

than they, have spent in frivolity and idleness. We claim no superior literary excellency for our little quarterly, though we hope it will not compare unfavorably with some that are more pretentious in style and appearance. Whatever its faults may be in other respects, we hope it shall ever be free from the vicious and immoral, and that its tendency will be to elevate and refine, rather than degrade and brutalise, the peruser of its pages.

For the present, each number will be complete in itself, and we have resolved to make the price so low, as to put it within the reach of everyone to help it along, and thus aid in cherishing a local literature, the tendency of which will be to instruct and entertain, as well as stimulate our youth to seek enjoyment in books and study, and in rational conversation, rather

than in the pursuit of pleasures which stunt the mind and debase the morals. We therefore hope for and solicit an extensive and generous patronage.

We shall be pleased to receive original contributions in the form of tales, historic sketches, short scientific essays, poetry, &c., from any one in or out of the Province, but would prefer, of course, the former. We reserve the right, however, to decline or publish as we may see fit; but all manuscripts declined, will be returned at our expense. The writer must likewise give his real name and address, and if need be a reference, so that we may be assured of his good faith and honesty: he may, however, assume in the columns of the magazine any *nom de plume* he pleases.

---

## HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

SOME years ago the inhabitants of a populous and fertile district in this Province were startled from their propriety by the commission of a murder in their midst, so boldly executed that it seemed to have been the act of some insane person, yet done with such celerity and adroitness that the most careful investigation of the authorities on the spot failed to detect a single clew that could, by any possibility, lead to the discovery of the murderer. The particulars of this affair, which have never before been published, are given to the public now, to illustrate by another picture a sad and often portrayed aspect in the history of human passion.

JAMES WHITE was a young farmer of good character and moderate means, residing in the neighbourhood spoken of, and had been two or three years married to a young woman who, in her day, had been the belle of the place, but who, after her marriage, proved one of the most affectionate and exemplary of wives. An infant son had blessed their union, and no young couple in their own sphere had ever started in life with a fairer prospect of happiness and prosperity.

One stormy night in October, a stranger, enveloped in a large cloak, called at James White's house and enquired for him, but refused the invitation of his wife, who went to the door, to go into the house. White was not in the house at the time, and the stranger, on being informed of that fact, departed, refusing to give his name.

The stranger had scarcely left the front door of the house, when White entered by the kitchen, and being informed that some one wanted to see him, he followed the stranger into the darkness. Out of that darkness he never emerged alive!

After he had been absent more than an hour, his wife became apprehensive for his safety, and, on a search being made, he was found lying dead in the lane which lead from his house to the main road, with his throat cut from ear to ear! The place where he was discovered bore the marks of a severe struggle, but otherwise there was nothing to indicate whether one person or more than one had been engaged in the murder, at least nothing that so appeared to the parties who made the investigation.

The horror and alarm which this occurrence caused in the vicinity was most intense, and it is needless to say that the utmost zeal was evinced by every person in the parish to discover and bring the murderer to justice. A number of the Magistrates of the County proceeded to the spot and made an investigation, examining the premises with the greatest care, and it appeared as if nothing could have escaped their notice, yet they found nothing to throw any light on the mystery of the murder.

The wife of the deceased could give no account of the personal appearance of the man who had called to see her husband, and did not recognize him by his voice as any one within the circle of her acquaintances. In consequence