BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY, it

[SELF-DEPENDENCE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST-RIGHT, AND THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY NATION.]

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### Select Stories.

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## From Peterson's Magazine.

EDITH; OR, REVENGE.

BY CORNELIA CAROLLA. Revenge, at first though sweet,

Bitter cre long, back on itself recoils "Are you not suffocated in this crowd

Bringhurst?" inquired Ernest Wharton of friend, who stood with him in a recess of a crowded saloon. "It seems to me that Mrs. Russel prides herself on the number of persons she collects at her fetes. For my part, I prefer fewer people with greater comfort. Ladies, however, think differently. But who is that superb woman, eaning on Woodhull's arm?" he suddenly exclaimed, interrupting himself.

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

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

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

" It is very strange," said Wharton, mu singly: " pray, introduce me."

"Certainly," replied Bringhurst; "come

Edith Beresford was a proud, imperious, although a warm-hearted woman. When she married, three years before, she loved her husband almost to idolatry, and he was equally fond of her. At first they were happy, very happy; but unfortu- alone, and I will tell you all." nately, Mr. Beresford was one of those fickle-minded persons whose affections soon sade, who constantly require new objects of aterest. He loved his wife as dearly as s nature would allow; but he could not appreciate her high-souled nobility of character. Her deep, ardent love, was a myshery; still, as it gratified his vanity and

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

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

his horse." Such at least became the position of the queenly Edith Beresford.

Edith, however, soon penetrated the real character of her husband, which had been carefully disguised during his position as a over. She bore patiently with his natural infirmities of disposition; but when she saw the heart, which she felt should be only

her own, laid at the feet of another, her indignation knew no bounds. Eugenia Milford was a rival beauty, who had aspired to the position which Edith now held. She failed, and in a fit of anger, vowed revenge. She knew Edith's hausted. devotion to her husband, was aware of his pierce the heart of her opponent in its tenderest part. True to her purpose, all her arts were directed to the conquest of Mr.

Beresford. He fell an easy, almost an unresisting victim, and was now her willing slave. But even while he bowed to another, he insisted on the most perfect devotion from Edith, and, indeed, boasted that no matter how he might act toward her,

she still would idolize him. Edith was astonished and indignant at her husband's conduct, Her imperious. temper arose to its full height; mutual recrimination ensued, and their home became a scene of constant discord. Thus stood matters at the time when our story begins. Edith was the queen of every heart but one, and that—she had ceased to prize. may not trust you with my scheme. Nay, injured, despised, trampled on, her love for her husband was fast sinking into conlempt, from which it was soon destined to

degenerate into implacable hatred. It was near the end of the season, and they were already planning their summer tour, when an incident occurred which banished every hope of future happiness from past, or future, never to reveal by look, the wretched pair. In one of their daily scenes of mutual upbraiding, Mr. Beresford was almost beside himself with rage at her and may God so deal with me as I keep words and manner.

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

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

"Edith, Edith, be careful what you say !" "I do not fear you; you dare not strike to do.

"Edith, taunt me no more !"

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

Maddened by her taunting words, he struck her. She staggered, but recovering herself, stood before him the personification of a beautiful fury."
"Paul Beresford," she almost shouted,

in a voice hoarse with passion," you call in her innocence." yourself a man; and you have struck a woman! The last drop has fallen into the cup of my wrongs. Now, listen to me! When I married you I loved you as few contempt—it has turned to hatred: but I will be revenged."

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

may yet be happy."

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

"I conjure you by the memory of our former love--'

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

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

Early the next morning, Mrs. Beresford descended from her carriage in front of a large, old-fashioned house in Chesnut street. old gentleman, in dressing-gown and slippers, was scated in an easy-chair, reading the morning paper. He arose in evident astonishment as Mrs. Beresford entered the

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

"Important business, uncle," she hastily replied. "Let me be sure that'

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

"Now are we safe from eaves-droppers?" she asked. "Quite safe?" "Y-e-s, y-e-s, quite safe," replied the

old man; "but good gracious, what is the matter, Edith? Are you mad?" "Not quite, although nearly so. Now,

listen to me: You know how I idolized Paul Beresford when I married him. Well, a few months passed happily, when he grew weary of the toy which he had won, and sought another-nay, do not start-I he gave his worthless heart to the keeping

of Eugenia Milford. She was my rival; I conquered her, and this was her revenge. complained, and he mocked my love: he even triumphed in the wound my pride had received-and vet, I bore with him; but yesterday he struck me-yes, struck meand I must be revenged! I loved him tain slowly rose, and in a second the new once; I hate him now: I once yielded my actress stood before them, as calm, as heart to love-now hatred pervades my quiet, as self-possessed as though surrounded whole being!"

