

containing his aunt's medicine. The terrible truth flashed upon him. A fierce altercation immediately ensued in the father's dressing-room, whither Frederick followed him. Everett persisted that the powder was a celebrated Eastern medicament, which would save, if anything could, his aunt's life. The young man was of course deceived by this shallow falsehood, and from that moment administered the medicine to the patient with his own hands, and kept the bottles which contained it locked up in his cabinet. "Fool that I was!" he exclaimed in conclusion, "to trust to such a paltry precaution to defeat that accomplished master of wile and fraud! On the very morning of my aunt's death, I surprised him shutting and locking one of my cabinet drawers. So dumbfounded was I with horror and dismay at the sight, that he left the room by a side-door without observing me. You have now the key to my conduct. I loathed to look upon the murderer; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than attempt to save my own life by the sacrifice of a father's—how guilty soever he might be."

Furnished with this explanation, and the affidavit of Edwards, I waited upon the judge, and obtained not only a respite for the prisoner, but a warrant for the arrest of Captain Everett.

It was a busy evening. Edwards was despatched to London in the friendly custody of an intelligent officer, to secure the person of the foreign-looking vendor of subtle poisons; and Mr. Sharpe, with two constables, set off in a postchaise for Woodlands Manor-House. It was late when they arrived there, and the servant informed them that Captain Everett had already retired. They of course insisted upon seeing him; and he presently appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and haughtily demanded their business with him at such an hour. The answer smote him as with a thunderbolt, and he staggered backwards, till arrested by the wall of the apartment, and then sank feebly, nervelessly, into a chair. Eagerly, after a pause, he questioned the intruders upon the nature of the evidence against him. Mr. Sharpe briefly replied that Edwards was in custody, and had revealed everything.

"Is it indeed so?" rejoined Everett, seeming to derive resolution and fortitude from the very extremity of despair. "Then the game is unquestionably lost. It was, however, boldly and skilfully played, and I am not a man to whimper over a fatal turn of the dice. In a few minutes, gentlemen," he added, "I shall have changed my dress, and be ready to accompany you."

"We cannot lose sight of you for an instant," replied Mr. Sharpe. "One of the officers must accompany you."

"Be it so; I shall not detain either him or you long."

Captain Everett, followed by the officer, passed into his dressing-room. He pulled off his gown; and pointing to a coat suspended on a peg at the further extremity of the apartment, requested the constable to reach it for him. The man hastened to comply with his wish. Swiftly, Everett opened a dressing-case which stood on a table near him; the officer heard the sharp clicking of a pistol lock, and turned swiftly round. Too late! A loud report rang through the house; the room was filled with smoke; and the wretched assassin and suicide lay extended on the floor a mangled corpse!

It would be useless to minutely recapitulate the final winding-up of this eventful drama. Suffice it to record, that the previously-recited facts were judicially established, and that Mr. Frederick Mordaunt was, after a delay, restored to freedom and a splendid position in society. After the lapse of a decent interval, he espoused Lucy Carrington. The union proved, I believe, a very happy one; and they were blessed, I know, with a somewhat numerous progeny. Their eldest son represents in this present parliament one of the English boroughs, and is by no means an undistinguished member of the Commons House.

A SCENE OF BLOOD.

Some of our readers will remember the bloody affair in the Arkansas Legislature, in 1836, between two members, Messrs. Anthony and Wilson, which resulted in the death of the former. An article from Noah's Times, giving a vivid description of the encounter, will repay perusal. The manner in which the affair originated is thus given in the Batesville, (Ark.) Eagle.

The all-absorbing "wolf scalp bill" was on the carpet. It seems some enterprising Yankee had been raising young wolves, for the scalps of which he was allowed twenty-five dollars each. On this occasion they were proposing amendments to the bill, by requiring four affidavits and twelve Justices' signatures, those of the judges of the county and district courts, and finally the Governor. Just at this crisis Mr. Abel Anthony humorously proposed that it be countersigned by the President of the Real Estate Bank, who happened to be the Speaker of the house, then in the chair. Speaker Wilson, the person alluded to, ordered Mr. Anthony to take his seat. Mr. A., who had heretofore been considered as wanting in courage, stood firm; whereupon, Mr. W. left his seat, never more to resume it; "drew his bowie-knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet in the direction of his foe—all the while that ghastly smile coiling up his pallid lips like two twin snakes, and his ears moving up and down, and backwards and forwards, with the appalling vibrations which had won for him the appellation of "Horse-eats."

