The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1849. NUMBER 51.

"The Democrat."

C. C. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—One DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year, cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

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Poetry.

WISH.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some Island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"No!"

And thou serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin and death;
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—
"Yes in Heaven!"

[illegible]

From the Home Journal

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER III

WEEKS and weeks had passed away In vain had the lover striven to ascertain the cause in the change of Effie's manner. At first he pleaded to know when by chance he met her; then his wounded pride and affection kept him silent; and at length he ceased to speak to her except in the most formal way. But he suffered almost as much as she; he endured the agony of suspense and the torture of her chilling demeanor. She saw that he suffered; and the noble, patient, heart-weary girl would have revealed all to him for *his* sake, but that the duty to her mother seemed sacred So she only hoped that he might forget her and be happy But she could not look upon his proud but mournful face without almost betraying herself, and at length she avoided him altogether

Yet he still visited at the house of Mrs. Linn He was irresistibly attracted by the siren At first he imagined that the mother knew of his attachment to her daughter, and sympathized with him in her neglect; then again he concluded that she knew nothing of it, but that he was a favorite of hers; perhaps that she loved him! No, no, he could not think that; but there was something about her that attracted him to her side, and made him wish for her sympathy and gentleness. Not that he was not yet true to his Effie—he was—he was! He loved her with the intense fervor that a reserved, proud, intellectual man of thirty will love for the first time a sweet, pure, gifted girl. But this very love made him seek the mother; he had a faint hope that through her he might at least discover the cause of this strange falsity on the part of his affianced She was so soothing, so gentle, so beautiful, so eloquent, that unconsciously he was deeply interested in her, and could not pass a day out of her society; it was a balm to his suffering heart.

She saw all this and acted accordingly. She saw just how far he was in her power, and she had a hope. It was a longer struggle to gain him from his disappointed than she had anticipated, but she did not despair. To her it was happiness to have him come and sit by her, if he only listened to her words; for Effie was out of her way, and he was hers alone, if his mournful thoughts did still wander away after the beloved false one. She stifled all pangs of remorse—she lived but for one thing! to gain the love of Mr. Merefort.

One morning Isabel Linn sat in a beautiful apartment opening into the conservatory. The room was dim and fresh and pleasant; she was attired with studied carelessness, and looked very lovely. A book was in her hand, which she laid aside with a flush of joy as Cleveland entered: he came across the rich carpet, and sat down upon a low seat beside her luxurious arm-chair. He was more than usually sad—he sat for some time without speaking, while Isabel looked upon him with tender eyes.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as true and constant love?" he asked suddenly raising his dark eyes intently to her face.

Those beautiful orbs of hers seemed to melt away in tenderness, as she looked into his, without answering in words.

"You are sad this morning," she said softly. "I would that I could banish that mournfulness from your face forever."

"You may, perhaps alleviate it," he replied slowly.

"Then tell me," she said, with a sweet smile, bending towards him.

"Let me confide to you the secret of this sadness," he said.

She held out her delicate fair hand, and he pressed it in both his, as he said rapidly.—

"I loved your daughter, Mrs. Linn—I was betrothed to her; I loved intensely and purely, and thought she returned it.—I believed the gentle words that trembled on her lips and the blush on her cheek, when she told me that her love was like mine. But for many weeks she has slighted me; I have not even seen her recently The change was so sudden, so entire, I could not but believe that she loved me still as ever, but that some fatal misunderstanding existed Tell me, do you know aught of this? and if you do not, will you be so very, very kind, as to learn for me the reasons of this change?"

Mrs Linn listened with a soft smile, and when he raised his eyes earnestly to hear the answer to his questions, she smiled still more, yet kindly, gently, pityingly.

"Can it be that a man of your experience and knowledge of life would trust his happiness to a mere child?" she said, with a kind of gentle surprise. "Effie has but just left her studies, Mr Merefort, and of course the offer of love you made was accepted; young girls cannot know themselves and are invariably flattered by the first attentions they receive. Doubtless her conduct now is but a foolish caprice—some other admirer has appeared and you are forgotten. I only regret that your noble and true love was given so carelessly to such a child. But it would not be manly to let a school-girl make you unhappy."

Cleveland bit his lips with mortification and agony. Could it be possible he had been such a very simpleton?

"But I would not have a worn-out second love So you think there is no such thing in life as earnest, true, unchanging love?" he asked bitterly.

