New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1859.

HOPEFUL TO THE LAST.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." That's a fact beyond question. That's a truth no doubt of any description. That's a consolation the poorest, the most wretched of God's creation can not be deprived of. It echoes the beggar lying on his couch, that it replaces the monarch nodding on his crimson throne. It is no respecter of persons; knows nothing of high or low degree; it is insensible to poverty and shame, rank or station, prosperity or adversity; and stands its sunny influence, without which the life of all of us would be an insupportable burden, in every specimen of frail humanity.

We, we believe, to the hopeful class. We believe in the old saying: "Hope on, hope ever." There's nothing like hope. We wouldn't be deprived of the number of the whole family for the possession of "all the wealth and the fast of mankind." That we wouldn't. We are pleased to see that we are not "alone in our glory," as far as hopeful sensations are concerned, for our esteemed cotemporary of the West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter is not far behind us. He hopes, too, he hopes. He hopes, perhaps, more than we do, he hopes, perhaps, less than he does. His hopes are more to more sanguine than ours. Well, that will vary, if such it may be called, which will correct itself in the process of time. At all events, he is all right on the "guess"—we mean the hope question.

Referring to the Opposition State Ticket the Sugar Planter speaks thus philosophically and hopefully. There is the ring of the true metal in it. There is no chink, no false counterfeiting of a genuine idea—all is true. There is common sense, practicality and experience in the observations of our cotemporary; and if his advice is followed there is no telling what will not happen in the fair and goodly, lovely and wide spread and salubrious commonwealth of Louisiana on the first Monday of November next, in the year of our Lord, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

Premising further preliminary, we will proceed to quote from the Sugar Planter:

"Our readers, particularly the friends of the Opposition movement, should be aware of the fact that our strength in this State is greatly underrated. Arising from the fact that to systematically underrate the power of their opponents is always a rule of action with the Democracy, we have too many members of our party who are ready to cry out at every turn, 'we are disorganized.' Thus encouraged the support of that large class of timid and timorous men of no fixed principles whose rule is to follow the stronger side, and the weight of this unorganized vote generally decides our contests. Thus often is the fatal stab given to our cause by our friends. Many of our former partisans have turned off and bowed the knee to false gods, while others the pious recusants pour forth their lamentations for the power, place and plunder. Let them go. No tears are shed at their departure. But the great worms up to the few, who, through thick and thin, victory and defeat, have nobly, through all weather, stood up and "faced the music" whatever it may have been.

"There is but one requisite to insure success in November next, and that is for all who take an interest in the overthrow of the present corrupt State Administration to work unceasingly in every honorable manner, and particularly to re-assure the timid and timorous. Our strength in our strength is necessary to secure a full vote from our friends. Without convincing that his vote will "count," many do not care to exercise the privilege, and thus we lose, and always lose hundreds of votes, a minority of which, if rent, would have secured us many a triumph. We are confident that if our voters turn out—that if we all lend our little influence to the good cause, we can carry the Triumph in November.

"And this we have said all along. Let the Opposition pitch in, with a will, a vim, and an irrepressible enthusiasm, that will know no abatement until the last gun on the evening of conflict—let them send their candidates abroad everywhere, and see and talk to the people everywhere—let them avail themselves of every legitimate means to achieve victory—shake out themselves to work, and start all their friends to active, zealous and unremitting exertion, if they may do infinitely better than they have a fight to reasonably expect—may, in fact, obtain possession of the laurels of triumph, the honors and emoluments, and the State Government.

THE CARROLLTON STORES.—We would ask the attention of all and of our lady readers particularly to the lengthy and attractive advertisement of Messrs. H. Lerosiné & Co., the enterprising proprietors of the spacious and richly stocked "Carrollton Stores," corner of Foydras and Tchoupitoulas streets. They have just received from Europe and the North some three hundred and fifty cases of dry goods, of the latest importation, which they are now opening, and which make a magnificent display of all that is fashionable, elegant and desirable in the way of staple, dress and fancy dry-goods. The ladies who will call in at their stores will find that they can buy anything, from a gorgeous silk robe to a skein of silk of an excellent quality, and as cheaply as can be found anywhere in the country—that they can get anything for out-door, or for or service wear—any kind of lace or embroidery, and in fact everything appertaining to making articles of under-wear. Gentlemen will find many descriptions of goods suited to their wants, and purchasers can there purchase on favorable terms full supplies for clothing their negroes, male and female, of durable material and excellent manufacture.

SUPERIOR BEDSTEAD STOVE.—We ask the attention of all readers of the masculine persuasion to the handsome advertisement of Messrs. Fiston, Harrison & Co., the clothing tailors of the elegant store at the corner of Canal and Magazine streets, which is always so strongly stocked in the essential matter of clothing for business wear. The proprietors have spared themselves this season, and have collected one of the most extensive, varied and excellent assortments of the latest styles of business coats ever put on sale here or anywhere else, and it is certainly, by they the heads of millionaire consequence, as they clothe in such numerous, will find at their stores just the garments in which they will present during business hours a neat, stylish and gentlemanly appearance. This we happen to know, for "seeing is believing."

