blue eyes and rose-bud mouth, and softened. He lifted the little three-year old in his arms, kissed the warm cheek that hid itself in his neck, and the ferocious, hardened look on his face melted away.

A loud kocking at the door disturbed Bill Hardy in his parental demonstrations, and hastily putting down the child, he admitted a short, thick-set jovial looking man, who, in his own rough way, courteously acknowledged the wife's presence; and then a whispered conversation of some duration took place between the two men; they were evidently making some appointment.

"The moon won't be up afore," said the new-comer, raising the latch as he spoke.

"All right," replied Hardy; "but stop and have a bit of supper, Jem."

"Not to-night, thank ye; the missus and the young 'uns is looking out at home," and he took his departure.

"We'll have a better supper nor this to-morrow to-night, please the pigs," said Hardy, taking his place at the frugal board.

A large dish of potatoes smoked in the centre, cooked as only cottagers can cook them, and from which emanated in some mysterious way a strong savor of onions.

"This ain't much for a man to come home to, after a hard day's work—nothin' but taters; we'll better this to-morrow, mother, or my name ain't Bill."

"Take care what ye're at," answered his wife, testily; "ye'll get catched some of these days."

"Not without a fight for it, ye may take ye're oath on that."

"The new visitor do want these here children to go to school," said Mrs. Hardy, wisely changing the subject.

"Then the 'visitor' had better pay for 'em, and find the clothes to send 'em in: I ain't a going to. What's the good of larning? Jack do make a few pence bird keeping, and Molly's got enough to do to look after this 'ere chap;" and the softer look crossed the father's face once more, as he laid his hand tenderly on the curly golden head—a hand that would be raised to-morrow, should opportunity offer, for the commission of any deed of daring or of crime. "So don't let's hear no more about schooling; there's too many on 'em to do nothing; and don't let that there spy of the parson's be hanging about here, prying her nose into what don't consarn her."

Then, supper being finished, he got up from his chair, swore lustily at a stool which crossed his passage to the door, and went out, to spend at the public house a good portion of the time which must yet intervene before he could commence his poaching pursuits.

Bill Hardy was always welcome at these nightly assemblies, where the affairs of the parish and the neighborhood were discussed quite as hotly as educated men discuss the affairs of the nation. His indomitable daring and courage made him an object of admiration, added to which he had worked for many years in the neighborhood of London, and had seen the world. Ill-natured rumor hinted that he had traveled a good deal farther than that at her majesty's expense.

More than a month had passed away. It was the depth of winter.

Many of the inhabitants of the village of Sefton lay wrapped in peaceful slumber, but at one cottage there was a solitary watcher.

It was at Bill Hardy's. The children had been in their beds long ago; a few melancholy embers of the fire were still lingering in the ill-kept grate. Mrs. Hardy's chair was vacant—ay, and her bed, too, for the matter of that. She was in the churchyard sleeping sounder than her little ones, even with the clanging of the bells so close to her.

Jenny, her representative in the home now, had been standing at the half open door on tip-toe, with her fingers to her lips, listening.

She could just distinguish in the far distance the well known step she had been waiting for. It was coming so swiftly; what could have happened? Her heart beat high, and then stood still with terror, as her father, his face haggard in the moonlight, came up the garden with rapid stride and pushed by her roughly.

"Money, Jenny! all you have, girl! I'm off to Lunnon; the beaks'll be after me afore morning."

The girl was equal to the occasion. With trembling hands, yet without a question or a moment's delay, she took something wrapped in a bit of dirty newspaper from a tea caddy, the receptacle for all treasures, and put it into his hand. "That's all, father," she said.

Hardy snatched it eargerly, and turned to depart; but, by an impulse stronger than even personal safety, he ran up stairs, snatched his youngest boy in his rough arms, and, with a heavy sob, kissed and blessed him, and laid him softly down again. Then, almost in the same breath, muttering a curse at his unlucky fate, he threw the money upon the coverlid, and was down stairs again. "I couldn't take the last mouthful of bread from the young 'un," he said; "take care of him, Jenny;" and then he was gone.

The affrighted girl sank upon the floor, and hiding her face in her hands as she leaned against the comfortless wooden chair, sobbed aloud. Perhaps he would come back, she thought, and face it. She imagined she understood it all. He had been caught poaching, and he was in danger, so he had fled. She would fain have followed him, for with all the devotion of her untrained heart she loved the bad, hard man, hard to all save one; but she did not dare. He might come back; she would wait and watch. But she was young; had worked hard all day, and nature asserted itself. When two policemen, at five in the morning, lifted the latch of the cottage door, Jennie was sleeping soundly.

The footsteps aroused her, and she was on her feet in a second, with the recollection of all that had happened clear before her.

"Where's your father?" said the foremost of the two men, peremptorily.

"Gone to work," replied the girl, stoutly.