"How *could* I think so?" she asked, in a low, sweet tone, and turning those large, dark, passionate eyes slowly to his, she bent forward still farther and made no other reply.

Her companion knew not what to say—He was fascinated by that eloquent face, yet his heart was still true to another

"Yes!" she said, earnestly, after a while, "I *know* that there is a love, which is hardly a love, it is so much of a worship, tho't, life—but it is not the shrinking love of a trifling, timid child. It is the passionate devotion, the wild idolatry, the burning affection of older, stronger, more fully developed natures. It is the love that comes at the time when the heart knows itself and others—when its thoughts are matured, and its impulses strengthened, its gifts cultivated, its affection deepened into steady, fervent, intense power—when the spirit and the beauty, and the genius of life are at the zenith of their glory It is passion—it is hope—it is life—it is all! It is fearfully, madly deep and strong! It does all, dares all, sacrifices all to its own intensity! It fears not—it shrinks not—it gives all or none!"

She bent farther forward as she paused; and laid her soft hands on the dark curls of the man before her, and pressed a quick, warm kiss upon his forehead

Then folding those hands mutely over her bosom, she dropped her head, while a crimson blush burned on her cheek, where the long lashes trembled in dropping confusion

There was a moment's silence, while Cleveland gazed upon the blushing, beautiful impassioned creature who had thus revealed her love to him Had he indeed been mistaken in looking for unselfish love from a very young girl—did this splendid woman love the most devotedly? It would seem so—for while one would not make a sacrifice of pride to explain the cause of her estrangement, or perhaps had even no pride and no cause—the other had sacrificed pride and more, and now sat trembling, subdued before him. While he still thought a tear dropped down from those long, jetty lashes and fell on his hand The spell was completed. He sank upon his knees and took the small hands from her bosom and pressed them to his own.

"May I look for that love and devotion from my beautiful Isabel?" he asked.

Her superb head was on his shoulder—broken, murmuring words of tenderness fell from her lips—and then blushing, radiant, smiling, confused, bewildered, she glided from the room and left him kneeling, entranced and dreaming by her chair.

"Come to-night," she said as she left him

For a long while Cleveland knelt there, with his head drooped on his hand. His heart beat so violently that he could not think calmly. When his pulses grew more subdued, he realized that he did not yet love the beautiful creature who had just left him—but he thought that he *might* do so—and for her sake he would try. Of Effie, he thought with a curling lip—*she* was unworthy; yet there was still a desolation and gloom in his heart. It would yet take all the beauty and the skill of Isabel Linn to complete the triumph which had sent her, quivering, joyous, blushing, happy, to her chamber to hide her tumultuous bliss in solitude.

By-and-by the young man arose and stepped out into the conservatory to soothe his mingled feelings among the flowers.—There, close by the door, lying among the bright blossoms, pale and still, was the broken-hearted and devoted Effie. She had seen all that had passed within, and when she heard that last, low, earnest question of Cleveland's and saw him sink upon the floor and clasp her mother's hand, the strong purpose which had upheld her gave way, and she fell, insensible, among the fair flowers—none of them so lovely yet so blighted as herself.

Her lover looked upon her for a moment, motionless. She had grown very thin since he saw her last; traces of heart-suffering were on her transparent forehead, and pale lips, and wasted form. In a moment *he felt* that he had wronged her—that she was and had been very unhappy—and for what cause? He resolved now to know, if it was not too late. He took her in his arms and bore her into the drawing-room—took a chased-gold bottle of salts from the table and sat down on the sofa, supporting her head on his breast, and chafing her hands and applying the salts to her nostrils.—Still she did not stir, though the pulse beat faintly in her delicate wrists A glass of wine stood on a small stand, near by—some of this he poured between her lips—and after a few anxious moments she gave a faint sigh, then breathed gently and unclosed her eyes.

The face of her lover bent above her—his deep eyes were looking with unutterable tenderness upon her.

"Cleveland, is it you—do I rest *here*?" she uttered faintly, and with a blissful smile she pressed her head closer on his bosom, half clasped him with her arms, and closed her eyes again.

"I did not think I should ever nestle here again—yet you love me still—you have come to me to tell me how entirely I am yours."

