New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Christ no Writer.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is, that he left no writings behind him, and the only record of his writing anything is in the case where "he stooped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote then and there no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of the adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." Hearer, did this strange fact ever occur to you, that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings now command the oredence, the respect and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world, "and who is claimed as the author and finisher" of a great system of faith and practice—has left behind him no sentence of his writing, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand, constitute the sum total of his writings, of which there is any account?

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hieroglyphics, any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take especial pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them the most exact and permanent form?

The Brahmins have their Vedas, their Pouranas, their Ramayan and their laws and institutes of Menu, and these are all written and preserved with the utmost care. The Chinese have their books of Fohi, their founder, as opened and expounded by their great Confucius. The Persians have their Zendavesta, attributed to their leader, Zoroaster, containing the doctrine and laws of their religion. The Jews have their sacred books; and Moses and the prophets, and David and Solomon put their teachings in writing that they might be preserved.

Plato and Pythagoras, and Cicero and Demosthenes, wrote much. Mahomet wrote the Koran and gave it to the faithful as their guide. The writings of Swedenborg are voluminous; and in our day even the Mormon imposter wrote his books of Mormon. But here comes one who claims precedence even to Moses and Abraham, and especially claims that a greater than Solomon is in his own person, and announcing himself as a herald of a new dispensation from God, which is to cast Moses and the prophets in the shade and prevail over all other systems, and subdue our entire race, and yet this great teacher wrote never a word, save only the characters in the sand, which the next breath of wind might obliterate. Who can account for this procedure? Will it comport at all with the idea that he was an imposter? Did ever an imposter pursue a course like this? Never. And it seems to us that in the simple fact to which we have alluded there is the impress of truth, and proof that his mission is all divine. He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is from God, and that it can stand upon its own merits.

So confident is he of his power, that he is content to breathe it upon God's air, and leave it to live by its inherent or self-perpetuating immortality, or live not at all. And so he goes along doing good; now teaching in the synagogue and temple, now talking to his disciples as he sits on Olivet or by the sea of Galilee, and now dropping a word as he walks by the way. And there is not manifested the slightest apprehension that what he says will be lost. He writes it not on stone or parchment; nay, he writes it not at all. He seeks but to give it a lodgement in the hearts of the disciples that followed him—to make them comprehend it and feel its power, and love it; and is willing to leave it there to produce its fruits, and to be written by the hand of affection, if it should be written at all. And on those hearts he did impress himself; and they, for the love they bore him, wrote the meagre sketch we have of his life and teachings.

[Rev. J. D. Williamson.

Spiritualism and Starvation.

The Chicago Press of May 4th tells of an old lady of that city, who sometime since forsook her early religious faith, and became a spiritualist. While on a visit to Buffalo, recently, where she had been attending "spiritual circles," she considered herself commanded neither to eat nor to drink. She was sent to Chicago to overcome the delusion. The Press says:

Here, however, she strictly followed the "injunctions" which the spirits had communicated to her; and neither threats nor remonstrances, on the part of her friends, would avail to make her abandon her insane conduct. Daily becoming more and more emaciated, her sons felt in great distress concerning her. They sent for a physician; but he could prescribe nothing that would have any effect on her mind. They sent for a clergyman—but all to no purpose. She was "commanded from on high" to abstain, on the peril of her soul, and she would not be disobedient to that command. At length, they consulted several "mediums" on the subject—all of whom felt as much astonished as her friends did. They tried all the means in their power to dissuade her from her purpose—but they were equally unsuccessful. Two or three times some rice water was forced down her throat; but she wasted away till Sunday evening, the 19th ultimo, when she died. A day or two before she died, some meat was being stewed in the kitchen, the smell of which attracted her attention, and turning to her daughter-in-law, she said, "That is very tempting, but I dare not touch it." Her friends at that time, thinking she was giving way in her resolution, again remonstrated with her, but again they failed to dissuade her from her course. What is more wonderful in this case is, that during all this time she appeared perfectly sane and clear-minded, talked quite naturally, and was frank and free in her conversation on the subject of her "commands from on high." For *three weeks* she abstained almost entirely from food, and for the last nine days of her life *she neither ate nor drank* anything. She frequently talked of going to her spirit home, and of her future life.

We refrain from giving the name of the family, but have made ourselves acquainted with the case, the facts of which are as above narrated.

