ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 25. ERIE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854. NUMBER 12.

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Glass, China, chimnies, corks, nursing bottles, syringes, Felons, &c., a supply of the deservedly popular remedy just received by BURTON & SINCLAIR.

The Erie Observer,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY DURLIN & SLOAN,
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS RELATING TO BUSINESS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

OFFICE—NO. 9, BROWN'S BLOCK, ERIE, PA.
Printing Office, corner of State and 5th Sts.

B F SLOAN, EDITOR

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LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Erie, Pa., August 1st 1854. Persons calling for letters will please say "Advertised."

Applebee John J	Kelley Bridget
Ames Silas J	Killmer mrs 2
Anderson miss Mary J	Luther miss Catharine
Arnold Wm	Lower Geo
Austin George	Love S P
Aulls Ephraim J	Logue James W
Abell Joseph	Lawrence Wm
Adams David P	Lawyer Christ
Allen Henry W	Lottie S P
Allison miss William	Lattemore Robt
Akerly Philip	Murray miss Mary L
Boggs John	Murray Christian
Buckley Wm	Murray C
Bomeisler Chas M	Miller Jacob
Burnes Bernard	Morton Thos
Burton Maria J	Moore mrs Margaret
Burwell Simrod	Millar Orolina J
Burgoyne James	Moore Perry
Boyd Mary Jane	Morrison miss Ann
Boyl Catherine	Monghan William
Beny John 2	Mahon Alex
Bird Joseph	Manby N M
Beech, Peck & Snow	Malick Henry
Baney Alex	Martin miss Kater
Bassett Triphenia	Merritt Chauncy
Baiby Thomas	Marr John H
Backus Joseph W	Meyer Henry
Barr John L	Mangen Peter
Backus Olive	Manus Barbara
Barton Wm M	Martin mrs 2
Baker Roswell	Marsh Idelia
Bannister John	McKoy John
Brentel Vincent	McKee miss Harriet
Brace Stephen J	McEwen Harmon
Brock Jacob	McComb John
Brennan James	McCartney mrs C M
Brace Rebecky	McGrea Samuel
Brown Jonathan	McCluney James
Brown David W	Nelson John C
Ply Gaylard	Newell mrs Rhoda
Cox Philip	Noble miss Ariel
Cox Chas S 4	Noble mrs Sarah
Connell John	Nichol Hy
Curtis Jonathan	O Connor Thomas
Cook Margaret	Osborne Hugh
Cook Lyman	Osborne Chas B
Colley Louisa S	Osborn mrs Marzena
Carpenter Thos	Orr miss S Nancy
Carter J Joseph	Porter Henry A
Casper Joseph	Putnam Hiel
Carle Rebecca	Potter Harvey
Clark Sandford C	Palmer James
Chauncy Clark	Palmer James A
Clark A M	Peck Davis
Cleveland Gardner	Pelton R D
Chamberlain Judge	Parmelee and Chase A
Crossmaz Jane M	Patterson N C A
Cross Alfred	Philips Patience
Carnes Napoleon	Rudolph James D
Dunham William	Rice Sylvanus
Durand Louisa	Robinson John
Dibble James J	Ross miss Lydia
Downey Eliza A	Redmond Thomas
Daniels H	Randolph Alfred 2
Drake Timothy	Reed mrs M J
Davis mrs Lucinda	Sullivan Chas 2
Drown mrs A R	Sibley miss Eliza
Davies Rice	Sims miss M
Davison D H	Sabine Dorl
Dana C E	Sawdy S S & G
Edwards Henry D	Stewart James
Eche Prudence E	Sandell miss M
Eastwood Benjamin	Stanton Ariel C
French Lucy J	Storry M C & Co
Forrest Wm H 2	Stevenson mrs Roxana
Foster mrs Rachel	Sedley miss E A
Foster Elvira	Stillman Franklin
Fryer Jedue	Strickland Mary
Fairchild Henry W	Snyder George
Fisk David	Shadduck John
Fleming W H	Sheehan J
Gorden Levi	Skilton Warren
Goodwredge A	Skinner Henry
Gough Richard	Smith mrs Catharine
Goodell Wm W	Smith H M
Gettings Polly	Smith Geo D
Gifford Robt 1	Smith Geo D
Gifford Catharine A	Smith Almira C
Gray E B	Smith Henry
Greene Ray	Tucker & Brother
Glazier John M	Tuttle miss Carolina
Gleason Michal	Tallman Gaylord
Hulbert E D	Trimothy John
Hutchison Chas	Tilson A V
Hubbard R B 2	Toman Adam
Hunter John C	Tompkins George
Humaford mrs Ann	Thiel Joseph
Huntly Irene	Tooby Mary
Holt Stephen	Tyman Michael
Hooper James	Trowbridge Elisha
Halcomb H	Wooley P S
How Riley E	Wyatt J H
Hogan Patrick	Wilson Christopher 2
Houson E	Williams miss D
Hinkle Andrew	Wicks L G
Hill Emily	Williamson R H
Herrick A P	Willer Stephen M
Hill & Curtiss	Wood Philancy
Heider Michael	Weidly miss Mary
Hayes Juliet F	West Samuel
Haverait Joseph	Walker S J
Hull Hiram	Walker mrs Rebecca J 2
Jackson mrs Sarah	Walsh miss Cathanie
Jackson A G	Weis John
Johnson Asa	Welsh Patrick
Johnson Jasper	Weston Jex
Joyce mrs Mary	Welsh Ellen
Jackson miss Eliza	White D D
Joint John	White Franklin M C

