The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor. Our Queen and Constitution. TERMS, $2 if paid in advance, $3 at end of the yea

VOL. XII. WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860. NO. 34.

Poetry.

[From the German.]

THE POET'S PREACHING.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament—green is the earth,—
Grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus—
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—
Gaze! and if beauty can capture thy soul,
Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness,
Gladness! Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasuries Pleasure uncloses—
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!
Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—
Green in the hills, in the flower grove blushing,
Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for goodness and beauty;
Still hath Philanthropy much to essay;
Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours;
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Ever when anguish hath palsied its powers;
Therefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.
Love!—but if Love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in Action are Wisdom and Glory,
Fame, Immortality—these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on achievements thy dome of Renown.
Honor and Feeling were given thee to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—Disaster and Peril once over,
Freshens the spirit as showers the grove;
O'er the dim groves that the cypresses cover
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

Select Tale.

THE TEMPTRESS.

Richard Penson was a native of Westmoreland, his place of birth being the small village of Bedstone, on the borders of Gilgraith Forest, some mile north of Appleby. His father was what is called a "statesman" in those parts, that is, he farmed his own land; but long-continued ill-health, the death of his notable wife, and other crosses and losses, so reduced him in the world, that he died—when Richard, his only child, was in his twentieth year—in little better than insolvent circumstances, the son, who, from his desultory and rather bookish habits, had never been of much use upon the farm, finding himself, after everything had been disposed of, and all debts paid, the master of about £200 only, and destitute, withal, of skill in either head or hand to turn his modest capital to account. Being, so young, of stout frame and sanguine temperament, he might not for some time have fully realized the undesirableness of his position and prospects, but for the light unexpectedly thrown over them by the dark, scornful eyes of Judith Morton, a damsel of about seventeen, and the daughter of John Morton, a statesman of comfortable means, with whom, while his father yet lived in reputedly fair circumstances, he had been on terms of sweetheart intimacy, or at least as much so as some half a dozen other bovine youths whom Judith Morton's handsome person and comparatively cultivated airs, had attracted around her. The first time Richard Penson met her after the final winding up of his father's affairs, he was so thoroughly made to understand that an idle, know-nothing young fellow, with £200 for all his fortune, was no match for Judith Morton, that the next half-hour was passed in mental debate as to which of the three expedients for ridding himself of hateful life—hanging, drowning, or poisoning—he should adopt; and he at length decided upon almost as desperate a leap in the dark as either of them, by forthwith writing to a London attorney, whose advertisement, setting forth a willingness to accept an active, clever young man as articled clerk, at a moderate premium, had strongly arrested his attention the day previously at Appleby—that he should be in London for the purpose of having a personal interview with the advertiser as quickly as the coach, leaving Appleby on the following morning, would carry him thither. Three days afterward, accordingly, Richard Penson presented himself at the attorney's office. That worthy's business lay chiefly at the Old Bailey, and he was rightly reputed one of the sharpest, least scrupulous practitioners that classic institution could boast of. He quickly discerned with those keen, vulpine eyes of his, that there was the stuff for a clever fellow in Richard Penson; and a bargain was finally struck, by which, in consideration of the greatest part of his cash, and his services for five years, the young countryman assured himself of board, lodging, and a small salary during that period, and his articles at the end thereof. Penson took readily to his new vocation, and ultimately became noted as a keen adept in the tortuous, shifty practice so highly appreciated by the class of clients with whom he had chiefly to deal; though I do not believe he would have lent himself to any decidedly unprofessional expedient, dangerously near as in the fervor of his temperament he might at times have ventured near the faintly-traced boundary-line, which marks the limit which an attorney may not overstep in defense of the most liberal and interesting of clients. For the rest, Richard Penson was a fairly-conducted, pleasant, companionable young fellow, except when, more freely-primed than usual, and alone with some one or two of his intimates, he got maudlin about Judith Morton—her charms, caprices, cruelties. A detestable infliction, I well remember, were those obliging confidences; but rested so slightly upon my memory, that the sole and hazy impression I derived from them was that he had been jilted by a handsome young shrew, who, most likely on account of her brimstone temper, had not yet obtained a husband, when Richard Penson finished his time, and inscribed his name on the roll as an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after that event he left town for Westmoreland, in renewed quest, I had no doubt, of his old flame. I neither saw nor heard any thing of him again till about three years afterward, when I met him just by the Great Turnstile, Holborn; but so changed was he, that I, for some moments, vainly cast about in my memory as to whom the pallid, care-worn, poverty-stricken man whose proffered hand I mechanically held in mine, could be.