ST. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser writes:

GENOA, April 18, 1857.

Mr. Irving must revise his life of Columbus. The recent research of a French churchman, M. de Lorquez, have brought to light further documents, which serve to raise the vulgar search after a short route for the India trade, to the dignity of a divine mission to bring a new continent within the folds of the church. This momentous discovery, second in importance only to that of the Immaculate Conception, is communicated with the express approbation of the Holy See, in two portly octavos. Though he himself affected nothing beyond the contemporary notion of a Eastern voyage to the East, this new reading of the attending prophecies and wonders, hitherto so much misunderstood by historians, establishes the rights of the church and the missionary admiral's claim to colonization. That famous dream on the banks of the Belaze, in which he heard a voice saying "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the gates of the Ocean," now for the first time fully interpreted; and the great dreamer, who certainly had a great aptitude for the supernatural, now appears before us as well persuaded of his divine commission as ever Moses was. An unbelieving Pope in the time of Charles V. refused to recognize the miracles of the cross he planted in Cuba, but these wonderful testimonials are at last made intelligible through the clairvoyant method of Pius IX., the very Champollion of spiritual mysteries. Keep an eye then on the church herald for the 'shadowy' St. Christopher Columbus, and, meantime, prepare for annexation to the Holy see—in pursuance of the warning spoken by the prophet—

POOR WOMEN IN EUROPE.—The Tribune gives the following account of free white women in France:

But yesterday women in European christendom were relieved from absolute slavery—from being bought and sold like dumb beasts. Now, in Europe, it is a fact that when one occupation is harder or more repulsive than another, a woman may be selected to do it. We have seen such scenes as this, which we give to exemplify our position. At a French port a wharf was being repaired; it was necessary to drain a portion of the dock round about it; the operation engendered a stench so intolerable that the workmen recoiled, and workwomen accordingly were sent down to complete the operation. In France we have seen a woman, geared with a quadruped, ploughing. In Paris, women are scavengers and porters. On the Rhine they drag the boats. In Vienna they carry hods. And so through the whole catalogue of masculine meanness, cowardice, cruelty and infamy. Every scoundrel called great—the Napoleons, the Cæsars, the Alexanders—doons women to yet more ghastly drudgery by the wars which kill off their natural protectors, destroy capital and multiply pauperism. "I was," says an American, "six months in the south of France, at the time of Napoleon's Russian campaign. During that time I did not see six men working in the fields, but all women—the men being dragged away for slaughter and glory."

HOW HE LOST HIS HAIR.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall, in Grundy county, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell, it would burst it!"

Whereat Johnathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well, I think you have'nt one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

"I'll take two children, if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar in New York, the other day. "Two children? What two children?" "Why, I ain't got any, and your sign reads, *families supplied*, don't it? I want you to supply me."

[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 AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

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

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 heiress 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 landlord's daughter.

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at 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 villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great oak trees, or wandering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"Oh—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, withdrawn.

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 bend, over which fell rich masses of jet-black silken ringlets, shading a face of 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 a 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 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, light-hearted 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 into all the galeties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who remained profoundly unmoved amid the *eclat* that greeted her *debut*. 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 thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive 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 acquaintance of Lord Montressor, a 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 and wealth and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, 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 intelligence 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 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 term 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 ancestors, 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 months or years, however long, you 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 your path, and then passed away forever—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you request it; my lips shall be sealed, 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-searching 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! *Note* 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 then 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 any apparent reason, and refuse to give me the slightest promise or the most distant hope, yet *I repeat*—should you, in the 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 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 and courted than before.

Thus three years passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupying 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 now 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! Oh! 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 was 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—

"For 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 can tell—and never more, than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought, forever!"

"I knew 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 the 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 send you from my presence, and now, without apparent reason, I summon you back!" she said as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were are and were one. 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 far higher—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 the 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 bride, that from the day of her betrothal her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes, with her beautiful dark face inclined 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 ton*, 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 boudoir the arrival of the bridegroom, 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.

He entered unannounced, and saying,

"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 a supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

"Come to the window, Lord Montressor!" she said, rising and preceding him. "Look out," she continued, putting aside 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 an 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 exclaimed, 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 an 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 betrothed 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 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.

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still and white as a carved image of stone, gazed upon her, waiting her further communications.

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 in all the stores throughout the city and 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 news office, 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 street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated and characterized by a high moral tone.