B. F. SLOAN, P. M.

PAPER HANGINGS!
JUST received by Express, a part of the largest, cheapest, and best Stocks of Wall and Window Paper, ever brought to this market. Also Borders to match! We do not pretend to sell at cost, but as this paper was purchased from one of the largest Manufacturing Establishments in the country, and as a bargain, we can and will sell as cheap as those who pretend to sell at cost, and a much better article at that. For proof, call and see DURLIN & SLOAN.
Erie April 15, 1854—tf No. 9, Brown's Block.

WHO SAYS SO!
EVERY body who has regard for taste and economy; all who are wise enough to look before they buy. For cheapness, beauty, quality and quantity, we can say, and no one with truth can deny it, that we have much the best stock of Fine Gold and Silver Watches, of every description. Jewelry, Silver ware, Tea Setts, Castors and Baskets—to say nothing of Pitchers, that can be found, or remembered of, in Erie. An inspection, is requested.
Goods repaired and made to order, in the best manner, at short notice. STOCKTON & FULLER,
May 6, 1854—29. Park Row, Erie

Watchman, What'st he Clock!
STRANGER, why trouble your friends for the time, since you can go to Stockton and Fuller, and buy a good Clock, for just about nothing?
They are now receiving Thirty-five Cases, of assorted; many of them beautiful; all of them good. Park Row, Erie
May 6, 1854. 41.

1000 Seamless BAGS, holding 2 and 3½ bushels, for sale by March 16. TIBBALS & HAYES.

Envelopes, Die Sinking and Engraving.
DIES sinked, Envelopes stamped with business cards, Monogramic Envelopes, self-sealed and printed. Paper Bags for Grocers, and putting up Garden and Flower Seeds, with printed directions, at Colton's Envelope manufactory and Printing Establishment, 16 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
N. B. Orders will be delivered by express or as per agreement.
March 11, 1854. 6m.

Select Poetry.

SHOWER.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT, A. M.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
They are meadows sloping low,
There the fairest flowers blow.
All serene;
But the sweetest thing to see
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest hoping swain,
Is the rain.

Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky!
They desery no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall,
And each moment of the shower,
Seems an hour.

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might!
While they seem to hold a talk
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rain,
To "keep cool!"

But in that quiet dell
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessing swell,
And they brake a humming shell
On the air,
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

Choice Miscellany.

NOAH COTTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE,
Author of "Roughing it in the Bush," etc.

MY FIRST LOVE.

Mere boy as I was, my heart had been deeply moved by the beauty of Miss Ella Carlos. I often waited upon her all day without feeling the least fatigue; and at night my dreams were full of her. I don't think that she was wholly insensible to my devotion, but it seemed a matter of amusement and curiosity to her.

