THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1851. VOLUME VIII. NUMBER 5.

POETRY.

Wilt thou Love her still.

Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
That over her bosom flow,
Are laced with the silvery threads of age,
And her step falls sad and slow?
Wilt then love her still, when the summer smiles
On her lips no longer live?
Through good and ill
I will love her still.
Then wilt love her still!—then our darling child
In marriage to thee we give.

Wilt thou love her still, when her changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain—
When the bosom that beats against thine own,
Throbs slow with the weight of pain?
When her silvery laugh rings out no more?
And vanished her youthful charms?
I will love her still
With right good will.
Then wilt love her still!—then our darling take
Unto thy sheltering arms.

Remember, no grief has she ever known,
Her spirit is light and free,
None other with falsetto step has pressed
In innermost shades but thee:
Wilt thou love her then when the joys of youth
With her blushing bloom depart?
Through good and ill
I'll love her still.
Then wilt love her still!—Then our loved one take
To the joy of thy noble heart.

Remember, for thee she smiling leaves
The friends of her early days,
No longer to meet their approving looks,
Or their fond, unfeigned praise,
Forgive her, then, if the tears fall fast,
And promise to love her well;
Through good and ill
I'll love her still.
Then wilt love her still!—then our darling take,
In the home of thy heart to dwell.

When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies green on her mother's breast;
When her brother's voice is no longer heard,
And her sister's hushed to rest;
O, love her then, for to thee she looks—
Her star on life's troubled sea;
With the marriage vow on her youthful lip,
Then we give our child to thee.

From the Phila. Saturday Express.

The Spot where my sister was Laid.

BY REV. WM. H. BRISBANE.

The willows are mournfully waving,
The zephyrs there pensively sigh,
And the buds and the blossoms are laving
In the stream that runs murmuring by;
And thither the little birds wing,
To settle beneath the cool shade,
And all the day long do they sing
O'er the spot where my sister was laid.

'Tis there in the sun's early gleaming,
When dew-drops are glittering bright,
And when the pale moon's mellow beaming
Bathes all with its soft silver light,
Yes, there, when the flowrets all sleep
And silence broods over the glade,
I would sit me in sorrow to weep,
O'er the spot where my sister was laid

When this vision of life shall be over;
When its vanities all disappear;
And the mantle of coolness shall cover
The form that in sorrow sits here;
Oh! then let me sleep in the grave
Which the hand of affection has made,
By the stream where the wild willows wave,
In the spot where my sister was laid.

Dare and Do.

Dare to think, though bigots frown,
Dare in words, your thoughts express,
Dare to rise when you fall down,
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart,
Dare the priceless pearl possess,
Dare to wear it next your heart,
Dare when sinners curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
Dare to walk in wisdom's way,
Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare, God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,
Do what reason says is best,
Do with willing mind and might,
Do your duty, and be blest.

THE CONSTELLATIONS OF THIS SEASON.—The Newark *Daily Advertiser*, after remarking that at no time of the year do the constellations possess the splendor as at the present season, proceeds thus: "Standing with our faces towards the south, where the "Whale" is culminating, we see the white light of "Lyre" rising in the west, with the "Great Bear" at a great distance. But it is at the east that the sky is gemmed with the most sparkling jewels of the night. The "Pleiades" lead on the host of constellations; "Aldebaran" in the "Hyades," follows close behind. Then comes the glorious "Orion," supported on one side by "Capella," and on the other by "Procyon," and the "flashing Sirius," the largest and most efficient of the heavenly myriads. Thus the gorgeous procession advances, till the morning planet ushers in the dawn."

☞ Lord Melbourne once said, "I wish I was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." There are many Tom Macaulays in the world, especially about election

MISCELLANY.

MONTROSE, Dec. 30, 1850.

Dear Sir:—In behalf of the Montrose Division of the Sons of Temperance, the undersigned respectfully request a copy of the Address delivered by you at the Convocation of the Sons of Temperance held at the Presbyterian Meeting House in this village on the evening of the 25th instant, for publication.