"No, no, my lass, none of that; we've been looking for him afore we came here; he's hiding somewhere, but I'll lay a guinea we'll unearth him."

"So you may, and welcome," retorted the girl saucily; "ye may take every inch of him as ye'll find here."

The two men then proceeded to search the house and its surroundings; one going to the bedrooms, while the other examined every corner and cupboard below, as though he expected to find a mouse rather than a man concealed in them.

Jenny Hardy stood where they had left her, never moving, until a terrified scream from the children up stairs recalled her to herself. Then, like a tigress, she was bounding to the rescue, but the policeman who was descending took her coaxingly by the arm and led her down again. "Come, now," he said, "don't be frightened, my dear; tell us where he's off to; we ain't going to hurt him."

"Ain't ye, though!" laughed the girl, incredulously. Then suddenly she clasped her hands together tightly, and looked eagerly in the speaker's face, whispered, "What d'ye want with him? What ill has he done?"

The policeman bent his head close to her, and lowered his voice a little, as he pronounced the word "Murder."

Afterwards, when Jenny went up stairs, heavily, for years seemed to have passed over her in those few minutes, she found Joe, the father's darling, sobbing and shivering, stripped of the little ragged night-shirt she had put on him the night before; and on the pillow where the curly head had rested was a stain that made her shudder.

II.

It was one of the visiting days at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. About two years had elapsed since the fatal night, when, in a desperate poaching affray, Sir Michael Forrester's keeper had been brutally murdered. Two of the gang had been apprehended and imprisoned; but from evidence given by the under-keeper, it was decided that the cruel death blows, inflicted with the butt-end of a gun, were dealt by the ring-leader, Bill Hardy; but hitherto all efforts to capture him had proved unavailing.

Now, after the lapse of two years, the untiring detectives were on his track.

Some few weeks since, a robbery was committed in a house at Westminster, and suspicion rested upon a man who was mysteriously found lying in the street, very early in the morning, with his thigh fractured and his head a good deal cut. He was supposed to fallen from the roof of a house; and, on being conveyed to the hospital, either could not or would not give any account of himself, and refused to give his name for a considerable time. For the present, at any rate, he was safe; but the police kept a watch.

For a week or two no one came. Then a young girl made her appearance, asked for "John Smith," and each visiting day never failed to come.

At this particular juncture information was conveyed to the detective in London by the police at Sefton that Jane Hardy was missing from her home; and further, that she had gone away suddenly, telling no one where she was going, but giving a few shillings to a neighbor to look after the children during her absence.

On inquiry, it was found that she had walked to the station, and taken a ticket to London.

Once more the detective warms to his work. Now he will find out if Jane Hardy and the girl who visits the supposed burglar are identical.

At three o'clock on a certain Thursday afternoon in February, the passage leading to the accident ward at St. Thomas' was thronged with the friends of the various patients. A man in plain dark clothes, who was the first to arrive, stood patiently by the porter, asking for no one, and not attempting to pass. He watched every face, and listened to every name, but learned nothing to help him. When all had gone in, he said he was only a general visitor, wishing to see no one in particular, and passed on.

It was not the first time he had been in the ward, and he knew this man. At first he walked about carelessly, lingering by those patients who had no one to see them, but finally he halted by the bedside of the sufferer next to the one he was interested in, with his back turned to him, and tried to listen; tried, for there is nothing so difficult as to overhear a conversation when you may not look, and he only gathered a word here and there.

At last he turned boldly round, and took a good look at the girl.

She did not in any one particular answer to the description of Jane Hardy.

Maybe she was a messenger sent by one who was afraid to come herself; and, nothing daunted, the detective passed out of the building, and concealed himself behind a pillar near the entrnnce, resolved to follow the girl wherever she should go.

By and by she came quickly out, looked nervously to the right and left, and then walked rapidly away, crossed Westminster Bridge, went on by the Thames Embankment to the Metropolitan railway, and took a ticket to Notting Hill. Her unknown follower did so also, and got into the same carriage. On arrival at her destination, she walked on again for about a mile, and then entered a public house. The detective went in also, watched her as she walked into the bar, asked for paper and pen and ink, sat down, wrote a letter, walked out again, and, passing a pillar-box, posted it. By this time the evening was drawing in.

The girl evidently knew that she was watched. She turned about hesitatingly, then went back to the same public-house, and engaged a bed.

The police officer, feeling more certain than ever that this was a new dodge to elude detection, saw her go up to the room assigned to her, then, calling for a glass of beer, he took up a position in the bar which commanded a view of the staircase, and drawing a pipe from his pocket, smoked away complacently.

When the hour came for the house to be closed for the night, he went out; and now loitering about, now leaning against some railings opposite the house, now sitting down on the doorstep, he passed the time until morning.

