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UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1857.

No. 1890.



LEONARD'S SOUTH AMERICAN Fever and Ague Remedy!

IS A CHEAP, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURE, AND IS ALSO A Preventive of the various forms of Bilious and Intermittent Fevers.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

This Preparation contains no Arsenic or Mercury, and will not, like the many compounds now recommended for Bilious or other Fevers, leave the system in a condition more to be dreaded than the disease; but its great merit is in its CURATIVE, PREVENTIVE and RESTORATIVE properties, and is adapted to all Ages and conditions of the system.

Nearly all the articles which enter into its composition are of themselves, singly, remedial agents for the cure of BILIOUS and INTERMITTENT FEVERS.

As a preventive, this Medicine should be used by travellers, Emigrants, and others, during the Summer and Fall months, when malarious diseases are most prevalent.

A Treatise by G. A. LEONARD, New York, on the disease, with Testimonials and Certificates of cures placed, can be obtained, gratuitously, at all the places where it is sold.

CERTIFICATES.

The following statement of the Rev. L. M. Pease, Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, is given below, in one that speaks volumes to the valuable properties of this Remedy.

Mr. G. A. Leonard—Sir:—I take a pleasure in transmitting to you the following facts in relation to a cure effected by the use of your South American Fever and Ague Remedy, upon one of the inmates of the House of Industry, John Young, who had been suffering from chills and fever during the past five months, was in a most deplorable state, and the physicians were as unable as any I ever knew, almost instant relief was experienced on giving the first dose; on the expected day of recovery, it was administered, and it had the happy effect of interrupting the pyrexia. Since then every vestige of the disease has left him, and he has recovered his former wonted appearance and health.

Truly yours, &c., L. M. PEASE.
New York, January 28, 1856.

Mr. G. A. Leonard—Dear Sir:—Having suffered from severe attacks of Fever and Ague, I had nearly despaired of finding any relief, other than a temporary one. But while laboring under a severe attack, it was suggested to try your Remedy, and, unlike other remedies I have used, it has proved a prompt and permanent cure, as I have never before gone so long without having a return of the complaint, and can recommend the South American Fever and Ague Remedy as a valuable one for the effectual cure of the disease.

ROBERT F. PHILIP,
Corner of Wall and Water streets,
New York, Dec. 1, 1855.

Mr. F. A. Sterling, of this city, has consented to the publication of the following facts, or his signature, concerning a cure effected by the use of this Remedy, which facts are corroborated by the Rev. L. M. Pease, who was acquainted with all the circumstances.

Mr. G. A. Leonard—Dear Sir:—Some ten days since, I heard of a poor, swarthy looking man, named Malberry, who was suffering from a severe attack of chills and fever, contracted in the low grounds near Newark, N. J. I gave him one bottle of your South American Fever and Ague Remedy, and it afforded me pleasure to say, that the disease has been broken up by its use, and a permanent cure effected.

Truly yours, A. F. STERLING.
New York, November 5, 1855.

I am acquainted with the facts set forth in the above certificate, and can witness to the truth of the statements therein contained.

L. M. PEASE,
Superintendent Five Points House of Industry.

The following Certificate of Fred'k L. Hertle and Henry Meyer, are among those peculiar cases in which a permanent cure can be effected, notwithstanding their continued exposure to predisposing causes. At the time the cures were effected they were engaged in the Chemical Works of Charles Pfizer & Co. of this city.

After having been troubled with Fever and Ague for nearly a whole month, and swallowed lots of Quinine, an acquaintance of mine recommended me to try a bottle of what he called the South American Fever and Ague Remedy, and sure enough it acted like a charm. I took it only one day, and that was the last of the fever. It is with great pleasure that I state this fact for the benefit of all whom it may concern, and wish everybody the same success in mastering this distressing disease, which is likely enough if they will follow my example.

FREDERICK L. HERTLE,
August, 1855, 41 Whipple street, Brooklyn.

I have had the Fever and Ague for several weeks, which kept me at home, unable to work. I tried a number of prescriptions, without finding any relief, until my factory lost me a bottle of the South American Fever and Ague Remedy, which I have used, and after some days found myself entirely cured. I have had no attack since that time, nor fourteen months, and feel great confidence in this valuable medicine, to which I owe my recovery.

HENRY MEYER,
36 McKibbin street, Williamsburgh,
September 20, 1855.

The certificate of Mr. J. G. Underhill, Druggist, of Jamaica, N. Y., and those received through him, will be read with much interest, not only from the very respectable character of the parties, but that the medicine was used under very unfavorable circumstances, and only when other remedies had been used without success.