GEO. FULLER, J. H. DIMOCK, A. O. WARREN, } Com.

S. B. CHASE, Esq.

MONTROSE, Jan. 1, 1851.

Gentlemen:—The Address delivered by me on the occasion you refer to, though not written for the public eye, is at your disposal.—Please accept for yourselves and the Division you represent, my thanks for thus honoring me. S. B. CHASE.

Messrs. GEO. FULLER, J. H. DIMOCK, A. O. WARREN. } Com.

ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Convocation of the Sons of Temperance, in Montrose, on the evening of Christmas, 1850.

BY S. B. CHASE.

On the 26th day of June, during the past summer, was instituted the "Montrose Division" of the Sons of Temperance.

A few brave and noble hearts, sensible of the alarming strides of Intemperance, and seeing their very thresholds polluted by the Demon's footsteps; that they might by presenting a closely bound opposition, give valiant and effectual battle against this Arch—foe of the human race, and arrest him in his bold and rapid inroads; thus banded themselves together in LOVE, PURITY and FIDELITY.

That is an important step of man, especially the young and buoyant-hearted, when, feeling himself not altogether secure from the seductive influences of the enemy, he resolves to make sure and steadfast his own footing; resolves to build his own house upon a rock that he may then look around him and invite his fellows to shelter themselves from the enemy, beneath his own secure roof. Much we hear of Philanthropy; much of Patriotism.—Every anniversary of our nation's Independence calls forth eloquent harrague upon the eminent patriotism of our forefathers, and the purity and stability of our civil institutions; and these days of Jubilee are ended by toasts drank to our Country and its defenders, with that greatest enemy our Country ever knew: a foe inveterate, giving no quarter: an invader of the quiet and peace of our fireside circles, both remorseless and cruel. But in the man pledged heart and hand to the cause of Temperance, and enlisted, with all his energies, to wage war uncompromisingly against its antagonist, we see the true patriot: we say *true*, because he would remove blemishes from our National Escutcheon, by first destroying the cause: *true*, because he would do his duty as a guardian of the great tree of Liberty, by killing the poisonous worm that gnaws at its roots. It is such spirits that our country needs, and such its perpetuity requires.

We purpose not to eulogize the Sons of Temperance; indeed nothing need be said to recommend our order to general favor. Its purpose high and ennobling; its standard the only safe-guard from our common foe, total abstinence from all that intoxicates, why should it not flourish? Why should any marvel that we now see before us, so many from sister towns, in full regalia? It is no marvel when the real objects of our order, and the manner adopted to carry out those objects, become more fully known.

The Temperance Reform is no novel thing. Years since, societies organized on different principles from our own, sprung up and flourished for a season, bidding fair to be potent for good; but soon they commenced a retrogade motion, and now have nearly all disappeared. We would have nothing we may say reflect upon the efficiency of these organizations; they accomplished much good, and thousands—aye—tens of thousands of families had great reason to bless the mighty effort then made; but there was evidently some deficiency, else why were they so short-lived?—To assign all the reasons why, these so seemingly beneficial and lasting organizations, have thus declined, we cannot do; but one prominent one we believe to be, that the thousands who came up and enrolled themselves among these reformers, did so under the great and intense excitement of public and enthusiastic meetings, without the conviction, that such a step was necessary to their own safety; and without being resolved to no longer place themselves in the way of the destroyer. It is well known that under the old Temperance organizations, the masters of eloquence and oratory were secured to address the inebriate. To him all the horrors of drunkeness were portrayed in blackened colors: its devastating influence upon wealth; its destruction to the quiet and happiness of the domestic circle; and its blighting effect upon morality and Religion, all—all—were arrayed before his mental gaze, with that vividness of description which ever belongs to the practiced, imaginative speaker. His fears too were addressed in the most frightful and emphatic language.—He was told that Alcohol was living fire, fast consuming his vitals; and that soon he was to fall a victim to the devouring element. Then this dark picture, so appalling to every mind, was removed, and exhibited to his gaze a far different—a far brightier and happier one. Now appear all the glorious and blissful results of Temperance, upon the man and his beloved family: upon society and the nation. His fireside circle was represented to his fancy, as the happiest place on earth, lighted up by the brightest rays, and over-flowing with the choicest blessings of Heaven. His own elevated position among the sons of men, swaying the multitude by the fervor of his eloquence, and force of commanding talent; and raised to even the highest power in the gift of his countrymen. He was told also that Intemperance was a canker worm, infecting every part of the tree of Liberty; and that should the ghost of our fathers who planted the tree in American soil, visit us from the spirit land; they would be astonished to find no one attempting to destroy the enemy; and start back horror-stricken as they saw among those standing by, their own posterity. A firm conflict was described between King Alcohol and the friends of Temperance, and he was told that if the former ultimately gained the victory, we as a nation would sink into chaotic ruin; and existing only upon the historic page, the two simple words sung in ancient verse of Troy, would complete many a Hexameter line of poets yet to be born: If the latter then her smiles would shed around a new effulgence; and we take a stand prouder and firmer in the eyes of the world.