About six o'clock his patience was rewarded. The same figure reappeared, and walked away more swiftly than ever, after the night's repose. Away, past the neat little villas, with their trim gardens, the only break in the morning's stillness being the distant shriek of an engine, or the rattle of the milkman's can, or a maid half asleep still, shaking her mat outside the door of her master's dwelling. "Where on earth is she going to?" thought the detective, when suddenly she turned a corner, and, quick as lightning, jumped into an open trap and drove away.

"Done, by Jove!" ejaculated the detective, as he stared vacantly after the vehicle. "She's an artful one, and no misteke!"

Then he walked moodily on, thinking over the events of the previous day. The letter the girl had written was doubtless to tell those who were in her secret that she was watched, and to plan the means for her escape, which had succeeded so admirably.

The county town of Golderby is astir, reveling in one of its few gayeties; for the spring assizes are coming on, and the judges have made their triumphal entry.

There are not many cases on the list this time—three only. One of embezzlement by a banker's clerk; another, of willfully setting fire to a dwelling house by a woman; and the third, the one upon which all interest is concentrated, the trial of William Hardy for the murder of Robert Kenyon, gamekeeper.

At ten o'clock on the morning after the arrival of the judges, the court is crowded. Policemen guarding the steps leading to the doors, have declared that only jurors and witnesses are to pass; but those who are neither wedge their way in, nevertheless, and the galleries are full.

When his lordship is seated, the usual formulas are gone through; lawyers present little folded papers, which are received with the customary stereotyped bow and smile. The case of embezzlement, which comes first, is soon disposed of.

The incendiary case is also quickly dispatched; the culprit, to the relief of all, pleads "guilty," and thus leaves only sentence to be pronounced.

Then comes the longed for moment, and amid almost breathless stillness the magistrate's clerk, at a sign from one of the judges, reads out the indictment against William Hardy.

Then the stillness gives place to a general commotion, as the prisoner, with a policeman on either side of him, takes his place at the bar. All those spectators who are seated at the back press forward to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate man; unfortunate at this dreadful moment, whatever may be his crime.

Taken at last!

No sooner have the doctors declared him able to leave the hospital than the police pounce upon him, arresting him on the charge of being an accomplice in the burglary at Westminster, and while in custody some of the inhabitants of Sefton are taken to the prison, and each swears that, though he has in many ways disguised himself, he is none other than Bill Hardy.

The clerk of arraigns addresses the prisoner, telling him that he is accused of the double crime of murder and burglary, to both of which indictments he pleads "not guilty," and then the trial for the willful murder of Robert Kenyon proceeds.

The first witness is the under keeper, who states that about half-past eleven o'clock on the night of the thirty-first of December, he, in company with the head keeper and two more watchers, was in the woods. They heard a hare squeak, and on going to the spot found four men, all of whom were well known, especially Hardy, who was a most notorious poacher. A violent struggle ensued; witness saw the deceased beaten down into the ditch at the beginning of the affray by two men, of whom Hardy was one. Witness and the watchers succeeded in capturing one of the poachers, and were struggling with another, when witness received a blow with a heavy instrument at the back of his head, which half stunned him, and he fell. He distinctly heard the sound of blows in the direction where Kenyon was lying, and a voice which he could swear was William Hardy's say, "I've finished him." When witness recovered himself, Hardy and one other had decamped, and the other two were captured. Shortly afterwards, the police who chanced to be at Sefton Court, on duty (as there was a ball going on), arrived at the spot, and assisted in carrying Kenyon to his home; but he was quite dead, his skull having been battered in with the but end of a gun which was found in the ditch close by him. Witness has not the smallest doubt that William Hardy was the murderer.

On being cross-examined as to whether he could swear that he saw William Hardy strike the deceased, he says "No."

Was the gun with which the wounds were inflicted Hardy's? "No; it was the keeper's own gun; the poachers had no firearms with them that he was aware of."

Can he swear to William Hardy's voice? He says "Yes."

Can he assert upon his oath that the words which Hardy had used were "I have finished him?" Witness can not positively swear.

Jane Hardy, daughter of the prisoner, is next called. She gives her evidence most unwillingly and hesitatingly. She was asleep, she said, when her father came in, and did not remark what time it was; did not remember that he was agitated; he frequently came in and went out again; she thought nothing of it; he may have been in the habit of poaching, but not more than any of his neighbors; he occasionally brought in a rabbit; forgot if he went out again directly or not; knew he went up stairs; did not see him again from that night for two years, though he frequently sent her money, sometimes two pounds at a time.

The prisoner maintains all this while the same half sullen look upon his face, occasionally smiling to himself as the evidence fails to point to him as the man who struck the fatal blows. He knows the clothes he wore that night can not be produced against him. If they could, may be it would go hard with him; but they can not. Without proof, how can he be found guilty? And he knows now that there is none. They may imprison or even transport him for the poaching business, or for the burglary; but they cannot take away his life. They have no proof.

No proof?

