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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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Literary Department.

BURN AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these:— Mrs. Frances O. Hyster, of ...

Fair lady, that I come to you A stranger-land, for 'twas I see, For you've known naught of me, save through The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen. ...

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FIFTH—THE APPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RICK CHAMBER—THE SECRET.

"I have just run over to inquire after your health," said Mrs. Ramsbottom, as she entered the apartment of Mrs. Williams, on the following morning, "and I thought it might be your would like something palatable and strengthening for the stomach, but I have brought you a nice custard of my own baking."

"You sent for me yesterday, Mrs. Williams." "There is some mistake," the invalid repeated, more distinctly. "Is your name Tracy?"

"Yes, Mr. Tracy," replied the sick woman, gasping for breath, "and a dreadful misfortune."

"The arrest of my husband," said Mrs. Williams, with a slight shudder, "has rendered it necessary for me to devise some mode of supplying the necessities of my family. In better days, when poverty was deprived of its bitterness by the absence of want and crime, I have often heard of the wealth of your brother, Mr. Owen Tracy. I never envied him, although a large portion of his estate was bequeathed to him by my father's will."

"Your father," exclaimed Alfred Tracy, "was the only daughter of Charles Mounjoy, of the ancient firm of Mounjoy and Tracy. At his death, my father left nearly all his property to his junior partner, Mr. Tracy, and cut me off with a mere pension."

"I have it," muttered the younger Tracy, indignantly; "the mystery of the forged will is revealed."

"The pittance which my father bequeathed me," continued the invalid, "was soon exhausted. I incurred the serious displeasure of my relatives by my marriage with Mr. Williams, and have had no intercourse with them during many years. I have never complained, nor do I complain now, for my father's determination of the common fortune of your brother. But in this hour of poverty and distress, I resolved to apply to Mr. Tracy for relief in preference to the distant relatives of my own family, who have treated me so harshly. Will you inform him that the daughter of Charles Mounjoy is high unto death, and that her family is suffering for the necessities of your brother. But in this hour of poverty and distress, I resolved to apply to Mr. Tracy for relief in preference to the distant relatives of my own family, who have treated me so harshly. Will you inform him that the daughter of Charles Mounjoy is high unto death, and that her family is suffering for the necessities of your brother. But in this hour of poverty and distress, I resolved to apply to Mr. Tracy for relief in preference to the distant relatives of my own family, who have treated me so harshly. Will you inform him that the daughter of Charles Mounjoy is high unto death, and that her family is suffering for the necessities of your brother."

"Without fail," Mrs. Williams replied Alfred Tracy, "in the meantime you will suffer me, on my brother's behalf, to tender you a small sum for the relief of your most pressing wants."

The young man placed a bank note on the wooden table near the bed-side of the emaciated invalid.

"He was rewarded by a glance from Mrs. Williams, which bespoke the grateful feelings of her heart."

Alfred Tracy passed slowly along the crowded streets, absorbed in reflection. The interview with Mrs. Williams had excited no real sympathy or true benevolence of feeling. His predominant emotion was one of exultation in the discovery of a trace of the secret guilt of Owen Tracy. And his mind was chiefly occupied in devising the best means of rendering the information, which he had obtained, subservient to his selfishness and malice.

"On arriving at his brother's residence, the young man proceeded immediately to the library—Mrs. Tracy was engaged in writing a letter to a friend, but she received him with a gracious smile, and put aside her writing materials. The countenance of Alfred Tracy retained a grave seriousness of expression."

"What now, Alfred?" said the lady, with a look of wonder. "You are grave and thoughtful this morning."

"Does it appear strange to you?" inquired the young man, earnestly. "Am I usually gay and frivolous, or if I am, are you sensible that beneath the surface lie intense feelings, strong passions, wild, perhaps unavailing, desires; and the whole, which I wear to disguise myself from the eyes of the world?"

"And wherefore?" "Because," replied Alfred Tracy, with a fervid glance, "I am haughty and contemptuous toward the mass, and have no wish to be understood and appreciated, except by those whom I esteem and love."

