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Gossip and Gleanings.

An excitable youth in Nantucket
Once cooled his hot head in a bucket:
He could not get out,
So he still goes about
With it fast in the pail where he stuck it.

Professor Henry has lassoed another com
Astronomers notice that many of the heav
ly bodies move much faster since Henry
after them.

A Pennsylvania wife has been cutting
her husband's ears because he was insole
But, as one of our exchanges remarked a

The Louisiana young women are signing promise not to marry young men who frequent drinking saloons. They think that every gentleman should have a wine-cellar of

A new brand of burning fluid, called "Scrap-Iron Whiskey," has made its appearance in Syracuse. It was sent there by some Pennsylvania parties who are interested in a series of experiments to prove the inferiority of cremation to spontaneous combustion.

"Superintendicide" has just been coin-

to express a justifiable line of conduct with a Sunday-school finds it impossible to get out of an imbecile and highly respectable, industrious and amiable, good and good for nothing perinentent.

Artemus Ward, in one of his lectures, used to tell of an old frontiersman who had had him a comfortable cabin and was living all alone with his wife and family far away from civilization. On returning from a protracted hunt one day, he found his cabin burned down by the Indians, his wife and children gone, and the bones of his stock in the ashes of his fire.

Throckmorton's Ghost,

The old Greek myth that gave personal names to man's sins and errors, and depicted the sweeping resistless and terrible triumph of life; haunting him with dread forebodings of his most sunny and prosperous hours; scourging him with knotted, merciless whips; his adversity; unappeasable save by death; atonement;—this fable is seldom so ennobled before the ordinary, bodily senses as to become patent, and force itself upon recognition.

At first, the story is not new. Two years ago John Throckmorton was a handsome, wealthy man of fashion; courted, petted, and all the more, as the way of the world is, because he had the reputation of being a rake; and he had just been engaged to a beautiful school-girl of fifteen. Among his other affairs of the heart, Throckmorton felt that a flirtation with her would do credit to his taste, and doubtless, too,

It was easy for him, shining down on her in splendor like a young god, from his birth of twenty-eight years, to win her maid-love, impose upon her trusting heart easy promises and in two years of assiduous devotion conquer the treasure of her virgin purity; and then for him it was as easy to turn away. For the girl, poor maid, was far different. When she realized the perfidy,—and that was not until all reconciliation had failed, and the trifling son he had alleged for his estrangement proved a lie,—she became transformed into a full being; a simple, affectionate girl no longer enamored of the innocent creature,—

she became an actress in Ethelreda's company. Her first performance was in the role of the young woman who marries the duke in the morning, twenty years ago, Ellen Goddard followed him at a little distance; and through all the years since she has shadowed his steps. It was at first a matter of rare amusement to the favorite society, and in the more gayer gatherings of his intimates it fed their laughter. He did not care to be followed in vain. He tried to gain respite by compromise, and she, like the fierce heroine of a French play, "Article 47," imposed on him the command that he should visit her at stated times. This became as unendurable as the persecution of her pursuit, and desperately he broke away, and went to New York. His mother and wife, however, were not so easily won. His education and talents, gained before he was twenty, had been a constant breadwinning for a daily journal, the *Star*.

her victim no relief from her surveillance; eliciting an offer of a permanent position as a maid, she accepted it as a means of escape, (as she stated in the trial), her purpose in life was not literature, but Throckmorton. He returned once more to Louisville, where the tender mercies of the law were not extended, and the wife, and face of the faithful woman came to be spoken of by the children in the streets as "Throckmorton's ghost."

Only once did he obtain remission of his Orestean misery; while he was a soldier in the rebellion; when he came back, having escaped the fate the poet gives to him,—

Who could win a maiden's breast
Lies, and leave her dead.

she resumed her vigilance. Often has dreamed of the love of woman, or to have her warning hand in a moment arrested him.

all his hopes. In his exasperation, he harassed her unmanly insults, has set lewd men to converse with her, and even in rage, dragged her down in the street. At last, he arraigned her for insanity, asking her consent to an asylum. In the trial he declared that there had ever been any intimacy, and alleged that she was seized with an implicable, insane desire for his presence, while he had at first humored; but the trial was just ended, and the verdict, pronounced by Ellen Godwin of sound mind, was "guilty." She was committed to the Asylum, and ceases her long pursuit. Her own testimony was a revelation of her character; let it speak for her:—

"When I awoke from my dream, I found that my life was a wreck and a waste. I

riage to another man would have been a living fraud. The man would have been my ruin, and I would have been left unprotected by care. There was no legal remedy for me unless I made a public record of my shame in the courts. I determined to avenge myself. I deliberately planned to deliberately carry out my purpose; to let a perpetual shadow in my life, a monument of the ruin I had done to myself. I considered the duty I owed to my family, but my own wrongs were greater than their rights. I did not consider the world, but I believe the world is generally very much shocked when a libertine is killed, though I cannot do murder. I believe that I have done the community no harm, and I know that I have done no man no wrong, except on the contrary, I have done right.

Yet, under wise counsel, I have already solved to spare myself the task of further punishing him, and will leave him in the future to an indignant world's and a just G vengeance.

So Christianity shapes the world that even the European, appearing in human life as we do, the wrong-doer, must find room for avenging appearance and let the final No assist take her victim in secret, and bo v his remorseful soul in agony veiled from view by his fellows. Yet it is a marvelous emblemment of the antique myth that this binds presents; and brings more boldly into n the crime of the seducer than has been galed since the days of the courts, and would be less frequent were s "chests," as Major Brockmorton's commu-

The cry of conscience is readily, though dearly, stifled; but a perpetual memorial sin, a worse than the skeleton at the banquet, always at hand, a ghost that will not down the bidding,—is a more serious matter.

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