The police constable who examined the cottage is now brought forward, and again there is a commotion in court. He is known to be an important witness. His evidence is as follows:

The cottage door was ajar when he reached it, and the girl was sleeping on the floor, dressed, with her head leaning against a chair, as if something unusual had occured. It had been snowing outside, and there were traces of nail boots and snow upon the kitchen floor, and up the stairs. Witnesses had followed the tracks, hoping to discover that the man had concealed himself in the bed-room; but there was no trace of him beyond a small bed in the corner of the room, in which a boy of about three years old was asleep. On holding a lighted candle to the bed, he discovered that the breast of the child's night dress was stained slightly with blood; there was a stain on one shoulder and on one side of the head, as if it had been pressed against something that had blood on it. There was no scratch upon the childs's body any where from whence the marks would have proceeded. Witness had quietly cut off the lock of hair, and also taken possession of the night-dress, awakening the child in so doing. He had naturally been excessively terrified, and was, moreover, too young to be questioned.

Here the night-dress and two curly rings of flaxen hair are produced. Time has in some measure erased the stains, but yet they are there.

No sooner are these things brought forward than the prisoner suddenly stretches forth his hands, gives a cry rather than a groan, and exclaims—

"O God! who'd ha' thought as my boy 'ud hang me!"

Many present are moved to tears at this piteous cry from the man whose condemnation five minutes before they have been thirsting for.

It appears, too, that the incident gives a new impetus to the counsel, for never was a prisoner's cause more eloquently pleaded.

He represents to the jury that the blood upon the clothes was, under the circumstances, nothing. It might have come there in the struggle, long before the death-blow was dealt. In fact, the whole evidence of the witness Butler, is most vague. Could it be easy positively to identify any one in the uncertain moonlight, under cover of a dense thicket? And as for the evidence of the voice, could they condemn him upon that? When a man was stunned could he be certain of anything? All this, and much more, he urges upon the jury, and then they withdraw. In an incredible short space of time they re-enter the court, and amidst the breathless excitement of all present, give their verdict of "Not guilty."

William Hardy is acquitted of the crime of murder, but he is found guilty on the second charge of being an accomplice in the burglary that had been committed at Westminster.

Even in this instance the evidence against him fails to prove that he was a principal actor, and he is sentenced to six months' imprisonment only.

Now the punishment also is over, and a new Bill Hardy has returned to his native village. Prison fare and prison discipline, after such an accident as befell the man previous to his trial, have thoroughly broken down the once iron constitution, and a miserable, disabled wreck crouches over the same old cottage hearth once more. He will not poach again, for he can not. He will not quarrel with or swear at his wife, for he has none. He will not in softer moments lift the little Joe upon his knee, for the boy has been dead six weeks.

Often, during the two years of exile, spent half in concealment and idleness, half in reckless sin, Hardy was recommended to go to the colonies and start in a new life unknown. But he could not go. So long as he could send something to Jenny, he knew his youngest darling would not starve.

Many days during the weary hours of imprisonment, he almost felt he should die, but for the one thought of seeing his boy once more, the only creature on earth he ever really loved.

The knowledge that he returned a convicted felon, with the stain of a grave suspicion upon him, did not trouble him. He had escaped hanging, a fact which amply satisfied his conscience. Home in his mind was Joe, and for him he would live.

But Joe had been run over by a wagon, and killed on the spot; and when Hardy came home that was the news he heard.

The clergyman of the parish visits him occasionally; but to him he is either sullen or actually rude; so the rector has thought it wiser to leave him a great deal to Miss Forrester, whom he will see and talk to, because Jenny tells him that she taught Joe his letters, and that he loved her.

Six weeks after his return Bill Hardy is lying on his bed, propped up with pillows, no longer strong, nor burly, nor ferocious, but wasted almost to a shadow, and the lamp of life is burning low.

Miss Forrester is sitting by the bedside. She has been reading. Jenny is sobbing in a corner, and the children are down stairs, very miserable, indeed, wishing they could have their dinners, or go out to play, and, if the truth must be told, feeling heartily sorry that father ever came back.

Hardy is whispering something to Miss Forrester, and suddenly she falls upon her knees beside him and murmurs some words inaudible save to the dying man.

Then he speaks louder than at first.

"Tain't no use to peach upon me, miss, in this world; I'll be at another bar afore long, and the Judge as is there knows."

Again she answers him in a low, soothing voice, still upon her knees, and he replies:

"Ay, 'tain't no good to plead 'not guilty' there."

Then there is silence for a few moments, and when Hardy speaks again the words are difficult of utterance, but Miss Forrester understands.

"D'ye know, miss, I do think, as I lies here, as there'll be a counsel a pleading for me then, as the Lord 'll hear, and that's Joe! When I come in that night with the blood upon me, and stood at that there bed, with the innocent baby in my arms, I wished I hadn't ha' done it. Tears came to my eyes with the wishin', and I says, for the first time in all my bad life, 'God forgive me!' and I do think as p'raps Joe know'd it, and 'll tell it up there, and t'will do some'ut for me. And now the trial's a comin' on again, miss, and I looks to Joe and you. The Lord knows as I'm guilty, but ye'll tell him as I'm sorry for't."

