The Evansville Daily Journal.

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Weekly Paper	2 00
" " Clubs of 15 or more	1 50
Six Copies	10 00
Twelve Copies	18 00

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BUSINESS CARDS.

ASA IGLEHART.....N. R. ANTHES.
(Notary Public.)

IGLEHART & ANTHES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

WILL practice law and make collections in Vanderburg and the adjoining counties in Indiana. They have also established in the city of Evansville, a

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

Where they will attend to the purchase and sale of Evansville city property, as well as farms and farming lands in any of the Western States. They will also procure, purchase, sell and locate land warrants, pay taxes, collect rents, examine titles, or attend to any other business appertaining to the duties of Attornies or Real Estate Agents.

Lots in all parts of the city, and farming lands in various localities for sale. Office on Third street, nearly opposite the new Court-house. jan15ly

JOHN W. FOSTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office on Third street, in rear of Crescent City Bank Building. ap27

WM. R. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,
mh30tf HENDERSON, KY.

JOHN INGLE, JR., AND RUDOLPH KEHR.
Real Estate Agency for
SOUTHERN INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.
MONEY LOANS SECURED AFTER TITLE EXAMINED.
☞ Office over Canal Bank, Evansville, Ind. ☞
fe19 INGLE & KEHR.

JOHNSON & HYNES.
MORRIS S. JOHNSON and BLYTHE HYNES, have formed a law partnership, and will practice their profession in all the courts of the State. Office on First street, between Main and Locust, in Bray's Building, Evansville, Ind. fe18lv

JOHN F. CRISP,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AT the Evansville Library Association Rooms, Foster's Buildings, will attend to drawing up deeds, mortgages, and all other writings entrusted to him. dec17tf

EDMUND B. SEYMOUR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Notary Public.
☞ Office on Third street, in rear of Crescent City Bank Building. ☞
sep15'56ly EVANSVILLE, IND.

WM. K. McGREW,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
Office in the Crescent City Bank Building.
WILL attend faithfully to all business entrusted to him. my30

JAMES M. SHANKLIN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Evansville, Indiana.
OFFICE—Second street, in the rear of the Crescent City Bank Building. ap30-1y

HENRY STITES,
Notary Public and Justice of the Peace.
MT. CARMEL, ILL.
WILL attend to collecting and securing claims in Southeastern Illinois, and all other business appertaining to said offices; paying taxes, etc.
Refer to W. T. Page, Esq., Cashier Canal Bank, Evansville, Ind. ap21wtf

BEELER HOUSE,
VINCENNES, IND.
OPPOSITE THE O. & M. RAILROAD OFFICE.
fe6tf T. J. BEELER, Proprietor.

CLARK'S AMERICAN HOTEL,
VINCENNES, IND.
J. M. CLARK, Proprietor.
THIS house has been refitted and refurnished, and is now in fine order. mh28

CITY HOTEL,
WATER ST., BETWEEN MAIN AND DIVISION,
Evansville, Ind.
octtf WM. H. BOICOURT, Proprietor.

PAVILION HOTEL.
C. K. DREW, Proprietor.
WATER STREET, CORNER OF SYCAMORE,
Evansville, Indiana.
ap30-1y

GREEN RIVER HOTEL,
JAMES STRYKER, Proprietor.
WATER STREET, CORNER WALNUT, EVANSVILLE.
THIS house has been renovated, refitted and refurnished, and is now open for guests. The proprietor has taken the house with the intention of keeping it, and no pains will be spared to make it comfortable to those who patronize the house. Day or week boarders taken with or without lodging.
N. B.—I have also a good wagon yard and stable for the accommodation of people from the country.
ap6-6md3w

HENRY D. ALLIS.....LEWIS HOWES.
ALLIS & HOWES,
(The old firm in business again,)
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
RECTIFIERS OF THE CELEBRATED MAGNOLIA WHISKY, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE, SUPERIOR OLD BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS, &c.,
Water street, 2nd door above Vine, Evansville, Ind.
fe8ly.