The young man replied to her low murmur with fervent kisses on the sweet brow that had grown so pale and spiritual. She loved him yet—he knew it now—yet like a sharp dagger came the remembrance of the past scene—it was that which had taken the breath from the young lips of his Effie. What *should* he do? He was false to her, if it was but for a moment, and she knew it—aye, and another knew it and rejoiced in it. Oh, how he longed to have this mystery cleared away, for he felt there *was* a mystery! He waited anxiously for the fair creature he sustained, to gain strength to tell him all.

Suddenly the young girl pressed her hands upon her temples!

"I feel such agony here!" she exclaimed—and before her supporter could prevent her, she sprang from him and stood in the centre of the apartment

Her eyes were now wide open and brilliant, and her cheeks were red and clear and hot, and her forehead pale.

"Mother—mother—mother!" she moaned, clasping her hands piteously, "do not be so cruel! See! how you lure him away from me! Ah, mother, you look like a beautiful serpent enchanting him! I see your great eyes burning down into his. I told you I would die, mother, if you took him from me—and look!" pressing her hands on his heart—"there is such a pain here that I am dying! Dying—dying! mother! and you killed me!"

Cleveland shuddered at the unnaturally brilliant eyes that were fixed upon him with a gaze of reproach and feverish agony—he shuddered at that wild look and burning form—his Effie was delirious!

But he would not summon help yet—he wished to hear from her raving lips the whole of this mystery The young girl now came a step [illegible] expression of her face changed—her large eyes were troubled and tender and pleading!

"My own Cleveland, do not look so coldly upon me; for sweet mercy's sake turn away that bitter look! I did not mean to be cold to you—believe me, I did not; and when I saw you look so despairing, oh, Cleveland, my heart was breaking! slowly, slowly breaking! But she bade me do so, dearest—she compelled me! I plead to the stars, and they did not listen; I prayed to the angels, and they heard me not—cruel! cruel! cruel! It is terrible to see you look so—do I not shrink and quiver before your gaze? Oh, Cleveland, I shall shriek out, if you do not pity me and forgive! See, I am at your feet—at your feet, Cleveland!"

The delicious young girl was kneeling at his feet, with her pale thin hands outstretched to him—her whole face was brilliant with fever, and softened by its pleading expression. It would have touched a heart of stone to have seen that burning, beautiful, mournful face! If the mother had witnessed it, it might have smote her heart!

The lover's breast hardly held its bursting emotions.

"Oh, curses on that beautiful deceiver, curses on my silly self!" he exclaimed in the bitterness of anger and remorse.

"You curse me, Cleveland?" said the poor girl in a reproachful voice, clasping his knees, and hiding her wild, sad face.

"Curse you for my own mad folly?—Dearest, look upon me; see! I am beseeching you to listen to me! I love you so tenderly—so dearly!"

He took her up from the floor, and supported her in his arms, trying to soothe her and make her comprehend him.

"Is it indeed you, Cleveland? have you come to take me from my dreadful mother? Ah she deceived you so terribly that it broke my heart! Let us sit down and talk about it."

They sat down on the sofa, and he held her.

"Hark! I hear the flowers in the conservatory laughing and singing because you love me yet, and will take me away! I am so happy—my heart is all in a flutter—my brain is burning—do you hear them laugh? Ah! they are moaning—is it not you—you must be my poor mother. Yes, it is you, Cleveland; I hear your deep voice—my mother's voice is sweeter, but it is deceitful. I do not love her; do you, dearest? Now I remember, you told her you would love her, and it made my heart ache; but we will love her together, and—are you here, dear? it is so dark I cannot see you!"

Here she sank against him more heavily, and murmured inarticulately.

He had heard enough to set his soul on fire; and very much alarmed at the illness of his Effie, he laid her carefully on the sofa, felt her throbbing temples, and hurriedly rang the bell.

"Call Mrs. Linn," he said to the servant.

In a short time Isabel came back into the apartment, with a soft blush and a look of inquiry.

"Your daughter is ill," he said almost sternly.

The haughty woman turned pale, and would have stammered out a question, but, passing her with a cold bow, Cleveland Merefort hurried into the streets and paced them with restless steps.

Effie loved him yet—oh joy!—but Effie was very ill, and would not probably live—oh, unutterable agony!

CHAPTER IV.

It was the crisis of the fever!

Profound silence was in the marble mansion of Mrs. Linn

In one of the lower apartments, with his face buried in the arms which were folded over a chair, knelt Cleveland Merefort, waiting in intense anxiety for the messenger who should bear the fatal or joyful tidings, moving not, scarcely breathing in his suspense.