They were the last words William Hardy spoke on earth.

One of those old time weddings took place in our town, says the Uniontown (Pennsylvania) *Standard*, a few days ago, and it is not our design to make any remarks, but state the facts just as they occurred. A young gentleman and lady, strangers to everybody here, called on the 'squire to get married. The young man was carrying his shoes in his hands on account of a stone bruise, and had on his shoulder a long, narrow sack; in one end he had something in appearance to wearing apparel, and in the front end he had a small dog, with its nose sticking out of a hole. The young lady had in her arms one of those large Maltese cats, with a pink ribbon around its neck, fastened with a neat breastpin. When they came to the office the young man refused to go in, but she, taking hold of his coat, said: "Come on, I ain't afraid." Finally he went in. She says: "'Squire, we want to get married." "Hold on," said the young man: "I want to know how much this job costs." The price was agreed on, and in the meantime many had gathered, and two of the crowd acted as attendants. While the ceremony was going on one of the attendants cried out: "Hold on, this fellow ain't on the right side." Being properly placed, the 'squire proceeded, and the two were made one, and left, no one knew where, being entire strangers.

Kingsley says: "If you wish to be miserable you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

Three student-comrades crossed over the Rhine;
Together they stopped at a landlady's sign.

"Landlady, have you got good beer and wine?
And where is that pretty young daughter of thine?"

"My ale and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter lies on her funeral bier."

And when they passed to the chamber back,
There she lay in her coffin black!

The first from her face the shroud-veil took,
And gazed upon her—a mournful look.

"Ah! wert thou but living, thou lovely maid,
I would love thee from this time," he said.

The second covered the altered face,
And turned him, weeping, from the place:

"That thou should'st lie on the funeral bier,
Whom I have loved this many a year!"

But the last still snatched away the veil,
And kissed her on the mouth so pale:

"I loved thee ever—still I love thee,
Thee will I love through all eternity!"

NEW YORK AND PARIS FASHIONS.

General Remarks—Dress Goods—Costumes—Trimmings—"Lingerie."

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

GENERAL REMARKS.

Although in a Southern climate it is not yet necessary to don winter garments, the ladies are, however, returning from the various summer resorts, and beginning to think of the fall and winter fashions. "What will be worn?" "Are overskirts and polonaises going out?" And "What will be the fashionable colors?" are among the dozens of questions asked by the fair devotees at fashion's altar. We will endeavor to answer a limited number of these anxious inquiries.

What will be worn? Almost every conceivable fabric, and all depends upon how it is made, and even in this line a very great latitude is allowed. In this respect fashion has grown marvelously accommodating and elastic. Varieties of styles and materials are on the increase, and no one garment or fabric is essential to be thought "in the fashion."

Oh! kind fashion, to at last permit us the exquisite bliss of consulting our individual tastes and purses in the matter of dress, and still continue within the pale of thy fairy realm.

Overskirts and polonaises will continue to be worn. Skirts for walking should clear the ground in length. Common sense tells us that, although demi-trains may be very graceful and are useful in covering big feet, yet, choosing between two evils, we think dirty dusty skirts are a far more unsightly spectacle than even a large foot in a neatly-fitting shoe.

The voluminous and disgusting *tournure* still holds its own, and we must continue to have our eyes greeted with the unnatural hump, both upon the promenade and at home.

COLORS.

Dark colors of almost every hue will be worn, both for suits and polonaises, and it is to be hoped that our women will keep them in vogue. In silks and cashmeres, black, dark gray, brown and plum color are mostly preferred. However fashionable brown may become, ladies should remember it is very trying to some complexions, and that black looks well upon almost every one.

COSTUMES.

An evening dress of myrtle green silk, trimmed with black lace. The waist is low and has a black lace fichu carelessly tied behind.

The underskirt of the walking dress is of a rich black silk, cut walking length, and is perfectly plain. The upper skirt is of chamois colored cashmere, and is long in front and quite short behind, and is trimmed with two rows of fringe, the lower row being black and the upper row the color of the cashmere. A row of rich embroidery heads the fringe. The jacket is rather short and loose, is trimmed with fringe and completely covered with embroidery. Brown hat, trimmed with brown ribbon, an ostrich feather of a lighter shade, and a black wing.

A house dress was made of violet and white striped poplin. The lower skirt demi-train is trimmed with three bias bands of violet colored silk. The overskirt and short half loose jacket are trimmed with two bands of the violet silk.

Walking dress was made of black silk. The overskirt was trimmed with a deep flounce, headed with narrow bias bands. The tunic is long behind and very much puffed up, is trimmed with deep black fringe, and a pointed gimp trimming. The jacket has a basque at the back, and wide flowing sleeves trimmed like the overskirt. Fine black straw hat trimmed with roses, black lace and a red and black ostrich feather.