SCHOOL BOOKS.—Parents, guardians and school-teachers will find much to be referred to the advertisement of Mr. Thomas L. White, 138 Canal street, who has in store and for sale an unusually large and varied supply of school books for all departments of learning, and which are in general use in various institutions of the country. Country merchants will find that they can deal most advantageously with Mr. White for the purchase of stocks of this essential literature, and will find all they can desire in his establishment.

MEDICAL.—Messrs. J. Wright & Co., 21 and 151 Chartres street, advertise this morning various remedial preparations which they have for sale, wholesale and retail, as "Winer's Canadian Vermifuge," "Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor," "Wright's Rejuvenating Elixir," and Helmbold's Genuine Preparations."

THE SELF-CLEANING HYDRAULIC FILTER.—A day or two since we had the pleasure of greeting our esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. N. F. Rice, whom we congratulated the having returned from his late lengthened tour with health perfectly restored. It will be remembered that this Mr. Rice is the inventor of the "Self-Cleaning Hydraulic Filter," a most admirable contrivance, by which, at a comparatively small expense, the most turbid water becomes as pure as crystal in a very short time, and in any desirable quantity. This filter has been already adopted by some of the largest establishments of the city, and will soon come into general use. As to it, we refer the reader to an advertisement in this morning's Crescent.

NEW CARPETINGS.—At the extensive and elegant carpet store of Messrs. L. Nikin & Co., 58 Camp street, and 9 and 11 Exchange Place, householders can find anything they may require in the curtain and carpet way. Their new stock is open, and customers are invited to give it their inspection. See advertisement.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.—Our columns contain an announcement which will be exceedingly pleasing to all who have wanted a sewing machine, but have been deterred from purchase by the amount required in payment. The prices of Singer's excellent No. 2 and No. 1 machines have been reduced to figures at which almost any one can afford to become a proprietor of a specimen. See the advertisement of Mr. Walter Bennett, the agent, at 85 Camp street.

WANTS TO INVEST.—See the advertisement of "Cotton," under the head of "wants." The advertiser wishes to enter a cotton factorage or commission house, and is a gentleman of well-known business capabilities and extensive acquaintance.

NEW STYLE IMPORTED DRY GOODS.—We would direct the attention of our readers in city and country to the advertisement of J. Levois, upstairs, on Bourbon street, near Canal, who is now opening two hundred and fifty packages of fall dry goods, just landed on ships from Havre and Liverpool. These are the very latest styles of goods, elegant and fashionable, we are told, and all that is requisite for ladies who would have dresses à la mode for the promenade, the parlor or the public assembly. Call and inspect them.

CEDAR WOOD.—Messrs. Burelli & Co., 61 Common street, offer for sale five large cedar logs from Honduras. See advertisement.

SOULÉ'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—Young men who are desirous of acquiring a thorough practical business knowledge should lose no time in enrolling themselves as inmates of Soulé's Young Gentlemen's Initiatory Counting Rooms, corner of Camp and Common streets, where they will be quickly and thoroughly initiated into the habits and method of keeping the counting room. We direct attention to an advertisement.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.—A. A. Heard, auctioneer, will sell at 10½ o'clock this morning, at 362 Magazine street, a lot of household furniture in good condition, consisting in part of elegant parlor and dining furniture. See the advertisement of this sale.

(For the New Orleans Crescent.

FORSAKEN.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

Oh, mother, fold me close,
Close to your gentle breast,
The burden of my heart and brain
A moment there to rest!

Oh, mother, I would die.
What more hath life for me?
A weak, frail bark, thus early wrecked
On its tumultuous sea.

Sweet mother, tighter still,
Let me feel your clasping arms,
And pray, oh pray! that thought of death
Hath more than syren's charms!

Down on my burning lids,
Press your cool and soothing hand,
And from my brow, oh, strive to loose
This tightening, iron band!

And tell me, if you ever knew
A heart of sixteen years,
That, burning from its deadly wrongs,
Dried up the source of tears.

And tell me, if such woe is sent
To punish awful sin,
And if it hath a holy power
Once more sweet peace to win.

Oh, mother, was I not content—
Nay, glad, the livelong day,
To sit and sew with earnest care,
To scare "the wolf" away?

And did I not, when he, the friend,
Advanced a playmate's claim,
Most frankly say, the great, gay world
Had quite forgot our name?

And still I found myself content
With toil, and your dear love.
Oh, mother, can this hard, hard fate,
Find sanction from above?

Into my heart a flood he pour'd
Of love's delicious wine,
And I, oh weak and girlish thing!
I thought the source divine.

Oh, mother, did not honor seem
Upon his brow enthroned?
And oh, how oft for me, he's said,
He all the world disowned.

