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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862. 172-71

Poetry. THE CHAPEL. Like one who leaves the trampled street For some cathedral, cool and dim, Where he can hear the music beat The heart of prayer, that beats for him;

Literature. CRIME AND DETECTION. It was a cold, still night, in the autumn of 1857, and the country residence of Squire Covern lay, dark and silent, with its many gables, towers, and wings, unlit by the yet unrisen moon.

Who slept in the house? 'Mary, the three women-servants, cook, housemaid and chambermaid, and the man Thomas.' 'What is he?' 'A quiet, smart sort of fellow.—He is coachman, groom and general man servant.'

'I should hardly suspect him, though I shall certainly keep an eye upon him.' 'A coroner's inquest was held, and the sapient jury decided that the deceased came to his death by a stab from a dagger in his own hands.—Ashby might have changed this verdict, perhaps, by telling his suspicions and their grounds; but he chose to learn more, without letting the murderer know that anybody imagined the death to have been other than a *felix de se*.

'None, except sudden insanity, to which Mr. Covern was by no means predisposed.' 'He left no papers to show the cause?' 'No. I don't think he knew it himself.' 'Why should he do it then?' 'I don't think he did it!'

'That was how the door was unlocked and locked again. It works very easily I find; and I myself locked it and unlocked it with a small pair of tweezers, to try it.' 'You are curiously acute—but then, so was the assassin, whoever he is.'

his room that morning, and threw it out of the window afterward into the yard,' said Ashby. 'Who mixed the brandy and sugar?' 'Mr. Covern always did it himself; but Thomas often brought up the goblet and sugar, and hot water.'

'I fear it is so.' 'It would be the most natural thing in the world for a man who had cut his chin, while shaving, to tear off the corner of the first bit of paper his eye rested on, to stick on the wound; but very few would consider it an important action—Yet, upon just such trifles as these, our lives and happiness often hang.'

'I wish to heaven that the old ghost-stories were true, and that Mr. Covern's ghost might come and inform us how to proceed.' 'Good! I am obliged to you!—You have given me an idea.'

'That was it, unquestionably, and now I have the whole story!' 'What do you mean?' I asked, getting terribly nervous—as is my unfortunate habit, when excited by an great expectation.

And again, although we watched Thomas with the utmost care, we could find no indications of his having more than his usual amount of money. We took the liberty, pardonable, under the circumstances, of searching his room and trunk, but found no such sum as twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

'If we could find out that he had an accomplice,' said Ashby, 'it would be plain sailing at once. All we would have to do would be to go to one with the story that the other had confessed, and the real truth would most probably come out. As it is, I don't know what we can do, except to wait.'

'I am glad of it. What is it?' 'Never mind now. I'll let you know before I act upon it.'

'The door slowly opened, and a tall, straight figure entered, all in white, holding in its hand the dagger with which Mr. Covern had been stabbed.'

I am tolerably courageous, at a general thing, and have too little faith of any sort to believe very firmly in ghosts, so I merely puffed out a mouthful of smoke, shook the ash from my cigar, and drawing a chair beside my own, motioned the supernatural visitor to a seat.

'How do you like my get-up?' asked the ghost, in the unmistakable voice of Ashby; 'I didn't want to scare you to death, but only to see whether I couldn't scare Thomas to confession!'

'Capital!' said I; 'my dear fellow, you couldn't have hit on a better plan; and I assure you, you do look uncommonly spiritual, in that rig.'

'Come with me, then, in your stocking foot; I want you for a witness. You must stay just outside the door, while I go in, and wake him up.'

'The door slowly opened, and a tall, straight figure entered, all in white, holding in its hand the dagger with which Mr. Covern had been stabbed.'