"You do not remember me?" he said, with a dull, wintry smile. The voice, and a peculiar north-country accent, enabled me to do so instantly, and I blurted out, "Richard Penson! But, good God! what has come to you? Why you look like an old man!"

"I *am* one," he answered. "Age is not always truly reckoned by years."

"Surely," I said, after a slight pause, "that old craze of yours about the Westmoreland spit-fire you used to talk of, can not have made such a wreck of a sensible man?"

"Certainly not; or, at least not in the way you appear to suppose. But come; if you have an hour to spare, and will stand treat for a few glasses, I will tell you all about it."

"Stand treat for a few glasses!" The hot blood burned in my cheeks and temples as I echoed this sad confession of meanness and degradation from my former acquaintance; but he did not appear to heed, or was callous to, the implied meaning of the exclamation; and upon my stammering out that he was welcome to as many glasses as he chose to have, he brightened up into a kind of sickly gayety, said, "I was always a tramp," and led the way to a tavern in Chancery Lane. There, and at subsequent interviews, I was made acquainted with the following strange and warning story. Much of the dialogue, which he had a morbid fondness for repeating, he had written out.

When Richard Penson, after an absence of more than five years, revisited his birth-place, he found Judith Morton still single; and though in her twenty-third year, as freshly beautiful, to his mind, as when he had last seen her. He soon found, moreover, that it was quite out of the question that she should become his wife, albeit the refusal was this time more gently intimated than on a former occasion. According to the gossip of the neighborhood, one Robert Masters, a thriving "statesman," but about ten years her senior, had been courting her off and on for a long time; but somehow the affair seemed as far or farther off than ever from a matrimonial termination. It was also reported that a former beau of hers, Charles Harpur, who had emigrated to America, and greatly prospered there, with whom she had constantly corresponded, was shortly expected to pay a visit to England, and of course to Westmoreland. Thus admonished of the folly of further indulgence in his dream-fancies, Penson turned his lingering steps first toward Appleby, where, however, no opening for an additional attorney presented itself, and finally he came as far southward as Liverpool, opened an office in Scotland Road, and diligently strove to edge himself into the legal business of that flourishing city. The result was so disheartening, that at the end of about six months' fruitless endeavor he had made up his mind to sell his office-desk, stool, chairs, and brass plate, and return to the service of his old master, who would, he knew, be glad to employ him, when an opening for the exercise of his peculiar talents suddenly presented itself, and he was tempted to venture upon the perilous path the near end of which was destruction.

He was sitting, he told me, in his office one wet, gloomy afternoon in January, before a handful of fire, alternately revolving in his mind his own dismal present and future, and two or three startling paragraphs that had just been copied into the Liverpool journals from the Westmoreland county paper. To him they were of great interest, but in some degree unintelligible. Robert Masters, the quondam bachelor of Judith Morton, before spoken of, had, it appeared, been killed at a place in Gilgraith Forest by a pistol-shot; and according to one account, robbery must have been the motive of the assassin, as the deceased's pockets had been rifled and his gold watch carried off; while, according to another and later paragraph, Charles Harpur, a person of good property, recently arrived from abroad, had been fully committed for the murder; the suggested cause whereof was jealousy with respect to a Jemima Morton, a young woman, the paper stated, of great personal attractions. "The mistake in the Christian name, Jemima for Judith," mused Penson, "is obvious enough; but how comes it that both jealousy and plunder are spoken of as motives for the crime? Charles Harpur is not a robber, and yet both money and watch were missing. I must even, poor as I am, pay a visit to Bedstone. Ha! Well, this is strange!"

A slight noise at the window had caused him to look suddenly up in that direction, and to his great surprise, almost consternation, he saw the handsome and excited countenance of Judith Morton, just above the dwarf Venetian blinds, the dark, flashing eyes, peering eagerly into the office, wherein she yet, he observed, discerned nothing. His sudden starting up revealed him to her; a kind of wild smile of recognition glanced over her features, and in another minute Judith Morton was face to face with Richard Penson—she, this time, the suppliant for favor.

Miss Morton was habited in deep mourning, and her appearance and manner evinced much flurry and disquietude. Hastily seating herself, she drew forth a sealed packet from a large reticule, saying, as she did so, in reply to Penson's questioning glance at her mourning dress, "For my father; he died about three months since." Then holding the packet or parcel in her hand, she gazed fixedly for a moment or two at her astounded auditor, as if to ascertain if the influence she once possessed over him had been weakened by time and absence. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; a bright gleam of female pride danced in her eyes, and there was an accent of assured confidence in the tone with which she said, "I am here, Richard Penson, to retain you professionally in a matter deeply affecting myself, with the full persuasion that spite of—perhaps in some degree because of—bygones, you will not fail me in this hour of need."