He said, he placed a higher price
Upon my golden hair,
Than all that wealth or fashion owned,
Or boasted of, as rare.

He said, my eyes were beacon lights,
To mark his course in life,
And that t'would crown his manhood's hopes
To call me "darling wife."

Now, mother, strike me; for the blow
Cannot degrade me more;
To-day I've stood, like beggar mean,
At the great cathedral door!

Stood where the costly robes
Of his bride went rustling by—
The lavish richness of their flow,
Drowning my sobbing sigh.

Stood where I saw her hand
Lying closely clasped in his,
While his soul looked out through eager eyes,
In an ecstacy of bliss.

Mother, I sunk to a lower depth—
I followed the bridal train,
Into the gush of music sweet,
That swelled in the holy fane!

Into the light of an hundred lamps,
And up through the carpeted aisle;
And I saw, my God, tho my heart was broke,
His lips were wreathed with a smile!

I saw them bend, in a stately pride,
Low at the altar's rail,
And heard them breathe on the perfumed air
The vows that are never to fail!

As they swept me by, the thought uprose,
To sting this haughty bride,
To boldly say, "I'm his promised wife,
Though you're now at his side."

It died its death, for I bitterly knew
Her scorn could not stoop so low
As the menial thing, though possessed of a heart,
Condemned for a living to sew!

Oh, mother, they're gone to their gilded home,
To the dance, and the festive cheer,
And I have come to this wretched abode,
To make poverty even more drear!

I know that I am very young,
He said himself, "but a child,"
But a woman's heart alone could know
These pangs so fierce and wild!

Oh, clasp me close in your arms!
Oh, hold me near to your heart!
And pray to God, that this prompting to sin
May out from my bosom depart!

FASHIONABLE AND PLANTATION CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.—Those who are looking round for their outfits of fall and winter clothing should look into the merits of the heavy stock of new goods which Messrs. N. C. Folger & Son, 34 and 36 Magazine street, have got in, and which they offer at the lowest market rates. There is no garment which is desirable for either comfort or elegance which cannot be secured at the'r store, from which the young beau or the old sager may walk forth arrayed in the clothing which suits age, occupation and taste. They deal both wholesale and retail, and having in their usual full supply of plantation clothing, planters can get in their fall and winter stock to any amount and on advantageous terms by calling at Nos. 34 and 36 Magazine street. See advertisement of this stock of goods.

DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.—Messrs. Benthuysen, Lewis & Co., of 116 Canal street, have now in store one of the heaviest and most completely assorted stocks of dry goods ever opened in this country, comprising everything in that way of business. This morning, in sundry advertisements, to which we ask special attention, they direct general notice to certain of the more peculiar, costly, or elegant of their goods, such as shawls, black silks, embroidered lace and muslin curtains, damasks, gloves and gauntlets. They also address country dry goods dealers, and announce that they are prepared to stock their stores with every description of merchandise, and they can do so as favorably for the purchaser as can be done anywhere, their extensive operations enabling them both to purchase and sell cheaply. No. 116 Canal street is deservedly a favorite shopping depot with the ladies.

A GOOD INVENTION.—We are enabled to announce that during his absence North, Mr. N. F. Rice secured a patent for his new and improved baker's oven, which, if we may judge from the description given us of its peculiar merits, possesses marked advantages over any other oven in use. Its leading points of merit are cleanliness and economy of time and fuel. When opportunity occurs, we may advert to this matter again, and will set forth more fully the excellencies of this work of one of our home inventors.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN visiting New Orleans to find business, or those residing here, should bear in mind that merchants and business men pay liberally for good qualifications, and that Delbear Commercial College, which has been in successful operation more than a quarter of a century, is devoted exclusively to imparting this important information. Let all govern themselves accordingly.

CREDIT SALE.—We call the attention of the trade to the sale of 155 cases of boots, shoes and brogans, to take place this day, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Blache & Lesumont's auction rooms, No. 77 Chartres street. Terms at sale.

CREDIT SALE.—We call the attention of the trade to the sale of winter clothing, etc., to take place this day, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Blache & Lesumont's auction rooms, No. 77 Chartres street. Terms at sale.

SUGAR PLANTATION FOR SALE.—A valuable sugar plantation at Point Coupee, fronting on the Mississippi river, with a capacity of production to the amount of five hundred hogsheads, is offered for sale with or without the current crop. Apply to McGerren, Landry & Co., Masonic Hall, St. Charles street, and see advertisement.

FERTILIZERS.—A general assortment of approved fertilizing agencies are for sale at 73 Camp street, by Mr. D. C. Lowber, to whose advertisement planters and gardeners are referred.

FINE CHEVATE AND MEERSCHAUM PIPES.—Messrs. Lion & Pinard, importers and wholesale and retail dealers in fancy goods and perfumery, at 54 and 56 Royal street, have just received a splendiferous assortment of fall and wiv er goods, and a fresh invoice of meerschaum pipes. See their advertisement.