I remember, one day—oh! how should I forget it! for it formed a strong link of evil in my unhappy destiny—that I was sitting on the bank of the river, making a cross-bow for my pretty young lady out of a tough piece of ash—for she wanted to play at shooting at a mark, and she and Master Walter were sitting beside me watching the progress of my work—when the latter said—

"I wish I were two years older."

"Why do you wish that, Walty?" asked Ella.

"Because papa says I am to go into the army at sixteen, and I do so long to be a soldier."

"But you might be killed."

"And I might live to be a great man like the Duke of Wellington," said he, with boyish enthusiasm. "Sir, Madame Ella, set the one chance against the other."

"But it requires more than mere courage, Walter, to make a great man like him. I have heard papa say—and he fought under him in Spain—that it takes a century to produce a Wellington."

"I think papa did the Duke great injustice," said Walter. "There is not one of the heroes of antiquity to compare with him. Julius Cæsar was not a greater conqueror than Napoleon, and Wellington beat him. But great as the Duke is, Miss Ella, he was a boy once—a soldier of fortune, as I shall be—and who knows but that I may win as great a name."

"It is a good thing to have a fine conceit of one's-self," said the provoking girl. "And what would you like to be, Noah?" she cried, with a playful smile, and turning her bright, blue eyes on me. "An Oliver Cromwell at least, as he was a man of the people; and you seem to have as good a headpiece as my valiant brother."

"I wish," I said with a sigh, which I could not repress, "that I were a gentleman."

"Perhaps you are as near obtaining your wish as Walter is. And why, Noah, do you wish to be a gentleman? You are much better off, if you only knew it, as you are."

I shook my head.

"Come answer me, Noah; I want to know."

"Indeed, Miss Ella, I cannot."

"You can, and shall."

I looked earnestly into her beautiful face.

"Oh, Miss Ella, can you ask that?"

"Why not? Your reasons, Mr. Noah—your reasons."

My eyes sought the ground. I felt the color glow upon my cheeks, and I answered in a voice trembling with emotion—"Because if I were a gentleman, Miss Ella, I might then hope that you would love me, and that I might one day ask you for my wife."

The young thing sprang from the ground as if stung by a viper, her eyes flashing, and her cheek crimson with passion. "You are an impertinent, vulgar fellow," she cried. "You dare to think of marrying a lady! You, who have not even fortune to atone for your plebeian name and low origin! Never presume to speak to me again!"

She swept from us in high dungeon. Her brother laughed at what he termed a funny joke. I was silent, and forever. The subject was the most important to me in life. That flash of disdain from the proud, bright eye—that haughty, sarcastic curve of her beautiful young lip, had annihilated it. Yet her words awoke a strange idea in my mind, that finally lured me on to destruction. They led me to imagine that the want of fortune was the only real obstacle between me and the attainment of my presumptuous hopes—that common as my name was, I only required the magic of gold to ennoble it; and proud as she was, if I were but rich, even she would condescend to listen to me, and become mine.

From that hour Miss Ella walked and talked with me no more. I saw her daily at the hall, but she never cast upon me a passing glance;—or if chance threw us in the same path, she always turned disdainfully away. The distance which every hour widened between us only served to increase the passion that consumed me. I tried to feel indifferent to her scorn—in fact, to hate her, if I could; but my efforts in both cases proved abortive.

Shortly after this conversation, Mr. Walter joined the army, and Miss Ella accompanied her mother to France to finish her education; and I was placed under the head gamekeeper, to learn the art of detecting snares and catching poachers.

I filled the post assigned me with such credit to myself, and so completely to the satisfaction of my master, that after a few years, on the death of old Joe Hunter, I was promoted to his place, with a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, and the use of the cottage and farm rent free.

I now fancied myself an independent man, and my old crave for being a gentleman returned with double force; and though I had not seen Miss Ella for years, my boyish attachment was by no means diminished by absence. I determined to devote all my spare time to acquiring a knowledge of books. Our curate was a poor and studious man; to him I made known my craving for mental improvement; and as my means were more than adequate to my simple wants, and I never indulged in low vices, I could afford to pay him well for instructing me in the arts and sciences.