She paused from sheer inability to speak longer, and sank on a sola, ex-

"And what do you propose to do, my fickle character, and at once resolved to child?" inquired her uncle, placing his hand upon her head. "Do you intend to leave him and procure a divorce? Remember you can always find a home here with me." "Yes, uncle, I mean to be separated

from him; but not by a divorce,29 returned Edith, rising. "I will tell you my planon one condition, however—that you take the oath which I will propose."

"My promise should be enough to one whom I have always treated as my own

child," replied Mr. Fleming. "I know your word is sacred as Holy Writ, uncle, under general auspices; but circumstances might arise in which you would consider it your duty to break your pledge. I must provide against such a contingency, and unless you do as I require, I

if you even hesitate, I must act alone." "I will do as you wish," replied Mr.

Fleming. "Well, listen to the formula of the oath, and then repeat it after me. I swear by my hope of heaven, by my fear of hell, by all I love, or prize, or revere in the present, word, or sign, the secret about to be revealed to me by my niece, Edith Beresford;

my oath!" "Edith, I cannot take such an oath."

"Good morning, uncle."

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

"Then be it as you please: I will take

It was done: "Now tell me, Edith, what you intend

She told him.

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

"It must be, uncle. My choice lies be-Tween life and revenge, death and forget-fulness."

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

The old man went:

a. Dear uncle, do not unnerve me by your tears. I need all my strength. My hus-When I married you I loved you as few band wrought the change. He found me of the play."

women ever love! I soon discovered the innocent, loving, trusting. He made me—

what I am. But he shall pay the penalty." had taken place between him and the ma-A fortnight later, Mr. and Mrs. Beres- inager: " ford left for Niagara, although it was much

earlier than they usually repaired thither. A week later the papers announced the untimely death of the young and lovely Mrs. Beresford." She had risen early, asusual, and walked out unattended. When mit mo to do so ? Pray, intercede for me." breakfast was served she did not appear, and her husband set out to look for her. A shawl that she had worn together with one of her gloves, were found on the bank near the Falls, and a handkerchief with her name embroidered on it had caught on Morton's. Visited and caressed by a family the dead limb of a tree which projected so aristocratic, Miss Evelyn was soon as over the water. There was no doubt that eagerly sought after in private as she was the unfortunate lady had ventured too near in public life, and few assemblies were conthe edge of the cliff, and had fallen down sidered perfect without her presence. She the abyss.

Mr. Beresford returned home immediately, and considering how little he had pear in the highest circles, that she moved loved his wife while she was living, his profound grief at her death was astonishing. Remorse probably added to its poig-

nancy. Two years had elapsed since Paul Beresford lost his wife. The London season had just commenced, when an unusual excitement was created in theatrical circles. An impatient pull of the bell-knob brought by the announcement that an actress of the a servant to the door, and she was con- most extraordinary genius was about to ducted to the drawing room. There an make her debut. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the rehearsals, ject of her career, for the gold which she that her motions were the perfection of needy. While those around admired her grace; her voice exquisitely clear and wonderful genius, they could not but conwas the daughter of a noble family talents. Again, she was the wife of an unfortunate merchant, striving to assist him wealth sufficient for their wants, intending to marry as soon as it was attained. These more sober thinkers suggested that most probably she had been intended for the

stage from childhood; but had been kept back until her genius was fully developed. The great night arrived, and long before tell you a year had scarcely elapsed, when to excess, Boxes, pit, galleries, doorways, declared his love for Miss Evelyn, she enpassages—every place where a human being could stand, was filled. The moments dragged on wearily to the impatient crowd. I however, persisted, and proposed to Miss At length the overture commenced: the music was exquisite, but it was listened to with impatience. At last the footlights brightened-the little bell rang-the curby friends alone. Shouts of applause greeted her appearance, and several minutes elapsed before she could proceed in

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

At the end of the performance, several gay young noblemen hastened behind the scenes, hoping to be presented to the star son's wife; for, alas! I am already marof the night. But they were disappointed: ried." Miss. Evelyn was not in the green-room; and the manager told them it was useless to seek her, since she had expressly stipulated that no person whatever should be permitted to intrude her at the theatre, and that no one should be brought to her dwelling without her knowledge and consent. "Where does she live?" asked Lord

Morton, eagerly. "I have promised not to reveal her

residence," replied the manager. "What a prude!" exclaimed Lord Ross.

