THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 18, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 42.

Business Cards.

E. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf

LOOMIS & LUSK,
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 124 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 7th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf. W. A. CROSSMON.

E. McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT.
McKENZIE, & FAUROT.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Gaa Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, '70.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Chartey Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cute brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near the Catholic Church; where he can be consulted at all times.
Montrose, April 26, 1871. 1y

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings. Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. B. LITTLE, GEO. P. LITTLE, E. L. BLAKESLEE.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 6, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exten on Claims attended to. Office 2 door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 '67 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 1 69 Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 8 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 3, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
BENJAMIN STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl '69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
A. S. BURNS. ALBERT NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS, BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE NAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAILSPIKE. RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES. CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 31, 1869. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium! Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and inclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and hills and heavy grass.
One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and can be used on the hand. It is beyond doubt the strongest Machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

Poems by Charles Dickens.

A WORD IN SEASON. (1854.)

They have a superstition in the East,
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense and of lighted taper;
Holding that any scrap which bears that name
In any characters, its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted foot a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss,
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard their leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters
And yet, where they should have ope'd the door
Of charity and light for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces:
The best high-churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places;
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men and curse each other),
Walks through the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABORERS.

O God, who by thy prophet's hand
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came at thy command,
The people's thirst to slake;
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high!
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God who took a little child
And set him in the midst,
And promised him his mercy mild,
As, by thy Son, thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where lords and gentry are!

O God, teach them to feel that we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in thee,
And how our spirits stoop:
For in thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks so full of care,
Would make thine angels weep!

The God who with his finger drew
The judgment coming on,
Write for these men what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
O God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them who brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high
And see an arrow there.

O God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee
The sacred words may yet be read,
"In Memory of Me!"
Oh God, remind them of his sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how he gave them bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

True Greatness.

Say, where doth greatness dwell? In courts,
On thrones of glory seated,
'Mid glittering ranks of bright cohorts,
By pomp and grandeure greeted?
A crown, indeed, may make a king,
But crowns true greatness cannot bring.

Or shall we find on battle-field,
By victory attended,
The truly great, unless the shield
The cause of right defended?
For oft hath might the battle gained,
While nations wept th'escutchions stained.

Shall hoarded riches greatness grant
Where moral worth is needed,
What time the sons of woe and want
In vain their sorrows pleaded?
True greatness surely must be more
Than misers seek and fools adore.

But he who feels another's woe,
And strives to soothe his sorrow,
Whose sympathies spontaneous flow
To brighten his to-morrow,
Shall be esteemed both good and great,
And heaven shall bless his last estate.

Good service makes the meanest great,
Zeal purest shines, and brightest;
Devotion smiles at frowning fate,
Loves labor is the lightest;
Who lives to purpose lives indeed,
And good works best ardorn his creed.

Then say not wealth, or rank, or power,
Or crowns, confer true glory:
'Tis goodness that survives the hour,
And reads the best in story;
And though obscure the good man's name,
'Tis glorious still, though lost to fame.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—The defeated Democratic candidate for Congress in the Third California district sent this dispatch to his competitor: "I move to make it unanimous."

—A Georgia paper criticising the qualifications of a candidate for office, says that "he would be but an average dog in any drove."

—A Maine girl whose lover had lost a limb, replied to her companion's banter, "I would not have a man with two legs—they are so common."

—The editor of the Marion (Ind.) Chronicle offered his paper for one year as a prize for the largest watermelon. Although over one hundred have been brought to the office, he has not made the award yet.

—A cynical old batchelor, who firmly believes that a woman has something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well madame, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded, calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

—A negro boy was last week convicted at the Granville, N. C., Superior Court, of having roasted another negro boy alive, whereupon the judge, as a punishment for his crime, ordered him to be bound out to learn a trade.

—The lawyers have license to falsify—the courts to condemn and sentence—but none but a Republican is licensed to steal!

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST COLOR.