Penson's heart was in his throat, and a few broken words could only gurgle through to the effect that he was soul and body at her service. The prideful smile shot more brightly than before across the face of the temptress, and the voice was gentle and caressing which replied, "I knew that would be your answer, Richard." After hesitating for a moment, she took a note from her purse and placed it before the wonder-mute attorney: it was a Bank of England note for fifty pounds; and, in the excitement of his chivalrous enthusiasm, he rejected it almost indignantly.

"Nay, nay," said Judith Morton, "you must accept it. My father, as I told you, is no more, and I am tolerably well off," adding, with insinuative meaning, "and, better perhaps than that, I am now my own mistress." Penson took the note thus pressed upon him, and an embarrassing but brief silence ensued, broken by Judith Morton, who, having unsealed the packet of papers, said, "These are office copies of the depositions made in the case of Charles Harpur, of which you have doubtless heard." The attorney's countenance fell as Judith pronounced that name, and she hastened to say, "It is not you will find for his sake that I am chiefly interested; but first you must read those papers. I will go and take tea while you do so, at the inn below, where the coach stopped. I shall not be gone more than half an hour."

The peremptory manner of the young woman forbade reply, and as soon as the street door closed behind her, Penson addressed himself to the perusal of the depositions. It was some time before the palpitating bewilderment of his brain so far subsided as to enable him to distinctly seize and comprehend what he read; but professional habit at length resumed its influence, and by the time Miss Morton returned he had thoroughly mastered the case as far as it was disclosed by the depositions.

"Well," said she, with seeming calmness, "your opinion upon this sad affair."

"There can be but one opinion upon it," replied Penson; "the facts lie in a nutshell. Harpur met the deceased at a farmer's dinner, after which, both being elevated by wine, Harpur took offense at something—it is not stated what—that Masters said respecting you, and a violent quarrel and fight ensued. Three nights afterward Masters is found dead, with a bullet through his brain. James Blundell, a respectable man, whom I know well, swears positively that he heard the report, and about ten minutes afterward saw Harpur running from the spot, not far from which the body was next morning found; his face, clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight, as white as chalk, and holding a pistol in his hand. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Harpur killed the deceased, though perhaps under circumstances that, if provable, might reduce the offense to manslaughter."

"You noticed that the man's watch and money were not to be found?" said Judith Morton.

"Yes; and that is certainly an odd circumstance; but probably, as I see is suspected, they were stolen by some person who discovered the body earlier in the morning than Blundell and the constable did."

"Is there nothing which in your opinion affects the credibility of Blundell's testimony?"

"Not essentially: to be sure there appears to have been ill-blood between him and Masters, but that fact can not have any weight against the—"

"Not if strengthened—*made* weighty," interrupted the young woman, with suggestive emphasis.

"I—I do not comprehend you," stammered Penson greatly startled, as he told me, more by her manner than words.

"You must then, and thoroughly," said Judith Morton, who was now deathly pale, "or nothing effectual will, I see, be done. There is no one within hearing?"

"Not a soul!"

"Draw your chair closer to mine, however, that I may speak the secret, *which will place me in your power*, in a whisper: it was I slew Robert Masters!"

"God of heaven—you!—impossible!"

"It is true, and therefore possible, as you shall hear—but first let me ask you this question: With all my faults of temper, caprices, vexatious follies, was I not always a truthful girl!"

"Certainly; you were ever sincere and plain spoken."