LINGERIE, TRIMMINGS, ETC.

Buckles are again worn, not only with belts but with sash ribbons. Fringes, velvet ribbon, lace and embroidery are the favorite trimmings. We will, in our next communication, give descriptions of the shawls, wrappings, hats, bonnets, etc., for the coming season. Many of these are very beautiful, and have the greatest of charms—novelty.

"ANDREA."

Iceland.

Hopes are entertained that the blank in the centre of the map of Iceland will soon be filled up. News from Captain Burton states that he is pushing forward over the vast snow ranges in the unexplored portions of the island, and in the course of a few weeks it is expected that he will have examined the chief geographical features of this region, which it is said has never before been visited by man. Communication will be maintained via Copenhagen and Lerwick by the Danish government steamer Diana, so that exploration in Iceland—the result of which is looked forward to with great interest by the Icelanders, as well as by men of science in this country and elsewhere—may be prosecuted as long as the weather is favorable. Her Majesty's ship Valorous, which is at present crusing on the Icelandic coast, is also attracting considerable attention on the part of the inhabitants, as it is now, it is said, eight years since a British war ship has been seen in those waters.

The newspapers of Sweden are discussing the alarming decrease of population in that country, which they attribute to emigration to this country. In 1868 the number of emigrants had reached 30,000, more than one-half of whom were able-bodied working mechanics. In 1869 the exodus was still greater, 38,500 having left the country. At the date of August 20, there had left the town of Gœtheborg alone 20,463 people for America, and they left regularly after at the rate of 100 and 200 per week. This drain has been since perpetually continued. If to these be added those who emigrated to other ports—to Germany, for instance, in the capacity of domestics—it is not difficult to understand the apprehensions felt in Sweden at this depletion of her useful labor.

The suite of rooms in which M. Gambetta now lives is on the second floor of an ordinary *maison meublee*, in the rue Montagne, at the bottom of a court. His domestic establishment consists of two persons, one of whom is a young secretary, picked up in the Quartier Latin, who familiarly calls him "Leon" when speaking of him. The changes of political and social ascendency in France are curious as a study, and Gambetta has quite enough leisure to do so.

HIDDEN PLUNDER.

A Federal Quartermaster Buries $62,000 During the War and Nine Years After Goes to Get It.

[From the New York Herald.]

SHEPHERDSTOWN, Jefferson county, West Virginia, September 18, 1872.—During the stirring scenes of the late war this locality saw its full share of that conflict, and was disputed ground between the two armies for a long time. It is directly across the Potomac from the battle-ground of Antietam, and saw a great deal of that famous fight, as well as of many minor ones nearer its own limits. It is a good place to cross the Potomac by ferry, and, therefore, was generally selected by both armies as an available point from which to operate.

During the summer of 1863 it was in the thickest of the commotion of the retreat of our army to Gettysburg and subsequent retreat of the shattered army of Lee and of the future of that summer's operation of our army in this section. There was, therefore, a great number of army officers in and about the little town, and during the Gettysburg campaign much confusion and excitement prevailed. After this was all quieted by the further removal of the army, and everything settled to almost a peace standard, it became rumored about that during the Gettysburg campaign a quartermaster of our army had buried in this vicinity a large amount of money, variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. From various circumstances connected with the report, much credence was given to the rumor, and many attempts made by people to find the treasure, but without avail.

Just after the war had closed and the report as to the hidden wealth had been almost forgotten, a young man made his appearance in this vicinity, claiming to have been a soldier in a New York regiment of cavalry (my informant thinks it the Fifth). He remained about for some time without any apparent object, except to visit the battle fields over which he had marched and fought, and even stated that was his only purpose here. Every day, he would take long walks, first in one direction and then another, and uniformly carried a digging implement with him.

This excited some suspicion, and he was watched by a gentleman who had the story of the buried cash revived by his appearance and action. He was found to walk up and down the different roads in the vicinity scanning anxiously every tree that stood near the roadside, evincing such an interest in his search as was inconsistent with his story of interest only in the war scenes in which he had participated. For more than a week he kept up his visits to the adjoining country, and toward the close grew gloomy and melancholy. One evening, about ten days from the time of his arrival, he re[illegible] than usual from his walks and turned [illegible] of intention of leaving on the declared his [illegible] home. next day for his North[illegible] supper he called After he had eaten his [illegible] the gentleman with whom he was staying aside, and told him that the object of his visit to this country was not solely to visit old army scenes, but to secure an amount of money that had been buried in this vicinity during the summer of 1863 by a quartermaster of a New York brigade, who was an intimate friend of his. He said that he had been the clerk of this officer who secreted the money, and that $62,000 was buried amid the roots of a large tree somewhere in this vicinity. He stated that the officer who hid the money was then serving out a term in the penitentiary for embezzlement, and if the money was not found before it expired he (the officer) would himself return for his hidden plunder. He seemed much chagrined at his failure to discover the spot where his defaulting friend had secreted his ill-gotten cash, and declared his fear that if the money was not found before his friend got out of prison it would be worthless. He said the money was in greenbacks and gold, in a tin box, and when buried was encased in a wooden box. His statements were so clear and positive as to all the details of burial that not the slightest shadow of doubt was left upon the mind of my informant that $62,000 lie buried perhaps within a stone's throw of his own home; but where no one could tell save the one who hid it.