BRANDIES, WINES AND BRANDIED CHERRIES.—Messrs. King, Rochereau & Co., 16 and 18 St. Louis street, have now landing and for sale a large assortment of old brandies of favorite brands, clarets, King & Co's champagnes in quarts and pints, and new brandied cherries. See advertisements of these extensive importers.

(For the New Orleans Crescent.

A TRAGIC REMINISCENCE.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

At the close of the Creek war, when the treaty of peace threw open Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi to emigrants, the tide that set in from the older States was, considering the difficulties to be overcome and the dangers to be encountered from a still half hostile foe, most astonishingly great.

These emigrants like all who pioneer the way to new States, were a motley crew. Occasionally there might be found a man of good family with numerous slaves, who, lured by the fertility of the virgin soil, transported his household gods to these great wilds, but more frequently of the farming community it was the humble possessors of one or two negroes, or the brawny athletes, who watered the fields they tilled with the sweat from their own brows, who took the road for "Georgy, Alabamy, or the Massissip."

These, however, were unfortunately not the preponderating element among the incoming settlers. That numerous class who come under the comprehensive head of "adventurers" composed the majority. Refugees from the sentence of the law, men banned from social intercourse, speculators, gamblers, cut-throats and villains of every variety, were the most numerous inhabitants of the villages which sprang up wherever land offices and Indian agencies were established by the Government.

Of all the localities to which they thronged, no where did they muster in larger force than in the northern counties of the now flourishing State of Mississippi.

As a matter of course, among such an assemblage of Ishmaelites, bloody duels, street fights, and murders were of daily occurrence, and in the tangled web of their intercourse, tragedies were frequently enacted, more wholesale in their destruction of human life than any ever put on histrionic boards.

I was then a young M. D., who, following the adventurous bent of my nature, had wandered thus far from civilization, and finally located in a village in the fertile valley of the Yallabusha, then a "boundless contiguity of shade," but now a far-spreading series of magnificent plantations, familiar with the rush of the iron horse, and made a neighbor even to this great metropolis by the mystic current of the telegraph wire.

Here occurrences came under my observation, some so appalling, and some so thrilling, that they have never been erased from the tablets of memory.

After having been there a sufficient length of time to become familiar with the general reputation and position, both social and politicaly, of every one in the place, I found that the person of most popularity was a man by the name of Louis Percival. Strange as it may seem at the first glance, the man who swayed and controlled almost with autocratic power this turbulent settlement, was slight, pale, and physically weak, though the fact is not without numerous precedents in cases where tact, intelligence, unscrupulous conscience, and a courage that never quailed before man or devil, has been found combined in one person.

Why such an individual had ever made his way to such a place it was puzzling to surmise. Dress, manners, conversation and style of life all betokened him to have once moved among the elegancies and refinements of the most polished society. A person of so plausible and insinuating manners I had never seen, though in the beginning of our acquaintance I had for for him a feeling of distrust which amounted almost to dislike. This may possibly have arisen from the fact that, floating on the wings of rumor, came a vague story of a deserted wife, who, broken-hearted, sleeps in a self-sought grave in a distant State; but whether it had truth for its foundation none knew, and none would have dared hint or question of him to whom it was attached. If a retrospective glance ever wrapt his soul in gloom it hung no cloud upon his brow; if remorse ever gnawed, its ravages were not external, for a more smooth and smiling face and apparently a more equable temper is seldom met with.

As a matter of course, in a place so small the residents were all known to each other, and an arrival was noted as a subject of general interest, furnishing, as it did, either a new victim for the harpies to prey on or else an antagonist in their own field.

After my sojourn at G—— had been of some eighteen months duration, there appeared in our midst a man who called himself Ross, and as he made a temporary stoppage at the miserable tavern, it soon became known that he was accompanied by his wife. Each person who by accident obtained a glimpse at her was immediately filled with admiration at the extraordinary character of her beauty, and, in accordance with the unconventional habits of the place, several, when occasion permitted, spoke to her, with a view of opening an acquaintance, but were met with such freezing reserve or scornful disdain as made them shrink from a second effort.

This somewhat singular conduct excited general curiosity, of which I confess to have felt my share, but when I saw her the only wonder was that the thought of such an intrusion should ever have suggested itself to any one.

Such regal beauty as she possessed is seldom met with even in the entire space of a life-time. In the oriental splendor of her loveliness she looked a Zenobia, but, alas! in chains. Not saddened or downcast, though, by misfortune, but hard, haughty and defiant, as though she stared fate in the face and dared its worst.

Every movement of her stately form, every pose of her graceful limbs, even the flow of her dark, plain garments, had an undulating ease and yet a classic severity, that repelled while it charmed, and to a person of ordinary penetration no second glance was needed at the fierce pressure of the crimson curves of her lips and the eager flash of the dark, lustrous, passion-lit eye to know that all the past that lay behind her was filled with hideous and hated remembrances. What lay in her future it came to me to know, and, blasted as must have been the green boughs of her glorious youth by some lightning stroke of fate, it could not have been more appalling than what succeeded in her tragic life.

