General Advertiser. REPUBLICAN STAR AND

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BY
THO'S. PERRIN SMITH.

TERMS

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum payable hall yearly in advance.—No paper can be discontinued until the same is paid for.

Advertisements ar inserted three weeks for *One Dollar*, and continded weekly for *Twenty Five Cents* per square.

GOOD HORSES & CATTLE
FOR SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Stock of good Horses, Cattle, Farming Utensils, &c. will be offered for Sale at Abbott's Mill on THURSDAY the 14th day of October instant, on a credit of ten months. Notes with approved security to be given for the purchase money with interest thereon, before the removal of the property. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. In behalf of Joseph L. Turner,
JOHN BENNETT, Agent.
Talbot county, Oct. 5, 1830—2w

Branch Bank at Easton,
September 22, 1830.

THE President and Directors of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, have declared a Dividend of three per cent., on the Stock of the Company for the last six months which will be payable to the Stockholders or their legal representatives, on or after the first Monday in October next.
By order,
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Cashier.
sept 28 3w

Notice is hereby given,

THAT application will be made for renewal of the following certificates of stock in the Union Bank, which have been lost or mislaid.

3 shares issued in the name of Hezekia Clagett, No. 3593, 3594, 3595.
4 shares issued in the name of Isaac Tyson, No. 18,243. 44, 45 46.
1 share issued in the name of Jas. Armstrong, No. 15 040.
2 shares issued in the name of Mary Long, Ex. No. 16,225, 16.226.
2 shares issued in the name of Jas. Alexander, No 15,440, 15,441.
2 shares issued in the name of Sophia Bland, 6,721, 6,722.

The above stock now standing in the name of Sophia Bland, on the books of said Bank.

The Fredericktown Examiner, Hagerstown Torch Light, and Easton Star, will publish the above once a week for four weeks, and forward certificates of publication to the office of the American.
oct 5 4w

Collector's Notice.

IN pursuance of an order of the Commissioners of the Tax of Talbot county, dated July 13, 1830, will be sold at the Court House door in the town of Easton, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of October next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 5 o'clock, P. M. all those tracts and parcels of land (or such parts thereof as may be necessary to raise the several sums due thereon,) which was advertised in the Gazette, Star and Whig of Easton, and the Baltimore Patriot, in August last, on which the tax has not been, or shall not be paid before the day of Sale; for the years 1828 and 1829 to be sold for Cash, the purchaser to pay the expenses of locating and conveying.
SOL. MULLIKIN, Collector,
of Talbot county Taxes for
the year 1828 & 1829.
sept 28 4w

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being desirous of collecting the TAX OF TALBOT COUNTY, due for the present year, in the course of this Fall, respectfully requests all persons, holding Assessable Property in the county, to call on him at his Office in Easton, at the Office of the Eastern Shore Whig, where he will attend every Tuesday for the reception of the same.
It is hoped that those who cannot make it convenient to call on him, will be prepared for a call from him, or his Deputies, in their repective Districts.
BENNETT BRACCO, Collector.
aug 10 w

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees for the years of 1828 and 1829, are hereby notified that no longer indulgence can possibly be given, as I am determined to close the collections of said fees as the law directs. I have given my deputies the most peremptory orders to execute every person who may neglect this notice. I would also take the liberty to inform those persons who owe fees for the present year, (1830) that the same has been due for several months past, and payment is expected immediately for the same.
WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.
july 20 w

NEW FALL GOODS.

WM. CLARK

BEGS leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned home with an extensive assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Selected with much care in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, from the latest importations, embracing almost every article in the

Staple and Fancy Line,

WHICH IS NOW OPENING,

And will be offered at a small advance for CASH, or on time to old *punctual* customers.
sep 28 w

TO RENT
FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,

The White House and Premises at the corner of Court and West streets, opposite the new Methodist Church.
sept 28 w WM. CLARK.

From the New York Mirror.

MERRY TERRY,
OR AN OLD REEFER'S YARN.

'His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate,
Surviving left his quenchless hate:
And o'er him bends his foe, with brow
As dark as his that bled below.'

'Come, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy,' said a curley-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant sail—Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gun deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served, the bull stowed away in the spirit room, and the key of the watch returned to the master.

It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the forecastle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:

Merriville Terry, or as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew.—He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said any thing to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff, that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and, blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or a close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your beckets, and your bow ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprung, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earing, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty.

As I said afore, every body from stem to starn, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him, you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog; or as much as gave him a cross word in his life, but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rusties, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess table. If two of them was skylarking or quarreling, or doing any thing ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog vane in a calm.

