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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

COLLEGE YARNS No. 1.

YOUNG AMERICA ON A BENDER.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

"Well Johnny boy, what is that important secret which you wished to reveal to me this evening?" said Tom B. to his chum, one delightful summer evening after they had demolished any quantity of muffins, cutlets, &c., for their obliging lanladies.

"First, let me know if you have anything particularly urgent to do; secondly tell me how you like the Tutor's treatment of P., thirdly, are you flush?"

"Did you ever know a member of the Freshmen of D——, to have any spare tune on his hands? As to your second query, I must say that Tutor treated P. meanly; and *flush!* how in the world can a fellow be flush on an allowance of $1.00 spending money per month? I am surprised at you—you are not as clear headed as usual—have certainly been paying Tortonis a visit."

"Oh pshaw! Stop your nonsense—I am glad to hear that you are down on A——; and the rest of your answers were in such an indefinite, round about way that I shall not take the trouble to repeat *my* question; but proceed to answer your first question without delay. We intend to serenade A——; a calithumpian of course; as a slight mark of the *esteem* we have for him and his *noble, honorable* conduct towards poor P. We wish to provide ourselves with any quantity of horns, pans, bells, &c., and to do this we will have to expend some money."

"Good, count me in two chances and double beats. Who compose the band?—All good fellows; trumps, who won't peach and know how to keep their tongues quiet?"

"Yes they are all tried and true, except B——n. I don't know anything about his qualifications, but K——y says he is all right, still I have my doubts; but we will see before we go too far."

"Had we not better be providing ourselves with instruments, so as to be in readiness in due time?"

"Yes! The band comprises the following members—the two K——y's, R——n, Jack H——, B—n, who I am afraid is a spotted lamb, K——g, and ourselves. Now you can judge for yourself."

"Oh, I am satisfied with all except B—n, who is too timid and inexperienced, I fear."

"Well lets hunt them up and procure our instruments."

So our two friends donning their coats proceeded in pursuit of the other members of the orchestra and their instruments for producing sweet sounds; and if you had entered Tom's room in a half hour afterwards you would have supposed he had some intention of peddling tin-ware. In the room—head quarters—were assembled eight young men variously attired, but all agreeing in one respect; all having very ferocious looking mustachios and enormous whiskers, very astonishing too, as they seemed to be all very young not over sweet sixteen.

"Suppose we appoint a leader boys," said K——g.

"Agreed! who shall it be? Who will take the leaders baton and preside with becomig dignity over this highly intellight body?"

By unanimous consent it was put to vote by ballot; when every vote except one was found to be in favor of Tom B. who with a low bow commenced—

"Gentlemen, friends, fellow citizens; students, dare devils, bullies or cowards, I thank you from the soft lobe of my gizzard, for the great honor you have conferred on me in bestowing the baton (wish it was a brandy flask or a bottle of Port) upon me, an unworthy rascal, a poor devil of a Freshy; and I assure you that any rascality or tomfoolery that may be proposed by any of you, will meet with my cordial support—I shall go in for it teeth, toe-nails and boot-heels."

"Now you are talking sensibly like the fool that you are," was Jack H's answer to this eloquent acknowledgment. "Its well that you didn't have all the votes or we should have known that you aspired to the office."

"But there is something which I wish to call your attention to fellows. There must be no blabbing, no calling names; and if there is one here who fears detection, as we shall no doubt have a hard row to hoe, and ten chances to one some of us will be caught, my advice is that he leave the crowd. If any are detected they must stoutly and flatly refuse to betray their companions, even to save themselves from dismissal or expulsion. Is it not so cowards?"

"Yes, yes; that is our creed and rule of proceeding There are none here who wish to shirk."

During this address B——n evidently was ill at ease, and it was easy to be seen that he did not fancy engaging in such fun where the chances of detection were so many, but he said nothing.

"Get your horns and etceteras, boys," said Tom grasping a large blown glass tube fancifully wound and twisted in diverse ways. "First, let us drink to the success of our enterprise," continued he producing a liquor stand. Noiselessly they proceeded out into the street, and taking a back alley that led to the outskirts of town they walked on in silence until they emerged upon the last street in the Northern portion of the town, suddenly John P. espied a number of the feline tribe perched on a high fence, a few paces on, and telling the rest to stop, he crept along quietly until he reached tabby's roost, when puss was captured at one fell swoop followed by an awful heart-rending schreech, causes Jack's vocal shells to give utterance to any considerable quantity of curious expressions, heard in the prayers of the faithful at times, but which I think Jack used in an entirely different connection and with not near as much reverence but with equal energy of manner.—The crowd then took up their line of march, pussy being safely and snugly housed in Tom's overcoat pocket. "If we just had another kitten," exclaimed Tom; hush, by jove there is one; and just like this one, as black as the ace of spades, aint this such! Wait here I'll bag it in a minute if you will keep shady!"

Pussy No. two was nabbed, but not before he gave forth several direful mi—aows and as Tom said 'scratched like the devil.' The noise was heard in the shanty tenanted by woolly heads, and old aunty was heard to exclaim—

"Dem dar 'fernal cats is fitin agin. Pete, I wishes you chop their tarnal squallin heads off I dus. Dey keeps a body allers awake and wokin up wid deir kussed fuss—s—cat!"

"Hand us a string some of you," exclaimed Tom, 'and we will have a new, self performing musical instrument, whose dulcet strains will vie with the Æolian harp in sweetness, and richness of tone."