After thus enlisting his warmest feelings, and exciting him to the utmost, all the entrancing powers of Rhetoric and Oratory are employed to induce him to take the pledge. He is invited: he is urged: he is entreated: the orator's magic wand charms him; he yields to his persuasions and takes the all important step. Thus has he become a reformed man, and his name is blazoned forth to the world, to bring others to take the same step. For a short time he is firm and active in the cause of his espousal; but after the novelty wears away, and the prime movers in the cause have relaxed their efforts, he begins to think for himself; and as enthusiastic action must ever be followed by its corresponding re-action, so he, alas! too often comes to the conclusion that he has been humbugged, and sinks back into his bits of still greater dissipation.

How different the bond that unites the Sons of Temperance! We go to the inebriate in private, approach him, and extend our hand cordially; meeting him as a friend who feels for his safety. We talk to him, reasonably and truthfully. We point him to the objects of our band, and show him what we can do for him, if he resolves to renounce his habits, and take refuge in our circle. Then we leave him to think over the subject in his cool and impassioned moments; and if he finally consent to join us, we cheerfully receive him, if we deem his resolutions firmly fixed, and his desire to become one of our number heartfelt, ardent and sincere. But we do not leave him here, to plod his way alone along a path beset on every hand by temptation: no far from it; we go with him, and stand by him in the darker hours of affliction, lending our solace and sympathies; urging him to persevere in the noble cause, and manfully resist whenever the bitter cup of death is proffered. In sickness too we visit him, and offer our comfort and consolation: in fine his interests are our interests; and the highest aim of each member, to see how he can do most for the order and the brethren. Thus are the members of this order bound together; and thus do they bring their warmest hearts to our Common altar, ever ready to sacrifice all in their power to promote its welfare. When persons are thus connected together for any given purpose, pledged to support and sustain each other through life's bitterest storms; all their efforts can but be richly freighted with good.

Some there are who would sheer at our society, and strive to bring reproach upon its members, because it sometimes happens that a brother departs from the true, beaten path and violates the sacred vows he assumed. We do not claim perfection. True it is that sometimes members of our order violate the Pledge, and fall victims to that worst of all tyrants, an inordinate appetite. But how do such fall?—Generally through the conspired, long-plotted schemes of some few designing ones, who would, cast a stigma upon a society which wages such warfare with one of their most ardent, congenial friends. And who is there that has a heart to tempt any one, just snatched from the fangs of the enemy? Who could offer the fascinating drug, when he knows that one drop upon his tongue would place him beyond hope? Who could thus appeal to the weaker part of man, to darken all his fondest and brightest hopes? oh such a spirit is *unworthy*—UNWORTHY the human breast! If a man puts his hand into my pocket and takes my purse, or enter my shop and take my property, he steals but trash; but when in an unsuspecting moment, he persuades me to take the sparkling cup, and thus forfeit my title as a Son of Temperance, he takes a gem of priceless value. A spirit that can thus descerate the sacred altars of so noble a cause, dragging down the kid from its vestal fire, is *Cataline-like*, and needs a *Ciceronian* tongue to paint its blackness!

