THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FONWARD. $1,50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1851. NUMBER 48.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER:

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

☞ All communications *must* be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year,	$3,00
One square " " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Than rient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale Office in Beauty's Block, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERON STUART.
Surgeon and Physician—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, one door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

R. T. STERRETT,
Has constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c., &c.; and sells Wholesale or Retail as cheap as the cheapest. No. 119, Cheapside Erie.

WM. S. LANE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Revolutionary, army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra-pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention.
Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's store. Erie, Oct. 19.

LAIRD & RUST,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Liquors, Flour, Fish, Salt &c., corner of State street and the Public square, near the Court House.
WILSON LAIRD. LUCIAN RUST.

GALEN B. KEENE,
Fashionable Tailor, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel up stairs. CUTTING done on short notice. tf

OLIVER SPAFFORD,
Bookseller and Stationer, and Manufacturer of Blank Books and Writing Ink, corner of the Diamond and Sixth street.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office on State Street, three doors north of Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

COMPTON & HAVERSTICK,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, and Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Distillers, and Manufacturers of Saleratus, Cheapside, and corner of French and Penn Streets, Erie, Pa.

J. B. NICKLIN,
Special and general Agency and Commission business, Franklin, Pa.

RUFUS REED,
Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

W. J. F. LIDDLE & Co.
Locksmiths, Carriage and Wagon Builders, State Street, between seventh & Eighth, Erie.

L. STRONG, M. D.
Office, the Door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Doct. A. Beebe, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence on Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

C. SIEGEL,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c., &c Corner of French and Fifth Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

JOHN McCANN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, &c., No. 2, Fleming Block. Erie, Pa.
☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce. tf

J. GOALDING.
Merchant Tailor, and Habit-Maker.—Store, No. 5 Reed's Block, (opposite the Bonnell Block) State Street, Erie.

J. W. WETMORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa

HENRY CADWELL,
Retailer, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below French's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office, 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 114½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard B. Kimball, Esq., 52 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

JOHN ZIMMERLY,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH, JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

EDWIN J. KELSO & CO.
General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
E. J. Kelso & Co.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Waite-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Averill

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classica School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 8, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 3, Reed House, Erie.

LAND AGENCY.
The subscriber acts as a General Land Agent and Land Broker for Lands in Erie county, Pa. Several farms, from 20 to 200 acres, wanted, by good purchasers, if offered cheap.
Erie, Feb. 22, 1851.—tf. WILSON KING.

Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer.

PHRENOLOGY.

BY MISS J. R. K.

Away with all doubt and misgiving,
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No man can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple,
No longer their witchery fling—
That lover, indeed, must be simple,
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances,
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And love by the bumps we explore:
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed;
The heart has no passion within it,
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Causality, finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see:
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practiced on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature,
As mild as an Angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears.
Destructiveness, terrible omens,
Most vilely developed did lie!
(Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The *organ of Speech* was in Fanny?
I shuddered—'twas terribly strong!—
Then fled, for I'd rather that any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved no one but me—
How the look and the index could vary,
For naught but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, slily betraying
In Helen, a passion to roam,
Spoke such a predilection for straying,
Thought I, she'll be never at home.
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind,
While others had all that was horrid,
In terrible swellings behind.

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls, I believe,
Capacious or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head,
So I said I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

Meadville, Pa., April 1851.

Choice Miscellany.

EDITH; OR, REVENGE.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.—*Milton.*

"Are you not suffocated in this crowd, Bringhurst?" enquired Ernest Wharton of a friend, who stood with him in a recess of a crowded saloon. "It seems to me that Mrs. Russell prides herself on the number of persons she collects at her *fêtes*. For my part, I prefer fewer people with greater comfort. Ladies, however, think differently. But who is that superb woman leaning on Woodhull's arm?" he suddenly exclaimed, interrupting himself.

"And is it possible that you do not know the beautiful Mrs. Beresford?" returned his friend. "Why, man, she has reigned unrivalled these three seasons."

"You forgot, Bringhurst, that I have been absent more than four years, and have only just arrived. I have seen the beauties of every Court in Europe, but never one who could compare with that imperial creature. What an enviable man is her husband! Who could not be a Paris for the sake of such a Helen?"

