THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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S. NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney at Law.—Office on Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa. Feb. 26, 1859.—1y38.

T. M. AUSTIN. Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt Mouldings, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, north side West Park near Peach st

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S. A. DAVENPORT. Attorney at Law —Office in Central Block, over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store Entrance on State Street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH. Attorney at Law—Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, (*Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,*) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Corner of State and 7th st's, Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE. Attorney and Counsellor at Law — Office removed to corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, corner State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON. Attorneys at Law.—Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa.
J. W. BRIGDEN. D. W. HUTCHINSON.

W. E. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. 26

J. C. SELDEN, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing. French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery. Nos. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
J. ROGERS. F. A. BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON. (*Successors to Barney & M'Conkey*) Dealers in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery. Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE. Tailor, in the room recently occupied by James Sill, Esq. as a Law Office, and over the Store of N. Murphy between the Reed House and [illegible] state.

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office No. 5 Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO., Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

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LUCE & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 7, Fennell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
A. H. GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over Austin's Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. Stitching done to Order.

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JOHN SWEENY. Justice of the Peace, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK. Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo Ale. No 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa.
WM. M. CAUGHEY, S. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES. Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking Office and Dining Chairs, No 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa

S. R. CHURCHILL. Manufacturer & Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House on French st

J. G. BARR. Dealer in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No 10 Brown's Block State street, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW. Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa. Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical purposes for sale cheap.
L. W. OLDS, M. L. LOW.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist — Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, first block east of Erie Bank buildings. Erie, July 10, 1858.

GEORGE J. MORTON. Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTER. Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES. Wm. A. Griswold, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING. Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to all business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth st., Erie, Pa

J. W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law —Office removed to new building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park, Erie Pa

ALLEN A. CRAIG. Justice of the Peace—Office in New Block corner of Peach street and the Public Square, Erie Pa.,

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Griswold, Oculist and Aurist, No 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. Feb. 19, 1859.—37.1y.

PRINTER'S INK.
BUY THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

WE HAVE AN INVOICE OF KEELER & SON'S PRIME PRINTER'S INK, manufactured at New Haven, Conn. Having used this ink for nearly a year past, we can confidently recommend it to the trade. *It is the best we ever used.*
Erie, April 9, 1859.—44. B. F. SLOAN.

Deferred Articles.

Robert Fuller, who was convicted of the murder of Mr. S M. Holden at Ann Arbor, (Mich.,) and who obtained a new trial, and escaped from jail the night before his trial was to take place, was arrested last week near Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., after a *desperate encounter.* He has been committing numerous depredations in that section. It will be remembered that Mrs. Holden sued several Insurance Companies to recover a heavy amount of insurance on the life of her husband. The defence was that Mr. Holden had killed himself to secure the money to his family. The matter was compromised without a trial.

Petersons' Cheap Edition of Waverly Novels.—We have received Rob Roy, by Sir Walter Scott, being the third volume of T. B Peterson & Brothers' new and cheap weekly issues of the Waverly Novels, by Sir Walter Scott. Giving truthful delineations of people, characeer and manners—ever upholding the cause of religion, morality and virtue, they should be welcome at every fireside where these precepts are taught. The great barrier, heretofore, to the introduction of these works, has been the high price at which they have been held, but this objection is being now overcome, by the publication of these works of Scott in such a form and at such a low price as to bring them within the means of all persons whatever To Messrs. T B Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, more than all other publishers are we indebted for this new feature in American literature. The works of Chas. Dickens, Chas Lever, Mrs. Southworth, and many other popular writers, have been issued from their press in a cheap form, and their last enterprise is in giving to the public, the works of Sir Walter Scott, complete and unabridged, at the very low price of 25 cents for each work, or the whole series for Five Dollars The edition embraces the whole of the author's works, and will be contained in 26 volumes, one of which will be issued on each succeeding Saturday, until complete A full sett will be forwarded, *free of Postage, by Mail,* to any part of the United States, to any one, by the publishers, on sending a remittance of five dollars to them, for the twenty-six volumes. At this low price, all persons should possess themselves of a sett and we would take this occasion to advise all of our readers to make a remittance of Five Dollars at once, per first mail, to T B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, for the entire sett who will send them complete to any one, *free of postage,* on receipt of that sum

The following is from the Cecil *Whig,* one of the most respectable Journals in the country:

The Gift Book Trade.—*The Principles on which G G Evans, the Founder of the Business, conducts it.*—A general denunciation on the part of many persons and presses throughout the country, of that branch of the publishing business denominated the "Gift Book Trade," has induced us to devote a few remarks to the subject, and to speak particularly of the business as conducted by Mr. G G Evans, 430 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, with whose principles and practice in the trade, we have made ourselves acquainted.

