

THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY GAZETTE.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Without or with offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes.

IN ADVANCE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

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OUR STORY TELLER.

THE DEAD BRIDE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

CHAPTER I.

"Way so thoughtful!—so melancholy, I might almost say—my darling mother! said Eva Maynard, after she had for some time silently watched her father's countenance.

"Have not I cause, Eva, when the close of another week rolls me of my daughter?"

"Nay, dear mother. In Eustace you will gain a son."

"Perhaps, mother! Oh! that is unkind! Surely you cannot doubt that Eustace loves and respects you as he ought! Do you think your Eva could love any one who did not love her mother?"

"Eva would her arms round her mother as she spoke and looked half reproachfully in her face.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Maynard, parting the thick curls from Eva's forehead, and kissing it. "I have no such thought. I believe Eustace feels toward me as he ought; and I am sure that he loves you with unbounded tenderness."

"Eva's arms involuntarily pressed her mother closer.

"But," continued Mrs. Maynard, "there is something singular in his perfectly unneeded situation, and notwithstanding his apparent frankness—"

"Apparent!"—dear mother, your love for me makes you unjust to Eustace. Is it his fault that his parents are dead? Is it his fault that when he found the property they left him, too small to support him in the rank to which he was born, he resolved to make himself independent of his unkind relations by his own industry? I surely do not see, you would have done just so. And is it not natural that a spirit so lofty as his, should shrink from remembering those who scorned his orphan poverty?—Oh! he possesses every virtue."

"He possesses your heart, at least," said Mrs. Maynard, smiling faintly. "And that conviction, Eva, together with my failing health—do not look so pale, my child!—has won my consent to this, I fear, premature union. You are very young, and although Frederic Eustace appears to possess many noble qualities—"

"Appears—oh! mother!—My dear child, every man, even the most worthy, is under a mask in the presence of the woman whom he loves, and wishes to win. They use a sort of involuntary, unconscious hypocrisy, in trying to appear to the best advantage. A woman can seldom judge correctly of a man's character, especially on one essential point—temper, unless she sees him habitually in the society of his own family. Frederic Eustace's temper, I fear not very good."

"But not bad, mother, surely! Hastily he is indeed—but his anger is like a flash of lightning—gone as soon as seen."

"Yes, Eva; but does the lightning never kill with its momentary glance? A shade of care darkened Eva's brilliant face—she bent her head; and sat with her eyes on the carpet. But she was seventeen, and in love. A rapid step sounded in the hall. "Here is Frederic," she exclaimed, springing with renovated smiles to meet him.

In the conversation which ensued, Mrs. Maynard hinted at the subject she had been discussing with Eva.

"My dear madam," said Eustace, "I tho' these matters had been fully discussed, when you blessed me with the promise of Eva's hand. I have told you that my errors have been many, my faults of character and temper, great. That the latter are so still I do not deny; but I have striven, I do strive to correct them; as much because I feel that I ought, as because I would fain be all that Eva wishes."

"You are all that Eva wishes?" exclaimed the ardent, artless girl, extending her

hand to him, while her bright eyes glittered through tears.

"Oh! Frederic," said Mrs. Maynard, "I give you the only treasure of a widowed mother. My affections consent but my reason hesitates. My child's happiness depends on you. Deserve her confidence or you will break my heart."

"As I hope for peace and pardon hereafter, my life shall be devoted to guard her happiness," replied Frederic, solemnly, and with deep emotion.

CHAPTER II.

The bridal day arrived. In the morning, Frederic called at Mrs. Maynard's and finding Eva alone, he drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a knot of white ribbon.

"Do you remember this, Eva?" said he.

"Oh! yes," replied Eva, smiling and looking kindly at her lover. "I gave it to you on the day when you rescued the poor dog."

"It was your first gift to me, Eva. I will no more than I can tell you. Will you gratify a fancy I have about it, and wear it on your dress to-night? Will you dearest?"

"Certainly, if you wish that I should," she replied.

Evening came. It had been Frederic's express desire that the ceremony should be private; therefore Eva's bridesmaid, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Sanford, who attended Eustace, and Mr. Harrell, the clergyman, were the only persons that were invited.

Eva stood in blushing beauty to pronounce her vow. The rite was completed, Frederic added to his heart, and imprinted the bridal kiss upon her cheek. "A quick, loud ring was heard at the street door." It opened—strange voices were heard in the hall—the door of the drawing room was thrown wide, and several rough-looking men rushed in. Eustace, to the ruin of her bridegroom, who stood pale and motionless. The clergyman gazed in astonishment from the strange intruders to the ghastly Eustace. Mrs. Maynard, surprised, but not using some mistake, looked to her son in law for explanation. His altered countenance sent a thrill of terror to her heart, and she felt that he was too surely the object of their pursuit. Trembling with undefined fears, yet striving to command herself she advanced, and in a trembling voice, demanded their business.