In the chamber above, the sick girl lay sleeping The nurse, physician and mother were gathered around her bed. Wasted, and pale, and still she lay on the white pillows; the breath just trembled on her pallid lips.

The mother sat with her head drooped on her hand, watching the face of her child God forgive her! but as she looked upon that sweet but deathly face, there was a hope in her heart, which she dare not acknowledge to herself, that the crisis might *not* be favorable! Deeper emotions than those called up by the situation of her child, agitated her, though her face was pale and calm. She feared—indeed, she *knew*, that the man she loved must know all, for his stern look and the incoherent ravings of Effie convinced her of this.

Very, very fallible and slender, therefore, were the hopes she entertained of now succeeding A tempest of varying passions—love, anger, sorrow, mortification, revenge—every feeling by turns burnt in her bosom.

After a long, weary watch, the sleep of the invalid was broken. She unclosed her eyes; in an instant the doctor was bending over her.

"She will live, madam," he said, after a moment of suspense.

"Ah, heaven be praised!" said the nurse; and approaching Mrs Linn, she whispered, "There is a young gentleman down stairs in a dreadful fret to hear from our dear young lady—shall I send word that she is better, and will get well?"

The mother started and changed countenance.

"I will go myself, and tell him this happy news," she said; and kissing her daughter's forehead she hurried from the room.

It was a great effort for her to appear calm as she entered the room where Cleveland was yet kneeling. But she need not [illegible] for he had that moment forgotten his position towards her. When she entered, he sprang up

"Tell me instantly, Mrs. Linn—oh, speak! is she dying?"

"The crisis is past—the physician pronounces her out of danger!"

The lover clasped his hands fervently

"And now, dear one," said the lady, with the smile of an angel, "now that this anxiety is over, we can again spend a charming hour together Sit here—I want to talk of all that has happened since we were separated by this unfortunate illness."

Mr Merefort declined the seat she proffered, with a cold, impatient air.

"Can I not be permitted to look upon the poor sufferer—my Effie?" he asked

Isabel did not flush nor frown, but replied, with her everlasting beautiful smile, "Ah, I scarcely know!—any excitement might—"

"But she shall not see me—I will not speak," interrupted the lover eagerly. "Believe me, I will be discreet."

The lady ground her teeth secretly, but smiled again.

"Come, then; but I will not answer for you to the doctor," she said.

He followed her with a beating heart; and silently entering the sick room, stood by the bedside, concealed by the curtain.

Oh, his darling, beautiful, suffering Effie!

He would have given a fortune, had he possessed it, to press that wasted form to his breast, and see a smile on that pale, pure cheek. Still and colorless, and exquisitely lovely she lay—so motionless and pure, like a rare statue, only more spiritual, more transparent.

"Doctor," she said, faintly, as they all gazed on her, "have I been very ill?"

"Yes, my dear lady; but you must not speak now."

She moved her eyes slowly, till they fell on her mother's face.

"You here, my dear mother?" and as her eyes still wandered, they rested on the countenance of her lover, who, in his agitation, had advanced within sight; a faint, sweet smile shone then from those large eyes—"and you, too, Cleveland? then mother has repented. You are mine; bless you, bless you, mother," she almost whispered, she was so weak.

No one heard her but the two interested. Mrs. Linn turned white.

"The young lady must cease talking," here interrupted the doctor.

Effie made an effort to extend her hand to her betrothed, as he was turning away; he took it, held it a moment tenderly, looking down into those loving, languid eyes, with mournful interest; then turned away and left the house, despite the still placid invitation of the lady to remain.

After he departed, Mrs. Linn's tender smile vanished. She went to her room, closed the door, and paced hurriedly to and fro. The mask of sweetness was thrown aside, and it was frightful to see her in the paroxysms of mortification and disappointment. She tore her magnificent hair till it hung in dishevelled masses around her haughty form; she bit her convulsed lips till they were stained with blood; she snatched off her jewels and flung them away; she stamped her delicate feet till they were blistered; she tore the muslin drapery from her beautiful arms, and the folds of silk and linen from her swelling, passionate, wild, mad heart! She threw herself prostrate on the floor, with her black locks and torn garments streaming around her. Then she arose and lifted up, in threatening grandeur, her clenched hand. Splendid, yet degrading sight!—passions that, cultivated and restrained, would have made her sublime in womanly power, now raging uncontrolled—wrecking and convulsing their fair tenement! One moment she was a hateful fury, debased by anger and malice, grinding her teeth and tearing herself; the next she was terribly, touchingly beautiful, as anguish and sorrow and regret, at this blighting of her first strong love, agitated her. Then the dark eyes were thrown upward, in an intensity of agony, their long lashes trembling on the contracted brows; then her burning lips quivered, and her small hand pressed her throbbing bosom; then the attitude of that superb form was eloquent of despair!