"Her husband does not prize her beauty highly; neither is his position quite so enviable as you suppose," replied Bringhurst; "strange to say, he is fascinated by the charms of an artful woman, in no respect the equal of his wife."

"It is very strange," said Wharton, musingly; "pray, introduce me?"

"Certainly," replied Bringhurst, "come along with me."

Edeth Beresford was a proud, imperious, although a warm-hearted woman. When she married, three years before, she loved her husband almost to idolatry, and he was equally fond of her. At first they were happy, very happy; but unfortunately, Mr. Beresford was one of those fickle minded persons whose affection soon fades, who constantly require new objects of interest. He loved his wife as dearly as his nature would allow, but he could not appreciate her high-souled nobility of character. Her deep, ardent love was a mystery; still, as it gratified his vanity and selfishness, he prized it.

Such a marriage could not fail to prove unhappy.—He soon grew weary of his wife, who was destined to become like desolate "Cousin Amy," of Tennyson's passionate "Locksley Hall:"

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

Such at last became the position of the queenly Edith Beresford.

Edith, however, soon penetrated the real character of her husband, which had been carefully disguised during his position as a lover. She bore patiently with his natural infirmities of disposition; but when she saw the heart, which she felt should be only her own, laid at the feet of another, her indignation knew no bounds.

Eugenia Milford was a rival beauty, who had aspired to the position which Edith now held. She failed, and in a fit of anger, vowed revenge. She knew Edith's devotion to her husband; was aware of his fickle character, and at once resolved to pierce the heart of her opponent in its tenderest part. True to her purpose, all her arts were directed to the conquest of Mr. Beresford. He fell an easy, almost an unresisting victim, and was now her willing slave. But while he bowed to another, he insisted on the most perfect devotion from Edith, and, indeed, boasted that no matter how he might act toward *her*, she still would idolize *him*.

Edith was astonished and indignant at her husband's conduct. Her imperious temper arose to its full height; mutual recrimination ensued, and their home became a scene of constant discord. Thus stood matters at the time when our story begins. Edith was the queen of every heart but one, and that—she had ceased to prize. Injured, deposed, trampled on, her love for her husband was fast sinking into contempt, from which it was soon destined to degenerate into implacable hatred.

It was near the end of the season, and they were already planning their summer tour, when an incident occurred which banished every hope of future happiness from the wretched pair. In one of their daily scenes of mutual upbraiding, Mr. Beresford was almost beside himself with rage at her words and manner.

"I were better, far better," he exclaimed, "that you had married some brute, who would have administered bodily chastisement in return for your insulting language!"

"Which is more than you have courage to do, my brave husband," she taunt ingly replied, a mocking devil in her lip and eye.

"Edith, Edith, be careful what you say!"

"I do not fear you; you dare not strike me!"

"Edith, taunt me no more!"

"Oh! what a noble soul," ironically exclaimed the misguided wife. "Edith, Edith, my wife," she continued, "do not mock me—do not jeer at me; I feel that I am unable to control my generous rage."

Maddened by her taunting words, he struck her. She staggered, but recovering herself, stood before him the personification of a beautiful fury.

"Paul Beresford!" she almost shouted, in a voice hoarse with passion, "you call yourself a man, and you have struck a woman! The last drop has fallen into the cup of my wrongs. Now listen to me! When I married you I loved you as few women ever love. I soon discovered the unworthiness of my idol. Love became contempt—it was turned to hatred; but I will be revenged!"

"Oh, Edith, forgive—forgive me!" exclaimed her instantly repentant husband. "I was mad—I knew not what I did. Forgive me! and if the deepest penitence can atone for the past—can efface it—we may yet be happy."

"Happy!" she replied, scornfully; "would the eagle and the raven live happily in the same eyrie? Forgive you! Never—never! Think you that Edith Beresford can turn and kiss the hand that smote her?"

"I conjure you by the memory of our former love—"

"Our *love*—why yours belonged long since to Eugenia Milford, and mine—mine is dust and ashes! Did I not tell you that I hated you?"