Standing one day with Percival on the steps of the tavern idling away a pleasant hour, as I accidentally glanced in at the door I saw Mrs. Ross, bonneted and shawled as if for a walk, coming down the wide hall.

Having become familiar with Percival's sybarite tastes, I felt curious to know how he would be affected by the unexpected sight of such remarkable beauty, and fixed my observation on him, rather than the lady.

He was leaning carelessly against the rough pillar at the top of the steps, and did not see her until she had passed at least half the width of the gallery; then, a look of wonder, of admiration and of respectful deference, chased each other rapidly across his face, and as he raised himself to an erect position, he lifted his hat from his head until she had gone by. As he turned to me with an inquiring glance, I said:

"Mrs. Ross, of whom we have heard!"

He recovered himself while I was speaking, and replied carelessly, "A somewhat unusual vision in this place," and soon afterwards strolled away to his business.

From that day I observed he sought the acquaintance of Ross, whom hitherto he had avoided, and when a few weeks after, Ross announced his intention of residing permanently in our midst, and carried it into execution by taking a little house not far removed from the business part of the village, and fitting it up in such a rude way, as the stores and his apparently limited purse would permit, Percival commenced accompanying him home, and soon became his constant visitor.

As a matter of course, I knew there would be no congeniality between the two men, and just as naturally the thought arose, that it was the society of Mrs. Ross Percival sought.

If any such desire prompted his course, he was too circumspect to attract general observation, and it was only at rare intervals that she was seen with her hand resting in his arm, taking an evening stroll through some of the sylvan groves that encraached upon the borders of the village, or else driving with him in his quite elegant buggy, then and there an article of luxury but seldom found.

Chance threw no opportunity in my way of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Ross, though unconsciously almost I felt a growing interest in her, and often puzzled myself to interpret the expressions of fierce defiance and wistful longing that seemed intermingled on her face. I tried to solve the feelings that animated Percival towards Ross, and notwithstanding that each day saw them meet as boon companions; notwithstanding that in the then universal habit of play, I knew Percival repeatedly, in the face of his well-known skill, most unskilfully to lose large sums to him, and yet invite him again to game, I thought I could see through all the apparent friendship, as through a flimsy disguise, a deep contempt and a bitter hatred.

Several months passed away without any incident in their intercourse coming to my knowledge worth narrating, until one day Percival called in at my office, and after some desultory conversation, said somewhat hesitatingly, "I wish you had power to minister to a mind diseased."

Thinking that perhaps he jested, I replied jocularly, "Perhaps in your case treatment would be required for chronic affection of the heart."

He rose and walked the floor nervously once or twice, and then said slowly, "It was not of myself that I spoke. I was thinking of Mrs. Ross."

"She is changed of late," I answered. "It is perceptible even in the transient glimpses I have had of her. She looks pale, and superbly sorrowful, if I may so express it."

"She seems at times torn by contending emotions, which, exhausting their fury, naturally leave her to fall into a profound depression, unacknowledged, perhaps unseen, by all except—except, well except one who feels an absorbing interest in her welfare, and from that she passes, physically wrecked of strength, and at times lies almost in a state of insensibility for many subsequent hours. I have found her thus repeatedly. She gives me no clue to her sorrow, denies my sympathy, and refuses my aid. She is alone in the world," he said with a tremor almost like tears in his voice.

"Alone!" I ejaculated. "Her husband——"

"A brute!" speaking more unguardedly than I had ever known him. "A brute, who holds a jewel which majesty itself might claim, and proudly boast—the rarest of its treasures."

"An ill-assorted match apparently," I said in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Sold to him in the day of his prosperity by a bankrupt mercenary father," he answered bitterly through his closed teeth. "Surely he has fitting punishment heaped on his unnatural head, by seeing her descend, to the last round, the ladder of this man's disgraced and blasted fortune. But it is not of that I would speak. What I would ask of you, is to accompany me to the house. She is shy of forming new acquaintances, and hard to approach; but possibly as my friend you may be able to establish a sufficient degree of intimacy to discover, unconsciously to herself, whether there is any medical treatment that might benefit her. If earth holds a remedy it shall be hers."

I hesitated how to act. It was a somewhat strange state of affairs, and after a few moments reflection, I said quite gravely:

"Mr. Percival, do you know you are playing a dangerous game?"