"I was sure you would do me that justice: you will then have no misgiving as to the exact truth of what I am about to relate, which I will do as briefly as possible. Charles Harpur, one of my old lovers, as you know—though what is passed he can never be, under any circumstances, more to me than he is at this moment—lately returned from America much richer than he left England, and renewed his addresses, which were accepted. This came to the knowledge of Masters, who was once engaged to me, and he, as you know, met and quarreled with Harpur. The injurious hints thrown out against me on that occasion were dismissed from Harpur's mind, after an explanation with me, and Masters, foiled in his selfish and malignant purpose, had the audacious insolence to write me word that unless I broke with Harpur he would send him some foolish letters of mine, long since written, of no harm whatever if read and interpreted by calm reason, but which would I knew drive Harpur mad with jealous fury. I so far suppled my mind as to write a note to Masters, demanding, in the name of manliness and honor, the return of those letters to me. Judging by his reply he was in some degree affected by the justice and earnestness of my appeal, and promised if I would meet him at nine o'clock that evening at an old trysting-place he mentioned, he would return my letters, should he not succeed in persuading me not to marry Harpur. I determined on meeting him; the evenings were light and calm, and I have ever felt an almost man-like want of fear. Yet as the hour approached, and I set off for the place of meeting, I was disturbed by a vague sense of misgiving, as of the near approach of calamity and misfortune, and I called at Harpur's lodgings, with the purpose of informing him of what had occurred, and guiding myself by his counsel. Unhappily he was not at home, and after waiting some time I again determined to keep the appointment with Masters at all hazards. As I turned to leave the room, an open case containing two small pistols caught my eye, and I immediately seized one, precisely why I hardly know myself, except from an undefined thought of shielding myself from possible insult, should Master's rage at finding me invincible to his entreaties prompt him to offer me any. I concealed the weapon beneath my shawl, and did not, I well remember, bestow a thought even as to whether it was loaded or not. I met Robert Masters—he urged me by every argument he could think of to discard Harpur and renew my long since broken engagement with himself. I refused firmly, perhaps scornfully, to do so, and passionately insisted upon the fulfillment of his promise respecting the letters. In his exasperation, Masters swore he would do no such thing, and taking one from his pocket, he opened and pretended to read from it a love-passage which, had I not been almost out of my senses with rage and indignation, I must have been sure I never could have written. I sprang forward to clutch the letter, a struggle for its possession ensued, and, how it happened I know not, certainly by no voluntary act of mine, the pistol in my hand went off; there was a flash and a report, sounding to me like thunder, and Robert Masters lay dead at my feet! What followed I can only confusedly describe: for a time I was transfixed—rooted with terror to the spot, but presently the stunning sense of horror was succeeded by apprehension for myself; and, by what prompted cunning I know not, though doubtless with a wild hope of thereby inducing a belief that the deed had been committed by robbers, I threw myself on my knees beside the corpse, and not only possessed myself of the letters, but of the slain man's watch and purse. I had scarcely done so, when I heard footsteps approaching, and I started up and fled with the speed of guilt and fear, leaving the fatal pistol on the ground. The footsteps were Harpur's: he had reached home soon after I left, and followed me only to arrive too late! I disclosed every thing to him; he had faith in my truth, as I am sure you have, and swore never to betray me: he has, you know, faithfully kept his word, though himself apprehended for the crime."

Judith Morton ceased speaking, and Penson, aghast, stupefied, could not utter a word.

"Well, Richard Penson," said she, after a painful silence of some minutes, "have you no counsel to offer me in this strait!"

"Counsel, Judith," replied Penson, with white lips, "what counsel can I offer? The only effect of this confession, if made public, would be to consign you to the scaffold, instead of Harpur; for those who would sit in judgment upon your life would not believe that the pistol was accidentally discharged."

"That is also my opinion, and can you do nothing to save my life—my innocent life, Richard; for be assured that rather than a guiltless man shall perish through my deed, I will denounce myself as the slayer of Robert Masters. You have a reputation for lawyer-craft," she added, "and money shall not be wanting."

"There is no possibility of obtaining an acquittal," said Penson, "except by having recourse to perilous devices that— In short, I see no chance of a successful defence."

"You once loved me, Richard Penson," said Judith Morton, in a low, agitated voice, "or at least you said you did."

"*Once* loved you—*said* I did!" echoed Penson.

"I know not what to say," continued Judith, as if unheeding his words, and with eyes bent on the ground; "Harpur can never be, more to me than he is now—I have reason, indeed, to believe that he has no wish to be: faithful, *as yet*, as he has proved to his promise not to betray me; and it may be, Richard—it may be, I say—though that, I begin to think, will have slight weight with you—that—that gratitude might lead me to reward, to return the devotion to which I should be indebted for the preservation of my young life."

"Judith—Judith Morton!" gasped Penson, "do not drive me mad!"

"Make no rash promises, Richard, to incur peril for my sake," said Judith Morton, rising from her chair; "by to-morrow morning you will have thought the matter calmly over. I will call about ten o'clock, and you can then tell me if I can count or not upon effectual help from you. Good-night."

She was gone; but not till her purpose had been thoroughly accomplished. Richard Penson's resolution had been taken, and before he threw himself upon his bed that night, his eager and practiced brain had elaborated a plan—audacious, and full of peril to himself—whereby an acquittal might be, with almost certainty, insured. "I do it"—it was thus he glozed the scheme to his own conscience—"I do it to save her life—her young and innocent life, as she truly says, and I will take care that no harm shall ultimately befall Blundell. He will have abundant means of self-vindication when—when I and Judith are safe beyond the Atlantic."

The clocks were chiming ten when Judith Morton entered the young attorney's office on the following morning. "There is more than hope, there is triumph, safety, in your look," she said, ungloving her hand, and extending it to Penson.