He knelt before her, and entreated and prayed for forgiveness; but in vain; Edith would not, could not forgive the indignity she had suffered, and persisted in her vow of vengeance.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Beresford descended from her carriage in front of a large, old-fashioned house in Chestnut street. An impatient pull at the bell knob brought a servant to the door, and she was conducted to the drawing room. There an old gentleman, in dressing gown and slippers, was seated in an easy chair, reading the morning paper. He arose in evident astonishment as Mrs. Beresford entered the room.

"Edith, child," he exclaimed, "what brings you here so early?"

"Important business, uncle," she hastily replied.—"Let me be sure we are alone, and I will tell you all."

Passing to the adjoining room, she secured the entrance to the hall, then the door communicating with the apartment where her uncle sat, and finally that by which she had entered. The old gentleman, in the mean time, was silent with amazement.

"Now are we safe from eavesdroppers?" she asked. "Quite safe?"

"Y-e-s—y-e-s, quite safe," replied the old man; "but good gracious, Edith, what is the matter? Are you mad?"

"Not quite, although nearly so. Now listen to me! You know how I idolized Paul Beresford when I married him. Well, a few months passed happily, when he [illegible] another—nay, do not start—I tell you a [illegible] and naughtily elapsed when he gave his worthless heart to the keeping of Eugenia Milford. She was my rival; I conquered her, and this was her revenge. I complained, and he mocked my love; he even triumphed in the wound my pride had received—and yet, I bore with him; but yesterday he struck me—yes, struck me—and I must be revenged! I loved him once; I hate him now. I once yielded my heart to love; now hatred pervades my whole being!"

She paused from sheer inability to speak longer, and sank on a sofa, exhausted.

"And what do you propose to do, my poor child?" inquired her uncle, placing his hand upon her head. "Do you intend to leave him and procure a divorce? Remember you can always find a home here with me."

"Yes, uncle, I mean to be separated from him, but not by a divorce," returned Edith, rising. "I will tell you my plan—on one condition, however—that you take the oath which I will propose."

"My promise should be enough to one whom I have always treated as my own child," replied Mr. Fleming.

"I know your word is sacred as Holy Writ, uncle, under general auspices; but circumstances might arise, in which you would consider it your duty to break your pledge. I must provide against such a contingency; and unless you do as I require I may not trust you with my scheme. Nay, if you even hesitate, I must act alone."

"I will do what you wish," replied Mr. Fleming.

"Well, listen to the formula of the oath, and then repeat it after me. I swear by my hope of heaven, by my fear of hell, by all I love, or prize, or revere in the present, past or future, never to reveal by look, word or sign, the secret about to be revealed to me by my niece, Edith Beresford; and may God so deal with me as I keep my oath."

"Edith, I cannot take such an oath."

"Good morning, uncle!"

"Nay, stay. Is this the only condition?"

"It is."

"Then be it as you please; I will take the oath."

It was done.

"Now tell me, Edith, what you intend to do."

She told him.

"Edith, I will never consent to such an act," he exclaimed, rising and pacing the floor.

"It must be, uncle. My choice lies between life and revenge, death and forgetfulness."

"Well, well, so be it. But, Edith, had I ever dreamed that the lovely little prattler, who made my home so happy, would become the fierce, vindictive woman before me, I should have prayed to God to take her in her innocence."

The old man wept.

"Dear uncle, do not unnerve me by your tears. I need all my strength. My husband wrought the change. He found me innocent, loving, trusting. He made me what I am. But he shall pay the penalty."

A fortnight later, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford left for Niagara, although it was much earlier than they usually repaired thither. A week later the papers announced the "untimely death of the young and lovely Mrs. Beresford." She had risen early as usual and walked out unattended. When breakfast was served she did not appear, and her husband set out to look for her. A shawl that she had worn, together with one of her gloves, were found on the bank near the Falls, and a handkerchief with her name embroidered on it had caught on the dead limb of a tree which projected over the water. There was no doubt the unfortunate lady had ventured too near the edge of the cliff, and had fallen down the abyss.

Mr. Beresford returned home immediately, and considering how little he had loved his wife while she was living, his profound grief was astonishing. Remorse probably added to its poignancy.