The Banefield estate lies to the left of the old London coach road, a mile and a half out of Shirlington. Some few years ago public attention was directed to this property as being the subject of an interminable lawsuit between the mortgagees, the creditors of the bankrupt proprietor, and certain next of kin, who disputed the validity of an old deed cutting off the entail. Day by day the papers contained some desultory paragraph headed "Mesturn and Others vs. Deverill, *ex-parte* Matcham and Toller," when all at once the Banefield estate started into fresh notoriety as the scene of a terrible tragedy.

The facts, it may be remembered, were briefly these: William Pross (I purposely alter the names) was charged with the murder of Guy Mesturn, the principal mortgagee of the estate. The body had been found stricken down among the reeds and grasses of the great Banefield lake; by its side a knife, identified as belonging to Pross, who was himself taken red-handed, fleeing from the scene of the crime. The principal witness against Pross was a hard-featured girl named Annie Preston, with whom it was understood the prisoner had formerly maintained relations, and who gave her evidence with some bitterness. She stated Pross to be of an ungovernably jealous disposition, that he had repeatedly accused her of meeting Mesturn, and he had threatened Mesturn's life in her presence, and in that of other persons; that going home on the evening in question, she took her way across the Banefield estate, as her custom was, it being the nearest way. She had no intention of meeting Mesturn; had never met him, nor, indeed, had there ever been anything between them except the relation of master and servant. She knew that during the lawsuit Mr. Mesturn was in the habit of walking over from his farm to inspect the property. Would swear she had made no appointment to meet him on that evening. Mr. Mesturn was a hard man and a bad master. He was not liked by his servants, and she shared in the general dislike. On that evening, the 25th of March, she had passed along the path by the lake. It was a lonely path, sheltered by dense trees and woven brushwood, and it bent about in so many turnings that it was impossible to see people at a small distance before or behind—they would be obscured by the trees. She heard a cry of "Murder!" and a breaking among the brushwood, apparently some distance behind her. This was at seven o'clock. She knew that, by hearing the bell of St. John's church strike seven within a minute before. She immediately ran in the direction of the voice. It was some time before she could ascertain the precise spot—sound being deceptive amongst close trees, and she having heard the cry repeated but once. It might have been ten minutes from first hearing the cry to the time she came upon Mr. Mesturn's dead body. William Pross was fallen down beside it, apparently fainting. When he saw her, he said, "Annie Preston, this is your work." She felt frightened for the minute, thinking that if he chose to swear away her life, it might be difficult to prove her own innocence. She said, "William Pross, you are a coward as well as a murderer, to want to charge your crime on me." Being terrified for her own safety she ran along the path, out into the open park and through the estate, and hastened into Shirlington; where she gave information to the police. William Pross was apprehended the same evening. When charged with the crime he denied it, but did not attempt to inculpate any one else.

He was remarkably self-possessed during the trial. The defense set up by his counsel was, first, an alibi. It was proved by several witnesses that Pross had left the Maybush inn at ten minutes to seven, and it was more than the distance a man could run in a quarter of an hour to the place where the crime was committed. The clock at the Maybush Inn was not, however, proved reliable. Secondly, it was urged that the crime had been committed by the witness Annie Preston, who, it was urged, disliked Mr. Mesturn, and might not unreasonably be supposed to have certain good reasons for the deed which the counsel for the defense fully hypothecated, and he suggested how readily she might have used Pross's knife for the purpose. Hubert Deverill, artist, son of the late owner of Banefield, gave the prisoner a good character, and testified, with some emotion, to his having formerly been in the service of his family Mr. Edgar Deverill, the late owner of Banefield, gave similar testimony.

The Judge summed up against the prisoner, recapitulating the threats that many witnesses had testified to have heard him utter against the deceased; his obvious motive—jealousy, with or without just reason; and the insufficiency of the defense. The verdict, "Guilty," was returned with scarcely any hesitation. Before pronouncing sentence, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say.