"A ruse to attract greater attention by greatest roue in town.

"I think not," replied Lord Morton. "She may really wish to seclude herself permit, to ensure your son's happiness. from society, particularly from the class of gentlemen who usually seek a new actress." unusual prudishness in an actress in not for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not When the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came shore, and that's the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in not for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not when the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came shore, and that's the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in not for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not when the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came shore, and that's the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in not for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not when the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came shore, and that's the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in not for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not when the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came shore, and that's the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in an actress in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness in the last account I can be unusual prudishness affectation," returned Lord Belton.

not an actress be as virtuous, as refined and delicate as any of her sex off the boards?"

"Their method of life forbids it," exclaimed Belton. "Could a truly refined and delicate woman face thousands of eyes with the calm self-possesion which Miss Evelyn betrayed! Would any innately virtuous woman willingly place herself in such a position ?"

"Circumstances might render it necessary for her to do so," replied Morton. "I will not quarrel with your belief, Morton," said Belton; "but pray do not talk to me of the virtue of an actress.

and with these words the young men sepa-Were you presented to Miss Evelyn, Eustace?" said Lady Clara Morton to her brother, as they rode home from the theatre. "I observed that you lest the box at the end

"I am glad that she acts thus," exclaimed Lady Clara; "for I never saw a woman with whom I was so perfectly fascinated. And I am very anxious to know her. Do you think that mother will per-Lady Clara was an only daughter, and an invalid. So, after a slight resistance, her whim was gratified by her indulgent parents, and Edith Evelyn soon became a welcome guest at the stately mansion of the neither desired society nor shunned it; but it became very apparent when she did apin an accustomed and appropriate sphere.

Admirers pressed eagerly around her; but she was careless of their homage. The greatest, the noblest, the wealthiest were calmly and coldly rejected. Her heart' seemed callonsed both to love and to ambition. Steadily pursuing her professional life, its cares and toils were nothing to her energetic perseverance. She rejoiced only in the triumphs she won as an actress. Success in that field was evidently the obsaid that she was magnificently beautiful; gathered was freely lavished on the poor and musical. Her name was Edith Evelyn, fess their astonishment, that one who could her parentage unknown; but she was evi- so truly and startlingly depict the passions dently an English woman. Rumor created of the human heart, was in private so enmany romantic histories of her. Now she tirely unmoved by them: Who could "I love," in such deep thrilling breathe, but proud-who had resolved to retrieve tones on the stage, and who could say, "I the embarrassments of her parents by her do not love," so calmly, when earnest affection was freely offered in private life.

The fascination which Lady Clara Morin his difficulties. Another time, she was ton declared the actress exercised over her, the betrothed of a poor man, whom she increased in proportion as her health deonly means by which she could acquire when in her society; and her fond mother was most grateful to Miss Evelyn, or Edith. as she was more familiarly called, for the different reports gained credence among the kind attention which she bestowed on the romantic portion of the world, while the beloved invalid. Lord Eustace passed much of his time with his sister, to whom it soon became evident that his admiration for her friend had deepened into a tenderer feeling. Knowing Edith's coldness as she did, she trembled for his happiness; and the curtain rose, the theatre was crowded when in return to her anxious inquiries, he treated him if possible to quell it since she feared that it was a hopeless passion. He, Evelyn. He was gently, but firmly rejected. In vain did Lady Clara plead for him; in vain did his mother, her pride of birth softened by his misery, entreat Edith to become his wife. She wept and expressed much regret for his unhappy passion, but declared her inability to return it.

"You will learn to love him if you once "You cannot be so cold-hearted as to be incapable of love. Or can it be possible that your affections are engaged?"

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

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

"It is impossible. I can never be your The Duchess started as though a thun-

derbolt had fallen at her feet. . "Married! can it be? How is this? Where is your husband?"

Edith explained; and the Duchess sat for several minutes in silence. "He may yet hope!" she finally ex-

claimed. -never! I have devoted my life to a stern purpose, and when that is wrought, I | partly secluded from observation in a prihave nothing left to live for, My short vate box, she watched the actress with existence has been a sad one, and some of exciting our curiosity," suggested Lord the deepest pangs I have ever felt arise ever, seemed either heedless or unconscious they found only one of the Irishmen, and Belton, who prided himself on being the from the knowledge of the pain I have given you and yours. Believe me, I would make any sacrifice that conscience would But his wife I cannot-dare not be. Such

The next day the papers announced that arranged. Edith Evelyn, the actress, would shortly visit America. She had previously declared her intention of doing so; but the period of her departure had not been heed the exclamation. named. Now, however, the public were informed that she sailed in a fortnight, and leaned forward to catch every word, that

also, that after a short tour in the United

States, she intended to retire from the stage. Rumors were immediately circulated, that at last her heart had succumbed to love's sweet influence, and each of her more prominent admirers was, in turn, reported to be the happy man. In the mean-time the theatre was nightly crowded, and the audience seemed to exhaust their fancy. in their manifold endeavors to testify their

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

unable to appear before them again. A few months later, Paul Beresford sat at the breakfast-table with his wife: he had been married two years to Eugenia Milford.