S. E. WHEELER.....JAMES D. RIGGS,
(of Carlisle, Ind.)
WHEELER & RIGGS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS
IN
GROCERIES, PRODUCE,
NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, GLASSWARE, &c. &c.
No. 47, Main street, between First and Second,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
se26ly

CHARLES S. WELLS,
WHOLESALE HARDWARE DEALER, Main street, two doors below the State Bank, Evansville, Ind. Orders for Hardware promptly filled at lowest Cincinnati prices. Jan30ly

I. & D. HEIMANN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GROCERIES AND PRODUCE,
QUEENSWARE, LIQUORS, &c., &c.,
Main street, 3 doors above Second, Evansville, Ind.
jan31tf

J. T. COX,
GROCER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE,
VINCENNES, IND.
Particular attention paid to forwarding and receiving. oct31tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

DENTISTRY.
Removal.
DR. FLEAGER
Has removed his office from his residence on Second street, to the corner of Main and First streets, over the millinery establishment of Miss Guthrie, next door to Dobell & Lister's bookstore, where he will be pleased to receive the visits of his numerous friends and patients. ap29-'57 ly

M. L. JOHNSON,
BOOK BINDER!
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,
Crescent City Building, Main Street,
Opposite the Court House,
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
BLANK Books ruled, paged and made to order of the best paper from a Memorandum to the largest Bank Ledger.
Music and Magazines bound in any style desired.—Every description of Bindery executed on reasonable terms. ap27

JAMES W. VICKERT.....CHARLES MCJOHNSTON.
VICKERY & JOHNSTON,
GROCERS, FLOUR MERCHANTS,
—AND—
DEALERS IN PRODUCE GENERALLY,
Main Street, between Second and Third,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
☞ Goods delivered in any part of the city, free of charge.
☞ Produce wanted. my5

A. KURTZ,
Wholesale and Retail Confectioner
AND MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF
Candies, Cakes, Cordials, Preserves, Jellies, &c.
First Street, Between Main and Locust,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
SOUTHERN FRUIT ALWAYS ON HAND.
Orders from families or private parties for articles in his lines of business attended to at the shortest notice.
☞ An Ice Cream Saloon is fitted up in the best style. my7-6m

DOCT. E. H. EHRMAN,
HOMŒPATHIST.
☞ Office on Third street, below Vine. my11y

PRESTON BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
Corner First and Sycamore streets,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
ap30ly

DAVID S. ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR!
Mitchell's Block, Main Street.
EVANSVILLE, IND.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ELEGANT CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER!
Gent's Furnishing Goods!
SUCH AS
Shirts,
Collars,
Cravats,
Handkerchiefs, &c., &c.
ALSO—A variety of
PIECE GOODS!!
Made up to order in the very best style and manner at
Quick Terms, Small Profits and
EXTENSIVE SALES. ap27

J. H. MAGHEE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS
IN
Dry Goods,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FIRST STREET,
ap28ly EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

L. KESSLER,
(FORMERLY MRS. KOLLENBERG,)
Main street, between First and Second,
Evansville, Ind.
Confectionery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cigars, &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
my2

DAVID BEAR.....SIMON SMALL
BEAR & SMALL,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC WINES,
Brandies Gins, Cordials, Cigars, &c., &c.
SYCAMORE STREET, BETWEEN WATER & FIRST,
EVANSVILLE IND.
HAVE just opened with a large stock of choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c., which they offer to dealers at the lowest prices in the market. They invite the attention of buyers to their stock, with the full confidence that they can give them entire satisfaction, in regard to prices and quality. mh26-tf.

J. J. LAUGHLIN, JR.....J. A. CRANE.....WM. COOKE.
CRANE, COOKE & CO.,
Water street, between Main and Locust streets.
LAUGHLIN, CRANE & CO.,
On Canal, corner Main street,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
☞ Particular attention paid to purchase and sale of Produce and Merchandise. oct28tf.