Because swindlers or ignoramuses, in any trade, subjects us to loss, we are not therefore to censure men engaged in legitimate trade, because "Peter Funk" traders in watches deceive and cheat the public, honest watchmakers *are not to be denounced and avoided* and so, because a number of "Peter Funk" concerns in the Gift Book Business, encouraged by the great success of Evans enterprise, sprung up in various cities, and for a time cheated those who were deluded into dealing with them there is no reason that a fair, liberal and energetic publisher should be condemned along with them. No injustice could be greater. People must deal with tradesmen, they must have watches—they must have books—and let them take care to seek the place where they can procure the articles they want, without deception, and on the most advantageous terms.

Mr. Evans originated the Gift Book Business in 1851, and his great success in it is the result of the energy, the integrity, and the liberality that have characterized his course from that day to the present. The sham concerns that have from time to time arisen, in imitation of his establishment, have now mostly perished, while he pursues the even tenor of his way, giving satisfaction to all who deal with him

The fairness and honesty of his business is not to be doubted, and are easily understood He is an enterprising man, and setting out to do a large business, he purchased his books in large quantities; in order to increase his sales, he determined to give part of his profits to purchasers, in premiums The principle of Premiums or Gifts has been adopted in many branches of business, and, perhaps, every newspaper that has spoken against the Gift Book Business has recognized the principle, either in deductions to clubs, extra copies, or gifts of engravings, &c Evans purchases whole editions of books at the lowest figures; sells them at the regular retail prices, and gives a premium with each book; in every $10,000 worth of books he appropriates $5,000 worth of jewelry, watches, &c, which are given away with the books, purchasers often receiving gold watches, costly cameos, &c. In every case of sale, Evans gives what he pleases—and surely the most fastidious moralist can find no fault

On the same principle, if a man buy a chest of tea, is the grocer to be blamed or condemned, if he gives his customer a few pounds of coffee into the bargain? The question needs no reply. His encouragement to American authors, publishers, and manfacturers, is very great; in a single year he purchased from one manufacturer alone, $38,000 worth of jewelry, and thousands of persons engaged in printing, book-binding, watch-making, &c., receive employment through his agency.

His assortment of books embraces the standard works of the languages, and every department of American literature, and through his agency, vast numbers of useful books have been spread through every part of the country, to the great advantage of the rising generation, and in this respect he may very properly be held to be a public benefactor

In short, in Mr Evans we find an enterprising man—the originator of a business which he has followed with the greatest energy and strictest integrity, until it having a vast extent and importance, a host of imitators (some of them honest, perhaps, but ignorant of the business) arise and disappoint and cheat the public, bringing down condemnation not only on themselves, but on the man whose trade they were counterfeiting. To rescue Mr. E. from this unmerited censure, and to state what we understand to be the nature of the Gift Book Business, as established and conducted by him, has led to this article. No one who deals with him can be wronged or disappointed; not only will the purchaser receive the full value of his money in books, but with each book a premium, or gift, and that often very handsome and valuable.

Within a very few miles of Boston, says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin,* is manufactured nearly one-half of the cotton used in the United States, or over 400,000 bales; yet not over three-fourths of this is imported into Boston, and probably not over one-eighth part of it is shipped here for sale. With a consumption of one-fourth as much as is required by the mills near Liverpool, the sales in Boston for a whole year were not equal to the transactions of many a week in that city; and the stock in Boston is seldom over one-twentieth of the average stock of Liverpool, and probably not over one-fifth that of New York.

Poetical.

LITTLE ROSE.

She comes with fairy footsteps
  Softly their echoes fall,
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
  Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
  'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fairy young locks are waving free
  To the wooing of the air

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth
  So gleefully along,
As a wild young bird she caroleth
  The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
  Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
  Is breathing soft and sweet,

The very sunbeam seems to linger
  Above that holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
  Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
  Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
  Round the soul that knows no sin

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
  A thing of mortal birth,
Yet bearing still the breath of heaven,
  To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
  Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path
  A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
  The gift of heavenly love;
They stand betwixt our world-hearts
  And better things above.
They link us with the spirit-world
  By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
  With the presence of their youth.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Choice Literature.

ELEANOR MOUNTESDIL.

A LEGEND OF NESTOR HALL

He is no Somersetshire man—I had almost said no Briton—who has not heard of Nestor Hall and the Mountesdils. It is my belief, and the belief of all Nestorton village, that very soon after the subsidence of the waters of the Deluge, and the abandonment of the Ark, the Hall began to be built by one of that ancient race. There were doubtless many generations of the family in antediluvian times, but we will suppose, in order to preclude uncheerful genealogical argument, that after the flood it was again, and that Japhet Mountesdil was practically the founder of the family. Having his weather-eye open, doubtless, after recent experiences, he laid the foundation of his mansion upon a very lofty hill, with great quantities of oak-wood about it, especially serviceable for rafts.