Two years had elapsed since Paul Beresford lost his wife. The London season had just commenced, when an unusual excitement was created in theatrical circles, by the announcement that an actress of the most extraordinary genius was about to make her *debut*. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the rehearsals, said that she was magnificently beautiful; that her motions were the perfection of grace; her voice exquisitely clear and musical. Her name was Edith Evelyn, her parentage unknown; but she was evidently an Englishwoman. Rumor created many romantic histories for her. Now she was the daughter of a noble family—poor, but proud—who had resolved to retrieve the embarrassments of her parents by her talents. Again, she was the wife of an unfortunate merchant, striving to assist him in his difficulties. Another time she was betrothed to a poor man, whom she loved, and she had sought the stage as the only means by which she could acquire wealth sufficient for their wants, intending to marry as soon as it was attained. These different reports gained credence among the romantic portion of the world, while the more sober thinkers suggested that most probably she had been intended for the stage from childhood; but had been kept back until her genius was fully developed.

The great night arrived, and long before the curtain rose, the theatre was crowded to excess. Boxes, pit, galleries, doorways, passages—every place where a human being could stand, was filled. The *moments* dragged on wearily to the impatient crowd. At length the overture commenced; the music was exquisite, but it was listened to with impatience. At last the footlights brightened—the little bell rang—the curtain slowly rose, and in a second the new actress stood before them, as calm, as self possessed as though surrounded by friends alone. Shouts of applause greeted her appearance, and several minutes elapsed before she could proceed in her part.

The curtain fell on the first act. Then arose cries for "Evelyn, Evelyn." The curtain rose again, and the idol of the evening bowed gracefully before the multitude. The audience arose: handkerchiefs waved; bouquets, bracelets, jewels of rare value fell at her feet.—Never before had the walls of Drury Lane witnessed so triumphant a *debut*.

At the end of the performance, several gay young noblemen hastened behind the scenes, hoping to be presented to the star of the night. But they were disappointed: Miss Evelyn was not in the green-room; and the manager told them it was useless to seek her, since she had expressly stipulated that no person whatever should be permitted to intrude on her in the theatre; and that no one should be brought to her dwelling without her knowledge and consent.

"Where does she live?" asked Lord Morton, eagerly.

"I have promised not to reveal her residence," replied the manager.

"What a prude!" exclaimed Lord Ross.

"A *ruse* to attract greater attention by exciting our curiosity," suggested Lord Belton, who prided himself on being the *greatest roue* in town.

"I think not," replied Lord Morton. "She may really wish to exclude herself from society, particularly from the class of gentlemen who usually seek a new actress." "I believe, perhaps, that this unusual prudishness in an actress is not affectation," returned Lord Belton.

"I do," replied Morton. "Why should not an actress be as virtuous, as refined and delicate as any of her sex, off the boards?"

"Their method of life forbids it," exclaimed Belton. "Could a truly refined and delicate woman face thousands of eyes with a calm possession which Miss Evelyn betrayed? Would any innately nice [illegible] circumstances might render it necessary for her to do so," replied Morton.

"I will not quarrel with your belief, Morton," said Belton; "but pray do not talk to me of the virtue of an actress," and with these words the young men separated.

"Were you presented to Miss Evelyn, Eustace?" said Lady Clara Morton to her brother, as they rode home from the theatre. "I observed that you left the box at the end of the play."

Morton related the conversation that had occurred between him and the manager.

"I am glad that she acts thus," exclaimed Lady Clara, "for I never saw a woman with whom I was so perfectly fascinated. And I am very anxious to know her. Don't you think that mother will permit me to do so? Pray, intercede for me."

Lady Clara was an only daughter, and an invalid. So, after a slight resistance, her whim was gratified by her indulgent parents, and Edith Evelyn soon became a welcome guest at the stately mansion of the Morton's.—Visited and caressed by a family so aristocratic, Miss Evelyn was soon as eagerly sought after in private as she was in public life, and few assemblies were considered perfect without her presence. She neither desired society nor shunned it; but it became very apparent when she did appear in the highest circles, that she moved in an accustomed and appropriate sphere.

Admirers pressed eagerly around her; but she was careless of their homage; The greatest, the noblest, the wealthiest were calmly and coldly rejected. Her heart seemed callous both to love and ambition. Steadily pursuing her professional life, its cares and toils were nothing to her energetic perseverance. She rejoiced only in the triumphs she won as an actress. Success in that field were evidently the objects of her cares, for the gold which she gathered was freely lavished on the poor and needy. While those around admired her wonderful genius, they could not but confess their astonishment, that one who could so truly and startingly depict the passions of the human heart, was in private so entirely unmoved by them: Who could breathe, "I love," in such deep thrilling tones on the stage, and who could say, "I do not love" so calmly, when earnest affection was freely offered in private life.