It might not be amiss for me to detail some of the glorious results which are to be attributed to our order; and yet it seems hardly necessary. There are none before me, who have not already witnessed them. All these noble hearts, clothed in the badge of our order, could bear hearty testimony to what has been done for them within our circle. It is a fact that tens of thousands have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of the Sons, that no other organization could reach. Talent and education, that was fast wasting away before the destroying influence of dissipation, have been saved; kind hearts and noble feelings that were being hardened by its blunting effects, have been restored, and now shine forth, shedding light to others, and fulfilling the high destiny for which they were created. It is a glad—a thrillingly glad sight to see persons reclaimed from impending ruin. If there is anything that should make the philanthropic heart rejoice, it is to see the youth, just emerging into manhood, with brilliant talent and eminent ability; with a manly and feeling heart, taken from the dangerous path of the moderate drinker, and placed upon the only safe ground. Oh to save such an one, seems doubly a work of mercy!

Intemperance has been compared to the River above Niagara Falls. Suppose a person to embark in a beautiful and apparently safe boat, at a short distance above the rapids. At first he glides along the beautiful stream smoothly and gently, and he is all entranced with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery around him; but gradually he nears the more rapid current, when his hitherto slow and easy motion is uniformly accelerated: the current hastens him on faster and faster: he nears the falls, he all the time totally unconscious of any danger; soon his bark is carried over, and he engulphed in the deep below. So the young man commences his career of Intemperance by first sipping delicately at the social glass; and goes on step by step, from bad to worse, until the habit is too firmly fixed for control, and he becomes at all times a slave to its cruel mastery.

Permit me to carry out this very appropriate figure a little farther. But a few years since the Sons of Temperance bridged over this river near the falls, upon which structure they stationed themselves, to watch for the descending barks, as they plied along the dangerous waters. As soon as one comes under the bridge they take it up, and thus prevent its destruction. Then those who are thus saved, go up the stream to warn their fellows from embarking upon the river, which at first carries them along so pleasantly and safely, but finally leads them to certain death; and thus thousands are prevented from trusting their frail barks upon a deep fraught with so imminent danger.

I would at this point answer one great objection urged against our order, namely its secrecy. This I deem it necessary. Our Constitution, and all that the world would care to see is thrown open. And as well might one urge that the Senate of the United States, should transact its most important business with open doors; as well might one say that the church should allow all its deliberations to be spread before the idle gaze of the world; as well might one say that the parent should take his child in public to correct him; as that we should allow every one to share our consultations. No society can long exist, if it allow its bitterest foe to participate in its meetings; for in such case every plan for good would be thwarted in the embryo.

The present aspect of the Temperance cause calls loudly upon all for action. A battle has long been raging between the friends and foes of Temperance. Often have their well marshalled forces met in stern conflict. Once this war was fiercer than now. The soldiers of the former have relaxed their efforts, and some we fear grounded their arms. And where we ask are those who once were so zealous in this cause? Are they asleep, when the enemy is lurking near them? when their very streets are descerated by staggering humanity?—Have they left the field, because the objects for which they associated themselves together, have been achieved. Oh no, it is not so. They have not been achieved. Go with me to the Public Inn, and you will see the decanters, radiant with the white and red liquid placed in view; you will see men walk boldly up to the counter, and take the pleasing beverage, when a few years since they would have done it clandestinely, behind some private door. This shows that once there was a *feeling*, a *current* against it, that those who indulged *could* not and *would* not withstand. Such a state of things was only brought about by the untiring and ceaseless vigilance of Temperance friends; and why have they allowed this feeling to die away, and the practice of drinking to again become fashionable? Why allow the enemy to more than gain, what he had lost? Has all organization, save that of the Sons of Temperance, been abandoned, with the idea that more can be accomplished through individual effort? This is a mistaken idea. Never—NEVER can the ravages of Intemperance be stayed by personal exertion alone. The little rills that gush from the mountain, running in separate channels soon lose themselves in the creeks upon the hill-side, or are swallowed up in the sands of the vale below; but if they take a common channel, gradually receiving accessions as their course is pursued, they soon become the purling brook, the meandering river, and finally the proud, majestic river, flowing on with all the power of collected waters, and bearing on its bosom the wealth and produce of all the surrounding region.

