

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder one, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen," they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in childhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about it was his delight to gather the May gowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "pathies" (1) side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive notes were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labor whistling like a black bird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paudeen O'Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, four-part reel, or rowly powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or The Rakes of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at weddings and Christmas carousals none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *caubeen* (2) set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting car; and in the farmhouse and the jaunting car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him build his castles in America; and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time, "And Jimmy, *maivourneen*, (3) if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me? You will send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget you!" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom:—"When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, may I'll forget you, *maivourneen dheelish*." (4)

Amid often repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them all in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses, indeed!" she exclaimed; "shame be on you for speaking that same! and he the dearest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him as I do, or you'd never be after speaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indeed it is. But oh, *wurrah dheelish*, (5) let him not sicken and die there in a strange country, and the sister not there to die for him!" And overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
"SAYS."



RULES: DO THIS AND LIBERTY
Gent. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 11, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 12, 1845.

James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About 7 months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and, by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Troth, and he'd do well any where. He was always a decent, clane, spirited boy, as there was widin a great ways of him.—Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the Balhorm jig wid him, any how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post office; for he promised if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of heaven, to ascertain whether James was dead or alive and send them word as soon possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant railroad, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"Dear Frinds;—Black and hevy is my hart for the news I have to tell you.—James is in prison, cancarin a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears, when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James sense I come to Ameriky; but I heern tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your harts from sinkin down with this hevy sorrow.

Your frind and nabor,
MIKE MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that poor and honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face.—"Och, wo is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Sich a decent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all harts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the hart of him better nor any of you does; and I know he never had intin-tion to do any thing that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both veeny things. I'll go to Ameriky, and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother.

"Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *colcen machree*, (6) or you'd niver spake them words."

"And wouldn't he follow me to the ends of the earth if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness. "There was always kindness in him for all human crathurs; but he loved me better for all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew him as I did. Proud was I out of him, and lonesome in my heart without him. And is it I will have him alone wid his trouble? Troth, not if there was ten oceans atween us."

This vehemence subsided after a while, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood. That all their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day their frugal meals removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when called to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning-wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and she said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped

out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potatoe patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well by the side of which the May gowans grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed, that she served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms around the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the old homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed, in an agony of sorrow: "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, niver to see thim agin, till the judgment day, thou oh! Father in heaven, wilt thou forgive me; for thou seest I can not leave him alone wid his great trouble!"

Then crossing herself, she said, in a stifled voice, "The Father of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep you all."

Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moon-lighted hills, and when her favorite cow called as usual for her milking pail, in the first blush in the morning, she was already far on her way to Dublin.

And had James been criminal? In the eye of the law he had been; but his sister was right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up, and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger: for I am going away in a hurry, and have no time to get one made."

James was as unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer.—Some weeks after he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, and he found, to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which better educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I just put it off on somebody else. May be it will keep going the rounds, or that somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly, but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the State Prison for 15 years; but appearances were so much in his favor, that the court sentenced him for 5 years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction, that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt most keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good old mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers, tore his soul in anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the bound of his step were gone. Day after day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be; and a moment after he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time nothing but sobs were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces, then fell on each other's neck, and wept again.

"And so you knew me, *maivourneen*!" said Nora, at last trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you?" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "A *cushla machree*, (7) and wouldn't I know your shadow on the wall of the darkest cellar they could put me in? But who came wid you, *maivourneen*?"

"Troth, and it was alone I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to leave the good father and mother when they had spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displeasing to God.—But Jimmy, *machree*, my heart was broken widout you; and I couldn't leave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure its long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us a know of your misfortin."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Nora, "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who said that that better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, *maivourneen*. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be out of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *dheelish*, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down.

"They will say I am a convict."

"Sorra a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't I know the hart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intentions, though you was shut up in this bad place? And if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, is it Nora would be after leaving you alone wid you sin and your shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there was no sin in your heart; and proud I am of you, a *suilish machree*; (8) and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into all this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come agin?" said James imploringly. "You will come to me agin, *acushla machree*?"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the hart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But it will be a comfort, *maivourneen* to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain says I may stay with his family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, a *villish*. (9) The same moon shines here that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear old Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think may be Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shamrock and gowan in the hair. I will work, and lay by money for you; and when you come out of this bad place it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, a *suilish machree*."