The Mountesdils were, even within my own memory, a race but little short of kings in power and station. The old man, Geoffrey Mountesdil, *was* a king, in pride. I see him now erect, odd-looking, fierce, as tho' he anticipated some cross or opposition, when, goodness knows, he had all things his own way enough, stalking into church as though he complimented the place by his presence, or poking the fire in his grand old family pew, just before the sermon, and preparatory to going off to sleep, like a fine old gentleman of the olden time, as he was, and after the comfortable custom of his endless line of ancestors. Had you chanced to call him Mr. Mountesdil, he would very likely have knocked you down the way to pronounce that time-hallowed name was Mosedale, and woe was to that wight who took it into his mouth from the mere spelling.

When I first came to Nestorton, and assumed the humble position of parish clerk and sexton, the old gentleman had been a widower some years; but his two sons, Ernest and Beauchamp, and his only daughter, Eleaner, dwelt with him at the Hall. I know not which was the proudest of the four, but in those days I used to think that it was Miss Eleanor. Had she been less than she was—other than the haughty born beauty which she was acknowledged to be—she would have been counted downright uncanny and eery, she had such terrible blighting looks at times, and such beautiful evil eyes. She was open-handed, indeed, like the rest of her race; but there was as little kindness in the manner of her gifts as gifts could have. Ernest was the masculine double of her, unforgiving, cruel upon the bench of justices, and exacting, in return for a generosity, submission and slavishness enough. Beauchamp was the least rigid, although the most passionate of the four, and was with us, perhaps, the least unpopular.

In spite of what I have said against the Mountesdils, they did no little good among us, in their unpleasant way. Poor men—not such as we, but those who may be in reality poorer, since they are something like gentle folk themselves—authors, musicians, and, in particular, painter-artists, often had a helping hand stretched out to them by old Geoffrey and his sons. I have known as many a half-dozen of this sort of folk staying at the Hall together at one time; eating and drinking at the best, and driving and riding the squire's horses for all the world as though they were their own. The painters came in my way more than the others, because of my office, for the church was old and ram-shackly, with ivy and rubbish about the big gray tower, and, altogether such a building as delight your artists, who seem to care most for places that are becoming ruinous and dangerous to other people. "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb," they would sing out at my cottage door—"give us thy keys, sweet grumbler." They were a mad lot, and therefore *I* did not take much count of them, although I must say that they paid their footing handsomely enough, and so deserved, poor devils, to be richer. One Mr. Miles Daynton, in particular, used to pay me like a prince. It was the inside of the church which he was engaged on, the sculptures, and the carvings, and such like; and very beautifully, indeed, he painted them, but, as it seemed, even to me, exceedingly slowly. "Let me be left alone," he used to say; "Let no one disturb me at my work, and here's a crown for you."

About a score of years ago—in the June of 1838, or so, or it may be a year later—he had come for the keys one day, as he had done many days before, and was inside the building, when I had occasion to fetch from the vestry the surplice of a neighboring clergyman, who, having preached at Nestorton the preceding Sunday, had left it there, and sent his servant over for it that morning. The great door was locked on the inside, as I had expected; so, not wishing to disturb Mr. Daynton, I dropped into the ante-chapel through a little window that chanced to be open, and thence intended to get what I came for from its place, without being noticed. On my way under the north gallery to the vestry, however, I was surprised to hear voices in conversation, and when, unseen myself, I became a witness as well as a hearer, my astonishment became absolute terror.