M. L. JOHNSON,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER.
BLANK Books ruled and made to order of the best paper from a Memorandum to the largest Book Ledger. Music and Magazines bound in any style desired. Crescent City Building, Main street, Evansville, Ind. ap26m

J. J. PENNINGTON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY, PAINTS, OILS,
DYE-STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES,
WINDOW-GLASS, GLASS-WARE,
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,
Medical Brandies, Wines, Alcohols
And a full supply of all the popular
PATENT MEDICINES,
No. 3 WASHINGTON BLOCK,
(Near the Court-House)
Main Street, Evansville, Indiana.
oct6-tf

J. BURTIS & J. FLEMING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
LEATHER, HIDES, FLOUR, AND LIME,
Main street, opposite the Old State Bank.
sep26

ORR, DALZELL & CO.,
WATER STREET, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
Wholesale Dealers in
GROCERIES & ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE,
Nails, Glass, White Lime, Cement, Cotton Yarn, White Lead, Linseed Oil, &c., &c., &c. ☞ Also, constantly on hand a full stock of Sash, Panel Doors, &c., of all sizes.
ap26

STEAMBOATS.

REGULAR LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS PACKET.
THE splendid passenger steamer NORTHERNER, J. F. Smith, Master; Archer, Clerk, Passing Evansville, going up every Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Going down passes Evansville every Saturday at 12 o'clock, M. Will make regular weekly trips between Memphis and Louisville, landing at all principal way places for freight and passengers. The Northerner is unsurpassed for speed, comfort and safety. Connects at Louisville with the mammoth D. S. mail steamers Jacob Strader and Telegraph No. 3, for Cincinnati, and by Railroad thence to all Eastern cities
Passengers going East by taking through tickets on this steamer, will save time, expense and 20 to 30 hours disagreeable Railroad travel.
Connects at Memphis with the splendid line of New Orleans and Memphis packets, and the Napoleon and White River boats, and at Paducah with the Cumberland and Tennessee River packets; at Cairo with the St. Louis packets. ap29

LOUISVILLE AND HENDERSON PACKET STATESMAN,
CAPT. SULLIVAN, will run as a regular packet between Louisville and Henderson, passing Evansville FRIDAY and TUESDAY afternoons. ap27

LOUISVILLE AND EVANSVILLE REGULAR LACKET.
THE well known and fast steamboat W. A. EAVES, Capt. Duncan, has re-entered the trade for the season, and will continue to make regular trips. The accommodations for passengers are of a superior order. For freight or passage apply on board. Leaves Louisville every Wednesday and Saturday at 4 o'clock, p. m., and returning, leaves Evansville every Thursday and Sunday at 6 o'clock, p. m. ap26m

HENDERSON, EVANSVILLE AND LOUISVILLE REGULAR PACKET.
THE steamer DIAMOND, Capt. Holcraft, has resumed her old trade, and will make her regular trips as usual, passing Evansville, every Wednesday and Saturday. dec31

FOR THE WABASH.
REGULAR Evansville and Wabash River packet, steamer ARKANSAS TRAVELER, H. King, Master, will ply as a regular packet during the season. For freight or passage apply on board. feb11

FOR WABASH RIVER.
THE fine steamer RANGER, Parr, master, will be here tomorrow, to load for the above destination, and will run regularly in the trade. For freight or passage apply on board, or to
JOHN S MITCHELL.
feb12

WABASH RIVER PACKET.
THE light draught steamer KATE SARCHET, F. F. Desouchet, master, will run as a regular packet between Evansville and the different points on the Wabash River, during the entire season. For freight or passage apply on board. feb10

GREEN RIVER PACKET.
THE steamer UNION, Capt. Roberts, having been just finished with all the latest improvements, of 300 tons capacity, fast and very light draught, will ply regularly in the above trade, for which she was built expressly, and solicits a liberal share of public patronage. For freight or passage apply on board. mh7