Who among us would think of a individual effort being able to extinguish a fire in our streets? Who does not know that a few men organized will do as much as five hundred going at random? And yet here is something worse than fire a thousand times; for it devours not houses and property merely, but men—living men—men of genius and energy, the ornaments of our society, and the stay of our civil Institutions! An alarm of fire at midnight would arouse us from the sweetest sleep in an instant; and here is a spectacle of fire in our midst, and still we remain apparent unconcern! The friends of Temperance are not energetic enough. We need the spirit of Luther, when on his way to the Diet at Worms, being met by a messenger from Spalatin, entreating him not to enter that city: "*Go tell your master*" said he, "*though there were as many Devils in Worms, as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it.*" A grandeur and earnestness of spirit is here displayed, that must ever be potent for good. And such earnestness do we all need. The demon we all so much hate, now stalks abroad in our midst, unmolested; and who will be first to buckle on his armor, and go forth to meet this enemy? Will we not stir ourselves when our very hearthstones are desecrated by this foul monster? Will we suffer the quiet and peace of our firesides to be destroyed: our families beggard: our society corrupted, and civil institutions endangered, and still fold our arms with indifference? Will not all the dormant energies of the soul be fired, when we see this poison gnawing at our very vitals? This is an issue almost of Life and Death: then up, friends, to your duty: up and drive this monster from your midst; and the choicest blessings of Heaven will amply repay you.

Brethren of the order. Designated by the Division of this place to represent them on this occasion, it may not be inappropriate to extend on their behalf, our most hearty congratulations to our sister Divisions, who have cheered our hearts by their presence. Right welcome have you been to our midst. To those battling for the right, companions to cheer and congratulate, ever kindle anew their energies, and prepare them for new duty in their favorite cause. Brethren; you have embarked in a noble enterprise: it is the cause of humanity—a cause that will ever receive the most benignant smiles of Heaven. Yes, ours is a noble cause: our barks are launched upon a stream, that will lead us to a haven of safety. True a large and extensive field lies before us; yes, there is much before us to do; and it were strange—strange indeed if we were not sometimes almost disheartened. But be not so; for if we are ever active and true, the darkest clouds will soon be dissipated. We have an object before us: let us aim at it; and though it is high, we will attain it.

So long as Temperance places an object brightly gleaming in the horizon, so long as the distant sky is decked with the delicate hues of purpose and radiance of hope, toil, hard unremitting toil is a pleasure; and ever cheerful and light hearted we will pass heedlessly over barren waste, and ascend every rugged mountain with a joyful ardor: but now suppose that brilliant star blotted out from the sky: suppose the lustre of the horizon to have faded into the dark and gloomy shades of evening; suppose the pursuit without object, and the blood which bright hope had sent merrily through the veins to gather and thicken around the drooping heart; then it is that the demons of vice and intemperance riot and celebrate, in joyous festival, their triumph over us: then it is that virtue and talent become idle instruments that soon wane and die.

The Power of Beauty.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

There seems no reason why the Book of Ruth should have been written, except to show the lineage of David. It is simply a sweet pastoral, a truthful tale, embodying the finest sentiments, and placing before us, in attractive colors, a young, lovely and beautiful woman. It is a character in domestic life, told with charming simplicity, and awakening in the reader feelings of the purest and noblest kind.—To one who reads the Bible in course, it comes like a sudden yet sweet surprise. The sterner feelings of his nature have been roused by the turbulent scenes of the Book of Judges. Fierce battles, private murders, terrific slaughters, have followed each other in rapid succession. One of the last scenes dwelt upon was the violent death of an unchaste woman, whose dismembered body was sent in bleeding fragments throughout the land, like the fiery cross of Scotland, to call men to arms, followed by slaughter of a hundred thousand men, whose corpses strewed the field—the whole closed by the forcible seizure of women for wives, like the rape of the Sabines.

