The Maryland Gazette.

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PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Oct. 27.

NOTICE is hereby given, THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of Anne Dancy, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are requested to exhibit the same properly authenticated, and those indebted are desired to make payment.

MORTIMER DANCY, Adm'r.

Oct. 27.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order from the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on Friday the 11th day of November, next, at the late residence of Henry E. Mayer, deceased, on Sandy Point,

THE PERSONAL ESTATE

Of said deceased, consisting of Negroes, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c. Terms of Sale—For all sums of twenty dollars or upwards, six months credit, the purchaser giving bond, with security, with interest from the date—under that sum the cash to be paid. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

JNO. A. GRAMMER, Adm'r.

Oct. 13.

AUCTION ROOM.

THE Subscriber having determined to open for the accommodation of those who may be disposed to contribute to its advancement, an

AUCTION ROOM

in the Front Room of his Dwelling, announces it open for the reception of

Furniture, Books

And such other articles as are usually disposed of at VENDUE. Persons sending articles to his Room, may be assured of their having the greatest care taken of them, and every exertion used to dispose of them to the best advantage. Sales at a distance and in the city attended to as usual. Also—Goods received on Commission.

N. B.—All kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice. He will be grateful for the patronage of his friends and the public.

WILLIAM McNEIR.

Annapolis, Oct. 20.

A CARD.

MISS A. M. SCHAFER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Annapolis, that she intends opening a

SCHOOL

On *Monday the 5th of September*, for the instruction of Young Ladies. The different Branches embraced in her course of Instruction are—

Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Lace, and Bead Work.

MISS SCHAFER still continues to teach Painting on Velvet, Chinese and Ebony Painting, Crystalizing and Wax Work—also Shell, Rice, and Embossed Work.

Thankful for past favours, she begs a continuance. Her residence is in Cora-lin street, three doors below the State-House.

Sept. 1, 1831. 3w.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of two writs of Fieri Facias issued out of Anne-Arundel county court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Alexander Duvall, at the suit of Robert B. Bell and Thomas H. Simmons, for the use of Murray Meredith, and Robert H. McPherson for the use of Shaw, Tiffany and Company, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, of said Duvall, in and to that tract of land whereon he resided, containing two hundred and twelve acres of land more or less, called

PIG POINT,

or whatsoever name the same may be called. And I hereby give notice, that on Friday the 11th day of November next, at 12 o'clock, A. M. at the Court House Door, in the city of Annapolis, I shall offer to the highest bidder for cash, the above described property, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid. All persons interested are requested to attend on the time of Sale.

BUSHROD W. MARRIOTT, Sh'ff.

Oct. 20.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of three writs of Venditioni Exponas issued out of Anne-Arundel County Court and to me directed, at the suit of William E. Bartlett, and Lewis Sutton, and two writs of Fieri Facias issued out of the same court at the suit of the Planters' Bank of Prince George's County and Robert H. M'Pherson for the use of Shaw, Tiffany and Company, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Dr. James Tongue, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, of said Tongue, in and to that tract of land called

ELKTON HEAD MANOR,

Whereon the said Tongue resided, and the following Negroes, to wit: Negro Man named Dick, one ditto, named Abraham, one ditto named Anthony, and one ditto named [illegible] and I hereby give notice, that on Friday the 11th day of November next, at the court house in the city of Annapolis, at 12 o'clock, I shall offer to the highest bidder for cash, the above described property, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid. All persons interested are requested to attend on the day of sale, and their interest.

BUSHROD W. MARRIOTT, Sh'ff.

Oct. 20.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Massachusetts Journal.

The following verses by Miss Gould, will compare well with Mrs Hemans. No lady in the U. S. except Mrs Sigourney, writes as well as Miss Gould; and she very seldom writes better.