"Yes, Judith," he replied, "I have determined upon running all risks to extricate you from this peril. And first the watch—a description of which I shall, as the prisoner's attorney, take care to advertize by-and-by—have you it with you?"

"Yes! here it is; but what is it you propose doing?"

"That, dear Judith, I must be excused for not disclosing. Success depends upon close secresy. I will, however, see Harpur as his professional adviser, without delay, and assure him—for his continued silence is paramountly essential—that an acquittal is certain, but not of the means of procuring it—stone walls having ears, as they say—and indiscretion being as fatal as treachery."

"No evil will fall upon any innocent person?" asked the young woman.

"No *permanent* evil—of that be assured," replied Penson. This was about all that passed between the confederates, and a few minutes afterward Judith Morton took leave, and was soon on her way home.

Harpur's trial came during the March Assize, at Appleby, and as the case had excited much interest in the county, the Crown Court was densely crowded. The witnesses for the prosecution were not asked a single question by the counsel instructed by Penson for the defence till it came to the turn of the last and only important one, James Blundell. The cross-examination of this man was from the first a menacing one, and the hush of the excited auditory deepened into painful necessity as it became evident, from the stern questioning of the counsel, that the defence intended to be set up was, that the deceased had met his death at the hand of the witness, not of the prisoner. It was elicited from Blundell, though with difficulty, that he was in embarrassed circumstances, considerably in debt to the deceased, with whom he had, in consequence, had words more than once, and that he knew Robert Masters had been heard to say he would sell him (Blundell) up before long. The witness was greatly agitated by this exposure of his affairs, and so fiercely was he pressed by the zealous counsel for nearly an hour of merciless cross-examination, that he could scarcely stand when told to leave the witness box.

"I have to request, my lord," said the prisoner's counsel, "that the last witness be not permitted to leave the court—for the present at least." The judge nodded assent, and a couple of javelin-men placed themselves by the side of the nervous and terrified Blundell. The case for the Crown having closed, and, no speech in those days being allowed to be made by a reputed felon's counsel, witnesses for the defence were at once called. "Call Thomas Aldous," said Richard Penson, to the crier of the court, and presently Thomas Aldous, a middle-aged gold-spectacled gentleman, of highly respectable aspect, presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are the proprietor, I believe, Mr. Aldous," said the prisoner's counsel, "of an extensive pawnbroking establishment in London?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I can not say mine is an extensive establishment, but it is, I am bold to say, a respectable one, and situate not in London proper, but in the Blackfriars Road, Southwark."

"No matter; you have been within the last few days in communication with respect to an advertized gold watch, with the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Penson?"

"I have."

"Do you produce the watch in question?"

"I do: here it is. It was pawned with me," added the scrupulous witness, refreshing his memory by a glance at the duplicate, "on the 18th of February last, for £10, and the address given, No. 8, Lambeth Walk, is, I have since ascertained, a fictitious one."

"Will the brother of the deceased, who has already been sworn," said the examining barrister, "have the kindness to look at this watch?"

Mr. James Masters did so, and identified it as belonging to his brother, and worn by him at the time of his death.

"Should you be able, Mr. Aldous," continued the counsel, "to recognize the person who pawned the watch?"

"I should have no difficulty in doing so," said the pretended Aldous, "although it was just between the lights when the man, a middle-aged, stoutish person, came to my shop, as he not only had a peculiar cast in his eyes, but that once or twice, when a handkerchief which he held to his face, I supposed in consequence of tooth-ache, slipped aside, I noticed a large, bright, red stain, either from scrofula, or a natural mark across his lower jaw."

As this audaciously-accurate description of Blundell left the witness's lips, every eye in court was turned upon that astonished individual; the javelin-men drew back with instinctive aversion from in front of him, and he, as if impelled by a sympathetic horror of himself, shrieked out, "That's me! he means me! oh God!" "That *is* the man," promptly broke in the pawnbroker, "I should know him among a million." This was too much for Blundell; he strove to gasp out a fierce denial, but strong emotion choked his utterance, and he fell down in a fit, from which he did not entirely recover for some hours, then to find himself in close custody upon suspicion of being the assassin of Robert Masters!

The proceedings in court need not be further detailed; the prosecution had, of course, irretrievably broken down, and there was nothing for it but to formally acquit the prisoner, who was at once discharged, and the crowded court was immediately cleared of the excited auditory, numerous groups of whom remained for long afterward in the streets, eargerly canvassing the strange issue of the trial. As Richard Penson left the court, a scrap of paper was slipped into his hand, upon which was scrawled in pencil, and in a disguised hand, "Thanks—a thousand thanks—but no harm must come to poor B——. You shall hear from me in a few days at Liverpool. J——."