Mr. G. A. Leonard, N. Y.—Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find some certificates of the good effects of your medicine in this place. It gives satisfaction to every one that has used it, and the sale will increase as it becomes known. I take the responsibility to warrant it. Mr. Stephen Henderson, of this place, sent a bottle to his wife's sister, with like good results as when used by himself and wife. Mr. Henderson is an old man, a very respectable citizen of this place, and is well known.

Truly yours, &c., J. G. UNDERHILL,
Jamaica, N. Y., September 28, 1855.

We, the undersigned, have used the South American Remedy for Fever and Ague and Intermittent Fevers, and it has made a perfect cure of ourselves and families, and with much pleasure recommend it to the public as a safe and cheap medicine.

ELBERT DONKIN, WM. JOHNSON,
CHARLES J. GALE, WM. BENNETT,
Jamaica, N. Y., September 27, 1855.

Mr. J. G. Underhill, Druggist, &c.—Dear Sir:—I have used the South American Remedy, so highly recommended by you, both for myself and wife, and we have been cured. I believe it is the best medicine for the chills and fever out. I should not have used it if you did not warrant a cure, but now I am satisfied that it is all you recommended it to be.

Yours respectfully, S. HENDERSON,
Jamaica, N. Y., September 27, 1855.

Jamaica, N. Y., May 13, 1856.

Mr. G. A. Leonard—Dear Sir:—My mother, an aged lady, was afflicted with chills and fever very bad last summer, and having heard your medicine highly recommended, she was induced to try it; after taking one and a half bottles, she was perfectly cured, and I cheerfully recommend it as a safe and cure.

Respectfully yours, G. N. GODWISE.

More certificates might be added to swell the list, but a delicacy on the part of many not to have their names appear in print, prevents a publication of them. The above, however, are sufficient evidence to establish the fact, that this remedy is without an equal for the permanent cure of the Fever and Ague.

A supply of the above Medicine on hand, and for sale by J. F. CAIN, Hillsborough, R. B. SAUNDERS, Chapel Hill, and Merchants generally in this section.

January 7, 71-72

25 WITNESSES;

OR, THE FORGER CONVICTED.

JOHN S. DYE IS THE AUTHOR.

Who has had ten years' experience as a Banker and Publisher, and author of

A Series of Lectures on the Broadway Tuberculosis, when, for ten successive nights, over 50,000 People were

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and describing the most perplexing positions in which the Ladies and Gentlemen of that country have been so often found. These Stories will continue throughout the whole year, and will prove the most entertaining ever offered to the public.

Published Weekly to Subscribers only, at \$1 a year. All letters must be addressed to

JOHN S. DYE,
Broker, Publisher and Proprietor,
70 Wall Street, New York.

April 29, 86-

TRUSTEE'S SECOND SALE.

BY virtue of a deed of trust executed by McLean & Hanner, for purposes therein named, I shall proceed to sell, in the town of Graham, on TUESDAY the second day of June next, (being Tuesday of June Court next) the following real estate:

The large and well constructed Store House, occupied by McLean & Hanner, on the south-east corner, near the court house, with a half an acre lot.

The House and Lot occupied by Wm. Redding,—half an acre lot.

The House and Lot occupied by J. D. Noel,—one acre lot.

The House and Lot occupied by Thomas G. McLean,—one and a half an acre lot.

And several other Unimproved Lots, well situated for family residences.

For a more particular description of the property, apply to the Trustee, who will take pleasure in giving any information.

The above property will be sold on a reasonable credit. Terms made known on the day of sale.

All persons indebted to McLean & Hanner, at Graham, or to J. W. Summers, either by note or account, are requested to settle the same before the 1st of June next, or they will find them in the hands of an officer for collection.

D. C. HARDEN, Trustee.

April 15, 84-78

TO COTTON PLANTERS.

The Cotton Planter's Manual;

BEING a compilation of facts from the best authorities on the culture of Cotton, its natural history, chemical analysis, trade and consumption; and embracing a history of Cotton and the Cotton Gin. By J. A. Turner. Price \$1. Sent free of postage on receipt of price.

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH.

By W. N. White, of Athens, Georgia. A most complete manual for every department of Horticulture, embracing the Vegetable Garden, the Fruit Garden, the Flower Garden, and the Pleasure Grounds, adapted particularly to the Southern States. Price \$1.25. To be obtained of all Bookellers, or sent by express to any part of the Union on receipt of price.

C. M. SEXTON & CO.,
Agricultural Book Publishers,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

March 4, 78-

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE, the merchants of Chapel Hill, feeling the necessity of a change in the manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold, due the 1st of each July, and the 1st of each January, without regard to date of purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

G. & J. SCOTT & CO.,
W. A. THOMPSON,
J. T. HUGHAN & CO.,
LONG & McCATLEY,
J. E. HITCHINGS & CO.,
LOADER & WATSON,
F. A. DAVIES,
R. B. SAUNDERS,
J. W. CARR,
JONES WATSON,
STONE & STROWD,

Chapel Hill, Feb. 18, 1857. 76-



USUAL ECONOMY.