TO THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Mysterious tie by the Hand above,
Which nothing below must part
Thou visible image of faithful love—
Firm union of heart and heart—
The mind to her utmost bound may run,
And summon her light in vain
To scan the twain that must still be one—
The one that will still be twain!
The best of this bosom for bears to reach
Where the other distinctly goes;
Yet, the stream that impurples the veins of each
Through the breast of his brother flows!
One grief must be felt by this two-fold mark,
As the points of a double dart;
And the joy lit up by a single spark
Is sunshine in either heart.
O, wonder to baffle poor human skill
In clay of the human mould!
But, a greater mystery all must still,
In the union of souls, behold.
Ye are living harps, by your silken strings
In a heavenly concord bound;
And who o'er one but a finger flings,
Awakens you both to sound.
But, what do you do when your slumber come,
When ye're sweetly sunken to rest?
Do your spirits side by side, fly home,
Still linked, to your mother's breast?
Did ye ever dream that your bond was broke—
That ye were asunder thrown?
And how did ye feel at the severing stroke,
When both were forever alone?
No—ye would not think of yourselves apart,
Even in fancy's wildest mood,
For, each would seem but a broken heart,
And the world a solitude!
Dear youths, may your lives be a flowery way,
And watched by your Maker's eye!
May both, at the close, one call obey
To shine as twin stars on high! H. F. G.

From the New York Mirror.

PRISON SCENES.

The heavy portals closed on me. I heard the rattlings of chains and the step of the turnkey retreating. The dampness and gloom of the dismal walls curdled my very soul. I was a prisoner, thrust in among thieves, pirates, murderers, and brutal wretches of every description. The tenderness of a woman stole into my heart, and I sat down on a broken bench in a shadowy nook, and covering my face with my hands, suffered the large hot tears to swell up and gush out freely. As the night advanced, the keeper come to me. He was a huge man, with the look of a brute. Every vile bad passion seemed to have added an expression to his scoundrel face. His eyes were small and of a greenish gray, a pointed hooked nose, enormous whiskers, and bilious sallow completion, were set off with a frown, which constant bullying among the wretches under his charge had deepened into a permanent scowl of cruelty and hatred. He had the most disagreeable voice I ever heard. It resembled the discordant cry of a savage bird of prey, and always made me shudder. His salutation was suited to his appearance.

"Here, clear out from there," he said with a shove. "It's bed time."

The blood mounted into my temples, with a passion that was painful. I raised my arm to strike, when he cut me on the head with a whalebone whip, and screamed out for a guard. He grasped me with an iron hand by the shoulder, and almost lifted me from my feet. Loading me with every epithet of insult, the keeper struck me again with his stick, while the soldier held me with the strength of a giant, and the next moment I found myself lying at full-length on the stone floor of a narrow cell, in which I perceived I was locked for the night. A faint light shone in through a grated window, and discovered two straw beds, the only furniture, on one of which sat another figure. He was motionless as a statue, and in the confusion of the moment I scarcely knew whether it was an apparition conjured up by my excited fancy, or a figure hewn out of granite, or a human being and wretched prisoner like myself. I looked at him with a fearful interest. He was of a colossal size. An expression of fixed and stern despair was in his rough and savage face; and seated on the pavement his cheek and temple rested on the outspread palm of his brawny hand. He did not even look at me, although the manner in which I was hurled into the apartment was sufficiently abrupt to have at least excited the notice of any ordinary person. There was a dead silence for a minute, during which he sat gazing steadily at the narrow piece of sky visible through the small barred window.—There was something in his attitude and aspect that made my blood cold, and sent it back from the swollen veins of my forehead, and deadened the fury which had burned to my heart.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, in a whisper so low that I scarcely knew whether it was mine or my own thought, but it sounded distinctly through the deep hush of the dungeon, and he slowly turned his large fierce eyes upon mine. As he moved, too, there was a rattling of chains; and I perceived that he was heavily fettered by manacles, which were fastened by massive iron rings close to his ankles and wrists.

"I am Lopez, señor," said he, with a foreign accent, and in a voice full of melody.