Miss Eleanor, the haughty beauty, the contemptuous queen, was Mr. Daynton's companion, and, as I learned from her own lips, the painter's betrothed bride. That they had met there alone, and secretly, many times before, was certain enough, but it was reserved for me to hear that day, with my hair on end, their open confession of love. I shall not forget, so long as I live, either the scene or the words. He was drawing from me the great Mountesdil window over the southern nave, or he had at least his easel and painting utensils opposite to it. His handsome face and soft womanly eyes were in shadow, but upon Miss Eleanor's brow and cheek the mid day sun streamed full, and bathed them with the glowing colors from the armorial panes. Even in that very spot, within reach of her great-grand father's—Sir Montacute's marble hand, if he had but stretched it forth from his monument (and I almost wonder that he did not) in warning *to the degenerate girl—with the very life*-blood of her line, as it seemed, mantling upon her cheeks—she plighted faith with with the young painter. His art and his love combined together, as he looked upon her transcendant beauty, to make him swear that with that crown of splendor upon her forehead, she was a very queen, and he her loyalest subject; that, with that halo of glory round her, she was a saint, and he her devotee forever. And she, instead of withering him with her ancestral eyes, or crying for her grooms to whip the madman from her imperial presence, fell fairly into his arms at once, just as my own poor Molly did, five-and-forty years ago! I waited to see *no more,* and was sorry enough, for my own sake, that I had seen what I had. Should it ever come to be known that I had been privy to this without revealing it, the Mountesdils were not the men, as I believed, even to stick at the murdering of me. It was probable, on the other hand, that I should not be suffered to survive the telling of it; insomuch as the first whisper of such a disgrace having occurred to one of their family, would be sure to rouse in any one of them a perfect whirlwind of fury. And then to betray the generous fellow Daynton—seeing that I would as soon rob a tigress of her feline admirer as cross Miss Eleanor in such a matter—why, that was not to be thought of either. So I kept my own counsel, and waited to see what would come of such a love affair with curiosity enough. One week afterwards, upon a beautiful summer night, Mr. Daynton and Miss Eleanor eloped from Nestor Hall, without a soul in it being any the wiser until the next morning. She left a letter behind her for her father, not entreating his forgiveness, (she knew him too well for that,) not asking anything of his love and tenderness, nor appealing to her brothers for their good offices, but simply stating that she was determined to marry the young painter, and anticipating opposition, that she had therefore done so clandestinely.

Oh, proud as the men were, the woman, to my thinking, in this very matter, proved herself far prouder. Let her marry whom she might, thought she, that man would straightway become ennobled by her alliance, not she degraded by his. She could not picture herself filling any position other than that to which she had been accustomed. She had no idea that the [illegible] mistress of Nestor Hall could ever meet with aught but the utmost subjection and respect from all the world. Old Geoffrey knew far otherwise, for he had known the world: but if he thought of what suffering must needs be before her, it was the sole reflection which gave him any consolation now. He absolutely hated his daughter. His fury was such when he heard of her flight, that it brought on a stroke, and he lay for hours speechless, and striving in vain with his paralyzed tongue to utter curses upon her. He and his sons, they say, took a solemn oath together, that they never would hold communication with her, or hers, as long as they lived. Mr. Ernest came up that very day to my cottage, and bade me bring him the register, which I did not dare refuse to do, and with his own hand he erased his sister's name from the register, as if he would have made it as though she had never been born. His brother and himself, and the old squire, as soon as he was well enough, were seen in the country everywhere in public above their wont, as though they strove to brave the matter out, and prove that they were heart-whole and above disgrace.

We did not hear anything of Mr. and Mrs. Daynton for nearly a year, when some of us read in the papers that she had borne a son; and very soon afterwards the postman said that he had taken a letter in her handwriting to the Hall, addressed to the old squire. Had the girl, then, forgotten what sort of man her father was in that little time? Or had poverty bowed her lofty spirit so low, and so changed her lofty nature already, that she thus courted insult and invited contempt? She forgot not, neither was she changed; but the mother had stooped to implore that for her child, which she would have died, rather than demand for herself or her husband. My son is one of the Mountesdil blood, she argued; his grandfather and uncles will not suffer him, at least, to be nipped by this cold poverty in his youth. Would they not? If she could but have seen the old man's smile when he took that letter, and—knowing what it was about as well as though he had read it—placed it unopened in an envelope, bidding his steward direct it back to her, she would have felt that he would indeed, though, and that gladly.—The Dayntons were very, very poor. Miss Eleanor, that was, had not a shilling in her own right, and her husband's trade was not a thriving one. Presently a little daughter came to them, delicate, fragile as a flower, and another letter arrived at Nestor Hall—to be returned. The third and last came soon afterwards, black-edged, and addressed in a somewhat trembling hand, to tell that she was a widow, and the cause of offense—she went to the length of writing *that*—was now removed; but when this letter came back to her like the rest, she folded her sick child in her arms; and, with her almost baby-boy beside her, *set forth* upon her bitter life-journey, unaided, friendless, and with the *memory* of prosperous days to mock her.

About this time the Mountesdils of Nestor Hall began to thin. The old man died without repenting him of his wrath, unforgiving and not so much as mentioning his banished daughter, or her offspring, in his will. Soon afterwards Ernest died also of a strange complaint, the name and nature of which I am unacquainted with; only, because so many of the race have died of it, it is called among us the 'Mountesdil fever.' It is said that on his death-bed he adjured his brother Beauchamp to see that the old hall and great estate should not pass after him, by any means, into Daynton's hands; and Beauchamp, *as though* dreading to die, like Ernest, early and without an heir, married almost at once. His bride, though fitting enough in respect to birth and station, was one of sixteen children, and by no means wealthy. She had been the pet of the family, and when the young proprietor of Nestor Hall had come a wooing, was permitted to draw that excellent prize out of the matrimonial lottery without any domestic rivalry. Despite her seeming success, the young Mrs. Mountesdil found herself, they say, very far from happily matched. Her lord and master was imperious at all times, and tender only by fits. His disappointment at neither heir nor heiress making their appearance, so soon as had been sanguinely calculated upon, would have been ludicrous in a meaner person. The thought that his young nephew, Theodore Daynton, was already looked upon as heir presumptive to the entail, drove him half wild with fury, and made very many persons, who were certainly in no way to be blamed in the matter, exceedingly uncomfortable.