May your rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

From the Plough, Loom and Anvil.

FERTILIZERS—CHOICE OF—PRESERVATION.

We have seldom found the necessity of manures, and the choice to be made from among them, expressed so much to our minds as in the following, from the pen of Prof. Campbell, of North Carolina, in the Soil of the South. Prof. Campbell says: "Soils that have been long under cultivation, must necessarily become deficient in many of the elements of fertility, unless the exhausted supply be restored from time to time by proper applications. Without this restoration, farming would soon become a profitless business. Labor can not bring from a soil what is not there. When you wish your horse to do long and faithful service, you feed him well; if you do not, his strength soon fails, and whip and spur are insufficient to revive his drooping energies. So, plough and hoe are equally inefficient in reviving the energies of a starving field. Economy in sustaining or restoring the strength of soils, is no less important than economy in feeding horses and cattle. But as an abundance of such nutritious food as may arise from the products of home culture is most economical in feeding stock, so the free application of home made manure, well collected and well kept, is the most economical of all fertilizers. The farmer who goes abroad to buy guano, while he leaves at home masses of manure, from which wind and rain are rapidly carrying off some of the very same elements that give to guano its value, is not acting more wisely than he who leaves his hay to be drenched with rain and bleached by the sun, while he goes out to buy oats or barley to take the place of hay in his next winter's feeding. Let what you have made as available as possible; then, if more is needed, it will be time to look abroad for it. After all proper means have been resorted to for collecting your barnyard, stable and hog-pen manure, ashes, soap-suds, &c., you can better afford an occasional ton of guano for the sake of an extra crop of wheat, and a succeeding 'fair set' of clover."

Reader, the above is worth reading once, if you agree with it, for it will confirm you in the right, but more than once, if you do not agree with it, for in that case it may set you right. It most assuredly will, if you weigh it thoroughly. You may better purchase guano, superphosphate, poultice, anything that will answer the purpose, than cultivate land destitute of the ingredients for a crop. But what most pleases us in the above is, that "You can better afford an occasional ton of guano" after prudently preserving and applying the home manures. On the preservation and application of these, our success greatly depends.

In speaking of the importance of preventing loss in manures, during the interval elapsing before they can be applied, Prof. Campbell states the following experiment: "A barrel was filled with fresh scrapings from the stalls of horses. Over the manure, as thrown in, a little ground plaster was sprinkled from time to time. After the barrel had been compactly filled, it was allowed to stand some weeks, until it had gone through the heating process found always to take place when newly collected manure is thrown into heaps. But during this heating or fermentation, (as it may with propriety be called,) there was none of that 'vapor' of strong odor which ordinarily arises from fermenting manure heaps. When the mass had become cool, clean rain water was passed through it and collected at the bottom of the barrel. This water was found to contain one of the elements of plaster, and one of the volatile substances (carbonate of ammonia) above alluded to. On emptying the barrel, a white powder, looking very much like plaster, was found mingled with its contents. But when tested, this powder was found to contain only one of the elements of plaster; while it contained also one element of the volatile carbonate of ammonia just mentioned."

This experiment, without some explanation, might seem of little value to practical men. Prof. Campbell explains as follows: "In order that those who are not familiar with the principles of chemistry may understand the foregoing experiment and fully appreciate its results, a little explanation is necessary. The volatile matter which escapes so rapidly from heaps of manure, and the presence of which is perceived by its odor about stables where horses are fed, is called by chemical writers 'carbonate of ammonia,' consisting of carbonic acid and ammonia, combined.

"Plaster (gypsum) is, according to chemical nomenclature, a sulphate of lime; i. e., sulphuric acid and lime combined. Liebig says, 'carbonate of ammonia and sulphate of lime (gypsum) can not be brought together at common temperatures without mutual decomposition. The ammonia enters into combination with the sulphuric acid and the carbonic acid with the lime, forming compounds which are not volatile; and, consequently, destitute of all smell.' Thus, we get two new compounds; namely, carbonate of lime in very fine powder, and sulphate of ammonia, which is not volatile, and of course not liable to be lost in the

same way as the carbonate of ammonia. This sulphate, however, is readily dissolved in water. Hence, in the experiment above detailed, it was carried out in solution by the water and manure."