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

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

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

She only appeared three nights in New York, where her triumphs were as great as in London, when she repaired to Philadelphia, refusing, however, to engage for a longer period than a week, during which loved, and she had sought the stage as the clined, until she only seemed contented time a new play, written by herself, was to be produced. She refused to appear publicly until the necessary preparations for the production of this piece were completed; and a fortnight elapsed before the impatient curiosity of the public was gratified.

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

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

His wife too seemed equally astonished. "Did vou ever see so wonderful a likeness?" she whispered. "Miss Evelyn, however, is more beautiful."

A groan of agony escaped from his lips, which caused his wife to remind him sharply where he was. His agitation, however, had not been observed: for the become his bride," urged the mother, crowd were engerly watching the great stranger who stood before them. As the evening advanced, glasses were leveled at she often sighs over the history of the un-Miss Evelyn by several of the elite present fortunate Edith. with more interest than a perfect stranger, however noted, could be supposed to excite in those who pride themselves on their indifference. Paul Beresford saw many eyes glance alternately at Miss Evelyn and himwife that had so startled him,

ment was so limited. Paul Beresford the other: seemed perfectly enchanted by her powers. Night after night he watched her every word and glance with painful eagerness. He never applauded, but sat with his eyes dilated and fixed upon her, as though he "No, lady, no; I shall never wed again rible even for thought to dwell on. His wife, too, seemed to partake in his fears, as wonderful attention. Miss Evelyn, howof their gaze so constantly bent on her, everything in a great state of bewilderment. and never raised her eyes to the box where they sat.

It was the last night of her engagement accept it. Pity me, madam; but do not forward, robed in the style in which his give ye."

"I do replied Morton. "Why should curse me as the cause of so much misery!" Edith had dressed, with her hair similarly "Edith," burst unconsciously from his

> But the actress, if she heard, did not The play commenced, and Paul Beresford

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

turns to her husband and asks: " Have I not kept my yow I Is not my

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

"Have I not kept my vow? Is not my

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

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

> The next day Paul Beresford sought Edith; but she had left the city its company with her uncle, with whom; she had constantly corresponded since she left her husband. They repaired to Italy, where, after a few years, she died, bitterly regretting that she had devoted the best energies of her life to the unhallowed pursuit of arevenge. In seeking it she thought only of her wrongs, when it was acquired, the continually, and the demons remorse was never driven from her hearth to at strain

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

# An Irish Salute.

Two Irishmen were left in charge of a ship while its officers went ashore, and strictly enjoined not to make or permit any noise self, and felt that others recognized the on board; but a jug of "ould frish" one of same wonderful resemblance to his first them had, and the opportunity for a " bit of a spree," was too great a temptation for Edith Evelyn's reception in Philadelphia them to resist. They indulged freely, and was even more rapturous, if possible, than as many of our public men have been any that she had previously received; and known to, soon drank themselves into a much regret was expressed that her engage- very patriotic spirit. When one says to

"Be jabers, and let's fire a salute." "Agreed," says the other, but that 'ud make the divil's own noise."

"Tut, man," replied the first, "we'll stop that. Jest you hold the iron pot over the momentarily expected to hear some terrible mouth of the gun, me darlint, and I'll tetch confirmation of anguish to himself-too ter- it asy, and we'll have a roarin' salute without any noise at all,"

Pat.acquiesced in the arrangement, and held the pot as directed, while the other. touched off the cannon. The officers, hearing the report, hastened on board, where

They asked what had become of his comrade, "Sure," said he, " Pathrick was houlding an iron pot over the mouth of the in Philadelphia, and her new play was to cannon, to stop the noise, while Litetehed it happiness is not for me, and while his love be performed for the first time. Poul off, and the last I see'd of him or the pot. You also believe, perhaps, that this is an honor which an Empress might covet, Beresford and his wife were there as usual. they were goin in a great hurry towards 1