What would have been mere vulgar ill-temper in a person of the middle class, was of course but a strong proof of "force of character" and "impatient of circumstances" in a Mountesdil; but we at Nestorton were certainly not displeased when Mr. Beauchamp took himself off, along with his unfortunate lady, to his estate in Ireland. In a little time afterwards we had news of her having given birth to a daughter; but the family did not visit us again till the summer before last. Miss Gertrude, then a girl upon the brink of womanhood, was supremely fair; fairer than her mother, whose beauty, indeed, was failing lamentably; *fairer* than her aunt Eleanor—whom nobody had heard of for about fifteen years—and yet not half as fair as she was good. If I seem to boast of Miss Gertrude overmuch, it was at least a weakness in which all Nestorton indulged likewise.—She was higher-hearted, placed more above all meanness, I do believe, than ever woman was, and yet she was not proud. She came among the haunts of poverty and disease as naturally and unconcernedly as a sunbeam. Her nobleness was discovered mainly in the grace that attended everything which her hands were set to do, whether they were pouring out the rich red wine from the cellars of Nestor Hall, for the comfort of the sick, or arranging in a broken jug, upón a window-sill, a score of simple wild flowers. Those folks who call the poor ungrateful, and who have yet been really good to the poor, must have erred strangely in their manner of giving. The kind word, even though the kind deed is lacking, is not lightly held, believe me; but the kind deed without the kind word gets indeed small heart-thanks. Few of us have our human perceptions so dulled by poverty but that we know our friends from our mere benefactors; and even the beggars by the road-side don't like to have half-pence thrown at their heads.

Thus, Gertrude Mountesdil was the first of her lordly race who ever reigned in the hearts of those about her. When my poor Molly was leaving me for Heaven twelve months ago, the dear young lady spent an hour a day or more in our little cottage: and so I learned to know how good she was. Master Wilmot, the young painter, since Nestor Hall no longer patronized the arts, was living at the Pig and Whistle in our village, instead of the Mountesdil Arms, (which did not say much for his taste,) and met Miss Gertrude under my roof for the first time. I saw how it was with him at a glance, having had some experience of artist-love at first sight already; and when he said that he must call the next day for my keys again, because the altar-piece was so very well worth studying, I walked a little way back with him upon his road home, and gave him a good slice of my mind. I told him how, onced before, just such another painter-chap as he, and not so determined a looking fellow either, had carried off the pride of Nestor Hall, to the ruin of all concerned—"which," observed I, "young gentleman, shall not, if I can prevent it, happen twice. It was ill enough for Miss Eleanor, who was fit to hold her own wherever she was; but Miss Gertrude is another sort of young lady, and by, by your leave, shall never marry a ——"

"A what?" cried he, flushed to his temples, and looking for a moment just like poor Mr. Daynton, of old times, only with a greater passion than he would have shown. "Marry a what?"

"Marry beneath her," said I cooly enough. "She's a Mountesdil. I know the whole lot of them, and they ain't good for painters to marry. Not, sir," added I—for I would not have slandered her to any man for any earthly purpose—"not but that Miss Gertrude is an angel, and would bring a blessing with her upon whomsoever she wedded."

At which he seemed to be a good deal mollified, and went his way. Still, as he hung about the village weeks enough for the altar-piece to have been copied a dozen *times, and as I had seen him speak to our* young mistress without rebuff, I made bold to tell her, out of my love and duty, and as an old man who was under a greater obligatons to her than he could ever repay, *in how great a danger she might be lying.* Her rising color and dewy eyes told me one tale, and her quiet, self-possessed reply another; but I believed the second one, because I knew Miss Gertrude to be truth itself. She said that if she had loved Mr. Wilmot ever so much, she should not dream of marrying him without the consent of her father; and that, knowing beforehand what his answer would be, she had given it to the young man as her own, and so dismissed him. For all this, I think love concealed, "like the worm in the bud," as is written upon one of our tombstone, "preyed upon her damask cheek," and from that hour stole away her spirits. There was no breast at home wherein she could repose her sorrow. Her mother was unaffectionate, or, at least, quite undemonstrative of her affection, and a victim to nervous disorders. Her father had become, in these latter years, moody, suspicious and uncompanionable, from mental causes as well as from physical.