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered, "Ah, Nora, *maivourneen*, its yourself that was always too good to me. God's blessing be wid you, *acushla machree*. It will go hard wid me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure its no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after leaving me alone, and I in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure it's nothing at all. Any body would do it. You're as decent and clever a lad as iver you was. Sing that to your heart, *maivourneen*. It's Nora that will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her beloved brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and, with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labor. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

"Hope's sunshine lingered on his prison wall,
And Lovz looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and led him forth into the sunshine and the free air. Rev. John Lucky, the chaplain, whose name will live in the grateful recollection of many a poor prisoner, received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel, and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 13 Pine-street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic. At this place he would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all the branches of any business, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of the prison.—What James had been accustomed to do he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all the mechanic required, and

was therefore kindly and honorably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he came to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them.—They, of course, consented very cordially, and told him to remember that, so long as he behaved well, they would always be friends in need. His sister was with him, like his shadow, and their earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

They are doing well, and doubtless will do well. May the blessing of our Father be with them. They are two of the kindest hearts and most transparent souls, among that reverent, loving, confiding, but impulsive people, who, above all others, deserve to be called the little children of the nation.

(1) Potatoes. (2) Cap. (3) Barling. (4) Sweet darling. (5) Sweet Virgin. (6) Pet of my heart. (7) Pulse of my heart. (8) Light of my heart. (9) Dear.

[From the American Penny Magazine.]

The Christian Alliance propose to us the people of Italy, as the first object of interest. Truly there is much in their present condition to recommend them to our special attention. While most other nations of Europe partake, with some degree of freedom, of the intellectual light which pervades our own country, Italy is denied its enjoyment, under severe penalties. Although the fact is not generally realized here, knowledge of the most important kinds is now as much prohibited in some parts of Italy, as it was in England four centuries ago, and indeed under penalties at that time unknown. Yet there are not wanting those who desire information. Many of the Italians have travelled abroad, and seen the practical influence of principles the opposite of those which prevail in their own country. They have been enabled to cast off false opinions, instilled into their minds by their teachers, and to rise above the prejudices of their education. There are now perhaps not fewer than twenty thousand exiles in different countries, who cannot live in freedom at home without denying their principles; and many of whom are already robbed of property, and sentenced to imprisonment or death, for no immorality, but merely for conscience sake.

In short, there are multitudes, at home and abroad, who desire to have the truth introduced into Italy, and diffused among the people, especially religious truth; and, with affecting earnestness, a solemn appeal was first made by some of them to our countrymen about three years ago, which was the first step towards the formation of that Society which has already risen to such distinguished favor among us. It may perhaps be asserted that no other philanthropic association in America has ever received such evidence of enthusiastic feelings among us as the Christian Alliance. No doubt the Bull of the Pope has made its objects to be better appreciated; but no man who considers for a moment the character of our countrymen, and the affecting claims presented to them by the people of Italy, can fail to see, that the promotion of religious liberty throughout the world, by legitimate, enlightened and peaceful means, is a most appropriate undertaking for us, and that the "Bible for Italy" is a cry that must of necessity inspire us all with animation, zeal, and enthusiasm. The reason is, that the effects of the introduction of that book into that land, must be powerful, general and lasting. Think of the results, first in Italy, then in countries under the influence of Italy! But is it possible? That is the question often asked with great doubt in months past. But who will ask it now, since the Pope himself has decided it by the strongest affirmation he can give?

Hence the feelings excited by the late crowded meetings of the Christian Alliance in New York and Boston. The plan is feasible; the castle of midnight, whose dark shadow has spread over Europe and many other countries the gloom under which they have lain for more than a thousand years, is accessible to light; her very garrison supplicate us to withhold it no longer; and we have only to train our printing presses to bear point blank upon the walls and battlements, to gain, for the human race, a glorious, a mighty, and a bloodless victory.

Death from Tobacco.—We learn from the Dedham Democrat that a little boy of six years old, son of Mr. Lewis Cobbet, of West Dedham, went to the store of Mr. Jason Ellis, Jr., in that place, and asked the clerk, a boy by the name of Hank, for some kind of confectionary—that he was told they had no sugar plums, but he could have some tobacco. The child replied that tobacco would make him sick. The clerk argued that it would not, and took a cracker and put on some butter and molasses and tobacco, and succeeded in some way in getting it down the child. The little fellow was taken with vomiting soon after, and continued to do so for several days, and at length went into fits, and finally died on Thursday, the 6th instant.

FLATTERING INFERENCE.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always do on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

IRISH COLLEGES.