He looked at me with a mixture of anger and reproach, and said quickly and with emphasis:

"I am playing no game. I am more honest, probably, than ever before in my life. I will not hesitate to confess to you that I love Mrs. Ross; but I love without hope of return, or of ever possessing her. The law would doubtless free her from this man, if her many wrongs were urged; but she will never make the appeal. She says the power to do so rightfully has passed away; that she must bear all, suffer all, that he may choose to cast upon her. What it means I do not know, but whatever lies shrouded in this mystery is what is killing her by inches. Once I heard her darkly murmur that the act and time would come when she would take vengeance in her own hands; but God knows to what point her thoughts were tending. I have now reposed more confidence in you than ever in man before. Will you come?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER II.

"Mrs. Ross, Dr. Enstis."

A quick glance of investigation at my face, and one even more transient of reproach to Percival, preceded his acknowledgment of the introduction, the high-bred courteousness of which scarcely veiled the coldness of the welcome.

But the first step was taken. I had formed her acquaintance and obtained entrance to her house, and as often as possible, without arousing any suspicion on her part, for many succeeding weeks did I seek her presence and study her as one of the most difficult pages in the abstruse book of nature.

Sometimes I found her almost gay and joyous, as though the lightness of heart which probably originally characterized her from some unknown depth would bubble up to life again; sometimes in a tender melancholy, as if her soul with trailing pinions mourned its wasted treasures; again in an apathy of indifference, benumbed as it were by the consciousness that "unknown fate" could bring nothing more than she already endured; and then fierce, defiant, combative, with a flashing light in her splendid eyes that took the weird and wicked gleam of insanity. But in whatever phase I found her no word was ever spoken of self, and the most artful turn I could give the conversation in that direction was either foiled or met with frigid silence.

An all-seeing eye alone could know all that she had to bear, but I as a visitor saw enough to understand that it was everything a coarse tyrannic nature, embruted by the constant use of strong drink, had power to inflict on a high-strung, refined and sensitive temperament.

Oftentimes though when the dignified coldness of her manner failed as a check upon him, I saw the rough oath vanish unuttered from his lips, the malicious ferocity disappear from his actions, and his eye absolately quail before the steadfast look of haughty warning she would fix upon him. Involuntarily the thought would rise, "God help you man, should you ever transgress the verge of her endurance. Desperation could give that slender hand a grasp of steel upon a dagger's haft, if conviction come that one blow might avenge the torture of years."

As time progressed Ross became more and more addicted to habits of intemperance, and with each Bacchanalian orgie he grew more and more ferocious, until he became the terror of the entire community.

Even public curiosity, which from her perseverling retirement had almost forgotten her existence, commenced to wonder how Mrs. Ross endured his conduct, and a silent sympathy seemed to rise in her behalf.

Percival and I gradually became conscious that she secluded herself from us, and under an exterior of calmness I knew he chafed to madness at his lack of power to rescue her from the horrors of her situation, and would, I thought, but for the restraining influence of a solemn promise she had exacted from him, have sought with Ross a deadly quarrel.

Finally, upon the occasion of a public meeting one memorable night, Ross drank as usual to intoxication, and raved and raged around the streets with more than his usual frenzy of conduct; insulting all, threatening all, brandishing his bowie knife and ostentatiously displaying the pistols belted around his waist. In those times such sights were not unusual, and in the absence of police regulations none esteemed it their duty to interfere with the desperado, so that he was left to wander in unrestrained freedom. At last, tired out with whooping and howling, he sought the still darkness of the home which, humble as it was, he could only defile by his presence, and as nothing more was heard of him it was presumed he sunk into the deep sleep of drunkenness.

Next morning, which dawned a bright and sunny day of spring, while the majority of the villagers were partaking of their early breakfast, there rung out, sharp and quick on the still air, two shouts in rapid succession. It was not an uncommon sound, but in less than a moment, how, none could have told, the rumor spread that they had let out a human life; and in an equally incomprehensible manner numerous footsteps turned towards Ross's house, where every one knew he lay dead.

Among the first to arrive, I found Ross fallen in a heap at the bedside as though he had staggered to it after being shot, and at the same instant, saw some one pick up a pistol lying in the middle of the floor, and heard them exclaim in surprise "Percival's pistol by the powers?"

A glance showed me it was one of a very fine pair I had often handled at his room, and which bore his name on a silver plate on the handle.

I felt overcome by agitation, for knowing what I did, I did not doubt the truth of the thought which seemed to rise to all, that Percival was the murderer. Fearful of committing myself, or compromising him, I walked into the next room to endeavor to regain my composure.

The shutters were still closed, and the room in comparative shadow.

Walking a hasty turn or two, my ear caught a sobbing moan, and with quickened attention my eye became conscious of the movement of a white object crouched in the darkest corner.

To spring to it required but an instant, and then I raised in my arms a raving, gibbering maniac, the dreadful wreck of all that had once constituted a woman of the finest type.

"Dead at last," she said with a horrible laugh that froze my blood. "Dead at last, killed, killed;" wreathing her slender fingers fantastically through the heavy locks of her black hair.

"Did you know he struck his own death signal," she asked, quickly, with the sharp penetrating look which is so often seen in insanity. "Did you know he was warned?"