The Mountesdils had been famous for their iron constitutions and their determined wills; but Beauchamp had been growing weaker in body, and more wavering in mind, *for a long period.* The broken man, the hypochondriac women, in that unpeopled hall, must have indeed been cheerless company for that young lady. She did her duty, nevertheless, which was always a labor for her; and when her father's afflictions drew near their close in death, she seemed, with her quiet usefulness and undespairing ways, as though she kept the awful shadow away. It was, they say, an evil death-bed. The healing spirit who was the sick man's nurse, was herself sometimes the object of his fear. He would bid her go, leave him, and quit the house, as the cause of all his misery and disease.—*His love for his daughter* was only manifest while he muttered curses against her whose claim to the Mountesdil property Gertrude's birth had barred. His wife, nervous and terror-stricken, went about the house wringing her hands, and complaining that she was being left without a protector, and exposed to the persecutions of the bitter Eleanor. It was strange how even Mrs. Beauchamp, comparatively a new comer into the family, yet dreaded this exiled woman. Her character, her appeals, her rebuffs, were well known to her; the very lack of all communication with Mrs. Daynton of late years, seemed to her but as the pause during which the tempest *gathers itself up for some terrible burst.*—The event proved her fears to have been indeed well grounded.

Upon the morning of the burial day of Beauchamp Mountesdil, when half the lords of the acres in the county were assembled in the great dining-room, and the tenantry in the steward's chambers, with their scarfs and weepers, as though they grieved so bad a man was dead, and so excellent a young lady his heiress; when hundreds of poor folks, come to see the show, were thronging the park, and the mourning coaches stood before the great hall door, and the hearse, with its black sea of plumes, was awaiting its unconscious burden—Eleanor Daynton came.

Her coach was not a mourning, one, nor its pace such as befitted a funeral. She sat in a dirty, travel-stained post-chaise, whirled by four horses, which scattered the crowd to left and right, and routed the army of mutes with little ceremony. The post boys would have drawn up before they reached the door, but the imperious woman would not permit them, and caused the nodding hearse to be backed out of the way for her. She was in gay colors, contrasting strangely with the scene, and still more strangely with her own stern countenance and malicious looks. Another carriage followed, with two persons in it, whom she beckoned to come after her into the house. She swept through the entrance passages into the great hall, where the coffin was still lying in state, and with a cruel smile upon her face bade one of the domestics, whom she knew, to "fetch the woman and the girl down," who were, of course, above, in a private chamber.

"My lady and Miss Gertrude?" said the man, in doubt as to whom she meant.

"Yes," thundered she; "the lying woman and the cheating girl—those two! If they come not, say you from from me, it will be the worse for them!"

There, by her dead brother's corpse, she waited some minutes, no more heeding the gaping crowd of servants than if they had been stones, till presently Miss Gertrude, pale, but quite collected, came down alone to her.

"Mrs. Daynton," said she, firmly, "this is cruel indeed. My mother"

"Liar!" broke in the other, "come hither in with me!"

She took the girl by the wrist, and led her into the dining room, among all the guests. Her two companions followed, and closed the door behind them.

"Do you remember me," she demanded, "any of you here? You, my Lord Trevor, and you, Sir Richard, and you," turning to a third person. "I, at least, on my side, remember you. Poverty, want, disgrace, however, alter women strangely. I am Eleanor Mountesdil, gentlemen, she that married the painter. I was the girl whom father, and brother, and friends—oh, excellent friends! turned their backs upon, and refused so much as to speak with; she who was left in the slough of poverty, without so much as one hand outstretched, for pity's sake to save her. I was the woman whose little angel daughter died of want, murdered by that man, for one, whose body lies in the coffin yonder, but whose soul is in hell-fire. I am the widow whom he strove to wrong; from whom, and from her son, I say, that man would have kept back this inheritance by fraud. This girl, whom I have by the wrist here, and who is so bold and so impudent that she blushes not even now, is an Irish peasant's brat, whom Beauchamp and his wife have reared thus long, and passed off as their own. For sixteen years and more they have acted this deceit to the life, before you all, but never for one moment did they deceive me. I tracked them and their wicked doings like a slouth-hound from the very first, and now I behold my quarry. I have held the proofs of this thing in my possession for years, and these men—lawyers both—whom I have brought with me, well know it, and that I hold them now. I have wated—not patiently, heaven knows, but at least without sign—month after month, year after year, for the day of retribution to arrive; and now, behold it has come!