"We mean no offence to you, ma'am," said the foremost of the men, taking off his hat—"and we are very sorry to come this way into your lady's house, especially at such a time—looking at the 'clergyman,' but the thing is, we must do our duty. Officer, there is your prisoner, pointing to Eustace.

"Prisoner! for what?" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "What does this mean? Prisoner! Mr. Eustace, speak—explain!"

Eustace answered not, but his eyes grew wilder, and his cheek more lividly pale. Eva hung almost lifeless on his arm.

"Why, madam,"—bested the man who had spoken before—"you see the gentleman there—but the young looks faint—hadn't we better talk about it in another room? Officer!" His companion directed by a look, stepped forward, and put his hand on the shoulders of the bridegroom. "You are my prisoner, sir," Eustace sprang from the touch, and shook off the grasping hand.

"Never! Eva—dearest Eva!" he exclaimed!

He clasped her wildly to his bosom and drew a pistol from within his vest—the officer seized his hand, they struggled, the pistol went off and its contents lodged in the breast of Eva.

"Great God! he has killed my child!" Eustace stood for a moment in motionless horror—then with a dreadful cry, flung himself beside his murdered bride. There was no one to hinder him, for even the officers of justice stood in compassionate and speechless inaction.

"Fly for a surgeon," said Mr. Harrell to Mr. Sanford, as they placed the bleeding Eva on a sofa. He obeyed. Mr. Harrell supported Eva, while her mother and Miss Hamilton removed that portion of her dress which covered the wound. But the unsunned bullet had been mercifully true, Eva was dead.

"She is dead! quite dead! Eva, oh! my child!—my child!"

Eustace sprang up from the floor crying:

"Dead Eva! my wife! Childless mother, do not curse me. I am very guilty—I killed her, but that crime was not a willful one. Better so than to die of shame for her husband's guilt. My wife, my victim. Oh! Eva! Eva!"

The calm, unnatural tone in which he had spoken, changed as he pronounced her name; he sank beside the sofa on which lay the beautiful dead, and burying his face in his hands, gave way to the dreadful convulsions of masculine anguish.

Mrs. Maynard wept, almost as bitterly for the living as the dead. Lucy Hamilton lying sobbing over her lifeless friend, the good clergyman felt that the time for speaking words of comfort was not come, and sat in plying silence, inwardly imploring pardon for the guilty and support for the afflicted. The officers stood aloof in almost fearful commiseration.

At length Eustace arose—gazed long and fixedly at his lifeless bride, kissed her pale lips, and her calm cold brow—detached something from her bosom which he placed in his own, and silently surrendered himself to the officers who in equal silence led him away.

CHAPTER III.

SOME years after this time, a gentleman who had gone out to Australia as a missionary, was taking his evening walk in the vicinity of Sydney. As he passed a small hut, a woman stepped out and pausing at the door, said to another woman who stood within it:

"Well, I'll come and stay the night with you. I think it will be the last that he will trouble anybody. He is going very fast."

"Is any one ill there, my good woman?" inquired the missionary, pointing to the hut.

"Yes, sir, a poor fellow of a convict, sir; in a consumption I take it. I think as I was just telling his nurse, sir, that he will never see to-morrow."

"Oh! he is sensible?"

"Oh! yes, sir; only weak from the sickness."

"Do you think a visit from me would be agreeable or useful to him, my friend?—What sort of person is he?"

"Oh! I thank you and glad he'd be to see you, sir, I'll answer for it—and as for him he's as kind and good a creature, only a little sorrowful-like, and never having much to say, but always ready to do a good turn for anybody."

"What is his name?"

"William Smith is his name, sir; but our folks call him the gentleman, as much as anything else. When he came here at first, sir, about four years ago, his looks were soft and white, and his skin looked as if the sun never shone on it. Hard labor changed his looks, sir, but it could not change his ways. I'll uphold him born and bred a gentleman, at any rate. But I'm keeping you here, sir; this way, if you please." And she led the way into the cottage.

The little building was divided into two rooms. They were small and low, and the scanty furniture was of the coarsest kind, but everything was scrupulously neat. The woman tapped softly at the door of the inner room—the nurse opened it, and the missionary stood beside the bed of the dying convict.