HEALTH DEPENDS UPON PURE BLOOD.
Thin and acrid blood cannot secrete healthy bile, and therefore the first thing for those who are dyspeptic should be to commence the purification of their blood.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS,
Not only purify, but they make the blood richer, and add those principles upon which its power to resist disease, depends.
MILD OPERATION WITH SUCCESSFUL EFFECT ARE THE PECULIARITY OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Now that we may soon expect genial Spring, it is of great importance that a few doses be used by the wise. Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use, we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the fine organs of the stomach and bowels. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness. In brief, Brandreth's Pills work their way to the very roots of the disease, cleansing in their passage, removing every unhealthy accumulation, till the blood is purified, the whole system renovated, and the functions and duties of life become a pleasure where before they had been sad and weary burdens.
We have thousands of similar testimonials to the following, and such evidence can be had from living witnesses all around us on every side. It is from a gentleman of high respectability, whose letter can be seen at the Principal office, he writes:
"I am now fifty-two years of age. * * * For twenty years I have used your Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other! and I have never had occasion to call a physician in my family, (save in the sickness of my wife with children) during the twenty years."
TRUE MEDICINAL PRINCIPLES.
Never extract blood. Blood is the life. By abstracting it in painful diseases you may occasion the patient ease, but remember this ease is only the reduction or lessening the power to feel. And by thus taking away nature's tools, you may prevent her from fully repairing the ravages of inflammation, and convert what might only have been the sickness of a few days or weeks into a chronic affection of months or years.
PURGING BY MEANS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
This is the means which accords with nature—nature's remedy in fact. When sudden, acute or continued pain occurs, then to insure security you must take a medicine that will surely purge. There must be no shilly-shallying, because every minute lost may be fatal.
Principal office, 43 Brandreth Building, 415 and 417 Broadway.
All Pills with 241 Broadway on the box, are counterfeit. The genuine are sold by respectable dealer everywhere. WOOLSEY & SAWYER, Agents,
ap26-1mdaw Evansville, Ind.

PATENT THRESHERS.

We manufacture extensively
PITT'S PATENT THRESHER AND SEPARATOR.
Also: MOFFITT'S THRESHERS & SEPARATORS,
From four to ten horse power, which we warrant to be the best machines in use.
For descriptive circulars, with list of prices, address us at Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio, or our agent at Evansville, Ind. OWEN, LANE & DYER, Hamilton, Ohio.
HORNBROOK & CO.
ap30-3mw3td Agents, Evansville, Ind.

EVANSVILLE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
FIRST STREET, BETWEEN MAIN AND SYCAMORE STS.,
EVANSVILLE IND.
THE course of study in this Institution is thorough and practical, embracing all that is requisite to fit a young man for the active duties of the counting-room, among which are
DOUBLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING,
With forms adapted to Wholesale and Retail;
Steamboat Book-Keeping, Banking, &c., &c.
Commercial Calculation, Penmanship, accounts current, accounts sales, and a complete system of Commercial Correspondence. A course of lessons can be completed in from six to ten weeks. Time, however, is not limited, and students can re-enter free of further charge at any time. Diploma awarded to those who are deemed worthy.
☞ Hours of instruction from 9 to 12¼, A. M.; from 1½ to 4, P. M., and 7 to 10, P. M.
Terms, payable in advance:
Mercantile Course.....$20
Steamboat Book-Keeping.....
Mercantile Calculation.....
Penmanship.....5
Gas Light, cents per month.....50 cents.
For Catalogue and further particulars, address
fe17 1mw. J. BEHM, Principal.

40 BALES Pittsburg Batting, just rec'd by my1 L. H. COOK & SON.

Evansville Daily Journal.

[FROM THE NEW YORK LEDGER.]

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

January 1857. C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD & NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Lost Heiress", "The Deserted Wife", The Missing Bride" "Retribution,"

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and heirless of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless, blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dewy dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, and the merry laughter of young men and maidens gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their land lord's daughter.

The elm-shaded, window avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched to each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding; and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church;—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The vilingers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"O—dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve! and here we are to wait two mortal hours! said a young girl to the gamekeeper.

"Hush! my darling look, here comes his Lordship's carriage itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country."

It was Lord Montressor's carriage.

Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands summoning him to a private conference with her at the Hall, before they should proceed to the Church. Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness, his lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of richly furnished apartments at the old Hall, half buried in the depths of a cushioned chair, reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array.

She was alone, her attendants having, by her own desire, withdrew.