"I have this to say, my lord," said William Pross. "The defense set up by my counsel was contrary to my request, and untrue. My counsel told me the truth would hang me, but I wish it stated. All the witness Annie Preston has stated is strictly true; but I did not reach the lake until a quarter after seven by the chimes. She found me by the body. I went there, I admit, to murder Mr. Mesturn; but I found it done. The murdered man was cronched under a tree by the water. I thought him hiding away to meet Annie, but when I came up to him he did not stir. He had known as well as I what cause I had against him, and I did not mean to strike him down asleep. I pushed him to wake him, that I might charge him with it, but as I did so, the body slid down from where it was, to my horror, and lay with his head in the water; and I saw the blood, and knew what had been done. I was stunned at the discovery, and dropped the knife I held in my hand. Annie Preston found me by the body. I swear this is the truth. My lord, I have no more to say."

The Judge enlarged on the enormity of the offense, and in the course of his address made this remark:

"It has been my lot, prisoner at the bar, amid continual opportunities for the study of criminal cases, to notice that justice would rarely be asserted but for some providential blunder on the criminal's own part, which, it seems, he is invariably bound to make. Now, had you previously made Annie Preston your wife, as it was your duty to have done, you would have shut the mouth of the only important witness against you, and justice would have been thus defeated."

"My lord," said the prisoner, collectedly, "I submit you are travelling out of the record."

"I sit corrected," returned the Judge, with bitter irony, having assumed the black cap; "and therefore it only remains for me to pass on you the customary sentence—that you be removed to the place whence you came, and taken thence to the place of execution, there to be hung by the neck till you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner had the best of the argument, but the Judge had the advantage of the situation.

William Pross was executed three weeks afterward, protesting his innocence. Probably, with the exception of one person, no one in the country believed him. The exception alluded to does not refer to myself. Like other people, I became wise long after the event.

I had known Mr. Deverill, of Banefield, and his son Hubert, for some years before the above occurrence, epitomized from the newspapers, took place. He was one of my earliest patrons, and, an artist myself, I had studied with, and to some extent instructed, Hubert Deverill in early days, until he far out-reached my powers of further teaching. His works became noted, and it was the general opinion that he was a painter of great promise. He had a singular mannerism, but his colouring was remarkable for peculiarly rigid truthfulness. He never exaggerated or lowered a tone to get an effect. He would paint what he saw in a sunset, if it were vermillion.

Excuse my dwelling on Hubert Deverill's faithfulness to color for an instant—it is a very important element in this brief history. The south of Hampshire is remarkable for brilliant sunsets at the two Equinoxes. Hubert was fond of painting these. I do not mean to imply he preferred extravagant effects; but it is desirable to bear in mind that if he saw crimson and purple and gold, as it were in a blaze of fire, he would paint them so literally that you would think these pictures all wrong, until you had let them dazzle you at least into the conviction how right they were.

His father, Mr. Edgar Deverill, in the days of his prosperity, had been a generous, open-hearted man, always ready to assist those in difficulty or distress, even to a lavishness that was stigmatized by his neighbors as uncalled-for and indiscriminate. He dated his ruin to supporting certain promising schemes that all the world called first-rate investments, until their crushing failure made folks immediately condemn them as the rashest of speculations. His tenant, Mr. Mesturn, (visible means of support, the farm he rented from Mr. Deverill, but actually an amateur money-jobber and bill-discounter of no mean proficiency), had, strangely enough, amassed wealth from these very same rash speculations. It was almost entirely by his advice that Mr. Deverill had made his investments; but whether he sold too soon or held on too long, he contrived to lose ruinously, while his tenant turned money at a tremendous rate of profit.

I do not say, for I do not know, and the inquiry is not worth the making (strict rectitude, in the eyes of the blind goddess of the scales, is so different to what seems such to people with open eyes)—I do not say that Mr. Mesturn took any illegal advantage of Mr. Deverill. But it is fact that nearly all Mr. Deverill lost found its way into Mr. Mesturn's pocket. Bit by bit, Mr. Deverill mortgaged the farm to his tenant; then sold the right of redemption, then mortgaged the estate to pay fresh losses, became a defaulter, the mortgage foreclosed, and, but for difficulties arising from other sources, would have taken immediate possession. The late owner of Banefield estate, formerly open and generous-minded, became soured and distrustful of every one, scorning to seek assistance from those to whom he had afforded it unsought, who yet passed him by on the other side, or, worse, rewarded his former warm-heartedness with chilling politeness and affected courtesy.