A GREAT STORY.—The following "thrilling story," although not of the highest order of merit in a literary point of view, may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of puzzles to exercise their ingenuity. It was written by a printer, we know by the characters in it:

"We lce saw a young man gazing at the ʳʸ heavens, with a † in I ☞ and a ——o of pistols in the other. We endeavored to ⅆtract his attention by ⅆing 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating to a young man in that $ of the country who had left home in a sit of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☜, with the ! It is I of whom U read. I had left home b4 my friends knew my design. I had $0 the ☞ of a girl who had refused to list⓪ ² me, but smiled upon another. I ——ed wildly from the house uttering a wild ! 2 the god of love, and without ⅋ ² ⅋ to the ⅋s of my friends, came here with this † and ——of pistols 2 put a . 2 my Xistℓ. My case has no ‖ in this §."

A GOOD ONE.—The California papers relate a story which is worth repeating. A lawyer of San Francisco became enamored of a married lady, and she, after a short struggle, agreed that his fascinations were irresistible. But she would only capitulate upon condition of marriage, and as long as she was a wife she could not give him any encouragement. The lawyer, who was wealthy, instituted on behalf of the lady a suit for divorce, but as the husband led an irreproachable life, no testimony to sustain the suit could be had.

The wife suggested to her would-be lover that, as she could not prove anything against her husband, it might be as well to induce the husband to commit a crime, and thereby manufacture evidence. To settle the matter as speedily as possible, the lawyer applied to her husband, and knowing his cupidity, offered him $2,000 if he would withdraw his objections to the divorce, or give him proof of his infidelity. The latter plan was adopted as the most expedient, and, consenting to be watched by two persons, he visited a disreputable place of resort, furnished evidence of his guilt, and at the same hour received his $2,000. The divorce suit was then referred to an attorney to report to the court the facts in the case, upon which it is pretty well believed a decree would be entered, but suddenly the lawyer discovered that the lady-love was now *red*, and, upon making the necessary inquiries, the following facts were revealed to his astonished vision:

The husband and wife had conspired to diddle him out of $2,000 cash and about $1,000 in jewelry, had made up all seeming difficulties and taken passage on the mail steamer for New York, leaving him as the butt of their extreme practical joke. Who says he was not served rightly?

A LAWYER HARD UP.—At the last term of our court, two prisoners, Irishmen both, were brought up on a charge of larceny. One of them plead guilty, but the other preferred to take his chance. The judge asked him if he had counsel, and finding that he had not, he assigned him a lawyer, Mr. Coons, a young gentleman not so remarkable for brains as for bald and gold buttons. The young lawyer rose to present the case of his client, and after a long plea for the prisoner, then at the judge, and then all over the court room—but never a word could he find to utter. He was stuck. The prisoner broke the silence. "Be jabers, yer honor," said Pat, "if ye can't do any better for me than that, I may as well plead guilty, too!" which he did forthwith.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sigh. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its adhesiveness: wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of the dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy.

"I wish you had been five," said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 7 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for foreign letters.

LAKE COAST MAIL—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M., and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pascagoula on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,909—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 9 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Taylor's, Bayou Sara, Fort Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Thibaud's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Gonla, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Brady's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Leloche's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 9 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same hour.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 11 A. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplying Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL.—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 5 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL.—Closes on the 12th and 26th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying English Turn, Pointe-à-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Bonquilla Settlement and Burns Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 2 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, prepaid.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Gold Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	5c.	5c.
Over 2500 miles	10c.	8c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the office of delivery is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.

NEW GRENADA, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, NEW SOUTH WALES AND CHINA.—Closes on the 4th and 19th of each month, at 6 P. M. Arrives on or about the 12th and 28th of each month.

☞ Postage to New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, etc., via England, by packet or private ships, 33 cents single rate, prepaid; via France, 10 cents each quarter ounce, prepaid, is added to the above postage; via New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 43 cents; and on each newspaper, 8 cents, when sent; and 10 cents on each letter, and 2 cents on each paper, when received.

☞ The postage to New Granada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Dieman's Land and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 10 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The single letter rate to California and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply.

A. S. NEWTHY, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	15	17½
Esse India	13½	13½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	11
Northern	1 50	1 55
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 70	—
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English-fire	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	—
No. 11	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Brazier's	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
" Yellow metal	28	37
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	34	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Sperm	25	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	11	12
Russia