The interview was long and interesting. At intervals, as his strength permitted, the dying man related a portion of his history. It was a tale of sin and sorrow, but it was also a tale of penitence. Bitterly did the sinner lament his guilt, and earnestly did he cling to the Cross of Calvary for pardon. His name, he said, was not that by which he was known; he would not reveal his true one for he had virtuous relatives. He was an only and indulged child—his parents died just as he became of age; they had always lived beyond their means, and he found himself penniless. He had been inured to no privations, accustomed to no restraints, and the habits of the boy could not be relinquished by the man. Allowed to choose his own companions, he had been drawn into dissipation, addicted himself to gaming, and when he stood orphaned and destitute in the world, the tempter was not wanting to urge his frenzied passions; till from the victim he became the accomplice. He forged bills to a large amount—and fled.

His voice failed, and he sank fainting on his pillow. The missionary wiped the death-damp from his brow, and administered a cordial. The invalid revived, and feebly pressing the kind hand that enfolded him, in broken accents continued his confessions.

"I loved, and was beloved. The influence of virtuous affection purified, in a measure, even my polluted mind. I learned to loathe the life I had led. I had been successful at cards, and with the sum I obtained, I meant, as soon as I was married, to engage in business, and rescue my wife companions and sinful

pursuits forever. But a dreadful accident—"

His voice failed again, and a slight convulsive movement agitated his frame. It subsided, and he spoke:

"I cannot tell it! My flight was traced. I was taken, tried, sentenced to death. My sentence was changed to transportation. Blessed exile! It was here I learned on whom to depend for pardon. It was here the fountain that cleanses from all sin, was unsealed for me."

He paused—closed his eyes, from which the light of life was fast departing—and folded his emaciated hands in silent prayer.

The missionary watched and prayed with him, throughout that solemn night. He spoke little more, except to murmur a few words of prayer; but once, when the missionary stooped over him to observe his changing countenance, he opened his eyes, motioned faintly to place his hand on his breast; and whispered, "Bury it with me."

Before sunrise he was dead. His humble funeral was soon arranged, and remembering his last request, the missionary drew from his pocket the article he had taken from the bosom of the deceased, in order to place it in the coffin. It was a small morocco case, such as are used to hold miniatures. He opened it. It contained a tangle of light brown hair and a knot of white ribbon, deeply stained with blood. On the satin lining of the case were marked these words, "From Eva to Frederic."

A Business Young Man.

A young man of the country became betrothed to a young lady, residing in the city, the only child of a widow who is possessed of some property. We will suppose the young lady was here at school and the mother was much in the country, occasionally visiting her daughter there. At all events, as the report goes, the young fellow addressed a note to the widow, desiring an interview in the city if she were soon to be here, otherwise he would meet her in the country, saying he had some important business to transact with her. As the day for the nuptials had been fixed by the young people without obtaining the mother's final consent, she supposed very naturally that it was with the view of gaining her approbation of the match in due form that the interview was sought. The young man was punctual. In a business like manner, and without unnecessary ceremony, he made known his business. He coolly informed the lady that his object in meeting her was to ask her to make the deeds of her property over to her daughter before the nuptials with her, which had been fixed for the next day, could be consummated. At the same time he made some remarks indicating to her that he knew what property she had. The lady desired to know how he could have obtained so accurate an account of her property, and asked whether her daughter had informed him.

"Oh no said he, I employed a lawyer for that purpose."

Aye said the lady with great self-expression you really seem to have quite a business turn. Pray sir what else did you suppose I could do with my property, but give it to my daughter—my only child.

Indeed said he, I don't know but you might marry again, and then you'd keep the property away from us.

The lady at a glance saw the coldness, impudence and business like qualities of the young scamp, and at once informed him that although she had intended to give her daughter her portion on the day of marriage, and had not had heretofore the least idea of making any objection to their union she had now decided that the nuptials must be indefinitely postponed.

The mother and daughter, we understand, consider themselves exceedingly fortunate in having made a timely escape from one who could manifest so much cool impudence and heartlessness.

More fuss than Feathers.

The Philadelphia Pennsylvania had the following good story among its police reports.

As Mrs. Esther Stansbury residing in a court running from Race, Below sixth street was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night, she found a basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket she felt something alive and kicking, but so wrapped up in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper folded like a letter lay by the side of the

animated bundle. Mrs Stansbury immediately returned into the house and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows.

To JOE STANSBURY.—Sir: I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh Joseph, what a sly old rascal you are. Who would think that such a sober old spinster could be such a tearing down sinner? The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—its Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower. But do a father's duty by the young one, and I'll forgive you.

Your heart broken NANCY. P. S. Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby.

NANCY: Mr Stansbury was in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out:

Stansbury come up here, you villain.—Here's a mess for you. The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart broken Nancy. Cried Mrs Stansbury when her guilty husband hobbled up into the room.

Nancy, what Nancy's that I said the sly old rogue it well freigned astonishment.