Half the night the excited woman gave herself up to this uncontrolled outbreak of her emotions. What dreadful thoughts suggested themselves during that time, who shall say? That she *did* curse her daughter for falling ill, for getting well, is true—but whether darker thoughts of yet making that recovery impossible, brooded in her blackened soul, the events that followed only witnessed to. We know that such things have transpired, and Isabel Linn was wilful, passionate, unprincipled, uncontrolled—she loved her daughter's affianced, and hated that daughter.

Completely exhausted, Isabel at length threw herself on the bed and fell into a muttering slumber. It was late the next day when she awoke. She sprung from her couch and hastened to the mirror It gave back her features pale and haggard; her lips were blood-stained, her eyes heavy—there were actually two or three wrinkles on that beautiful face!

"It will never do to indulge in this," she murmured. "I look ten years older than I did yesterday"

So she washed her complexion in as many soothing creams as Henry the Third was once in the habit of doing, and applied rose-balm to her wounded lips, and gathered up her dishevelled hair in a French twist; then throwing herself again on the bed, brooded an hour over her dark tho'ts, before she rang for her breakfast and her dressing-maid.

From that time forward, for several days, the haughty, cold and indifferent manner of Isabel was changed for one of gentleness and suavity, at least before Cleveland, who came every day, as Effie grew stronger, to [illegible] holding her hand, sometimes reading to her, and sometimes whispering dear words which brought a faint hue of happiness to the cheek of the invalid. Isabel even took the lover to her boudoir *one* day, and humbled herself before him, confessing with penitential sorrow that she had been the cause of Effie's illness, but that she had no idea that so mere a child was really so interested—that her own wild love blinded her, but that now she saw the wrong, and had made a great effort for her child's sake to smother her own feelings, and she thought she had conquered them—when Effie was well enough they would have a wedding—she could smile now to see her *two* children wed one another.

Cleveland pitied and forgave her, and went away with a heart full of joy to talk to his betrothed about it; and the invalid, too, smiled and blushed, and seemed a great deal better.

CHAPTER V.

Cleveland Merefort was threading his way through one of the miserable by-streets of his native city. Though he was not a rich man, he had a heart and a purse for the suffering; and now, with his fine, intellectual face beaming with kindness, he was on a visit to one of the poor men he had at some time employed, who was now sick. As he turned a corner in the dirty street, a lady, in a plain, dark dress and thick veil, glided before him without perceiving him. He watched her with interest, wondering if she too was bent on a charitable errand, for that she was elegant and fastidious he saw, though she was in this low part of the city. Her whole demeanor, despite the plain dress, was so haughty and graceful, that he at once was almost sure that the lady was Mrs. Linn.

After preceding him for a short distance, she paused a moment, and then entered with a hesitating step a dingy house, which the young man at once recollected was the abode of a necromancer, and dealer in love and *hate* philters. Convinced that it was Mrs. Linn, he strove to conjecture her errand, but was at a loss. He proceeded on his mission of mercy, and then wended his way to the residence of his dear invalid.

Effie was now so strong that she came down every day and sat in the easy chair, in the back drawing-room—the pleasant room that opened into the conservatory.

As he was now in the habit of doing, Cleveland entered the hall without ringing the bell, and going first into the front drawing-room, he paused a moment, when he saw the inner door was half open, to look, unperceived, upon the fair sufferer.

She sat by the open window, with her head resting on her pale hand. She wore a pale blue morning-dress—her hair was pushed back wearily from her forehead, and a slight flush of anticipated pleasure, probably, was on her clear, soft cheek. As was said before, her face was the purest thing out of heaven!—and now spiritualized yet more by suffering, it was unearthly in its loveliness.