If Mr. Abel found me a willing pupil, I found in him a kind, intellectual instructor. Would to God I had made him a confidant of the state of my mind, and given him the true motives which made me so eager to improve myself—But from boyhood I was silent and reserved, and preferred keeping my thoughts and opinions to myself. I never could share the product of my brain with another; and this unsociable secretiveness, though it invested me with an outward decency of deportment, fostered a mental hypocrisy and self-deception far more destructive to true goodliness than the most reckless vivacity.

Mr. Abel entertained a high respect for me—I was the model young man of the parish—and wherever he went, he spoke in terms of approbation of my talents, my integrity, my filial duty to my mother, and the laudable efforts I was making to raise myself in society. This was very gratifying to my vanity. I firmly believed in the verity of my own goodness, and considered the good curate only did me justice.

Our conversation often turned on religious matters, but my orthodoxy was so correct, my outward conduct so unimpeachable that my title to piety of a superior cast made not the least item in the long catalogue of my virtues. And the heart all this time—that veiled and guarded heart, whose motions none ever looked upon or suspected—was a blank moral desert—a spot in which every corrupt weed had ample space to spread and grow without let or hindrance.

As long as Mr. Abel remained in F——, I maintained the reputation I had acquired; and long after he left us, I was a regular church-goer, and prosecuted my studies both at home and abroad. At that time my personal appearance was greatly in my favor, and I was vain of my natural advantages. I loved to dress better, and appear as if I belonged to a higher grade than my village associates. This could not be done without involving considerable expense. I kept a handsome horse, and carried a handsome gun; and I flattered myself that, when dressed in my green velvet shooting jacket, white cords, top boots, and with my hunting cap placed jauntily on my head, I was as handsome and gentlemanly-looking a young fellow as could be found in that part of the country.

I had just completed my twenty-third year when Miss Ella made her appearance once more at the hall. She was no longer a pretty child, but had grown into a lovely and accomplished woman. A feeling of despair, mingled with my admiration when she rode past me in the park, accompanied by a young gentleman and an elderly lady.

The gentleman was a younger brother, who afterwards died in India; the lady was her mother. Miss Ella was mounted on a spirited horse—a present from her father, which she, as he proudly boasted, managed to perfection. The graceful proportioned figure displayed to the best advantage by her elegant and close-fitting dark-blue riding habit.

After they had passed me, the elderly lady bent forward from her horse and said to her daughter, loud enough for me to hear, "Ella, who is that handsome young man—he looks like a gentleman."

"Far from that, mamma," returned the young lady, saucily, "it is my uncle's gamekeeper, Noah Cotton—the lad I once told you about. He is grown very handsome. But what a name!—Noah!" and she laughed—such a merry laugh, it is enough to drown any pretensions to good looks."

"How came you to know the man, Ella?" said her brother, gravely.

"Oh, George, you know Uncle is not over particular. An aristocrat with regard to his game, and any infringement on his rights on that score; but a perfect democrat in his familiarity with his domestics and tenants. He used to send for this Noah to play with us during the holidays. He was a beautiful, curly-headed lad;—and we treated him with too much condescension, but it was Uncle's fault; he should have known that the boy was no companion for young people in our rank. This saucy, spoilt boy, had not only the impudence to fall in love with me, but to tell me so to my face."

"The scoundrel!" muttered the young man.

"Of course I never spoke to him again. I complained to Uncle, and he only treated it as a joke. It is a pity," she added, in a less boastful, and haughty tone, "that he is not a gentleman; he is a handsome, noble-looking peasant."

They rode out of hearing, leaving me rooted to the spot. The sudden turn in the path had hidden me from their observation, and brought them and the theme of their conversation too terribly near.

Miss Ella's description of me cut into my soul, and stung me like an adder. I pressed my hand upon my burning brain—upon my aching heart. I tried to tear her image from both. Vain effort! Passion had done its work effectually. The limning of years could not be effaced by the desecrating power of mortified vanity.

I saw her many times during that visit to the Hall; but, beyond raising my cap respectfully when she passed me, no word of recognition ever escaped from my lips. Once or twice, I thought, from her manner, and the earnest way in which she regarded me, that she almost wished me to speak to her.