The fascination which Lady Clara Morton declared the actress exercised over her, increased in proportion as her health declined, until she only seemed contented when in her society; and her fond mother was most grateful to Miss Evelyn, or Edith, as she was more familiarly called, for the kind attention which she bestowed on the beloved invalid. Lord Eustace passed much of his time with his sister, to whom it soon became evident that his admiration for her friend had deepened into a tender feeling. Knowing Edith's coolness as she did, she trembled for his happiness; and when in return to her anxious inquiries, he declared his love for Miss Evelyn, she entreated him if possible to quell it since she feared it was a hopeless passion. He, however, persisted and proposed to Miss Evelyn. He was gently, but firmly rejected. In vain did Lady Clara plead for him; in vain did his mother, her pride of birth softened by his misery, entreat Edith to become his wife. She wept and expressed much regret for his unhappy passion, but declared her inability to return it.

"You will learn to love him if you once become his bride," urged the mother. "You cannot be so cold hearted as to be incapable of love. Or can it be possible that your affections are engaged?"

"I do not love another," replied Edith; "but there is an insurmountable obstacle to my uniting myself to your son. I respect and esteem him in a higher degree than any man I know, but I cannot—I dare not love him."

"Edith, Edith, explain this dreadful obstacle," exclaimed the mother, "it may—it must be removed."

"It is impossible. I can never be your son's wife; for alas! I am already married."

The duchess started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet.

"Married! can it be? How is this? Where you husband?"

Edith explained, and the duchess sat for several minutes in silence.

"He may yet hope!" she finally exclaimed.

"No, lady, no; I shall never wed again—never! I devoted my life to a stern purpose, and when that is wrought I have nothing left to live for. My short existence has been a sad one, and some of the deepest pangs I have ever felt arise from the knowledge of the pain I have given you and yours. Believe me, I would make any sacrifice that conscience would permit, to ensure your son's happiness. But his wife I cannot—dare not be. Such happiness is not for me, and while his love is an honor which an empress might covet, for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not accept it—dare not think of it—Pity me, madam; but do not curse me as the cause of so much misery."

The next day the papers announced that Edith Evelyn the actress, would shortly visit America. She had previously declared her intention of doing so; but the period of her departure had not been named. Now, however, the public were informed, that she would sail in a fortnight, and also, that after a short tour in the United States, she intended to retire from the stage.

Rumors were immediately circulated, that at last her heart had succumbed to love's sweet influence, and each of her more prominent admirers was, in turn, reported to be the happy man. In the meantime the theatre was nightly crowded, and the audience seemed to exhaust their fancy in their many endeavors to testify their admiration.

The last night came, and the actress, usually so calm, was evidently struggling to master her emotion, as she bowed to the audience, when, in obedience to their summons, she appeared at the end of the play. Her strong will seemed to conquer her feelings, until her eyes encountered those of Lord Morton, as he threw a small bouquet of forget-me-nots on the stage. A low sob from his sister was echoed by another from the actress, who immediately ran off the stage. The applause was renewed, and the manager came forward and apologized for Miss Evelyn, who, he said, had fainted from excessive emotion, and was unable to appear before them again.

A few months later, Paul Beresford sat at the breakfast-table with his wife; he had been married two years to Eugenia Milford.

"Mr. Beresford, do not forget to procure a box at the theatre during Miss Evelyn's engagement. You better attend to it this morning; she will be here but a very short time, and everybody is anxious to see her."

Mr. Beresford meekly acquiesced; indeed he never refused to do the fair Eugenia's bidding, for a hint at his conduct to his first wife, whom she was careful he should never forget, invariably made him succumb.

The great English actress, of whom rumor had circulated such wonders, was at last in America. The reports of her beauty, genius, and success that had crossed the ocean, had excited great anxiety to see this prodigy. Ladies were curious to view the woman who, it was said, had rejected all that ambition could aspire to, or love require in her suitors. Gentlemen stroked off their mustachios, and, glancing in the mirror, wondered who would be the fortunate, and envied man that should secure her heart.