Estelle Morelle—or "la belle Estelle", "Beautiful Stella", the "Midnight Star"—as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically named—was at this time twenty-five years of age, and more lovely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well-rounded with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of jet-black silken ringlets, shading a face o pure, pale olive complexion with large mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark brilliant countenance was profound melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's approaching marriage with the Viscount Montressor had created a profound sensation in the fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and haughtiest baronet in the West of England, her heart had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the end of the desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years, Estelle had been placed at one of the first class female institutions of learning at Paris, then as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until her sixteenth year, when the sudden and calamitous breaking up of the institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her removal. That illness had been attended with marked changes in the constitution and temperament of the young girl.

Estelle, previously the most careless, lighthearted and capricious of children, left her chamber of convalescence a subdued, thoughtful, melancholy woman! The laughing lips of girlhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery elastic voice, sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were measured and controlled.

She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters, at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them with the gentlest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And though everywhere her extreme beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her in all the gaieties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who remained profoundly unmoved amid the *eclat* that greeted her *deput*. Her picturesque beauty was the theme of all tongues—her mournful glance was fascinating—her deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt her power, yet she who could move all others, remained unimpressed. She who sought no conquests, for that very reason perhaps, made many. A peer and two commoners, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire, Here, in her thoughful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term, the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in town that Estelle formed the aquaintance of Lord Montressor, o young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank wealth and power, Charless Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countryman, broad-shouldered and deep chested, with a noble head and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligance, and pure spirit of the man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary terms being over, Sir Parke Morelle and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancester, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected! In thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or month, or years, however long, you may think proper to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, "Come", and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your feet."

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.

"Stella! will you promise to do this?"

"Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitied and loved—only as a shadow that fell for a moment across the sunshine of our path, and then passed away forever! and so forget her?"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and deathless love I bear you, and "hoping against hope", I feel impelled to implore before leaving you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose towards me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella will you promise me so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor! Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so, for a most undeserving love, might miss, in some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!"

"Stella will you raise your sweet, mournful eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the clear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-seaching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another woman as I love you, and, therefore of course, can never wed another; so that whether you give me this slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and forever bound! *Now* will you promise, Stella? Remember, it is only to let me know in case of a change in your sentiments."

For an instant the light of an unutterable love and joy broke on her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak—when—as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and than said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot even give you that! She is poorer than the poorest, in gifts to you! She can only pray that you may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled But soon mastering his despondency he said hopefully—

"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the slightest promise or the most distant hope, yet I *repeat*—should you in he long future, change your purpose, and write to me one word—'Come', I will hasten to lay at your feet an unchanged heart! Good bye! God be with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left the room.

Some moments after Lady Morelle, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter upon what she imagined to be the only possible result of the interview—found Estelle lying in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, terminating in a tediously protracted convalescence. The town season was at hand before Estelle was able to re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once more the "star of beauty" arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier, day by day, she was more followed, flattered courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occuppying their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was engaged in reading aloud from the London Times, an account of the saving of the French Ship—Le Duc D'Anjou—wrecked off the coast of Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry and sank fainting from her seat.

This attack was not, as the other had been, followed by illness; on the contrary, from that day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her health and spirits daily improved, yet in the midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle astonished her friends by suddenly, in the height of the London season, retiring to her father's country seat, where she remained in strict seclusion from the world for eighteen months.

At the end of this period, Lord Montressor, who had never left England, or lost trace of his beloved Stella, and who was staying at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated at breakfast when the morning mail was brought him.—Among a score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty white envelope superscribed in a delicate handwriting. He took that up first and opened it—it contained but one word—"COME".

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his face! O! he had waited, patiently, hopefully, years, for that word, and at last he received it! Thanks to heaven in the first instance! and then pushing all the other letters unopened aside he sprung up, rang for his valet, and ordered his valise packed and horses put to the carriage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached the railway station just as the cars were about to start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall and standing in the presence of Estelle!—she looking so beautiful and happy.

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devotion, he dropped, at once upon his knee, and raised her hand to his saying—

"Four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, beloved, you have written—'Come', and I am at your feet, as I said, with an unchanged heart!"