Her horse ran away with her one morning in the park, and she lost her seat, but received no serious injury. I caught the animal, and helped her to remount. Our eyes met, and she blushed very deeply; and her hand trembled as it lay for a moment in mine. Trifling as these circumstances were, they gave birth, at the time, to the most extravagant hopes, which filled me with a sort of ecstacy. I almost fancied that she loved me—she, the proud, highborn, beautiful lady.—Alas! I knew little of the coquetry of woman's nature, or that a girl of her rank and fortune would condescend to notice a poor lad like me, to gratify her own vanity and love of admiration.

I went home intoxicated with delight; and that night I dreamt I found a vast sum of gold beneath a pine-tree in one of the plantations, and that Ella Carlos had consented to become my wife. My vision of happiness was, however, doomed to fade. The next day Mrs. Carlos and her son and daughter left the Hall, and I did not see her again before she went.

For weeks after her departure I moped about in a listless, dispirited manner, loathing my menial occupation, and despising the low origin which formed an insurmountable barrier between me and the beautiful mistress of my heart.

I was soon roused from these unprofitable speculations, and called to take an active part in the common duties of every-day life. Some desperadoes had broken into the preserves, and carried off a large quantity of game. Mr. Carlos vowed vengeance on the depredators, and reprimanded me severely for my neglect.

This galled my pride and made me return with double diligence to my business. After watching for a few nights, I had every reason to believe that the poacher was no other than my old enemy Bill Martin, who, absent several years in America, had suddenly re-appeared in the village, and was constantly seen at the public house, in the company of a set of worthless, desperate characters. He had sunk into the low blackguard, and manifested his hatred to me by insulting me on all occasions. My dislike to this ruffian was too deep to find vent in words. I was always brooding over his injurious conduct, and planning schemes of vengeance.

One day, in going through the plantations, I picked up a large, American bowie-knife, with Bill Martin's name engraved upon the handle. This I carefully laid by, hoping that it might prove useful on some future occasion.

Meanwhile, the game was nightly thinned; and the caution and dexterity with which the poachers acted, baffled me and my colleagues in all our endeavors to surprise them in the act.

TEMPTATION.

"That Bill Martin is a desperate ruffian," said Mr. Carlos to me one morning, after we were returning to the Hall through the park. I had been watching in the preserves all night, but nothing had transpired, beyond the discovery of the bowie-knife, that could lead to the detection of the marauders. "I have no doubt that he and his gang are the party concerned in these nightly depredations; but we want sufficient proof for their apprehension."

"Give Martin rope enough, and he'll hang himself," I replied. "He is fierce and courageous, but boastful and foolhardy. In order to astonish his companions, he'll commit some daring outrage, and betray himself. I will relax a little from our vigilance, to give him more confidence, and put him off his guard. It won't be long, depend upon it, before we have him safely lodged in——jail."

"Noah, my boy, you are a trump!" cried the Squire, throwing his arm familiarly across my shoulders. "It's a pity such talents as you possess should be wasted in watching hares and partridge."

I felt my heart beat, and my cheeks glow, and I thought of Miss Ella. "Was he going," I asked myself, "to place me in a more respectable situation?"

But no; the generous fit passed away, and he broke into a hearty laugh.

"D——e, Noah, I had half a mind to buy a commission for you, and make a soldier of you. But you had better remain as you are. That confounded name of Noah Cotton would spoil all. Who ever heard of a gentleman bearing such a cognomen? It is worse than Lord Byron's."

"Amas Cottle! Phebus, what a name! What could tempt your mother to call you after the old patriarchal navigator? Ha! ha! it was a queer dodge."

"It was my father's name," said I, reddening; for, besides being bitterly mortified and disappointed, I by no means relished the joke, and my father, though poor, was an honest man."

"Both curse and rather doubtful," said the Squire, laughing to himself. Then, slapping me pretty sharply on the shoulder, he said—"And what, my lad, do you know of your father?"

"Nothing, personally, to the best of my knowledge, I never saw him; but my mother has told me a good deal about him."

"I know how much she was attached to Master Noah Cotton, and how grieved she was to part with such a tender, loving husband?"

"Sir, Mr. Carlos—do you mean to insult me by speaking in this jeering way of my parents?"