I actually started, and lay with my head drawn back as far as possible against the rough stone wall, and a feeling of horror vibrated through every nerve of my body. He was a pirate, of noted ferocity, who had committed more monstrous murders than men could enumerate. He was a by-word around the winter fire of thousands of families, and his name used to check the smile of the sailor's wife, and make the merry faces of his children turn white with awe. I remembered to have heard that this terrible ruffian had been captured, and was waiting the punishment of death in the prison of N——; but in the hurry and anguish of my own sudden calamity I had forgotten it. I was not likely to forget it again.

I began soon to distinguish his features more accurately as my eye graduated itself to the dim light, and I perceived a smile slowly break out upon the shadows of his face, betraying a line of white teeth, contrasting finely with the sable curl on his lip, and his deep lively expressive eyes light up for a moment.—He really looked beautiful. A picture of him, with that proud deliberate smile, the black soft hair curled closely upon his broad clear forehead, and the collar falling back from his athletic throat and chest, might have passed for the hero of many a romance, which steals the sweet eyes of the enamoured girl from her midnight slumber.

"Boy," he said, with a rich Spanish accent, and in the same mellow tone, which touched me like a rebuke for its gentleness, "what, are you, too, afraid? I will not hurt you. I will never hurt any one again. Let us be friends. Here is my hand."

I reached out mine, and he shook it with feeling.

"And how long have you been here, Lopez?" I asked, in some measure recovering my natural mood.

"Two months."

"And how long—" I stopped.

"You are a stranger here—no?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered; "I never was here before."

"Then I know what you want," said he. "You want to know when I shall die?"

I shuddered, and nodded my head.

"To-morrow morning," said he, with an indescribable expression, and a kind of ashy paleness setting over his features, yet in a voice remarkably firm. "I must be dragged out to-morrow like a beast before my fellow-beings, and to morrow night you will be sitting here alone—and where shall I be? Oh God! Oh God!"

The barrier of his feeling seemed to have been no longer strong enough to contain them, but to break away on a sudden, and he shook with an agitation so tremendous, that I thought his existence would end at once. Presently he recovered. It was wonderful to see him force himself back into an air of resolute calmness, and dash away the tears from his lashes.

I had always experienced a feverish curiosity respecting the effect upon the mind of a brave villain of immediate death, and began in conversation with this wretched individual to realize a fearful pleasure. He was strangely hardened upon the subject of his crimes, which he confessed freely, and in that respect only differed from other people. We have a false idea, many of us, that a murderer or professed pirate is an intrinsic monster; but I found this unfortunate being only a man—gifted with many of man's best attributes, compassion, courage, perseverance, generosity, and even delicacy of sentiment. He was only a man who had committed monstrous deeds, with the same qualities as ourselves, but led away into dark places by sophistry and passion. I name this distinction that the innocent and high-minded, in perusing the history of such a creature, may not look upon it as something with which they themselves can have no relation, but rather as a career into which they may be plunged unless ever watchful to shun the most trifling deviations from principle, and avoid cruelty or impetuosity in ordinary affairs.

As the weary hours of the night rolled on, I spoke these sentiments to the condemned pirate, and won so on his confidence that he told me I was the only being who had ever treated him with kindness since his boyhood.