While the lover, with suspended breath, was feeding his soul on this rare beauty, he saw, through the partially closed door, Mrs. Linn enter behind Effie, holding something, wrapped in paper, in her hand. Her bonnet and veil were cast aside, but it was the same dark breath. She paused at a stand where stood some cooling drink for the invalid, and pouring some of this from the cut-glass pitcher into a silver cup, she dropped the contents of the paper into the goblet. Had it not been that her hand trembled so violently and that she grew so deathly pallid, he would have supposed, of course, that it was some powder prescribed. But her face wore such a strange expression, and she pressed her hand to her heart as if to strengthen some purpose, that immediately the thought of the visit to the necromancer flashed over him. He grew quite faint at the thought and leaned against the wall, still watching the inner room. When the mother grew more calm, she went to her daughter and kissed her cheek.

"You are a little feverish this morning, I fear," she said kindly.

"No, mother, I feel better—almost well," was the reply.

"I will roll the stand here, where you can drink when you are thirsty," continued the lady, and doing as she said, she left the room, remarking—

"Cleveland will be here soon, I suppose."

The sweet girl blushed, and as the door closed after her parent, ere the blush faded, Cleveland entered and called it back again

He sat a moment or two, conversing pleasantly.

"So you are almost well are you, dearest? I heard your mother say you must drink this beverage; so, as you are well enough to tease now, I shall give it all to the canaries and lap-dog," and her lover arose and took the silver cup in his hand He said this playfully, and the invalid smiled brightly

"Very well, Sir Torment," she responded, "you will fail to tease me there—I am happy to be rid of *it*. Doubtless there is some bitter potion in it, left by our Æsculapius."

"Nevertheless, I shall feed it to your pets."

And laughing, he emptied the contents of the cup into the china dishes on each side the gilded cage of the golden warblers, and the rest into the porcelain plate of little Fiedele. Then he filled it again from the pitcher and watered a portion of the plants in the conservatory, and set the goblet back with a gay face.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LAST.

"Effie, dear, cannot you trust me? cannot you place entire confidence in what I say? Believe me, it is only necessity that urges me—a pressing necessity, which I keep from you, for your own happiness."

"I do trust you, Cleveland; but it is so strange, when we were to have been married [illegible] so strange a step! Tell me *all*, Cleveland, or I cannot decide"

The lovers sat in a little sylvan temple which the costly taste of Mrs. Linn had caused to be erected in the centre of the grounds. It was a lovely September afternoon They supposed they were entirely alone—but Isabel, coming herself to summon the young couple to tea, heard the eager questions of the gentleman, and paused to listen outside the doorway, which was of marble in the shape of two sweet statues, with their hands linked together overhead.

"Oh, Effie, Effie! I cannot tell you anything, except that the reason is good. Do not hesitate, then—be mine to-night—and to-morrow we will be far away on our journey to a Southern home. When I tell you, Effie, that it is for your own safety and welfare, you will not refuse me."

"Leave my home, my mother, forever—be married secretly—go to the South—conceal from my mother where I am? Oh! Cleveland, it is not possible—it cannot be—"

"Speak, dearest! what do you suspect?"

"You have not by accident committed—you have not—tell me, have you committed some terrible crime?"

"Oh! Effie, then you do not confide in me, when I tell you that I have done nothing wrong. You will not place yourself in my keeping now, under circumstances a little darkened; yet in a few weeks you will trust your happiness to me. If you cannot consent *now* to give all to me, I cannot accept the gift at a more fitting time. I have told you that I have done all of this for *you*. I have made sacrifices for your happiness. I would willingly tell you all now, only that I assure you it is better that you should not know. Effie, do you not believe me?"

"I do, I do! But my mother—my desolate, lonely mother—my home—to leave them forever!"

"Do you love them better than me?"

The young girl burst into tears.

"Dearest, best beloved one," pleaded Cleveland, "it is cruel, I know, to tear you away from them. It is natural that you should hesitate. I hardly, myself, realized this, the necessity was so very great. Yet you must go; you must be mine to-night. And, if you will not feel satisfied without, you shall know the cause; though, I assure you, you would be happier in ignorance.—Yet, rather than that you should suspect me of any crime, I will tell you all."

"No, no," interrupted the lovely girl, "tell me nothing; I will trust to the words you have spoken. Heart and soul are already yours, and if you say so, to-night I will be yours."

And she hid her blushing face in his bosom, trembling and confused.

At this moment Mrs. Linn stood in the temple. A scornful smile was on her lip, and her eyes flashed fire.