With Hubert Deverill it was different. He openly resented covert affronts offered to his father, and boldly snubbed those who would have been willing enough to receive the young artist, almost sure of fame, while their best suit of ice was reserved for his father. Hubert grew in pride as he decreased in fortune, and people he would readily enough have met when heir to the Banefield estate, he now made no scruple of turning up his nose at—as the vernacular has it.

Folks said this was a bad sign in a young man who had still his fortune to carve and his way to make. It was. But Hubert had nearly made his way. He saw to the end of it; and, meantime, he could not endure the artificial money value with which society must be pleased to stamp a man before he can pass current. But he kicked against a wall of flint, against which thousands have bruised and broken themselves before time—a wall which may be surmounted with a ladder of gold, but not beaten down.

Up to the time of the murder, Hubert Deverill's demeanor to the Shirlington folks generally, and to Mr. Mesturn in particular, had been offensively overbearing. Conscious of his own power as an artist, it may be he thought to discount part of the success that surely awaited him, and assert it beforehand. I am not aware that he never spoke to Mr. Mesturn after his father was turned out of Banefield, but I recall walking down the street with Hubert on one occasion at Shirlington, when we met Mr. Mesturn. The young man drew a long breath, and set his teeth very close, when the farmer passed; then turned and took a long look after the man to whom he attributed, rightly or wrongly, his father's ruin; nothing more. That he disliked Mr. Mesturn I had no doubt, but that he should take a public opportunity of exhibiting uselessly his dislike was, as I told him, extremely foolish. He admitted it was so. He was very white, and breathing fast, but he did not recur to the subject.

I was not in Shirlington at the time of the murder, nor did I return thither until a month after the trial. I heard from friends that Hubert was much altered; that his overbearing humor had altogether left him; that he had become quiet and retiring, and when brought into contact with some of those persons he had previously made no secret of depising, that his bearing was respectful even to obsequiousness. He had felt very severely, they said, the working out of his own ill-will on Mr. Mesturn by another person; and it had made him gentle.

Banefield Park had for some time past degenerated into a copse-like wilderness of matted underwood and tall grass, and nettles and wild flowers—more picturesque to an artist than the most neatly clipped shrubs and shorn hedges could be. For habitable purpose, however, the house had dilapidated into a ruin, and the estate into a tangle nearly as involved as the Chancery case representing it. The public used the park as a thoroughfare, and anticipated that their descendants might turn it into villas in some future generation, when the lawyers had done with it.

One still evening in early summer, I took a quiet stroll through that part of the park formerely known as "the Wilderness"—a title now quite applicable to the whole—a scene of strange beauty, in which cultivation mingled with wildness and rank growth in rich disorder. Here, a great, heavy chestnut tree, overspreading sombre shade; Briareus-like, its hundred hands poising each in its flat, leafy, five-fingered palm a cone of mealy bloom, balancing it truly in the soft, swaying evening breeze. There, lithe silver willows, sweeping the glistening, oily lake; and laburnums, Canoe-like, arrayed in showers of gold, beneath which the buttercups looked like drops from the golden fountain. Gay wild-flowers, flaunting from out great masses of dock and thistles, overrun with briars and intergrown with feathery fern, crowded every break in the trees. The setting sun, burning through the tangle, stained the lake with a broken pillar of red, that waved and glittered, and swallowed up the tree-pictures the sluggish water mirrowed fitfully anon.

Enjoying the beauty of the spot, I started at hearing myself called, and, looking up, saw Hubert Deverill painting in a covert. He beckoned me to come to him.

"Hubert," I said, "why do you come to this fatal place?"

"I was drawn her," he returned. "I don't know—it is my old home. I want to paint it. Will that do? Look," he continued; "I think I have fixed that sun color on the water."

I looked at his sketch, and back again at him, to see if he were serious. He appeared to be so. I could not understand him.

"Why, Hubert," I said, "it is flaming red."