"You astonish me more and more by your sentiments and actions. Of late you seem to be a different being from your former self, nor do I possess the key to your apparent change of character."

when you learn its cause. The nature of the secret in my possession, the manner in which I acquire the knowledge of it, the conversation which occurred between us yesterday, combine to render uncertain the course which I ought to pursue. But you desire me to speak plainly, and I will obey you."

"At a glance I perceived that you are not the gentleman to whom I sent my child. You are a young man, and he, Mr. Owen Tracy, must be pretty well advanced in years."

"Over fifty years of age, ma'am," interposed Alfred Tracy—"a grey-headed man."

"My brother," said the younger Tracy, "is actively engaged in the city every morning, and has little leisure for visiting. If you are desirous of making any communication to him, I will be the bearer of it. You appear to be very ill, Mrs. Williams, and in distressed circumstances."

"The tears flowed freely from the sunken eyes of the invalid. Her husband, poor thing," said Mrs. Ramsbottom, "was taken to jail this morning on a charge of burglary. He has always borne the character of an honest man, till he got out of work and money, and, for my part, I believe there are hundreds of well-dressed gentlemen in Broadway a great deal worse than he is. It isn't always the biggest rogues who are sent to prison."

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"What now, Alfred?" said the lady, with a look of wonder. "You are grave and thoughtful this morning."

"I have it not," replied the young man—"The house is in Orange street. I forget the number. I will accompany you thither, whenever you are ready to go."

"To-day, then—after dinner." "I shall be engaged until nightfall, Mrs. Tracy. But the evening will be deliciously warm and pleasant, and the time altogether suitable for your purpose."

"This evening, Alfred." A servant opened the door of the library, and presented a card to Mrs. Tracy.

"Mrs. Willoughby," said Mrs. Tracy, looking at a card. "The lady refuses to alight," said the servant, bowing respectfully, "and awaits you in her carriage."

Mrs. Tracy consulted her watch, and turning to Alfred Tracy, remarked: "It is eleven o'clock—the hour proposed yesterday, at Mrs. Willoughby's, to visit the National Academy of Design."

A quarter of an hour afterward, Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Tracy, attended by Frederick Willoughby, and Alfred Tracy, were slowly parading the suite of rooms, in Broadway, devoted to the annual exhibitions of the Academy. Pictures, miniatures—painted in oil and water colors—mounted in frames beautifully carved and gilded, studded the walls. These paintings, from the studios of a vast number of American artists, were of diversified excellence; a few only, exhibiting the marks of great original genius."

Mrs. Willoughby and her friends were discussing the merits of a magnificent landscape, by Cole, as a party of visitors—among whom were Doctor Everard, his daughter Helen, and Wilfred Montessor—entered the saloon.

"Under it, a beautiful creature," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a low voice to her son. "She is evidently a descendant of the fine Montessor. Do you recognize her, Frederick?"

Frederick Willoughby turned toward the advancing group and a flush of pleasurable emotion spread over his handsome features as he beheld the radiant countenance of the maiden.

"It is Helen Everard, dear mother," replied the young man, "and the grave, dignified gentleman on her left is her father, Doctor Everard. Did I not tell you of the pleasant evening I passed at his house not long since, and of the game of chess I played with Miss Everard?"

The sudden, involuntary emotion of Frederick Willoughby had not escaped the watchful eyes of the ladies.

"Be careful, Frederick," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a smile; "chess is a dangerous game to play with a young and beautiful woman."

This remark, spoken in a more elevated tone of voice, reached the ears of Mrs. Tracy.

"You have betrayed yourselves," said Mrs. Tracy, "the slight of which, you were discussing the merits of a landscape."

As Mrs. Tracy uttered these words, she encountered suddenly the stern, unwavering glance of the traveler, Wilfred Montessor.

France, for instance, since the mountains of Auvergne and Poitou have been so densely forested, the Loire has been constantly flooded, occasioning vast destruction of property. The same cause, in Algeria, has caused frequent droughts and the French government have lately been considering the proposition of some scientific men to replant these districts with trees.

The Pile Boy Who Became a Prince.