"Some score of years ago I was discarded, penniless, disgraced by the masters of this house wherein we stand; two years later, they refused me the least pittance for the support of my ailing child. She died. They wronged me, one and all, even on their death-beds; the last, that felon corpse yonder, the worst. The law cannot now reach him; but as for the woman, his widow, whom you have used so fairly, and teasted with, and flattered to the height, she shall taste prison fare, wear prison garb, breathe prison air, and reap, in all respects, the harvest of her deeds."

The whole company were so astounded by these revelations, and by the imperious behavior of her who made them, that no one interrupted her or interfered with her in the least. The two persons who accompanied her corroborated all her statements, and it, moreover, was reported very soon, that Mrs. Beauchamp, upon hearing that *Eleanor Daynton was below, and the nature* of her errand, had, in a paroxysm of terror, confessed everything that had been alleged against her. The furious accuser recommenced her denunciations unopposed.—"Girl—bastard—cheat!" cried she, addressing the unfortunate Gertrude, who, although deadly white, never once quailed before her accuser, or trembled in a limb—"you act well to the last, but your farce is well nigh over. Innocent or guilty—"

"Innocent, madam, innocent; I will stake my life on't," cried an impetuous voice. A young man who had just entered the room clove the interposing crowd, as a wedge cleaves driest wood, and releasing Miss Gertrude from the hand that held her as in a vice, encircled her protectingly with his own. It was the young painter, Wilmot, who thus fronted the revengeful woman, reflecting in his masculine features the same fiery determination which glowed so unnaturally in those of Mrs. Daynton.

"Theodore, Theodore," exclaimed she passionately, but with a perceptible vaccillation in her tone, "cross me not in this matter at least. Heaven is my witness, I have nothing but your good at heart."

"I believe it, mother," cried young Daynton—for he it was—"I believe it, and this is why I appeal to you with confidence. Mrs. Mountesdil is my aunt by marriage, and must be respected. This young lady—who is as an conversant with fraud as an angel, and who is of a nobler sort, spring she from whatsoever source she may, than any who have yet ruled in Nestor Hall—is my affianced bride, mother, and therefore, your own daughter."

Eleanor Daynton trembled from head to foot; but she knew what sort of spirit her son had inherited, and from whose side it came, and was silent.

"My lords and gentlemen of the county," continued he, "if, perchance, in future, you may visit us, I take this opportunity, although, indeed, the time may seem scarcely fitting, to introduce you to the future mistress of this house."

The young man had lifted his hat, and had led Miss Gertude to the stair-foot, on her way to join Mrs. Mounesdil, when Eleanor beckoned him towards her.

"I will go with her myself," whispered she, in a dry, hoarse tone.

Theodore raised his mother's hand to his lips, and kissed it respectfully.

The two woman then retired, and Mr. Daynton, taking his place in the funeral procession as chief mourner, fulfilled his duties, in the unavoidable absence of much feeling, I must say, with admirable credit.

The late visit of this young man to Nestorton, under the feigned name which he *and his mother then bore,* had been paid contrary to her wishes, but not without her knowledge. She had dreaded lest his sympathies should be in any degree excited in favor of the young usurper; and her heart was cruelly wrung upon finding, on his return—although he confessed it not—that her boy had indeed fallen in love with his worst foe. Dotingly fond of him as she was, she could not bring herself to contemplate such a union with calmness; and being aware by experiment, of the extreme determination of his character, she had come down to the Hall to compass her long cherished scheme of retribution during his absence, and without informing him of her intention. She had hoped that the wound which she should then inflict upon the girl would be too wide for the possibility of after-healings; and, to do her justice, she had struck vigorously enough. An accident however, had informed Theodore of what was going on; and his mother, conscious of the clandestine wrong she had intended to do him, and not venturing to provoke him farther, had virtually given over opposition, as has been told.

Nay, such miracles can a heavenly nature still effect—such power to turn away wrath has gentle virtue—that the iron-hearted Eleanor was melted, in course of time, towards her son's Gertrude. Her brother Beauchamp's widow was treated in no way harshly, it being, indeed, abundantly manifest that she had been but the tool of her husband. She voluntarily preferred, however, to retire with her jointure to her family, rather than to remain mistress of Nestor Hall. There, then, the stately Eleanor now bears rule, her government greatly tempered, however, by the mild influence of her beloved daughter-in-law; and there the young painter practices his art without much eye to a purchaser. The old church, scene of his mother's betrothal, and my little cottage, wherein he first beheld his bride, are, I think, his two favorite subjects. His wife has taught him to look upon the dwellings of the poor from other than the mere picturesque point of view.

Discovery of Noah's Ark.