"Poor thing, you rave," I half murmured as I gently attempted to lay her on a rude couch standing at one side of the room.

"Who said I loved Percival?" she questioned, shoving me roughly aside, and struggling to rise. "Let me see—let me see," sinking her brow in the palm of her hand meditatively. "'Twas not my own heart, for I trampled it in the dust, if it dared but whisper as much. Some one—some one—but he's dead, he's dead—killed, killed." And that was the burden of every thought. "Do you know where he struck his death knell?" Here—here!" And tearing the white wrapper from the swan like neck and breast, which rivalled its whiteness, she disclosed a dark purplish red spot, evidently the result of a blow.

There was the cause, but who did the deed?

CHAPTER III.

The crowd soon overran every part of the premises, but seeing the piteous state to which Mrs. Ross was reduced, had the delicacy to vacate the room wherein I had found her, and where, after sending a messenger for female assistance, which soon arrived, I left her. The crimson glow of fever on her face, the lurid glances of her eyes, the wild gesticulations, the muttered and sometimes half shrieked ejaculations, betokened her crazed state too well for her words to be listened to by any save as ravings of a mind where reason was dethroned, and yet, to me, holding the slight clue I did, they had a fearful significance.

Conviction seemed to rest on every mind that Percival was the murderer, and the desire that he should be apprehended was openly expressed.

The greater part of the crowd soon left with the Sheriff, who had arrived at the scene of the occurrance, to witness or assist in the arrest of the supposed criminal, had he not fled.

Contrary to general surmise, he was found at his office, pale and agitated; though when the Sheriff informed him of his mission he manifested much surprise, and seemed on the point of remonstrating and disclaiming, but as if influenced by some after thought, accompanied him without a word.

As the day wore on, popular feeling rose high against Percival, and whereas if he had shot Ross down in the street, no one would have given it a thought, except to rejoice at being rid of this desperado, now they called him murderer, and seemed eager that justice should be executed on him. Those who had hitherto been loudest in praise and admiration for him, denounced him in the most uncompromising terms; those whose interests he had most advanced, constantly proclaimed the fact that they had always lacked confidence in him, and he who had floated on the high tide of popularity but a few hours before, found himself wrecked, and at the mercy of that fierce and fickle wind, called public opinion.

In the dusk of the evening, when I would be most unobserved, I obtained an interview with Percival, in the rough cell of the little log jail. Listening a second to the retreating step of the person who had accompanied me to the door, he said quite calmly, "Enstis, I have not done this thing."

"The pistol?" I queried.

"Is mine, certainly, but she persuaded me to give it to her, on pretense that in a hasty moment I might use it on him. I knew how hard fate!—it was for her own protection."

There was an air of veracity about him, which coupled with the sight of the bruise on the breast of Mrs. Ross and the remembrance of the vague words, that one day she might take vengeance in her own hands, which compelled me to believe him.

"How is she?" he questioned eagerly.

"Do not ask," I replied.

"I must see her once more at least."

"Would you escape were the means provided?"

"Yes, for I am innocent, but could not prove it without incriminating, or at least arousing suspicion in connection with her, and that I would not do for life, no, nor for eternity."

"Money can do much," I replied, not thinking it necessary to tell him, that in a short time she would be beyond the power of earthly tribunals.

"Use it then, without stint."

I did so. There were few men in that community who did not have their price, and perhaps the same state of affairs may exist very generally at the present time, but let that be as it may, by midnight I had so arranged that Percival was freed from his cell, with a fleet horse standing saddled, ready for his use, concealed in a thicket neighboring to Ross' house.

Having dismissed the nurse I had procured, to obtain some rest, I was alone and prepared to give Percival admittance when I heard the signal agreed on.

Mrs. Ross since the morning had had repeated hemorrhages, resulting from the combined effect of the crushing blow she had received, and the wild excitement under which she had labored.

They had calmed her frenzy, and she lay in a quiescent state, looking in her rare beauty like a splendid statue, hurled from his fitting pedestal.

At the least noise, the rustle of a bough, the creaking of a door or shutter, or even those nameless noises that rise upon the night's silence, she would stretch her arms out pleadingly, in spite of every precaution to prevent it, for even this slight movement would cause the life-blood to froth up, and well forth, in a small but fatal stream.

At last I heard the signal, and stealing with noiseless step to a side door which was concealed from Mrs. Ross' sight by the curtains of her bed, I gave Percival ingress. He clutched me by the shoulder, apparently to prevent himself from falling, and I felt he trembled as an aspen.

"That you should be calm is absolutely necessary" I whispered. "The duration of her life, even for a moment, depends on it."

In a second he released his hold on me, and with stilly trend, sought the bedside.

Her eyes, not yet even divested of their meteor light, though devoid of reason's ray, rested vacantly on his face, without a gleam of recognition, but at the slight unavoidable rustle of his movement, she stretched out, as usual, her white pleading arms.