She appeared three nights in New York, where her triumphs were as great as in London, when she repaired to Philadelphia, refusing, however, to engage for a longer period than a week, during which time a new play, written by herself, was to be produced. She received the production of this piece were completed; and a fortnight elapsed before the impatient curiosity of the public was gratified.

At last the night arrived, and the anxious crowd greeted the great actress with every token of admiration When she came forward and bowed, her eyes ran round the audience, and as Paul Beresford caught the glance, his face became pale as death.

"It it impossible," he murmured, after a moment's reflection, "nevertheless the resemblance is great."

His wife too seemed equally astonished.

"Did you ever see so wonderful a likeness?" she whispered. "Miss Evelyn, however, is more beautiful."

A groan of agony escaped from his lips, which caused his wife to remind him sharply where he was. His agitation, however, had not been observed; for the crowd were eagarly watching the great stranger who stood before them. As the evening advanced, glasses were levelled at Miss Evelyn by several of the *elite* present with more interest than a perfect stranger, however noted, could be supposed to excite in those who pride themselves on their indifference. Paul Beresford saw many eyes glance alternately at Miss Evelyn and himself, and felt that others recognized the same wonderful resemblance to his first wife that had so startled him.

Edith Evelyn's reception in Philadelphia was even more rapturous, if possible, than any that she had previously received; and much regret was expressed that her engagement was so limited. Paul Beresford seemed perfectly enchanted by her powers. Night after night he watched her every word and glance with painful eagerness. He never applauded, but sat with his eyes dilated and fixed upon her, as though he momentarily expected to hear some terrible confirmation of anguish to himself—too terrible even for thought to dwell on. His wife, too, seemed to partake of his fears, as partly secluded from observation in a private box, she watched the actress with wonderful attention. Miss Evelyn, however, seemed either heedless or unconscious of their gaze so constantly bent on her, and never raised her eyes to the box where they sat.

It was the last night of her engagement in Philadelphia, and her new play was to be performed for the first time. Paul Beresford and his wife were there as usual. When the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came forward, robed in the style in which his Edith dressed, with her hair similarly arranged.

"Edith!" burst unconsciously from his lips.

But the actress, if she heard, did not heed the exclamation.

The play commenced, and Paul Beresford leaned forward to catch every word that might fall from her lips.

The opening of the scene was the betrothal of two lovers, and the play portrayed the gradual change from the deep love in the heart of the maiden, to the most intense hatred, with a mad thirst for revenge in that of the wife. The language was strong, beautiful, expressive; the acting was—not acting, but nature! As the play proceeded, Paul Beresford recognized his own and first wife's history, and the cold sweat stood on his brow as he caught word after word that sealed his doom. He saw the love he had won, and the neglect and scorn with which he had repaid it. He beheld that dreadful scene between him and his wife repeated; he saw her stagger under his unmanly blow; heard her vow of vengeance, and felt how terribly it had been fulfilled. The trip to Niagara, the report of Edith's death, her escape from Canada, her appearance on the stage, her after life, even her triumphs in America, together with his second marriage, and terrible auspicions on again beholding her, concluding with a meeting between them, in which Edith turns to her husband and asks:

"Have I not kept my vow? Is not my revenge complete?"

The words were uttered with terrible truthfulness of feeling, and the actress turned her magnificent eyes full on Paul Beresford. The audience scarcely breathed; they felt that this was not acting—it was truth. Every eye followed the glance of the actress, as again she repeated those words in the same terrible tone:

"Have I not kept my vow? Is not my revenge complete?"

"It is—it is!" groaned Paul Beresford, rising: Edith, Edith, most terribly have you kept your oath!" and the unhappy man fell senseless at the feet of his second wife.

A wild maniacal laugh; a low, sweeping bow, and the actress disappeared from the sight of the speechless spectators. A long respiration from the audience spoke their relief from the dreadful nightmare that had afflicted them, and each one looked at his neighbor, inquiringly to see if he too had partaken of the same oppressive feeling; gradually tongues were loosened, and they began to talk of the events of the evening. Paul Beresford was guilty of bigamy, and his haughty second wife was in reality not legally married to him. Some blamed Edith for her fearful revenge; others declared she was right, and a few jealous women hoped that some few of their acquaintances would take warning from the richly deserved fate of Eugenia Milford.