The article in Noah's Times then continues:

As Anthony was commonly considered a coward, when the spectators beheld this celebrated duellist advancing upon him, with up-lifted knife glancing in the air, ready for the dreadful blow, all present supposed that the reputed craven would flee in terror from his place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any advantage of position or weapons. But in this opinion everybody was mistaken, and no one more so than his infuriated adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him, he stood calm and motionless as a stone statue. His colour did not change—his limbs did not tremble. The attitude of the man was that of a passionless repose. His only

evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears. At the sight of this all shuddered, for we knew the weeper would conquer or perish. In the backwoods there are two unmistakable tokens of thorough desperation—frozen smiles and hot-gushing tears: the tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous. Such a conclusion was verified fully in the present instance; for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping enemy, the latter suddenly drew a bowie-knife from behind his vest, and stepped boldly forth to fell the encounter. And then commenced a deadly struggle—the most obstinate, bloody and frightful ever witnessed in the south-west.

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thrust aimed at the pit of his antagonist's stomach, which the other dexterously parried. For a time both fought with admirable coolness, and with such consummate skill that only slight wounds were inflicted, and those only on the head and face, whence blood began to trickle freely. And still—ominous and awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of utter desperation remained fixed in either countenance. The cold smile, now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips; and the tears still flowed, mingling now with the warm blood, from Anthony's black, blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and fencing off and sharply ringing against each other was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length both foes enraged at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the blood from the red gashes about their brows, lost all caution and equanimity and fought madly and wildly, more like devils than men. Each more intent on taking the life of his enemy than regarding his own, exerted every nerve and muscle with a perfect fury that struck the beholders with fear. Both were soon severely wounded on different parts of the body; but still there came no pause in the conflict, till Anthony, striking a heavy over-handed blow, cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist. Wilson changed his bowie-knife into his left hand, and for an instant ran several steps backwards, as if to decline any further contest. He then paused, and smiling more frightfully than ever, again rushed forward. Precisely at this crisis, Anthony committed the folly of throwing his knife at the other's bosom, which, missing its aim, fell with a loud ringing noise, on the floor, some thirty feet distant.

This error soon decided the tremendous combat. Anthony was now wholly disarmed—at the mercy of the tiger-man, who never knew the meaning of the word. Wilson darted upon him with a cry of anger and hellish joy—there, where he stood motionless as a rock, impotent to fight, and yet too brave to fly. One fierce thrust ripped open his victim's bowels, who caught them as they were falling with his hand. Another stroke directed at the neck severed the main artery, and the blood spouted out in a crimson fountain with a gurgling noise, staining the robes and even the faces of some members that sat nearest the horrible scene.

The last act of the tragedy then closed, as the curtain of death dropped on the dreadful stage. Anthony, without a single groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson fainting from loss of blood, sank down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty legislators were in their seats, and more than one hundred lookers-on in the lobby, and hordes of bright-eyed ladies in the gallery, still no one, save those raging madmen had moved; no sound had disturbed the whisperless silence, save the clangour of their crossing and convulsive steel. But then, as Abel Anthony tumbled on the floor heavily, like lifeless lead, a wild, wailing, heart-rending shriek broke from the gallery on the right, where sat the beloved maiden of his bosom, who had hoped shortly to become his bride. And then, as Wilson also fell, another harrowing scream, accompanied by the words:—"Oh! father!" issued from the gallery on the left, where a beautiful daughter had been a spectator of the murderous affair.

Wilson recovered, and is now living in Texas.

JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS AND AUTHORS.—N. P. Willis in a late number of the *Home Journal*, makes the following sensible and true remarks in relation to Journeymen Printers. The authors of many a newspaper communication and advertisement are indebted to the compositor for that "finish" which makes them readable. Very few there are that know how to "point" what they write as clearly to express their meaning. If there were an apprenticeship to the trade of authorship, it would be as essential that a young author should pass a year as a compositor in a printing office, as that a future sea captain should make a voyage before the mast. It is not alone that he would thus learn the importance of properly preparing the "copy" for the printers, by legible penmanship, and a knowledge of the signs, marks, and abbreviations by which proofs are corrected. These are matters an acquaintance with which on the part of the author, would save much time and vexation, and prevent serious blunders. The chief advantage would be to the author himself. There is no such effectual analysis of style as the process of type setting. As he takes up letter by letter, of a long complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of those cases in which the sentence might have been shortened to save labour. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognises careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon acquires a habit of putting an admiring value on *clearness and brevity*. We venture to say that it would alter the whole character of American literature, if the authors (of our very fluent nation!) were compelled, before legally receiving a copy right to have given one year to labour at the compositor's case. We have said nothing of the art of nice punctuation, which is also acquired in a printing office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne by effervescing. Journeymen Printers are necessarily well-instructed and intelligent men. It is a part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a "query" against every passage in a new book which he does not clearly

comprehend. Authors who know what is valuable, profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point that would have ruined a literary reputation if left uncorrected for the reviewers to handle, has been noiselessly put right by a proof-reader's unobtrusive "qu." Of most books, indeed, we would rather have the criticism of the workmen of the office where it is printed, than of the reviewers who skim and pronounce upon it.

NOVEL BOOT JACK.—Major Rogers had just had capital sport with a herd of elephants; his four guns had all been discharged when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle; there was no help for him except to run; and for 400 yards the Major kept just a-herd, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made most of by springing up into the branches (for he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion); one foot higher and he would have been out of the elephant's reach, but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis; still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long; for to the delight of the pursued, and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot, which the former wore, slipped off, and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here, for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the tappal, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine*.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.—The attention of thinking men of the age has been attracted by the fact that the constant tendency of capital is to accumulate in magnitude at the expense of labor. Its efforts to enhance the rent which it annually exacts from industry are constantly strengthened by its success, and on every hand manifold evidences manifest themselves that poverty is increasing with fearful rapidity among the masses of the people, while individual fortunes are constantly swelling in magnitude. Not many years since, a colonist with £1,000 or \$4,000 of property was looked upon as rich, while persons utterly destitute were rarely to be found. At the present time, fortunes of \$1,000,000 are not rare in the cities while some reach \$20,000,000. At the same time, thousands of starving beggars throng our cities and implore our public charity. In this country we have no hereditary nobility, entailed estates, or time honored privileges, to which we may ascribe this palpably growing evil; but we find, nevertheless, that capital continues to accumulate here, as abroad, in few hands, at the expense of the many producers. This can be charged only upon the accumulating nature of capital, favored in its operation by laws enacted solely for its use and protection. Well may the address of Romeo to the Apothecary apply to labor in the present day—"The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. The world has no law to make thee rich." On the other hand, all laws tend to impoverishment of labor; and this results from the constant efforts of capital to increase itself—not in the aggregate by the legitimate means of reproduction, but by collecting into masses that which is produced without its aid. Paper credits of all kinds are the most ready means of effecting this end.—*Washington Union*.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Sally, don't I like you?"

"Law, Jim, I reckon so."

"But, don't you know it, Sally. Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that dare look cross at you?"

"I s'pect you would?"

"Well, the fact is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now, don't Jim—I feel all overish."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

"O, lush, don't I, O—"

"I want you to night to get—"

"What, so soon, Oh, no impossible. Father and mother would be angry at me."

"How, be mad at you for doing for me such a favor as to m—"

"Yes, dear me I'm so agitated."

"But there is some mistake, for all I want to have you do, is to—mend my shirt collar."

The following "rules" are posted in a New Jersey school house:

"No kissing girls in school times. No licking the master during holidays."

A gentleman just returned to this country from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii! "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so out of repair!"

One of the best cross-bow shooters in New York is a lady. She feeds on arrow-root. This probably accounts for it.

A young man feeling restless in Church, leaned forward and addressed an old gentleman thus:—"Pray, sir, can you tell me a rule without an exception?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "a gentleman always behaves well in church."

Mrs. Partington wants to know who this Zero is who is constantly fooling about the thermometer, getting above and below it, and causing so many sudden varieties in the atmosphere.

The reason why the name of blubber is given to two-thirds of a whale, is because Jonah cried for three days and three nights in the belly of one.