From such a succession of horrors, the reader comes upon the simple and gentle story of Ruth, like one who emerges from an Alpine gorge, black with thunder clouds, and filled with the roar of mad torrents, upon a little green pasturage, slumbering in the embrace of hills, along whose quiet surface herds lazily recline, or slowly wander, while the tinkling of bells mingling with the murmur of the streamlet, charms the soul into pleasure, seeming, from the very contrast, doubly sweet.

No novelist has ever been able, with his utmost efforts, to paint so lovely, so perfect a character, as this simple story represents.—From first to last, Ruth appears before us, endowed with every virtue and charm that render a woman attractive. Naomi's husband was a man of wealth, and left Bethlehem to escape the famine that was wasting the land. In Moab he found plenty; and there, with his wife and two sons, who married Ruth and Orpha, lived awhile and died. In the course of ten years, the two sons died also, and then poor Naomi, broken-hearted, desolate, and poor, resolved to return and die in her native land. How touching her last interview with her daughters-in-law, when she bade them farewell, and prayed, that as they had been kind to her and her dead sons, so might the Lord be kind to them. Surprised that they refused to leave her, she reasoned with them, saying that she was a widow and childless, and to go with her was to seek poverty and exile in a strange land. She could offer them no home, and perhaps the Jewish young men would scorn their foreign birth, and when she died, none would be left to care for them or protect them them. There they had parents, brothers, and friends, who would protect them. On the one hand, were rank in society and comfort, on the other disgrace and poverty. Orpha felt the force of this language and turned back; but Ruth still clinging to her, Naomi declared that it was the act of folly and madness to follow the fortunes of one for whom no bright future was in store, no hope this side the grave. She sought only to see the place of her childhood once more, and then lie down where the palm trees of her native land might cast their shadows over her place of rest.

"Go back," said she, "with thy sister-in-law." She might as well have spoken to the rock—that gentle being by her side, all shrinking timidity and modesty, whose tender feelings the slightest breath could agitate, was immovable in her affections. Her eye would sink abashed before the bold look of impertinence, but with her bosom pressed on one she loved, she could look at death in its grimmest forms unappalled. Fragile as the bending willow she seemed, but in her true love, firm as the rooted oak. The hand of violence might crush, but never loosen her gentle clasp. With those white arms around her mother's neck, and her breast heaving convulsively, she sobbed forth, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried—*naught but death shall part us!*"

Beautiful and brave heart! home and friends and wealth, nay, the gods she had been taught to worship, were all forgotten in the warmth of her affection. Tearful yet firm, "Entreat me not to leave thee," she said; "I care not for the future; I can bear the worst, and when thou art taken from me, I will linger about thy till I die, and then the stranger shall lay me by thy side." What could Naomi do but fold the beautiful being to her side and be silent, except as tears gave utterance to her emotions. Such a heart outweighs the treasures of the world, and such absorbing love, truth and virtue, make all the accomplishments of life appear worthless in comparison.

The two unprotected women took their journey on foot toward Bethlehem. It was in latter part of the summer, and as they wandered along the roads, and through the fields of Palestine, Ruth, by a thousand winning ways, endeavored to cheer her mother! Naomi was leaving behind her the graves of those she loved, and, penniless and desolate, returning to the place which she had left with her husband and two manly sons, and loaded with wealth, and hence a cloud hung upon her spirit. Yet, in spite of her grief she was often compelled to smile through her tears, and struggled to be cheerful, so as not to sadden the heart of the unselfish, innocent being by her side. And at fervid noon, when they sat down beneath the shadowy palm, to take their frugal meal, Ruth hastened to the neighboring rill for a cooling draught of water for her mother, and plucked the sweetest flowers to comfort her.

Thus, day after day, they traveled on, until at length, one evening, just as the glorious sun of Asia was stooping to the western horizon the towers of Bethlehem arose in sight. Suddenly a thousand tender associations, all that she had possessed and all that she had lost, the past and the present, rushed over her broken spirit, and she knelt, and prayed, and wept.—"Call me not," said she to the friends of her early days, who accosted her as she passed through the gates, "Call me not Naomi, or the pleasant, but Mara, *bitter*, for the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me."