I said every body loved him: I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffrel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains in chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board; and before we could clear away the starn boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they were almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the forecastle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the starn, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't believe that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

The day Merry first came aboard our craft is as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday, and a snug, trim-built little fellow he was, too, as ever broke a biscuit, or went coxswain of a captain's gig. He was then about as old as Rosy Willy here, and much such another only he was taughter built, and broader in the bows, and carried sail more man-of-war fashion. His eye was as blue as the sea in the tropics, and as bright as the tropic sea sometimes is at night, when it seems all on fire. His head was covered with dark hair, that lay as thick and close as the nap on this monkey-jacket; and his skin was so white and soft, that it always seemed a pity when I saw him standing his watch in the heat of the sun, and his plump little cheeks looking as red as if the blood was going to start right through them.—However, he didn't mind it the value of a scupper nail, and I don't know but it did him good, for he grew handsomer as he got a little tanned, and seemed never happier than when he was on duty. He was a little green at first, of course, but there was no such thing as getting the weather gage of Merry, for as sure as an older reefer tried to run a rig on him, he would just cock up his bright blue eye, and see what the other was up to in the turn of a glass.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New York the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his home. Merry's connexions who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good bye. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tomcat the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintance were going a board a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for officers myself, and was soon once more where had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon.—That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up, we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my pockets, spinning street yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own name sake, old Jack Adams, she was lying in Hampton-roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gangway-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabout, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck the old craft herself seemed to know it: and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-starn, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was 'helm's a lee,' and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body liked Merry Terry except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all sorts of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefer's went that Merry had come athwart the captain's hawse in some love affair; but whether that was so or not was merely dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him!—I would rather for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month.

Well, things went on this way for some weeks till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to'gallant masts struck and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself in a full rig of citizen's toggs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gigs, and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think.—As the captain passed over the gangway he gave a peculiar kind of a look at Merry—something like a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay, and then turning round to the first luff, he said—'Remember Mr. Orlop you are under sailing-orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence.' As he spoke this, he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the starn sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done any thing they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came along side, the waterman in which handed a note up to the middy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note of course was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the file-rail, and looking at the superscription discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and tearing it open, rapidly devoured the contents; then rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat, which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer of the deck's delay it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top glim of a commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffrel, and in a voice that seemed to come from the cable tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said:

'Mr. Orlop, I must go ashore, to-night.'

'You cannot Mr. Terry, you heard the captain's orders.'

'Damn the captain!' (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.)

'Mr. Terry, you forget yourself!' answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. 'If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty.'

'I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Orlop, said Merry, partly recollecting himself; 'but I am half distracted. If you will lend me your ear sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty.

Mr. Orlop was one of that class of officers who to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feeling and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state-room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulkhead. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsomever, for nothing was heard but a low humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr. Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman loud enough for the whole steerage, and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear.

'Enough Mr. Terry, enough!' cried he. 'You shall have it—if it costs my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination.'

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red.—They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr. Orlop at the same moment calling out to me—

'Mr. Palmer,' said he, 'call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself sir on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!'

By this time his foot was on the top step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again:

'Boatswain's mate!'

'Sir!' sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl.

'Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles.—Captain of the fo'castle, there!'

'Sir! bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice.

'Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard!—Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there out in the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard tackle block!

'Ay, ay, sir!' promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought too at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favourite by moving lively, shoved off, and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal.

'Mr. Terry,' cried the first lieutenant, remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!'

'Upon my honour,' answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart; then turning quickly to the men, 'Let fall,' he cried, 'give way!' and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, 'give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will,' and such like.

And they did give way, too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail in a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent them an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried 'rowed of all,' till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen, who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and without stopping to say one word to the men darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say what the devil's all this? At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as if they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest.

'Damn my chain-plates, said he, 'only hark how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flopping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd my hearties, that Mr. Terry's runnin' 'mongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and if so need be lend him a lift.'

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken.—But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging, like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea-legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the mean time, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove too, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen the spot it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle.

On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height, and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the intermediate space. Behind one of those trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road-side, and seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

'Help! for heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!' cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

'Seducer!—scoundrel!—ruffian!' he cried, 'I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's work!'

'Mr. Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court martial—' and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an over match for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, has yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The clear, round moon shone on the occurrence with a silvery brightness, which, while it made every feature of the scene perfectly visible, yet imparted to the pallid faces, glaring eye-balls, and quivering lips of the combatants a more ghastly and terrible expression, than they derived from their own wild passions. The captain (for it is useless to tell you it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion, he had bitten his lip nearly in twain, and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave great additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the two combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville towards the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim, but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarce audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill were soon lost to sight.

Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot, tearless balls seemed bursting from the sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look; their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony.——[*Concluded in last page.*]

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