"Yes," he returned, shortly—"burning red."

"But, my good fellow, you have not painted it so. Your painting is as cold and as gray as an iceberg. You are having a joke at my expense. The drawing is right enough, but it is all cold grays and green and purple. Where is your red?"

"Great heavens!" he cried, "don't you see it is *blood*-red?" And he threw the picture into the lake, gathered up his painting materials, and putting his arm through mine, walked home without saying another word. I thought Mr. Mesturn's death and the association of the spot must have overcome him for the moment, especially remembering his ill will to the deceased, as being to his mind the willful cause of his father's ruin.

If Hubert had previously discounted his anticipated success as a painter, the bill was dishonored before it came to maturity. From that time no one could look without pain at the most labored and carefully wrought efforts of his brush.—They were all so cold—cold as snow, without a particle of red to warm them.—Strangely enough, he never could see this. He insisted his iciest pictures were glowing with warmth—nay, fiery with heat.—It was vain to attempt to reason with him. He retorted bitterly that the faculty of estimating tone in color must be gone from the world, that all persons were color-blind save himself. Even when I have placed one of his sunsets in cold grays side by side with another picture wherein the reds were faithfully given, he has been unable to detect his mistake. At such times he would steadily insist that his picture "killed" the other one with its brilliancy. His expectations of being able to reinstate his father in the position he had lost were doomed to bitter disappointment. At length, he almost relinquished color, for he could please no one; he could sell nothing he painted. He had lost the use of red. He obtained employment of a sufficiently remunerative kind in drawing blocks for engraving to support his father and himself in something like comfort, but the divine gift of color had departed from him.

One night, I coaxed him to paint a crimson robe to a figure I had drawn in water-color, thinking I might lead him to the gradual recovery of the lost color.—He set himself resolutely to work with my color-box; but when he had finished, the drapery was of a greenish-gray. He insisted, for all that, it was a fiery red, although the tone represented nearly the complementary of crimson. When he saw I was dissatisfied, he laid down the brush, half-angry, half-tearful. Then, with a strange, wild look, Hubert whispered in my ear: "It is *his* doing! He comes and steals all the red out of my pictures as I paint, and pours the blood into my eyes instead!" and he left me.

Next morning, something had happened so sudden and terrible that it came like a crash into my life. Hubert was dead—had died in the night by his own hand! A tiny stream of blood, that had crept a sluggish, tortuous course from his bedroom-door and collected in a tasseled blot on the stairs, had told the fate of him within. They broke open the door. The sight I cannot bring myself to describe! It is not right to described these scenes, with which newspaper pens makes us already too familiar. He was lying on the floor, beside him a picture—the hand that had painted it cold and dead!

It was but a sketch, but vivid to ghastliness—the most awful picture I ever beheld! It was Hubert Deverill's confession of the murder of Mr. Mesturn—the murderer and his work painted by himself, and signed in large letters, "Hubert Deverill, Fecit." The color had come back to him at the last, for this terrible sketch was *all* in red—blood-red as he had seen it. It was found with its face to the floor, dabbled with other red than his brush had laid upon it.

Proverbs.

ITALIAN PROVERBS.—The majority of Italian proverbs are cynical and selfish, and have an ecclesiastic and revengeful flavor. "Big churches, little saints." Many of them relate to intrigue, to the danger of which they are quite sensible; as such proverbs as this evidence: "For an honest man half his wits is sufficient, the whole is too little for a knave." Those relating to revenge show a depth of sly vindictiveness painful to contemplate. "Revenge waits time and place, it is never well done in a hurry;" and "Revenge when one hundred years old has still it sucking teeth."

EGYPTIAN PROVERBS.—The Egyptians are so servile and so devoid of all consciousness of virtue that they could only spring from a nation utterly slavish and heartless. "If the monkey reigns, prostrate thyself before him;" "Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil;" "Kiss the hand thou canst not bite;" "If the waters come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet," are proverbs which are of local and circumstantial growth, incapable of neutralization in any free or Christian country.