They by this time had arrived in the campus back of the college and Tom, John P. and the two K—y's proceeded up into the building until they had reached the hall on which A—'s room opened; they then tied the elongated appendages of the furry choristers firmly together, giving enough slack to allow full play, and then giving the twine a coil around the door knob they released them hold on their necks and mizzled at top speed, followed by unearthly noises.—Did you ever hear anything in the opera line that could compare with a couple of enraged Thomas cats scratching, screeching, spitting, fighting, making fur fly, and creating pretty considerably of a row? Take two or three donkeys, a dozen shanghai crowers, any quantity of wild Indians, a hyena, a couple of panthers, a royal Bengal tiger, a regular african 'tawny,' a house full of teething young 'uns, a many red headed scolding women as can be found, and have them all, each and every one of them; human, beast, and bird in full blast; then throw in two or three steam whistles, a half dozen New York nigger brass bands, and a regiment of flying artillery; top off with a crowd of drunken Irishmen on Saint Patrick's, and you will be able to form a faint idea of the noise that greeted poor A—'s ears, causing his hair to stand on end, his hands to spasmodically close over his ears, and his two eyes like stars to start from their spheres. 'Sleep, downy sleep,' tired nature's sweet restorer affrighted fled his couch, and he was heard bellowing at the top of his voice—

"S——e; s——s——e; s——e a——t.—Then he rose and put for the door, when from the band a grand flourish of instruments and a symphonious overture broke forth; then the leader was heard singing, 'when you catch a white cat save him, save him, but'—then the full band were heard chanting with melodious voices "when you catch a black cat *skere him, skere him;*" then the whole instrumentary portion seemed to be trying which of them would make the most music and all sounding like a 4th of July thunder storm. Above all rose the noise of war, dire uproarious war between the enraged kittens and Tutor voice breathing forth dire anathemas not exactly consistent with his character as a christian.—Suddenly a loud yell was heard from him, followed by several blows then another awful yell followed by several smaller ones.

"By—, we will not repeat Tom's exclamation, 'they've made common cause against A—. hope they I mark him—now boys grand overture from la opera Bedlam."

His commands were obeyed and a noise that made the welkin ring again ascended from the orchestra and several windows were thrown up and—down, at the same time came the contents of several pitchers answered by a—'look here, if you don't want your windows broken and hour heads, you had better keep quiet—we are only serenading Tutor A—— as a slight testimonial of our regard for him and our appreciation of his conduct towards P.' "All right! Excuse us! go ahead steamboat! you're good egg—do you want any help?"

"No, we thank you."

Directly A——, was heard descending the stairs and from the various noises, which, faint but well meant mi—aows, unmeaning exclamations, &c., it was conjectured that he was bringing the infernal machine along. Nor were they mistaken, for in a few moments A— appeared in the doorway, grasping the cats firmly by the back of their necks, and addressed the audience:

"Gentlemen you ought to be ashamed of your selves. These cats have severely scratched me and this treatment is outrageous.

"In the same catalogue with your treatment of P—," was the answer, "do as ye would others should do unto you."

"I know you all in spite of your disguise, and you shall hear from this, you unmitigated scoundrels. I'll have you dismissed, all of you."

"Tell that to the horse marines old fel," shouted Tom, who immediately commenced *braying* like a *simon pure*, the others crowing, barking, yelling, whistling, groaning; with ever and anon a blast from the trumpets. This was too much for Tutor to bear, so with a thundering ejaculation he hurled at the foremost one the connected pussies, and turned in disgust from the scene; fortunately they alighted on the ground and commenced pulling two ways for home, when Jack seizing them by their *connecting link* sent them after the retreating dignitary, upon whose shoulders they 'hove to' and immediately commenced a marking and engraving business, while with a vigorous blast of music shouts of unearthly laughter uprose, and the crowd retreated leaving A—, engaged in awful but heroic combat with the enraged Thomas kittens. Looking around B—n was found to be missing, having in alarm flew the track; to his room they immediately proceeded and laid down the letter of the law to him and told him the penalties that would fall upon him, should he peach. A— looked as if he had been among the Sandwich Islands who had been tattooing him His scars were some time healing. Strenuous efforts were made to discover the wicked perpetrators, but in spite of A—'s thodo montade address on the evening of the occurrence and his assurance that he knew all the parties; no one was ever detected.

[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, Hye 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 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 alter. The villagers 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.

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

"Hush! my darling look, hear 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 head, 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 prevailiant 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, from 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. *This 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 childhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes; 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 discip te 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 gaieties 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 the thoughtful, 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 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 Montressor, a young nobleman but lately arrived to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a rightheon, 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, broadshouldered 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 circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and wondered 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. For 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 honoriness he had evinced 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 without assigning any reason for the act. And latter having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this injunction, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friend: I shall never address another woman; and if ever in the course of four weeks, or months, 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 your 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, your 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 tenderness upon hers, and read the devotion hanging to 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! *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 then said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot ever 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 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 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 and courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupying their town house in Berkeley 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 utered a low cry and sink 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, returning 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 in. 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 this 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—

"For four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, behold, 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 the secret of my patience!" he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her side.

"And yet you never inquired and I do not even now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why 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, 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 worshiping 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 to be! 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, throughut 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 nearnest friends of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal, her spirits had been marked by the strongest 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 hightened sentiments that distinguished him, refrained from inquiring, and awaited her voluntary revelation.

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 slighest 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 suppliant, who may soon be someting 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 mean 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 atitud 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 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.

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 at all the stores throughout the city, 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 coun-

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