"So, my grateful, loving little bird is going to fly away, is she? I shall have to fasten her cage-door to-night. Can Mr. Merefort explain the meaning of this freak?"

Effie lifted up her face, which was pale now, instead of blushing, and stood with her eyes cast down. She had always feared her mother, and as she heard her speak in that distinct and hissing tone, she clung closer to her lover. She felt that those great fiery eyes would annihilate her if she looked up.

"I cannot explain, Mrs. Linn," said the young man firmly, "you have given your child to me, and I claim her now."

"I will retract the promise then," was the disdainful reply. "I did not anticipate this; it was not part of the contract. Can you tell what one so miserably, wretchedly poor as you, is to do with that dainty, delicate, luxurious child? You are very indiscreet, Effie!" she added, with an accent of bitter scorn.

"Mother!" said that fair girl with unusual firmness, "*you* chose riches, and how are you repaid? My choice is love!" and her small hand sought that of her lover.

"Bless you, Effie," said the young man, folding his arms around her.

"Effie will stand without your aid, if you please," said the mother haughtily.

The proud man pressed the fair creature closer, and looked up at the excited woman with a calm smile.

"Henceforth her home is here," he said, with dignified tenderness.

"It is a home that ill befits the daughter of Isabel Linn," was the sneering reply. "*I have a presentiment* that *my* dainty child will not *live* very long under such gentle care." And a flash of dark triumph made the beautiful fiend look awful.

Cleveland looked steadily, in those triumphant emphasis.

"*I have a presentiment* that she will live longer even in *my* humble home, than under the care of her affectionate mother, That the potions received from David the necromancer are not healthy for such delicate creatures, let the late death of your flowers, your canaries and your lap-dog testify."

Effie looked up with a startled and terrified look, turning as white as a lilly, as she met her mother's gaze.

For a moment the betrayed and discomfited woman stood motionless, growing paler and more pale, her great, dark eyes distended and her lips parted; then pressing her hands over her mouth, as if to repress the thrilling scream which burst forth, she sunk slowly down to the floor.

"My mother!" murmured Effie, kneeling beside her, as she saw a crimson torrent of blood gush from the lips of the magnificent but fatally-thwarted woman.

The blood-vessel which burst proved fatal, the physician, speedily summoned, was unable to save her; and ere the morning broke, she was dead.

"Forgive—forgive," she faintly whispered, some hours before she expired.

And Effie and Cleveland heard her, and pressed her cold hands.

Her death was an accident—so people thought—caused by falling, and receiving an internal injury.

When the bright form of Isabel Linn was shrouded for the coffin, bitterly, bitterly Effie wept over it. She had already forgotten the great crime her mother meditated against her; and Cleveland shuddered and wept too, for Effie's sake.

The life of Isabel had been a mockery; for she worshipped riches and was rewarded accordingly. She was buried with funeral pomp, and that was the end of all. No, not yet the end; nor yet quite a mockery; for Isabel was a mother—mother to the pure, the angel-like and lovely wife of the gifted and generous Cleveland Merefort; the sweet woman who lived so many years to dispense mercies with her delicate hands.

WHAT I WOULD DO.—If I were possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution;

I would will to the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossipping women short tongues.

To young women good sense, modesty, large waists, and natural teeth.

To young sprouts or dandies, common sense, little cash and hard labor.

To old maids, good temper, smooth faces, and good husbands.

To old bachelors love for virtue, children and wives.

A good story is told of a poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, and being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him for a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying: "Sir, will you lend me six-pence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction; he then turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said; "Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you; I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money, before I pay my grog bill!"

ONE single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free. Four votes in the city of New York, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States; one vote gave us the Tariff of 1842, and one vote made the Tariff of 1846. One vote gave us Texas; made war with Mexico, slew thousands of our people, and purchased California, turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world.—*Day Book.*

CORRECT VIEW.—Mankind might do without physicians, if they would observe the laws of health; without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers, without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of Christianity; and without preachers, if each would take care of his own conscience; but there is no dispensing with the newspaper.

"A laugh is worth an hundred groans in any market," said Charles Lamb—and so say we. There never was any good resulting from despondency; and when we see a man trying to "groan" himself out of difficulties, we conclude him rather weak in the upper story. When you get into a tight place, first look things in the face, and then get out the best way you can—but don't "groan."

"Henry, you must not swear." "Father swears." "But he leaves off now." "So will I when I have swor'd as much as he has."