"Had you possessed parents," said I, "to train you up in the proper course"—

"It was my father's cruelty," interrupted he, "that made me what I am. When once guilty, I despaired of forgiveness from man or heaven, and went on desperately shedding blood; but my father drove me from my home by a blow. A blow," he repeated with a fierce glance, as if he even yet writhed beneath it, "and I was a villain from that moment. I shall think of that to-morrow, when strangling before the thousands. I will tell you," he said, "how I was blasted when I was a boy. I was not tame and crouching, like other boys, but nature had filled me with unmanageable feelings. When any one made me angry, I lost my self-command; when they were kind to me I never forgot it. I could not sleep for gratitude. My father was a cruel man; he never loved me, and I should have left him before, but for a girl. I was only a boy, and we loved each other. One night I had been sitting with her, we had mutually promised to be faithful, and I left her with such a full happiness that I scarcely heard the stern question of my father,—"Where have you been so late, senor?" Instead of repeating it, he struck me. I dashed away like a wild deer. It happened that the very day before, I had been strongly persuaded to embark as sailor on board a ship bound for the West Indies.—I flew to the friend who had made me the offer, and accepted it. We were to sail the next day but one. My heart failed afterwards, and I went back to my dwelling in the night. It was a cloudy and blustering evening. I looked in at the window, and saw my mother and sisters: they were weeping—weeping for me—and Rosa was there too; and several times she turned her large clear blue tearful eyes full upon the window where I stood. My soul relented, and I was about to rush in when the door opened, and my father entered with his erect form, and cold, stern, cruel look. The sight of him brought back all the tumult of my bosom.—I stamped my foot and clenched my fist, then cast one look upon my aged mother, my affectionate sisters, and dear Rosa. I never saw them more. They are ignorant of my fate. Perhaps to-morrow when I am struggling in the last agonies, they will be smiling. They have forgotten me. Oh that to-morrow were past!"

I asked him if he did not repent of his crimes since committed.

"No," he answered, with the look of a demon—"No: I will glory in them. Man has haunted me, and fortune too. I have never known friendship nor kindness; and now they have taken me as others would, a monster, and will put me to death. I have no regret for any crime except one, and that, I confess, haunts me, and always has haunted me.—When I was in the Caribean sea, I commanded a piratical brig, and we boarded and took a merchantman well loaded with specie.—We murdered all the crew, cut them to pieces, or shot them down just where they happened to be. The deck was slippery with blood. They were all massacred."

"Monster!" exclaimed I,—"Execrable monster!"

"Nay," he continued, with a hoarse, horrid laugh, "that was nothing. It is no more to me at this moment than if they had been so many adders, and I had crushed their venomous heads with my heel But—"

He paused, drooped the lids over his eyes, and drew his breath in between his half closed lips, as if recalling to memory some horror which stung him acutely to the nerve.—I was almost frightened to be thus alone, at midnight, in a dungeon, with a being capable of such atrocious deeds. I thought his desperation might next induce him to grasp my throat with those giant hands, and from the very wantonness of the madness that seemed creeping over him, add one more victim to the bloody catalogue.

"Do not go on," I exclaimed, shrinking from him as far as I could. He seized my arm with startling energy. The chains upon his limbs rattled and clashed.

"But I will go on." His voice had now altered to a scream—shrill and piercing.—"I must go on, boy. You must hear it. It has been locked up in the core of my heart for years, burning and burning and burning; and if I do not reveal it to you, I shall never reveal it; for to-morrow, you know, I am to take the leap, ha, ha, ha—short time for story-telling, my friend; but I will tell you—and I would tell you," he added, with an oath that made my head swim, as his dilated eyes glared with terrible ferocity—"I would tell you, though I knew it would bring these accursed walls tumbling down about our ears. What! you are frightened my poor fellow.—Well, come," he said, relaxing his grasp and patting me on the shoulder affectionately, "Why should I injure you? Why should I rush into the presence of an already offended God, with my hands reeking and smoaking with the blood of the only one who ever looked on me with pity, or said a gentle word to me, since I turned away from those blue eyes of Rosa's, for ever and ever. Rosa" he repeated, musingly—"Rosa—why may not this be all a dream? Why may I not wake presently, and find that same sweet face bending over me, and feel the soft kind hand on my hot forehead, and hear that beloved voice, instead of the clank of chains, and open my eyes to the graceful drapery of curtains, and gaze on the soft June sky through the window, and feel these hideous dungeon walls melting away from around me as the fumes of slumber pass off."