Why Nancy the mother of this baby that's been hung up at the door, Mr Stansbury. Oh you look mighty innocent but just read that letter and then look into that basket. Don't be afraid—it won't bite it got no teeth poor thing.—You'll know it, for as the buzzy says fit just like you all over. Please goodness I'll expose you before everybody.

In less than five minutes, Mrs Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators—half the inhabitants of the court, to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling the vigorous movement of which astonished everybody. It is full of the devil already, said Mrs. S. that shows its his. You'll soon see that it is like him in everything.

At last all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made his escape through the open door. It was a *big Tom Cat*.

A Woman can Keep a Secret.

The following authentic story will invalidate the often repeated charge against women that they cannot keep a secret, some years since a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the city of London, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear, observing at the same time, that she was on her road to Burne—that she had left her gloves at her friend's house where she had called and that she was apprehensive of being beighted if she went back for them.

The glover fitted on the gloves; and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her carriage, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley Common when a demanding rascal stopped the carriage and demanded her money. He entreated her not to be alarmed as he had no intention on her person—if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted, declaring that distress, and not his will, urged him to this desperate act, and he was determined to remove his pecuniary wants or perish. The lady gave him her purse, and the desperado rode off.

After he was gone, and her fright somewhat subsided, the lady imagined that in the address of the highwayman, she recognized the voice of the glover she had just before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly that she ordered her servant to drive back to town—not choosing, she said to venture further over the heath.

On her arrival at the glover's she knocked and gained admission the glover himself opening the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlor; when she exclaimed, I am come for my purse which you robbed me this evening on Finchley Common.

The glover was confounded, and the lady proceeded—It is of no use for you to deny it. I am convinced and your life is

at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity.

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame and confusion, confessed the crime, returned the purse and pleaded his distress. The lady after suitable admonition, gave him a ten-pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding that she would not divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the discovery was omitted; and it was not until recently, that a minute account of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to. Even in the private memorandum the name and residence of the glover was omitted, and the secret, in that particular rests with the lady in the grave!

An Old Fort.

In Florida, the old fort, familiarly called St. Marks, but since the purchase from Spain, Fort Marion, is constructed of coquina stone. The following is an interesting description of it:

This fort is just a century old, having been built in 1756. It cost immense sums of money, and is strong enough to have withstood, in its time, several formidable sieges. It is probably the most stupendous and certainly the most interesting piece of masonry in the United States. It contains dungeons which are said to have witnessed scenes of inquisitorial atrocity, and whose floor have been stained by the bloody tyrannies of a dark and cruel age. There is also a chapel and numerous guard rooms for the accommodation of soldiers within its massive walls. The whole is surrounded by a moat which was formerly crossed by two ancient draw-bridges,—modified after the old feudal forms of defence, each bastion is crowned by a turret for sentinels, and has an air of antiquity bordering on the romantic, as well as being exceedingly picturesque.

Over the main entrance is engraved in solid rock, the arms of Spain, and an inscription in the Spanish, which informs the stranger that the fortress was finished in 1757, when Ferdinand VI ruled the dominions of the mother country.—Don Alonzo Ferdinandos de Heredia, was Governor and Commander-in-chief, and the Engineer of convention was Don Pedro de Brazza Garay.

It is said that in 1819, when Florida was purchased by the United States, many of the old Spanish records, chronicles and archives, that could alone shed light upon the obscurity which clothes many portions of the early and eventful history of that region were conveyed in secrecy away to Cuba.

A Good one—As Most Wives are.

Dr. Magoon, recently, in a lecture on "Mind your own Business," tells the following good one:

A young man went from N. Y. City to the West, where he commenced business on his own account and married. His friends in the city were interested for his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man was located, he was requested to visit the emigrant and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, &c. Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small neat cot, and just taking his breakfast.—The introduction of his wife to the New Yorker was quite off-handed and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated, and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneeling-board, over which a napkin was spread, and the board spread on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at table, and took his leave, on making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent"—and for explanation of the superlative, he said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table.

Leut. William R. Gardner, of the U.S. navy, died suddenly on Thursday last, in Augusta, Ga., of disease of the heart, while taking a ride in a buggy with his wife.—The horse became alarmed, and seemed disposed to run for a time, but was stopped, when Capt G. was found to be in a fainting condition, and was quite dead when taken out of the buggy.

Emigration from North Carolina. A company of emigrants from N. Carolina, consisting of forty-two persons, passed thro' Madison, (Ga.) on the 20th ult., on their way West in search of homes. They contemplate settling in Iowa, where most of them will pursue their former business as farmers.

We understand that Wm. Hooper, L.L.D., will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College; and the Rev. A. M. Pointdexter, of Richmond, Va., will preach the Sermon before the Graduating Class at the annual commencement in June next.

The field of literature.—Of all the fields the field of literature is the one that has the greatest number of styles to it.