It appears that in the eastern portion of that good old State whose staple productins are "pitch, tar, turpentine and lumber," some remarkable fossil discoveries have been recently made, among which, is what appeared to be a portion of a vessel's deck, some forty feet in length and bearing a close resemblance to lignite. The time has been when the discovery of such a remarkable fossiliferous specimen would have set all the geologists and archæologists of the country on their heads; but at this enlightened period of the world's history, when the duty of not only managing, but explaining all things terrestrial, has devolved upon a class of men known as editors, it excites no surprise; for the simple reason that, whatever occurs on the earth, or whatever is discovered above or beneath, or in the waters around it, is certain of a speedy and satisfactory solution. See how easily the editor of the Wilmington *Herald* settles this fossil matter:—

"How this vestige of human labor and art came there, is a question easy of solution. We understand that some erudite geologists say that somewhere in Baden county is found the oldest known geological formation in the world. If this be so, if this is the oldest part of the world, it must, of course, have been the first ready for the residence of man, and the first occupied by him; *ergo,* the Garden of Eden was somewhere in the Cape Fear region, which was then a better fruit growing country than it is now. We think Adam must have settled somewhere around this way, for all the people claim to be descended from him. If Adam and Eve started life in eastern North Carolina, it is not probable that Noah wandered far from the old homestead. This supposition gains strength when we consider how Noah pitched his ark. Where else could he have got so much or so good pitch or other naval stores to pitch her within and without? Following up the train of reasoning, why should not these fossil remains have come down from Noah—be, in fact, portions of his ark? To be sure, the absence of Mount Ararat is a little in our way, but when we get to be philosophically regardless of all facts that stand in the way of our hypothesis, we won't mind little trifles like this."

The Shawnee Chief.—Capt. Joe Parks died at Westport, Mo., on the 4th of April. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes of him: "The celebrated Shawnee Chief, Capt. Joe Parks, died this morning, and will be buried to-morrow in all the 'pomp and circumstance' of Indian custom. Capt. Parks for twenty years has been the ruling spirit among the Shawnees on our border; and though part of the time not their head man, has all the time been, in fact, their master and ruler. They have been accustomed to do nothing in a public way without his all powerful advice. His loss will be severely felt all over the nation, and its effects will be apparent upon the civilization of the red man of his tribe.—For a great many years Capt. P. has resided about two miles west of this place, in Kansas Territory, and he leaves behind him a large tract of land, which will probably go to two interesting grandchildren, half-breed girls. He was nearly white himself, and strangers would never take him for an Indian. Although illiterate, he was a man of uncommonly good sense, and had a large circle of intimate acquaintances among our people. He was a Mason, which fraternity will assist in the funeral services."

The Philosophy of Poverty.—Some writer says, "A happy man, surrounded by the blessings of poverty, thus sums up the uses of adversity: You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are excused from making calls. Bores do not bore you.—Spungers cannot haunt your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your windows. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, 'Is there any other little article to-day, sir?' Begging letter writers leave you alone. Imposters know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it."

A Nebraska Editor "Qualifying" Himself.—The editor of Omaha *Nebraskian* having published something deemed offensive to a person in that place, the wife of the latter undertook to rawhide him, assisted by her husband and some relations, but the scrimmage was soon stopped. The editor comments upon the affair in his next number, and adds the following by way of postscript:

We would here remark that fighting is not our vocation. The sedentary pursuits in which we have been so long engaged are unfavorable to muscular development. We only weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and have never before seriously contemplated the necessity of a resort to fisticuffs. But we now intend to go into a course of training for the spring fights. We expect in a short time to take lessons of a celebrated pugilist in the noble art of self-defence, after which we shall be happy to oblige any ex-bankers, ex-clergyman, or their brothers-in-law who may feel themselves agrieved at anything which may appear in the Nebraskian. And until that time we shall perhaps employ a body-guard of ladies to protect us from personal assaults which might deprive the public of our valuable services.

Died to Save his Dog.—About eight o'clock yesterday morning a most unfortunate casualty took place on the line of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, at Oak Ridge station, about nine miles from this city, resulting in the instant death of a man named Alexander Shaw. Deceased from what could be ascertained by Coroner James, was an itinerant knife-grinder, an Englishman, about sixty years of age. He was coming cityward along the track, accompanied by his dog. The Aurora accommodation train was approaching, and Shaw stepped from the track, but his canine favorite did not follow him until the train was close at hand, and then crouched down in terror. Shaw, miscalculating the distance of the cars from himself, dashed forward to save the dog, and was struck by the cow-catcher and thrown to one side of the track, and instantly killed, a fate shared by the animal whose peril had involved poor Shaw's.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A man named Robbins, indicted for bigamy, and who removed his trial from Nash to Raleigh county, N. C., was tried there on Friday last and convicted. He had married a woman in Wayne county, and afterwards married another in Nash. On Saturday he was branded with the letter B, on the right cheek, in open court—the brand leaving a mark that he will carry to his grave.