He resumed the attitude in which he sat when I entered, and remained long without speaking. I even began to feel sleepy. For several nights I had been a watcher; and so I stretched myself down upon the thin straw and wished, like my companion, that this might be all a dream. He soon followed my example, and by his silence I thought him

"As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones."

After some time he started up and paced the narrow room with a desperate impatience, sometimes uttering such a groan that my eyes were filled with tears of compassion. He saw them as our eyes met, and I perceived that he himself was again weeping; he came to me softly, and taking my hand, kissed it, and said—

"If you wish God to bless you in your last extremity, hear me speak this secret. I will be gentle: I wish to unload my conscience. It is the only act of my life that I never could remember without trembling. I told you of the merchantman—the murder of the crew. Mother and child, husband and wife, were struck that day in each other's arms, and went down into the still sea. The bubbling water, stained with gore, told that the flood was finishing what the axe, the bullet, and the knife, had half performed. But of all these, there was one—a young girl of such a remarkable loveliness, that her perfect face touched me—even me whose red fingers were but just unlocked from the blood-wet hair of her father. The old gentleman was game. I half liked him for he showed fight to the end, and fired at me with a pistol for putting my hand under his girl's chin. Ha, ha, ha—he'd have got over that squeamishness, if he'd lived a little longer; but that could not be. The girl prayed so hard for life on any terms, that I could not resist, and we spared her. I could not but think how many throned kings, how many dukes and lords would have given their eyes almost, to have had those lips to touch and to sit still, and make those delicious blue eyes look up into their face for protection on any terms, as they did in mine. I saved her for several weeks; but we found it necessary to put into shore, and the crew began to grumble—and I thought myself that we stood a chance of a rope, should any one fall afoul of us with this tender thing on board. So one morning——" (his face grew deadly pale) "the creature was standing with me near the gangway. She seemed to have clung to me through the whole of it, and called me her preserver—and I stood with her here talking, as I might have done to Rosa herself, had I grown up in virtue and honour, and been a happy and proud husband of so much love and beauty. She had not the slightest suspicion of my purpose, and when I drew out the cutlass, she took the glittering blade in her fingers, played with the jewels on the handle, and even with a kind of sweet sportiveness fitted it to my thigh, and said "I looked the soldier well." I should have spared her at all risks, but I knew my men, and they were exchanging signs together, and the mate, who was a devil incarnate, came twice up to me with a gruff shout, "we're nearly ashore, captain!" I never shuddered at any thing before. My heart sickened, my eyes were wet, and my hand trembled. She inquired, in a voice of tenderness that could not have been assumed, if I was unwell? I put my lips to hers, and kissed her with an agony, and then the flashing cutlass descended on her curled head, and I was covered with her blood. She screamed!" Here his voice faltered—his face grew paler and paler, resembling the pallid countenance of a corse—"she clung to the shrouds; I seized her sweet form in my arms, and threw her over. Still she clung with a convulsive tenacity, and—and——"

I covered my ears to shut out the conclusion, but could not.

"She gave me one look as I cut off her hands, one of which lay bleeding on the deck. The body fell with a heavy splash into the smooth clear water. Her lovely head, with its beauteous tresses, lingered a moment on the surface—then the ripples died away quietly in extending circles. I heard her voice never again, except when the scream startles me from my midnight slumber. I have told my secret. To-morrow, at sunrise—"

He started up wildly and gazed from the window. The stars were paling their beams, and a faint light beamed from the horizon, growing every instant broader and clearer. Then the fiery streaks shot up and glanced far along the reddening arch. My companion shook his head, and calmed his manner; then he stooped, and laid his ear to the floor; a minute after the door opened, officers of justice and clergymen entered. A man gave him a white dress, which he put on in silence. His face was absolutely yellow, and a streak of white upon his upper lip betrayed his agitation; but he was firm and proud in his demeanour. He shook me once by the hand, closed his eyes a moment, and then motioned them to lead the way. There was a bustle in the prison. I sat watching the fantastic clouds burning in the east, till the dazzling rim of the sun peered above the line, as it slowly lifted its vast circumference into full view. A kind stranger in an hour brought me a ribaud, which he said Lopez had desired should be handed me, after all was over, with his last farewell. I cannot express the strange thoughts with which I looked on this token of friendship.