The young man who thus gave positive assertion and assurance as to the truth of the rumor of the money burial is represented as being young and gentlemanly in appearance, well and neatly dressed, sober and deliberate in action, intelligent in conversation and generally correct in habit and deportment. He left for his home on the next morning after imparting the above information, and since that date until a few days ago no knowledge as to his whereabouts or history has been possessed by any one here.

A short time since, two well-dressed, gentlemanly looking and active men stepped off the cars at Keedysville, a little town a few miles distant from here, directly across the river in Maryland. They secured a horse and buggy with the statement that they were from New York, and had been soldiers in the late war and desired to revisit the battle field of Antietam, its cemetery and adjoining army historical points. They spent some time about the country, apparently looking at the cemetery, etc., but truthfully to kill time, and by one or two persons was this young man who had first come to search for the money recognized.

His companion is supposed to have been him who buried the treasure he had searched for years ago unsuccessfully, recently out from prison. Toward evening they drew near the Potomac river, crossed it and visited the large cement mill below the town, and spent some time there looking at its working and conversing with the superintendent. To him they also told the story of their visit to old army camp grounds, and their journey from New York here to revisit them. It was late when they left, and they drove up to the town and out in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Nothing more is known of them until the next morning, near daylight, when they recrossed the ferry, and drove off toward Keedysville, where they took the train East.

Hardly had the morning fairly dawned ere Mr. Myers, who lives about two miles from this place on the road leading toward Duffield's depot, just above the Harper's Ferry wood, discovered that immense piles of dirt had, during the night, been thrown up from the root of a large oak tree standing by the roadside, a few hundred yards below his house, on the road leading toward the place. He and his several workmen immediately went down and found that a horse and buggy had been hitched to the fence during the night, and that at least three or four wagon loads of earth had been taken out from around the roots of the tree by some unknown parties, evidently in a search for something. While they were looking at the mysterious pile of earth, trying to divine the cause of the digging, one of them discovered a place from which had evidently been taken a box two feet in length by fifteen or eighteen inches in width, the decayed portions of which were scattered all about the opening. No sooner had this been discovered than the story of the quartermaster's hidden cash was recalled, and it was at once decided that he had come and taken it away. The story of this discovery soon spread over the community, and large numbers of people came to view the spot where, for nearly ten years, a small fortune lay buried, which had been sought after a long time with great energy by several people who did not doubt its existence. I went to the spot, which is about a mile from town, and saw the evidences of the truth of what I have related. The other facts, as related, have been obtained by careful inquiry, and are perfectly reliable.

The tree whose branches have shaded the substance of this story is a huge white oak, at least three feet in diameter, standing just inside the fence in a field filled with ripening corn. The digging was begun just inside the fence, and extended in a semi-circle around the tree, the trench being about four feet wide all the way around. The plough has passed over the spot where the treasure was buried this season and several past ones since it has been there without disturbing in the least its security.

The following is an extract from the Shepherdstown *Register*, a paper published here, in relation to the discovery:

"For some weeks past a rumor has been afloat in this community that a federal quartermaster during the war had buried some $60,000 in gold and greenbacks under the large white oak tree about a mile from town, on the left of the road leading to Duffield's, and that a few nights ago he came for his treasure and took it away. It is said that the quartermaster was compelled to bury the money in order to keep the rebels from capturing the treasure, who were hotly pursuing him at the time. It is evident that somebody was digging for something, as we saw the trench which was dug ourself on Saturday last. A part of a wooden box was also lying in the trench, which, it is supposed, contained the money. Mr. Wesley Myers, who resides near the spot, states that the digging was done after night, and that the tracks of a vehicle could be seen the next morning. The trench is formed in a semi-circle around the roots of the tree, and judging from the amount of earth thrown up, and the depth of the trench, considerable labor was performed."

To add to all the above evidence as to the truth of the story the two men—one of whom was undoubtedly recognized as the young man who came here just after the war, searching for the place where the money was buried—were seen with a large tin or metal box on their return to Keedyville, which they did not have when they left there for this place. To add further to the testimony it was found that two spades and a pick had been taken from the cement mill, used during the night and returned near morning, but misplaced. From all the evidences presented there is little doubt but that the story of the burial of the money is true, and that the man who buried it came and got it a few nights ago. All the evidence points unmistakably to the truthfulness of these assertions, which are universally credited here. Thus the ill-gotten plunder [illegible] been in the [illegible] mother earth for nine years.