The first Prince Menschikoff was a pile boy at Moscow, and was delivering things at a noble man's kitchen one day when Czar Peter the Great was expecting to dine at the house. While waiting about, he overheard the nobleman give special directions for the preparation of a favorite dish of the Czar's, and afterwards while the cook was absent, the boy saw him place something in a dish which he believed to be poison. As soon as Menschikoff saw the Czar in the street, cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing, and approach the Czar to make himself seen. Peter called to him and asked him some questions to which he answered so happily that the Prince said "I will keep thee in my service." Menschikoff accepted the offer with joy. At dinner time, without orders, he entered the banquet hall, and stood behind Peter. When the dish appeared, he bent down and whispered "not to touch it." Peter got up, and with smiling face, made pretence to take the log into an adjoining apartment, when Menschikoff explained his suspicion. Upon returning to the table, the Boyard again offered the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side and partake with him. The noble colored, and said it became not a subject to eat the same as the Emperor, who seeing his embarrassment took the plate and offered it to a dog, who devoured its contents. But a moment afterward it began to run and howl, then staggered, fell and soon expired. The Boyard was secured, but next morning was found dead in his bed. Menschikoff had not to sell rolls any longer, the first step to his rapid fortune was made, and his descendants are a most powerful family in Russia to this day.

Seecher.

Let our repentance be a lively will—a firm resolution. Complaints and mourning over past errors avail nothing. When the clouds drop down low, and it rains and chilly and misty, there is nothing in them but discomfort; but when the sun having risen, they get off a little distance, every body rises his hands, and calls out, and says, "Behold the rainbow!" What is the rainbow? Nothing but that cloud which, when it is passing you, wears a garment that is disagreeable and hateful to you, but which, when it is removed a little distance from you, with the sun shining on it is clothed with glory and beauty. ...

A Pistol Plant.

A few evenings ago the Librarian of the Long Island Historical Society was startled by the report of a pistol in the back alcove. It made search, but discovered nothing, and at the same time he observed a person in the room. The next day the assistant Librarian heard a similar report, and a close investigation revealed the cause. An exhibitor had placed in the rooms a case of tropical plants, among which was the pistol plant, which is a sort of nut. At a certain stage of its growth the shell of this bursts with violence and with a sharp sound, exactly resembling the report of a pistol. The shattered shells of these were found in the bottom of the case. —New York Post.

JEROME CARDAN relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers to all appearance, continuing their repast. One still had his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth and a third had his hand in the dish.

There are more blossoms in Wethersfield than in any place in Connecticut. The other day, a well known deacon went to the wharf to wharf to see a friend off, and as the boat started the friend said, "Good by," whereupon twelve men, who stood upon the wharf, immediately tipped their hats and responded, "Good by, sir."

In a recent discourse, in England, the Bishop of Oxford was especially severe on the great strong, hulking men, who come to church and are too lazy to kneel.

The Toronto Telegram, a small, though harmless paper, prefers Hoebeck's opinions on America to those of Godeaux Smith.

The old cemetery, in Waterville, Conn. is to be transformed into a park, and a soldier monument is to be erected in the centre.

The Greshorn, in the Bernese Alps, has been climbed for the first time, two German students accomplishing the feat.

Communications from the Spirit World.

We shall give the agents charge concerning thee. All Communications under this head are given through MR. A. H. ROBINSON...

INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—How do spirits ordinarily communicate among themselves? A.—Precisely the same as you would communicate...

Q.—Have you any means of getting at the name of the person? A.—[After some moments of hesitation.] Rev. Williams, once a Congregationalist...

EVA TO HER PARENTS. My dear mam-ma and pa, see, I told you that your little Eva was going to be the angel. Now I come back to tell you all about it...

Phenomena. From the Danbury Gazette. Warning of Death in 1814. Major Elliott of Ohio, died on the 12th of Feb., 1814...

Report of H. C. Deane, Illinois State Missionary. Monday morning, March 1st, found me on board the Southern Iowa train from Springfield, to meet my engagement at Du Quoin...

Detroit is to have a street car propelled by steam. The fuel will be made from gasoline.