SEDLEY.

From "Sketches from Nature,"

BY JOHN M'DIARMID.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

"It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figured so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was, in some respects, eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though few readers require to be informed that it has been expanded into an interesting and somewhat bulky novel, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came, is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "Incomers" into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Clouden—a race, alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished time out of mind upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a labouring man; and at his death, his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker. But this the former was far from viewing in the light of a hardship—she who was so rich in sisterly, could not be deficient in filial affection—and I have been informed by Elizabeth Grierson, housekeeper to Mr. Stott, optican, Dumfries, who, when a 'lassie,' knew Helen, well, that though sometimes constrained to dine on dry bread and water, rather than pinch her poor old mother, she consoled herself with the idea that a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence, and that "she was as clear in the complexion, and looked as like her meat and work, as the rest of them."

The respectable female just named, who has herself passed the boundary line of three-score-and-ten, resided in her youth at a place called Dalawhairn, in Irongray, where her father cultivated a small farm. Helen Walker at this time—that is, at least 'sixty years since,'—was much, as the phrase goes, about her father's house; nursed her mother during her confinement, and even acted as the leading gossip at all the christenings; was respected as a conscientious auxiliary in harvest, and uniformly invited to share the good things of rural life, when the mart happened to be killed, or a melder of corn was brought from the mill. Her conversational powers were of a high order, considering her humble situation in life; her language most correct, ornate and pointed; her deportment sedate dignified in the extreme. Many of the neighbours regarded her as 'a little *pensy* body'—that is, conceited, or proud; but at the same time they bore willing testimony to her exemplary conduct and unwearied attendance on the duties of religion. Wet or dry, she appeared regularly at the parish church, and even when at home, delighted in searching the Scriptures daily. On a small round table the 'big ha' the Bible, usually lay open, and though household affairs would often call her hence,' it was observed by her visiters that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply. A thunder-storm which appals most females, had on her quite an opposite effect.—While the elemental war continued, it was her custom to repair to the door of her cottage, the knitting-geas in hand, and well-conned Bible open before her: and when questioned on the subject by her wondering neighbours, she replied, 'That she was not afraid of thunder; and that the Almighty, if such were his divine pleasure, could smite in the city, as well as in the field.' When out door labour could not be procured, she supported herself by footing stockings—an operation which bears the same relation to the hosier's craft that the cobler's does to the shoemaker's. It has been reported, too, that she sometimes taught children to read; but as no one about Clouden remembers this fact, I am inclined to regard it as somewhat apocryphal. Helen, though a woman of small stature, had been rather well-favoured in her youth.

On one occasion she told Elizabeth Grierson that she should not do as she had done, but 'winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn-door.' By this she meant, that she could not hold her head too high, by rejecting the offer of a husband when it came in her way; and when joked on the subject of matrimony herself, she confessed, though reluctantly, that she once had a sweetheart—a youth she esteemed, and by whom she imagined she was respected in turn; that her lover, at a fair time, overtook her on horseback, and that when she asked if he would take her up, answered gaily, 'That I will, Helen, if you can ride an inch behind the tail.' The levity of this answer offended her greatly, and from that moment she cast the recreant from her heart, and never, as she confessed, loved again. I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law *anent*, child murder, which passed in 1736. At this time her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his snares, and became *enceinte*, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbours, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, or Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person, and *corpus delicti*, were carried before the authorities for examination.—The unnatural mother was committed to prison; and confined in what was called the 'Thief's Hole,' in the old jail of Dumfries—a grated room on the ground floor, with her mother sometimes repaired and conversed with her through the grating.—When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that a single