Smith's Charivari.

[From the San Francisco Post.]

Two days since a young man, named Thomas Smith, married the daughter of John McCombe, the money broker. Smith is a money broker, and is twenty-one years of age. He resides on Fair Oak street, where he owns a fine residence. A lot of young Hoodlums, some of whom, it seems, were schoolmates of Mrs. Smith while she was Miss McCombe, determined to treat her and her husband to a regular old-fashioned charivari.

Accordingly last night, about half-past nine o'clock, they approached the house, about fifty strong, in age ranging from twelve to eighteen years. They were plentifully provided with kettles, horns, drums, devil's fiddles, triangles, and every imaginary instrument which would make a discordant noise.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by such a terrible conglomeration of horrible sounds that the whole neighborhood thought bedlam had broken loose. In a few moments an enraged bridegroom in a night-shirt was seen at a window.

It was Smith. He was bursting with anger, but seeing that the besieging force outnumbered him, he at first tried expostulation. That rolled off as duck-shot glides from the hide of a hippopotamus. He then, in thunder tones, ordered the young rascals off. They answered him by jeers of derision. He threatened them [illegible] district [illegible] marshal, and they laughed and beat their instruments louder [illegible] more fiercely.

Seeing that he was making little progress, he allowed a gust of wind to blow the lower part of his night-shirt out into the breeze. This flag of truce was respected by the besiegers and a cessation of hostilities was declared.

The captain of the besieging army advanced, and an interview was had. Mr. Smith desired to know what would induce them to raise the siege. The captain said a donation of $20 would enable them all to go on a spree. Mr. Smith said he would give them $20 if they would leave. The captain said they would leave if he would give them the $20.

Mr. Smith wanted them to leave first, and the captain wanted the $20 first. Neither was willing to trust the other, and hostilities were again commenced. Smith told them if they did not quit he would fire among them. This brought forth a volley of discord louder than ever, and accompanied by vulgar shouts and songs.

Smith, feeling enraged beyond human endurance, drew his revolver and fired among them. The scattering which followed was amusing. In the twinkling of an eye the whole force had vacated the ground, which was left strewn with tin pans, kettles, and other relics of the fray. The surrounding stillness was for some time occasionally broken by a solitary toot, but all else was quiet. Smith believes in the efficacy of revolvers, and only regrets that he had not killed two or three of the young miscreants.

A Beautiful Experiment.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea party: Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour it off into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar, into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

Sporting Anecdotes.

A story is told of one of our principal turfmen and breeders of race horses that shows the fallibility of all judgment in horse flesh, and how a really excellent judge may be deceived. A friend came out from the East and proposed to buy a horse from his Kentucky acquaintance, who took him out to his farm and showed him all his horses and the prices of each, but advised the New Yorker to buy a certain colt as he considered him the finest of the lot. But to this the other objected and selected, on his own judgment, a rather indifferent looking one, instead, which was entered to run in the three-quarter dash last Monday with the other colt which the owner had thought so fine. At last a bargain was struck, the money paid, and the colt delivered. He was not a favorite in the race, and sold low down in the pools, but at the outcome he astonished the crowd by winning the race, and no one so much as his late owner whose very fine horse he had beaten. Of course this got out and produced no little amusement at the expense of the seller of so fine a colt at comparatively a small price.—*Kentucky Gazette.*

An Educated Cat.

A laboring man in Providence, Rhode Island, has a pet cat of which he has made quite a performer. By much patience and kindness he has so disciplined puss, whose name is "Gip," that he has become a wonder. Pushing a cricket out in the room, at the word, Gip walks up to it, sits upon his haunches, puts his paws up and drops his head with closed eyes, as though engaged in prayer. At a word of command he becomes a dead cat, stretches himself out, and stirs not a hair, though called to, pulled about, and beset with all sorts of noises. At a signal he darts up and jumps through a hoop covered with paper, a la circus. He is the pet of his master, and may be set down as the flower of the feline tribe.

Strauss, if the figures don't lie, should be well satisfied with his late visit to America. He was paid the round sum of $17,500 for the jubilee season, with a guaranteed benefit of $2500 gold. He received $3300 gold for his New York concerts, and sold his "Jubilee Waltz" for a little over $500. Well done, Strauss; your motto, with reference to the great cities of the New World should be, "Cut and come again," to the tune of $25,000 clear profit.

The widow and son of Admiral Farragut have recently erected a fine symbolical monument to his memory in Woodlawn Cemetery, near New York. The design is exquisitely wrought in white Italian marble. It consists of a broken mast partially draped with the admiral's flag, and planted on a suitable pedestal, with naval symbols grouped around its base, and the memorable engagements of which Farragut was the hero at New Orleans and Mobile sculptured in bas relief below.