As soon as Blundell could collect his scattered thoughts and advise with a lawyer, there was found to be no difficulty in establishing an *alibi* that on the day of the pretended pawning he was in his own home at Bedstone, and he was conditionally liberated. Inquiries were next set on foot respecting Mr. Aldous, and as no such person could be found, the nature of the conspiracy by which justice had been defeated gradually disclosed itself. An effort was also made to arrest Penson, the prisoner's attorney, but as he had previously disappeared from Liverpool, and it was reported sailed for America with Judith Morton, the pursuit was abandoned. This information was completely erroneous; Judith Morton had indeed embarked for America, but it was with her husband, Charles Harpur, to whom she had been privately married three weeks previous to the death of Robert Masters, the wedding having been intendedly kept secret for a time, partly on account of the recent death of the bride's father, who, by-the-by, died in poor circumstances, and partly because of some family reason of Harpur's. This intelligence reached Penson at Liverpool, in a letter dated London, about a week subsequent to the trial, containing many apologies, another £50 note, and signed "Judith Harpur!"

I will not detain the reader with any description of the wretched, vagabond life led by Penson from the moment of his departure from Liverpool till I met him in Holborn—till his death, in fact—for he was utterly irreclaimable—which was not long delayed, and took place in the infirmary of a city workhouse. He, at all events, though not reached by the arm of the law, paid the full penalty of his offence. Whether the same might be said of Judith Morton, I know not, Penson having never heard either of her or Harpur since they left England for the States.

From the London Times, 27th ult.

AUSTRIA DOOMED.

There is an omen in states far more terrible than comet or eclipse. There are signs of weakness and impending ruin more certain even than lost battles and dismembered provinces. Before the storm broke out in France in 1848 black clouds had gathered round, and an unusual heaviness had filled the air for months. There had been a vague and fearful expectation of impending evil, induced by the feeling that rulers were stricken with judicial blindness and men in high places demoralized and corrupt. The unhappy empire of Austria shows signs of similar import. To those who look below the surface the late gigantic frauds are more discouraging than the loss of Milan or the threatened insurrection in Hungary. Not only are the branches of the State likely to be torn away by the storms of popular passion, but a slow disease is withering the trunk, and all will be a dry and sapless block together. A telegram which we publish gives a darker shade to this gloomy history. We now learn the melancholy circumstances of Baron Bruck's death. This statesman, justly considered one of the ablest in Austria, and the only minister who was capable of retrieving the finances of the state, has just put an end to his life in an agony of despair and shame. It will be remembered that a few days since the resignation of Baron Bruck was announced, and that immediately after came tidings of his death. The mysterious sequence, which at once gave rise to the most painful suspicions, is now fully explained, and there need be no more delicacy on the subject. The Minister was dismissed for complicity in the system of frauds, which seems to have extended from Bohemia to Trieste, and he has expiated his offence by cutting his throat, after having, as seems to be suspected, swallowed poison.

The fate of this eminent politician is one of those terrible events which leave an impress on history. That the Finance Minister of a great empire, the trusted adviser of an ancient throne, the friend of the chief statesmen in Europe, the honored guest of princes in every capital, the liberal supporter of enterprise and commerce, the representative of enlightenment amid the bigotry of nobles, soldiers and priests, should betray his trust, plunder his country, and only escape by suicide from the retribution due to such offences, is an event which cannot be easily forgotten. The cause of progress and Liberalism in Austria has indeed been imperilled by the fall of this unhappy statesman. No one has done more to break down the prejudices which are the bane of Austria; no one will prove to have done more to confirm them. The aristocrat will be always able to point to the bloody corpse of the *parvenu* financier, and to ask if this is what comes of raising men from the counting-house to the Council Chamber. The General will have a ready sneer for the administration which affected to curtail the military expenditure while it was embezzling thousands with the assistance of contractors and jobbers. There will, we fancy, be something not unpleasing to the highest society in Vienna in the fall of a man who had raised himself so conspicuously above his station. Baron Bruck was in early life engaged in business, and was one of the founders of the commercial prosperity of Trieste. The Austrian Lloyds was principally of his own creation. His diplomatic and ministerial career was in all respects most successful, and when five years since he resigned the embassy to Constantinople in order to take charge of the finances of the Austrian Empire he may be considered to have risen to the height of his fortunes. Unhappily, the system of fraud which is now being disclosed must have begun about the same time. How far Bruck is implicated it is impossible for us to say. He may have been a leader in these malpractices, or he may have merely connived at the illicit gains of others. But that the matters now investigated extend over a long period there can be little doubt. The luxury of Viennese and Triestine millionaires has evidently been supplied for years out of the plunder of the State.