To place himself in their clasp, and draw her to him, seemed on Percival's part an irresistible impulse, though I spoke to prevent it.

He turned on me a beseeching look and murmured: "But once—my God forever!"

And so it proved, for when her head pillowed on his shoulder she drew a deep sobbing sigh, like a child who nestles its griefs away in a mother's breast, and the graceful head fell back, the glorious eyes were veiled by the purple veined lids, and breath passed away as the crimson current flowed for the last time. With her passed away all possibility of ever knowing with certainty, until the last great day of judgment, the deep provocation that had led to the awful deed. The Saviour who pardoned the dying thieves have mercy on her soul.

An hour went ere I called on Perceval to leave, and the appeal was fruitless; another, and yet another, and finally it was with force that I drew him to the door, shoved him out, supported him to his horse, and assisted him to mount. His farewell was voiceless, nothing more than a quick, hard pressure of the hand.

His after fate is told in a few words. No clue was obtained to the manner of his escape, and once out of sight the officers of justice made but faint endeavors to discover his whereabouts.

A few weeks after, though, there arrived at the village a man who stated himself to be Ross's brother. After remaining two or three days he left as quietly as he had come, but he had been heard to vow that never again would he rest under shelter of a roof until his brother's death was avenged.

With the unerring keenness of a bloodhound's scent he must have tracked the supposed murderer through every turn and disguise, for in less than a month the newspapers of Natchez gave publicity to the fact that a man, who on investigation proved to be Percival, had, while standing in the brilliant light of a bar-room in that city, been shot through the window by some unknown person.

None doubted that it was Ross's brother who had sped the fatal ball, but none save myself ever knew that the worldly prosperity, good name, and life itself, of Percival, were all a sacrifice to the woman he loved. A martyrdom it seems that might almost have power to expiate the sins that may have stained his previous career.

A MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT.

We find in an exchange a very interesting account of the manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Duryee, Jaques & Clearman, dealers in hats, caps and straw goods, 70 Gravier street, New Orleans, and Duryee, Jaques & Co., 27 Chambers street, New York. The house is undoubtedly the oldest, in its department of trade, in the United States, having been established more than fifty years ago, since which it has continued its business uninterruptedly, with occasional firm changes. Its manufactory is probably the largest in the world and is located where first founded, at Newark, New Jersey, where operations were begun by the founder, Mr. William Rankin, who retired many years since, but still resides in that town, a hale old man, near four score years of age. In 1835 the name of the house was changed to William Rankin & Co.; in 1840 it was again altered to William Rankin, Duryee & Co.; and in 1855 assumed its present title of Duryee, Jaques & Co., in Newark and New York, and Duryee, Jaques & Clearman in New Orleans.

Their New York warehouse, at 27 Chambers street, is one of the most magnificent of the iron columned stone fronts in that city, and covers four lots, each one a hundred and fifty-one feet deep by thirty wide, the lower floors being devoted to specimen goods and counting-house furnishings, while the many other floors are stored with a vast stock of the various goods in the hat, cap and straw departments. The reporter of the paper from which we gather these particulars paid a visit to the factory in Newark, and found that it comprised six large brick buildings of five stories in hight, with a number of minor erections, covering a wide area, the firm being the largest owners of real estate in the city. In the various departments of the factory they give employment to over six hundred male and female assistants, besides those who take out work to do beyond the walls of the establishment. It is said that this is the only concern in the country in which the work of hat-making is "begun at the beginning"—that is, where the fur is taken from the skins of the beaver, the otter and other animals, to be used in the making of the hats. Nothing but the raw material for all work is brought into the factory, to go out finished in all styles of head covering.

A hundred horse-power engine drives the machinery of this vast factory, which is attended by a regiment of skillful mechanics, many of whom are the sons of fathers who passed their lives in this employ, and the magnitude of the operations carried on can only be realized by those who have seen them—seen the many and peculiar machines responding with their several movements to the rush and roar of the motive engine; the crowds of operatives in seeming confusion, but each employed in his proper and regular duties; the masses of material in various stages of manufacture, from the raw merchandise to the perfect hat, finished in all the delicate touches of the latest style. So thorough is the drill and practice of all the workmen and workwomen, that operations go on like clock work, and notwithstanding the vastness of the factory, the amount of goods turned out daily the year round seems disproportionately large. The goods sustain the highest market character, and have always kept up the unblemished reputation of the concern for an excellence of manufacture unsurpassed by any other in the world.

LUXURY WHICH IS ECONOMY.—As very many of our readers in this city and elsewhere are investing in household gear this fall, we esteem it if not a duty certainly an amiable and thoughtful thing to direct their attention to an article of house-furnishing which merits attention, both because it is most excellent for its purpose and because it is buyable at a price exceedingly small when compared with that of other and less efficient appliances for the same purpose. We have reference to Howe's elliptic spring bedbottoms, which in point of durability, unfailing elasticity, economy and