DUTCH PROVERBS.—Are of an amphibious nature, they have one foot on land and one on sea. "Pull gently at a weak rope." "Cover the pot, an eel is in it." "Coupled sheep drown one another." "A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea" sufficiently show their peculiarity.

ARAB PROVERBS.—In like manner the Arab draws his similitude from his desert surroundings "Let the night be your camel" is no doubt the experience of some Ishmaelite sage, skilled in cattle-lifting; "More beautiful than a black horse with white feet;" "The last drinks least;" "Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate," bear distinct trace of their Eastern origin.

THE FRENCH PROVERBS.—Are full of "glories," and "great sons," and "eternities," short vivid sentences flashing out their own intensity. Those relating to women are remarkable for a keen and generally kind insight into her nature, thus: "Take the first advice of a woman, and not the second," acknowledges that wonderful institution which is aptly described by Montaigne as "*l'esprit primesautier*, that which, if it is to take its prey, must take it at the first bound."

ENGLISH PROVERBS.—Proverbs in praise of virtue and in reproof of vice abound in the English language, and some of them are very beautiful. "Silence was never written down." "By the street of By and By one arrives at the house of Never." "The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound." "Charity gives itself rich." "God never wounds with both hands."

THE SCOTCH PROVERBS.—Equally moral, have a more caustic tone, and broader humor. "He that teaches himself has a fool for his maister." "The miser wad rake hell for a bawbee." "Lippen to me, but look to yoursel." "Ye wad do little for God, if the deil were deid." No one can fail to contrast the directness of these Caledonia proverbs with the delicate implication of their Spanish relatives.

A Trip Through the Tunnel.

I confess I felt some compunction about that smuggling myself, as it were, through the Alps before the great dark throughfare the heart of the great mountain chain had been hollowed, as it were, by the opening ceremony. I had made up my mind to get over the Col de Frejus, or the Col de la Rome, from Modane to Bardonnecke, in my old way, and had ordered mules for what might, in all probability, have been my last Alpine journey. There were, however, not even mules to be had at Modane, and my companions were not equal to a seven hours walk up and down hill, so nothing was left but a seat in the Fell Railway omnibus, a detestable and discreditable concern in which, as our experience from St. Michel to Modane had proved, when they have charged you full value for a first-class ticket, they crowd all the second and third class passengers upon you till no room is left to breathe. Greatly as I think the future generation be congratulated on the easy access they have obtained in Italy. I almost think old stagers like myself will have cause to regret some of the sensations with which they used, in their bygone days, to be ushered into the "paradise of Europe." The transition is generally from gloom to glare, from night chill to morning warmth. "The very horses and other cattle," as it has often been observed, "feel the genial change, and they usually cheer up and frisk and gambol, and testifying by their neighing, braying, bellowing, the joy with which they hail, in the prospect of the fair region before them, the reward of the toils they endured in the long and weary ascent on the other side." The descent is almost everywhere rapid, abrupt, precipitous. Life grows again around you at every downward stride; at the altitude where stunted firs thinly marked the bare rocks on the French, Swiss or Austrian side, the chestnut and the walnut, in all their luxuriance, fill the Italian glen. The fig tree shades the humblest cottage almost up to the mountain crest, and where the brown and sere surface of the soil at this advanced season strikes you as unredeemed barrenness, you may see on a nearer approach that the effect is produced by the stubble of the small patches of field, alternated with the small patches of vineyard cultivated by the hardy mountaneers on crags and cliffs, where, one would almost fancy the very goat would fear to venture.