An important inference from the above experiment, as made and as explained by Prof. Campbell, is, that the manures accumulating about the barn, during the summer, should be preserved in a similar manner. Let them be thrown together, under a shed if that is convenient, or in a pile outside if not; if the latter, the pile should be so high that rains may be retained in it and evaporated instead of running through, and let ground plaster be mixed, say half a peck to each load of the manure. We would say a bushel to a load, were we looking only at the preservation of the manure; but we have to look beyond that—to the application. If twenty loads were applied to the acre, it would imply as many bushels of plaster, which would be entirely too much. We would therefore mix but four quarts of plaster to the load, as this would give a fair allowance for the land on which this manure might be placed, implying as much sulphuric acid as would be likely to benefit the land. And then we would mix with the manure other substances—swamp muck, if it could be had, or, if not, leaf mold, scrapings from hedges, or loam, if nothing better were at hand; this to act as a retainer of the virtues of the manure.

So little plaster as we have recommended might not be sufficient alone to retain the ammonia, and hence the advantage of something more; and we venture to say that by adding well-cured swamp muck, the quantity of manure may be doubled, without deteriorating but very little, if at all, the quality. Water should be applied if the mass is likely to become entirely dry. Moist always, but never leaked, is the rule for home manures. Can we make the reason of this plain to the non-chemical reader? We will try:—water is itself a pretty good retainer of ammonia. If the surface of a manure-heap could be always kept moist by the constant sprinkling of a little water—enough to penetrate eight or ten inches, but not enough to leach the manure—it is doubtful whether any other retainer would be needed. The water would keep the ammonia in the heap about as safely as a high fence will keep cattle in a yard, even if no other retainer were employed; whereas, if the heap is suffered to become entirely dry, it is doubtful whether anything would keep the ammonia from escaping. Perfectly dry plaster, in manure that is entirely dry, has very little effect. Moisture is necessary to the result explained by Prof. Campbell, that of changing carbonate of ammonia into sulphate, as all chemists agree that plaster has this power in but a very limited degree till partially dissolved in water. If we have made ourselves understood, it will be seen why all manure-heaps containing ammonia should be kept in a moist state.

In case of dairies, where a large number of cows are yarded nights, it would be too much labor to preserve the manure, as we have recommended; and our recommendation would be defective, because it makes no provision for the liquid excrements, which are really of more value than the solid. The way to make the manure of the greatest possible value is, to carry into the yard, after it is cleared in the spring, large quantities of absorbent matter, as swamp muck, leaf mold, or rich loam, to cover the whole surface with this, and then to add more every few days, till the mass becomes so thick that a smart rain will not more than saturate it, and a long drought will not entirely dry it. In this way, if the yard is a little higher at the circumference than in the centre, the soluble salts will not be washed away, and the ammonia will be preserved. Considerable labor is implied, but then the manure from twenty-five cows will be worth a hundred dollars, when if left to itself to become alternately as dry as tinder and sufficiently liquid to run into the nearest brook, it would hardly be worth twenty. If the difference would pay for the labor and something more, it should be done. The whole yard by such a course becomes a manure heap; but owing to the great thickness of the mass, it does not become soft by rains to the extent of being impassable or as nearly so, as when the yard is left to itself; and in dry weather the mass is not often so dried through as to allow the ammonia to escape. We will only add that we have often seen this in practice, and have seen the good results both in the greatly increasing quantity of the manure, and in favorable effects on crops.

WORMY APPLES.

Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career. I took half a dozen quart bottles, and filled each with sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner: I tied leather straps three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches, to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to which I attached the bottles, leaving them open to allow the millers to enter. I let the bottles remain in this way for five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying them, I found the millers had entered in great numbers and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted fifteen—in another forty. I had twelve bushels of sound, wormless apples, while the fruit on the other trees not experimented upon was wormy.

Country Gentleman.

Two mules were recently sold in Stockton, California, for \$1,500, which weighed together 2,800 pounds.

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," &c.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

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

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

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding; and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar.

The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great 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 here we are to wait two mortal hours! said a young girl to the game keeper.

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

It was Lord Montessoro'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," 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, pearly complexion with large mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

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

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

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

She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters, at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, passing at each capital and chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though her 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 every where her extreme beauty and sweet-

ness 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 colat 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 companions, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and 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 Lord Montessoro, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His Majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montessoro was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

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

Lord Montessoro asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montessoro offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected!

Thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that his happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened her previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you 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 Montessoro, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitted 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 me; 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, Montessoro. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so, for a most undeserving love, might mix, in some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!"

ness 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 colat 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 companions, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and 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 Lord Montessoro, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His Majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montessoro was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

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

Lord Montessoro asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montessoro offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected!

Thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that his happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened her previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you 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 Montessoro, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitted 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!"

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