We learn that the Emperor is carrying on the examination and the punishment of the wrong-doers with a rigor which verges on cruelty. The Chevalier Revoltella, an intimate friend of Bruck's, and the leading merchant of Trieste, has been apprehended, thrown into prison, and treated like the lowest criminal. Brambilla and Mandalfo, two other commercial magnates, have shared the same fate. But it is not in the Adriatic provinces alone nor in Lombardy that these frauds have taken place. Arrests have been made in other parts of the empire, and everywhere the accused have been treated with equal severity. Commissioners sit in Vienna, Prague, and Trieste, to examine the document which can throw light on these transactions. It is said that for weeks before the apprehension of Revoltella and his companions their books and papers were under the scrutiny of emissaries from Vienna. It may well be said that a reign of terror exists in Austrian society. Although a man of clear conscience may not fear for himself, yet no one knows how far his neighbor is free from the taint of corruption which the government is so tardily bent on punishing. The details of the frauds are still kept strictly secret by the government, but it is known that the amount is enormous, that they extended over a greater portion of the empire, and that the parties implicated are numerous and of high station. The military advisers of the Emperor are urging him against such men as Revoltella, and with an obvious motive. The alleged villainy of the civil service and the contractors may serve to excuse the incapacity of the military authorities, or even to cover their own delinquencies.

In this country we are not free from crimes of the gravest kind. At this very moment the commercial world is excited by a fraud which for magnitude and boldness is almost without a parallel. We will not throw stones, which the Austrians might have a right to throw back, nor will we make comparisons between the services of a free country and that of an autocrat. One thing, however, Englishmen may be proud of. Whatever the temptations of wealth may be, and however much the commercial and speculating classes may yield to them, the higher official world in this country has never of late years been found guilty, or even suspected, of peculation. The officers of both services have been equally free from the imputation. It is strange that Austria, which has always laid claim to something of the same high tone in the conduct of public business, should come before the world as the victim of most nefarious practices, carried out on the most gigantic scale.

THE OFFICIAL CATS OF PARIS.—In the Budget of the Imperial Printing Office, which is now before the legislative body, (says the *Pays*,) is an item which has excited considerable curiosity; it is for cats. It appears that, in order to preserve the stores of paper, printed and unprinted, from the ravages of mice and rats a considerable number of cats have to be kept in the establishment; and the expense of giving them food twice a day, and of paying a man to watch over them, is sufficiently great to form a special item. These cats were once nearly the cause of war between the director of the Imperial Printing Office and the director of the Archieves whose gardens are adjacent. The latter has in his garden a small artificial river, and he kept in it a number of rare aquatic birds. He perceived that the number of his birds decreased almost daily, but he could not tell how; at last he discovered that they were killed by cats, and he set snares, by which a number of those animals were caught.

The keeper of the cats in the printing office perceived his feline stock diminishing, and he suspected the workmen of the establishment of killing them. But one day a cat arrived with a fragment of a snare round his neck, and led to the discovery of the whole truth. The director of the printing office thereupon complained that his cats were killed, the director of the archives said that he would not allow his birds to be devoured; but at last an arrangement was made to the effect, on the one hand that every issue of the printing office should be closed to prevent the invasion of cats into the gardens of the archives, and, on the other, that in the event of one by chance escaping it should not be put to death.

SHOPS IN SHANGHAI.

As it is not frequently that a person has an opportunity of visiting a Chinese city, on this occasion I entered many shops, some of them peculiarly Chinese. The front of the first I visited was adorned with all sorts of grotesque figures imaginable, richly carved and gilded; griffins, serpents, and devils; the window was open, and a neat balustrade separated the shop from the street. Within was a great display of China ware, China from Sochon, earthenware teapots, specimens of very old China—two muchee old—some hundred years old, and very dear; and from the ceiling depended about sixty handsome lamps. Some well-dressed Chinamen behind the counter politely offered a pipe and a seat. Dwarf plants decorated various nooks of the shop. Next came the silk shop; its shelves piled with folded packets of silk of every color; raw silks, floss silk, silk thread, embroidered silk; very tempting gauzes and crapes. Handsome mirrors and worked screens adorned the establishment; the attendants were "tall boys" from Canton, with a good knowledge of Canton English: one asks, "What you wantee? Suppose you wantee one piecy silk, first chop my can secure. See that," as he presents a small piece of blue silk sufficient for a dress for a child; "only twelve dollars!" I replied that having no desire to purchase at present (the quarter being near its termination,) I don't mind giving six dollars. "Ayah! how can?" seeing me walk away. "Stay: here take it; mus qui you pay six dollars." He examines the coins very carefully, balancing each one separately on his finger and sounding it with another, first seeing that they were of the reign of Carlous the Fourth. The tea shops attracted my attention, their fragrant perfume becoming widely diffused as one approached the warhouse; I noticed the tea-canisters, gaily painted with mandarians and their ladies sipping the pale infusion from tiny cups, fantastic houses and fanciful bridges with willows touching the margin of the smooth water and orange trees, the leaves and fruit alternating; the painted lanterns, delicate scales, and carved seats, the Japan bowls, with specimens of teas, fine gunpowder, young Hyson, flowery Pekoe, Congou and Bohea; and the tiny cups with small teapot on a tray, to test the leaves before purchasing.