"Not in the least, Noah; so don't look at me with that fierce black eye as if you took me for a hare or a pheasant, or worse than either, for Bill Martin. You ought to know that I am your friend—have been your friend from a child; and if you continue to conduct yourself as you have done, will befriend you for life."

I looked, I am sure, very foolish, for I felt his words rankling in my heart; and though I affected to laugh, I strode on by his side in silence—the chain of obligations he had wound around me, and my dependence upon him tightening about me, and galling me at every step.—He certainly saw that I was offended; for, stopping at the gate that led from the park to the Hall-gardens, and where our roads separated, he said, rather abruptly—

"You are angry with me, Noah?"

"With you, sir?—that would be folly."

"It would, indeed. I see you can't bear a joke."

"Not very well."

"You don't take after your father, then; for he loves a joke dearly."

"Is my father alive?" I cried, eagerly.

"Of course he is."

"My mother don't know this."

"As well as I know it. Women have all their secrets. They don't tell us all they know. One of these days you'll hear more about this mysterious father, depend upon it."

I longed to ask him all he knew upon the subject, but we were not on terms of familiarity to warrant such a liberty. He was my master, and it was his part to speak—mine to listen. Presently he turned the subject into another channel altogether.

"By-the-bye, Noah," he said, "I am going to-day——. I have a large sum of money to receive from my lawyer—the payment of Crawford's farm, which I sold a few months ago.—The land was bad, and I was offered a good price for it—more, indeed, than I thought it was worth. Horner advised me to sell, and I sold it accordingly. It may be late when I return to-morrow night, which I shall do by the F—— coach. It will put me down on the other side of the park, and I shall have to walk home by the plantations and through the great avenue; and though the distance is but a mile, to tell you the truth, I should not like to meet Bill Martin and his gang after nightfall in such a lonely place, especially with a large sum of money on my person—at least from £500 to £1000. I wish you would bring your gun, and wait for the coming up of the coach, at the second gate which leads into that lonely plantation. It will be in by ten o'clock."

"That I will, with the greatest pleasure," I cried, and all my petty resentment vanished.—"I am not afraid of twenty Bill Martins. I only wish I may have the luck to meet with him."

"I shall fell perfectly safe with you, Noah.—But—hallo! I forgot; is not to-morrow the great cricket-match at S——? and you must be there."

"It is," said I. "But there is no positive necessity for my being there. It is a good thing to be missed sometimes. They'll know the value of a good player another time."

"You are their best hand!"

"Yes, I know that, and they know it too.—However, for this time, they must try and win the match without me. Good morning, Mr. Carlos; I will not fail to meet you as you desire."

He entered the magnificent lawn that spread in front of his noble residence; and, whistling the tune of a hunting-song, turned my steps through the plantations towards home.

God knows! at that moment, I had not the most distant idea of raising my hand against his life.

I walked on, or rather, sauntered—for the weather was excessively warm for September—in a sort of dreamy state. The thought uppermost in my mind was a vague wish to know how much money Mr. Carlos expected to receive for the sale of Crawford's farm.

The land was not very good; but the house and barns were commodious, and in excellent repair. It was honestly worth £4,000. Will he receive this large sum in one payment—or will it be by instalments of eight hundred or a thousand pounds? The latter sum was the most probable. "He is foolish," I continued, pursuing my train of thought, "to travel with a sum like that in his pocket, and by a common conveyance too. It is tempting Providence. But he is a rash man who never listens to any advice. He will be murdered one of these days if he does not take care."

A thousand pounds is an immense sum in the estimation of a poor man. The busy fiend whispered in my ear, "How much could be done with that sum if you could only command it! It would buy a commission in the army, and make a gentleman of you at once." But then "people would suspect how I came by it."

"It would enable you to emigrate to America or Australia, and become a purchaser of a tract of land, that might make your fortune."

"Yes! and then I would drop the odious name of Noah Cotton, return with a fine coat, and a noble *alias*, and seek out and marry my adored Ella Carlos."

After indulging for some time in this species of castle-building, I began seriously to consider whether it would be such a difficult matter to obtain the money, and realize the latter of these dreams.