But, after all, you cannot avoid your Alps and enjoy them at the same time. Our purpose in coming all the way from London to this place was to know how one could manage to accomplish the journey without seeing the mountain we had to cross, and that was done in as simple a way as one might get from the Charing Cross to the Temple station of the London Underground Railway. When we were all ready Valvassori gave the Signal, some one called "Partenza," the engine gave its shrill whistle and away we rolled with the most beautiful ease. Regnoli chatting away in his warm, eloquent manner; at first passing the glow-worm like lanters of men still at work, then in dark, deep stillness, till after thirty minutes, we emerged into daylight at the opposite entrance at Bardonneche. Half an hour before we were in France. We were now on Italian ground. Our carriage was lay in the line, and as the engine worked backward we were close to it. Both our windows were wide open, and we had not the least imaginable inconvenience from smoke or steam. There was no preceptible difference between the inside and the outside air, and one of my companions slumbered through nearly the whole distance. The fact that the engine was in our rear was certainly in our favor, but the unanimous evidence of all who come through in the morning went far to establish that they also had experienced no unpleasant sensation, and the difference of temperature could only be detected by Valvassori's glass, which marked a few degrees of additional warmth in the tunnel. The highest degrees attained in to day's journey has been 18 degrees centigrade, Grattoni's glass in a previous trip rose to 21 degrees. A more triumphant success than has in every respect crowned this great work could hardly have been anticipated by its most sanguine well wishers. Our pace throughout the crossing seemed fairly rapid and even; and the time employed, both in the up and down journey of between seven and eight English miles, was precisely thirty-eight minutes, but the average time allowed to the trains when the line shall be in full operation, is calculated at twenty minutes.

Stonewall Jackson's Sunday School.

A visitor will be struck, on Sunday afternoon at the crowd of negro boys and girls who may be seen wending their way to the Presbyterian church, the largest most influential in the town. If he will go in, he will see superintending a colored Sunday school Col. T. J. L. Preston, professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and one of our most prominent citizens, and will find teaching in the school others of the professors in the Institute and College, a number of students, and some of the most accomplished young ladies of the town. If he asks about the school he will be told. "This is Stonewall Jackson's old school." The facts are, that this colored Sunday-school was organized by Stonewall Jackson when he was a quiet professor in the Virginia Military Institute, that he took the deepest interest in its success, (never going to it or from it without earnest secret prayer,) and that when called into the army he expressed himself more loth to leave his colored Sunday school than any of his other public duties. His deep interest continued to the day of his death, and he was never known to write a letter to Lexington without making special inquiry after his colored Sunday school.

Billings Under Oath.

Josh Billings being duly sworn, testifys as fullers:

Eight won't go into 6 and hav mutch ov eurry thing left over. Menny a yung feller has found out this aum in arithmetick tricks bi trieing tew git a number 8 foot into a number 6 boot.

Virten, in one respect, iz like munny. That which we have to work the hardest fer sticks tew us the best.

Men of phew but aktive brains hav the best exekutive abilitys. The branes are like a bullet—compakt, and go strate for the bull's eye.

Affiktashun never improved ennybody yet. It iz better tew be a devil than a hypokrit.

I hav often herd thare was men who knew more than they could tell, but i never met one. I hav often met those who could tell a grate deal more than they did kno, and was willing to sware to it besides.

To be proof against flattery, a man must hav no vanity, and such a man never existed; if he did he iz one of the lost arts.

Hope has made a grate menny blunders, but thare iz one thing about her that i alwes did like—she means well.

Sum people are good simply bekauze they are too lazy to be wicked, and others, bekauze they hain't got a good chance.

Thare is one thing that i am not only certain, but proud ov—thare iz more people in this world who hav changed from bad to good than from good to bad.

In munny, interest follows the principal; in morels principal often follows the interest.

You will notis one thing—the devil seldum offers tew go into partnership with a bizzy man, but you will often see him offer tew jine the lazy man, and furnish all the kapital.

A CHANCE FOR OLD MAIDS.—A correspondent writing from La Corna, W. T., says:

I sincerely wish that many hundreds of old maids and widows, who cannot get husbands at home, would come out here where they could speedily get a choice of good, honest, hardworking men, who could make them comfortable and independent. There are I really think, five men here for one woman. In fact, very many men have been compelled to live with native Indian women, who to my eye are perfect frights, and worse in their conduct than appearance, although that is bad enough. Emigrants desirous of coming here would do well immediately after their arrival in California to inquire for lumber ships going to the Sound, on which they can be conveyed much cheaper than by steamer.

—What a paper out West unconsciously printed: "The groom is a Christian and the bride a Baptist."