"But I", she said, deeply blushing, while she held both hands to raise him, "I, my Lord, have not an unchanged heart! for longer than four years I have loved you more than woman's tongue may tell—and never more, than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought, forever?"

"I know it, beloved! knew it *then*! knew it *always*! I never doubted it! Could I be deceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved! No! and that was secret of my patience!" he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her side.

"And yet you never inquired and do not even now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why now, with apparent reason, I summon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were, and are your own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beautiful Stella!"

"*Confidence! oh my God!*" she exclaimed in a low, deep, thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter, dearest?"

She looked up suddenly, a smile of worshipping love, breaking like sunlight over her dark face, and said—

"Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all your thoughts and feelings are so elevated beyond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your aspirations, or the world and its people will disappoint you! Be not an idolator; worship only God, my Stella!"

Such was their meeting!

Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview, a sudden shadow like recurrence of a painful thought, would fall upon her bright face and then pass as it came.

They were engaged, and within a few days the marriage was announced to take place on the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest friends of the oride, that from the day of her betrothal, her spirits and been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful dark face illumined with a deep, still, almost religious joy, she moved about, as it were, on "winged feet", or sat brooding in a happy trance. At other times, she fell into deep gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it was alarming to her friends, who greatly feared her relapse into the deep melancholy that had so long overshadowed her, and that they had grown to dread as a serious constitutional malady. But they hoped everything from her approaching marriage with the man she loved. Lord Montressor observed with the deepest interest the uncertain moods of his betrothed; but with the high-toned sentiments that distinguished him, refrained from inquiring, and awaited her voluntary revelations.

At last the first of May, the marriage day, upon which I have presented the parties to the reader, arrived, and all the *haut tone*, as I said, were gathered at the Hall or at the Church to do honor to the solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe and veil, waited within her bondoir the arrival of the bridgeroom, whom she had summoned to a private interview before they should proceed to the church. She had not long to wait. He who quickly responded to her slightest inclination, immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm elastic step approaching.

"Now God have mercy on me!" she prayed, and covered her face with her hands.

"My beautiful Stella! I am here, you perceive, by your commands!"

She dropped her hands, and revealing a face pale with misery, spoke in a thrilling, deep, impassioned tone—

"You are here by my *supplication*, my lord! I have no right to command."

"We will waive that! What is your will, my dearest Stella?"

"My *prayer*, my lord—is first, for your forgiveness."

"*Forgiveness*?—my Stella!"

"Ay! my dear lord! you see before you a penitent and supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretche!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

"Come to the window, Lord Montressor!" she said, rising and preceding him. 'Look out', she continued, putting up the rose colored hangings, and revealing a view of the park below, alive with its restless multitude. "What are all these people waiting for, my lord?"

"What are they waiting for my Stella? for that, for which I also wait, with how much more impatience!" he answered, while a deep flush of love and joy, for instant, supplanted the anxiety on his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn voice.

"Stella! great Heaven! what say you!" he exclaime, gazing on her with profound astonishment.

"That the bride they expect is unworthy to stand before God's holy altar beside Lord Montressor!"

"Unworthy, Stella! You!"

"*Most unworthy*, my lord!" she said, dropping her arms, and dropping her head in attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have made this confession long ago, Lord Montressor; but I have deceived you—I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It cannot be! No, it cannot be! that while bethrothed to me, you do not love me!"

"*Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!*" she murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness that carried conviction of her truth to his deepest heart.

"What mean you then, dearest one? if indeed you return my deep love."

"Oh! I do, I do, Montressor; whatever happens, wherever you go, take that assurance with you! I love you, my lord! shall ever love you, even though, even after what I shall have told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and say, 'That woman whom I was about to wed, is but a whited sepulchre, whom I have proved, and whom, I now reject'—and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I say, ever shall say, I love you, Lord Montressor! I love you, and the consciousness of being unworthy of your love is the bitterest element in my punishment," she said, in a voice of such profound misery, that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue to believe her agitation unfounded or exaggerated.

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and the country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 30, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any the news offices, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal prepares the Wit and Humor Department in the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year, or two copies for $3.—Address Robert Bonner' Publisher, 44 Ann st., New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.