Expecting to see a rich display of jewelry, I entered a goldsmith's shop, and was rather disappointed when I saw only a dark apartment surrounded by shelves, having small drawers and plain counter, with some accurate scales, and an old spectacled Chinamen conversing with a woman as to the value of a ring. Fur shops were enticing from the variety and richness of the stock; including sheep skins, or the skins of premature lambs, with the wool fine and glossy as silk: for skins; dyed cats' skins; marten and gray squirrel fur from Tartary; wolverine and ermine; and sea otter, which is highly prized; none of these are purchased (as people at home often express themselves) for "half nothing." The medicine stores had a fair collection of simples; roots and leaves, foreign and indigenous; ginseng and rhubarb; gentian and sarsaparilla; isinglass and hartshorn, the latter being suspended from the ceiling; it is scraped and boiled and taken by old gentlemen who imagine that it will restore them to a state of "juvenile virility." They also sold dye-stuffs, camphor musk and castor, minerals, preparations of copper and of mercury, vermillion in powder and in crystals—the latter thin, bright and transparent; arsenic, yellow and white; dried snakes, bones and skins, cosmetics, and tooth powder.—Leaving the leading streets, I turned off by side streets towards the native shipping. The smell of cooking in grease on all sides tainted the already loaded atmosphere, and the corners of the streets were occupied by wandering cooks, with frying pans over charcoal fires, frying fat pork, and what appeared to me to be a mixture of lard and flour: it was piled on a wooden trencher, and the cook cut off small portions and having fried it presented it to the eager purchaser. The shops for cooking were anything but inviting; the half-naked occupants busy in makidg soup, chopping vegetables, or doling out sundry "cash" worth of fresh fish.—*Tronson's Voyages of the Barracouta.*

The Pursuits of Knowledge.

Childhood commences its literary and educational life with the notion held out to it, that the mind will bear as much, and can accomplish as much, as it can be induced to attempt, and no thought is given to the brain, nor caution in regard to the use of its powers. Through the school years the same idea prevails the same boon of unbounded acquirement is offered to boys and girls, and they are encouraged and urged to make the utmost efforts to go on in the path or join in the race of learning. The opinion that they may run in the pursuit of knowledge without danger, is almost universal; and although only a few actually enter the heat of the contest, and strive to be among the foremost on the course, yet nearly all believe the doctrine, and few, perhaps none, are prevented from effort by any fear of injury to their cerebral health. The moderate but respectable scholar looks with envy or congratulation, rather than pity, upon those who are over working their brains in severe but successful study; and these are held up by teachers and parents, by school superintendents and the friends of education and human progress as examples for the less active to follow. In this dangerous race of learning, to which all are invited, and from which none are warned away, a comparatively small proportion of the children and youth of the schools, as we have said, enter and continue. The *vis inertiæ* of mind the want of ambition to excel or of zeal for knowledge, the absence of motive for such vigorous and persevering mental exertion, the activity of other desires, not the fear of danger nor the wish to preserve the cerebral health, not due cautiousness but supposed idleness, not wisdom but imputed folly, prevents others from making the efforts of study that would be injurious to their brains. But the ambitious and the faithful, those who resolve to fulfil the hope of fond parents, and those who are susceptible of influence from teachers and associates enter this course, and assume burdens which many of them cannot safely bear; and the plans of education, proposed by many zealous instructors, and adopted by many who are of authority in these matters, correspond in a greater or less degree, with this willingness of parents and children to carry them out.—*Causes of Mental Disease.*

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR NEIGHBORS.—Take care of them. Don't let them stir without watching.—They may may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never know them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families, a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be: never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing something these dark nights; there's no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you see any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else that you can see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, and though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly, it will be something important about some one else. To keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in Heaven for the space of a half an hour, don't let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like Heaven for the inhabitants of the mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care, you can't see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment, you lost sight of them—throw out hints, they are no better than they should be—but you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, and then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it a going, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after a while—then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

—*Exchange.*