Next day Paul Beresford sought Edith; but she had left the city in company with her uncle, with whom she had constantly corresponded since she left her husband. They repaired to Italy, where, after a few years, she died, bitterly regretting that she had devoted the best energies of her life to the unhallowed pursuit of revenge. In seeking it she thought only of her wrongs—when it was acquired, the misery which she had wrought haunted her continually, and the demon remorse was never driven from her heart.

Her pride wounded, her hopes crushed, her fair fame sullied, Eugenia Milford lived unpitied, and died unlamented. Paul Beresford became a repentant man, who, even on the verge of the grave, strove to atone for the past by warning others of the rock on which his hopes were wrecked. Lord Morton, after years had partly effaced the memory of his first love, won a gentle loving wife, with whom he lived most happily. His sister regained her health, and is now a happy wife and mother, although she often sighs over the history of the unfortunate Edith.

An Accommodating Judge.

The following anecdotes are told in Governor Ford's History of Illinois:—"In those days (from 1818 to 1830) justice was administered in the courts without much show, parade or ceremony. The Judges were gentlemen of sense and learning, who had their courts mostly in log houses, or in the bar-rooms of taverns, fitted up for that purpose, with a temporary bench for Judges, jurors. At the first Circuit Court in Washington county, by Judge Reynolds, on the opening of the court, the Sheriff went into the court-yard and said to the people, 'Boys, come in, our John is going to hold court.' This was the proclamation for opening the court. In general, the Judges were averse to deciding questions of law They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other parties. They preferred to submit everything they could to be decided by the jury. I knew one, who, when asked for instructions to the jury on points of law, would rub his head and the sides of his face with his hands, and say to the lawyers, 'Why gentlemen, the jury understand it; they need no instruction; no doubt they will do justice.' This same Judge presided at a court, in which a man named Green was convicted for murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence upon the culprit. He called he prisoner before him, and said to him, 'Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you ought to be hung I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemn you: it is the jury [illegible] Mr. Green said, 'May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready at any time the court pleases.' The Judge replied, 'Mr. Green, it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in this life, and you had better take all the time you can get.' Mr. Clerk, look at the Almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday.' The Clerk looked as directed, and reported that that day four weeks comes on Thursday. 'Then,' said the Judge, 'Mr. Green, the court will give you only to this day four weeks.' The case was prosecuted by James Turney, the Attorney General, who interposed and said: 'May it please the court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his perrilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world to come.' To which the Judge replied: 'Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung; you understand it Mr. Green, don't you?' 'Yes, said the prisoner. 'Then, Mr. Sheriff, let the prisoner be remanded and adjourn court.'"

Growlers.

There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually, have made a very grave mistake in estimates of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case they are unfortunate.—Wherever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs there is always a want of self respect.—If the people despise you do not tell it all over town. If you are smart show it. Do something and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and shew your good will by your deeds. Then, if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them. If they turn their noses because you are a mechanic or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn your nose up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance of getting into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself to be possessed of self-respect, independence, energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will "put him through." Who blames a man for feeling above those who are mean enough to go around, like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whinning because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency.

A Gleam of Comfort.

A friend tells us that some dozen or fifteen years ago, when he had the "melancholy duty" to stand behind the counter in a country store, dealing out the "best selected assortment west of Albany," he was once brought very suddenly to a state of wonderment. A youthful and pretty woman, robed in "dead black," approached him and wished to look at his "Gleam of Comfort." "At what, madam?" said he, puzzled, confounded and confused at what appeared to him a most singular request. "Gleam of Comfort, young man, hav'nt you any, or don't you know what it is?" replied the lady. "Yes, ma'am—most likely we have it—what is it like, is it dry goods or groceries, ma'am?" "Dry goods or groceries," echoed the lady, looking at our troubled friend in a way that made him feel mightly uncomfortable—"Sir, it is mourning calico of the second grade, for widows of three weeks. It it well known with us, sir, in the city. I'm astonished at your ignorance." The frightened young man could only stammer out that "they hadn't any of that particular kind of calico."—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

March of Mind.—The Worcester Chronicle relates that a young woman, equally ignorant, superstitious