I did not wish to inflict any personal injury on Mr. Carlos, who had always been very kind to me and my mother; yet he was a person for whom I felt little respect, and I often reproached myself for my want of gratitude to our mutual benefactor.

He had a fine person, and a frank, generous bearing, but his manners were coarse and familiar, and his language immoral, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman. I had frequently seen him intoxicated, and while in that state, I had assisted him from his carriage, and guided his tottering steps up the broad stone steps that led to his mansion.

I had often remarked to my mother, when such an event had filled me with deep disgust.—"Had Mr. Carlos been a poor man, he would have been a great blackguard."

And she would grow very red and angry—more so than I thought the occasion required, and say—"My son, it is not for the like of us to censure the conduct of our betters. It is very unbecoming, especially in you, on whom the Squire has conferred so many favors. You ought to shut your eyes and ears, and let on to no one what you see and hear."

I did neither the one nor the other. I was keenly alive to the low pursuits of my superiors, whom I only considered as such as far as his rank and wealth were concerned, for hitherto I had led a more moral life than he had. I neither gambled, nor drank, nor swore; had never seduced a poor girl to her ruin, and then boasted of my guilt. If the truth must be spoken, I regarded the Squire with feelings of indifference, which amounted almost to contempt, which all sense of past obligations I had not overcome.

Oh, it does seem that children of fortune did but know in right in which such deeds are regarded by the poor, and the evils which arise from their bad example, they would rather strive to deserve their respect, or at least strive to keep their immoralities out of sight!

I did not wish Mr. Carlos's crime, for my crime, to mount never have been a bad one, or have been tempted under any circumstances to have taken his life; yet I do feel certain, that if that had been the case, he would have been safe, and I had never fallen. I should have tried to show my gratitude to him, by deserving his esteem; as it was, I felt that his good opinion to me was of little worth—that he could not prize good qualities in me to which himself was a stranger. The only tie which bound me to him was one of self-interest. He paid me well, and for the sake of that pay I had, up to this period, been a faithful servant.

But what has all this to do with my temptation and fall? Much—oh, how much—the conviction of the worthlessness of my master's character, and the little loss his death would be to the community at large, drowned all remorseful feelings on his behalf, and hastened me far on the road to crime.

After having once indulged the idea that I could easily rob him, and make myself master of the property he had on his person, I could not again banish it from my mind. I quickened my pace, and recommenced whistling a gay tune; but the strain suddenly ceased, and in fancy I was confronting Mr Carlos by that lonely avenue-gate. I rubbed my eyes to shut out the horrid vision, and began switching the thistles that grew by the roadside with my cane. Then I thought I saw him pale and weltering in his blood at my feet, and I heard Bill Martin's fiendish laugh, and his prophecy respecting the gallows.

I stopped in the middle of the road, and looked hard at the east. What a terrible idea had that one thought of Bill Martin conjured up—the opportunity to gratify my long-treasured hatred—to avenge myself on my enemy was within my grasp!

That knife—I walked quickly on—I nearly ran, driven forward by the excitement under which I labored. Yes—that knife, with his name upon the handle. If the deed were done adroitly, and with that knife, and I could but contrive to send him to the spot a few minutes after the murder had been committed, he would be the convicted felon—I the possessor of wealth that might ultimately pave the way to fortune.

I was near the village, and I saw a bosom friend of Martin's, with a suspicious-looking dog lounging at his heels. I knew that anything said to Adam Haws would be sure to be retailed to his comrades, for with Bill Martin I never held the least communication.

THE PLOT.

"A FINE day, Mister Game-keeper," quoth Adam! "Prime weather for shooting! Have you much company at the Hall?"

"No one at present. The Squire expects a large party the beginning of the week."

"Is there much game this season?" asked the poacher, very *innocently*.

"There *was*," I replied rather fiercely. "But these rascally poachers are making it scarce. I only wish I had the ringleader of the gang with in the range of this gun."

"How savage you are, Cotton! A soft easy name that for a hard, cruel fellow. Why not live and let live? What is it to you if a poor fellow dines now and then off the leg of a hare, or the wing of a pheasant? It don't take one penny out of your pocket. What right have these rich men to lay an embargo upon the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air? Aye, upon the very fish that swims in the stream, which