In the debate on the Mayo Bill, which has been going on in the British Parliament for some time, the loyalty of the Irish Catholics was impugned by the opposition. The Earl of Roden mentioned an anecdote which showed a strong feeling of attachment for our own country in the college for which the grant is proposed. The Earl of Roden urged as an objection to the grant, that the students of the institution entertained disloyal sentiments. He said that on Christmas and St. Patrick's night festivities were indulged, and on one of these occasions, the Earl remarked:

"A priest in the county of Kerry was selected to show off his vocal powers on one of those nights; he chose from his collection of songs, one composed by a Roman Catholic Bishop of America. Of the loyalty or disloyalty of this poetic effusion, I leave the meeting to judge. I shall repeat a few lines of it from memory:

"Columbia's banner floats on high,
Her eagle soars on its prey;
Then Erin wipe thy tearful eye,
And cheer thy hopes on Patrick's day.
"The toast we'll drink is Albion's fall,
And Erin's joy on Patrick's day."

"In a college supported by a royal grant, and in the presence of above six hundred lay men, you would expect that such treason was instantly scouted;—no; it was cheered and encouraged. This song was sung in all directions through the college, and I never heard that the professors or acting superiors censured or rebuked those who sung this disloyal production."

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.

It is a matter of gratification to the friends of education and of our town, to note the steady increase of scholars, and other indications of ultimate and permanent success in our High School. Now on the roll and in regular attendance there are seventy students. The minds of those very kindhearted and charitable individuals, at a distance, who say that the number of the School is made up of little boys, who have to be attended by their nurses, may be set at ease: the idea should not be suffered to torture their tender feelings any longer. There are only eleven or twelve of the whole number whose scholastic advancements do not require that they shall pay full tuition. And there are in the High School no greater proportion of small scholars than was usual in the Institute.

It is desirable that the public should understand, the Greensboro' High School is not a rival of the Caldwell Institute or of any other institution; but that it is alone emulous of the highest character that can attach to an institution of its grade, and that under the Trustees who have been chosen, and the Faculty who have its management, it will sustain that character. The school will continue to be worthy the long-cherished fame of Guilford as an ancient seat of learning.—Greensboro' Patriot.

From the New Orleans Picayune, June 31.
THE CAMANCHES AND THE MEXICANS.

Our readers may recollect that our latest accounts from the northern borders of Texas represented that a large body of Camanches were encamped on Little River, and that the head chiefs had sent in a runner to President Jones, asking his permission to allow their families to remain in the Buffalo range near the frontier, while the warriors of the tribe went on an expedition against the Mexicans. It was only until we saw a recent number of the Red Lander that we were made acquainted with the causes which have induced the Camanches to plan a new and grand attack upon the frontier settlements.

It would seem that not long since Pa-chin-a-quah-lip, or Buffalo Hump, one of the principal Camanche chiefs, was sent to Mexico with three men, who were also chiefs, two women and a child, to offer peace to that people. On arriving at Presidio Rio Grande, a military station below El Paso del Norte, they were greeted by the Mexicans with every demonstration of friendship, and directed to proceed to San Fernando on their pacific mission. When they first reached that place they were again treated in a friendly manner—the citizens made every demonstration of peace and escorted them to the public square; but before they had time to dismount they were fired upon by an armed force, that had been concealed in the houses, which killed three men and one woman. The other woman and child, who were the wife and child of Buffalo Hump, were taken prisoners, and he alone succeeded in making his escape. This act of treachery has exasperated the Camanches to such a degree that they have sworn summary vengeance, and the force with which they intended to attack the frontier settlements of Mexico consisted of over one thousand of their picked warriors. If they have really started on the expedition we shall hear of the enactment of bloody scenes before the summer is over.

Singular Law Case.—The New Orleans Crescent City has the following notice of a case tried in that city:

CITY COURT.—Before Judge Collins.—A novel case was decided, yesterday, in this court, in which a boy aged about 10 years was claimed by two persons, each maintaining that she was the real mother.—The plaintiffs, John Paul and Martha Paul his wife, had lost their son about two weeks ago, and some few days since had been informed that the defendant, Mrs. Hughes, had the boy in her possession.—The latter had lost a son some three years and a half ago, and found this child whom she and some friends said they identified as the child lost at that time by Mrs. Hughes. The case occupied the Court for three days, but judgment was given in favor of the plaintiffs, it having been satisfactorily proved that the boy was the son of John and Martha Paul. For some time, he (the child) persisted in stating that he really was the son of Mrs. Hughes, and denied his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, and it was not until he was removed from the influence of Mrs. Hughes' presence that he admitted his real identity. We believe that this is a case without precedent, except the one stated to have been brought before King Solomon, which is recorded in the Bible.