Here again Ruth's character shone forth in its loveliness. She was not one of those all sentiment and no principle; in whom devotion is mere romance and self-sacrifice expends itself in poetic expressions. Though accustomed to wealth, and all the attention and respect of a lady of rank, she stooped to the service of a menial in order to support her mother. With common hirelings she entered the field as a gleaner, and without a murmur trained her delicate hands to the rough usage of a day laborer. At night, her earnings were poured with a smile into the lap of her mother; and living wholly in the world of love, was unmindful of everything else. Boaz saw her amid the gleaners, and struck with her modest bearing and beauty, inquired who she was. On being told, he accosted her kindly, saying he had heard of her virtues, her devotion to her mother, her self sacrifices, and invited her that day to dine at the common table. With her long dark locks falling in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and her cheek crimson with her recent exertions and the excitement at finding herself opposite the rich landlord, in whose fields she had been gleaning, and who helped her at table as his guest, sat the impersonation of beauty and loveliness. That Boaz was fascinated by her charms as well as by her character, was evident. He had watched her deportment, and saw how she shunned the companionship of the young men who sought her acquaintance, and of whose attentions her fellow laborers would have been proud. Nothing was too humble, if it ministered to her mother's comfort; but beyond that, she condescended to nothing that was inconsistent with her birth. Whether abashed by his looks or embarrassed by his attentions, or from her native delicacy of character, she arose from the table before the rest had finished, and retired. After she had left, Boaz told the young men to let her take from the sheaves without rebuke, and then, as if suddenly recollecting how different she was from the other gleaners, and that every sheaf was as safe where she trod as it would have been in his own granary, he bade them drop handsfull by the way, which she, wondering at their carelessness, picked up.—At sunset, she beat it out and carried it to her mother. Naomi, surprised at the quantity, questioned her closely as to where she had gleaned, and when Ruth told the history of the day, the fond mother divined the whole. Her noble and lovely Ruth had touched the heart of one of her wealthy kinsmen, and she waited the issue.

The long conversation they held together, and the struggles of the beautiful Moabitess, before she could bring herself to obey her mother and lie down at the feet of Boaz, thus claiming his protection and love, are not recorded. Custom made it proper and right, but we venture to say that Ruth never passed a more unpleasant night than that. Her modesty and delicacy must have kept her young heart in a state of agitation that almost mocked her self control. The silent appeal, however, was felt by her rich relative, and he made her his wife. The devotion to her helpless mother, her self-humiliation in performing the office of menial, the many heart-aches caused by the rough shocks she was compelled from her very position, to receive, at length met with their reward. Toiling through the sultry day, and beating out her hard earnings at night, the only enjoyment she had known was the consciousness that by her exertions Naomi lived. It had been difficult, when weary and oppressed, to give a cheerful tone to her voice, so as not to sadden her anxious mother-in-law; but still the latter saw that the task she had voluntarily assumed was too great, and therefore, at length, claimed from Boaz the obligations of a kinsman. Love, however, was stronger than those claims, and he took Ruth to his bosom with the strong affection of a noble and generous man. She thus arose at once to the rank for which she was fitted; and in time the beautiful gleaner of the fields of Bethlehem became the great-grandmother of the King of Israel.

TRIFLING WITH FEMALE FEELING.

BY HORACE DRESSER.

Duplicity under any circumstance, never fails to engender in the mind of the frank, honest and ingenious, a feeling of deep disapprobation. Accustomed in their own conduct to put that construction and interpretation on words and actions, which usage under the circumstances of the case, and legitimate inference, universally allow, they are slow to tolerate a departure from the same to others. The acuteness of this feeling is in exact proportion to the degree of their frankness, honesty and ingenuousness; and its depth correspondent to the discrimination exercised in refusing their assent to conduct which they condemn. He, whose shuffling actions and ambiguous words affect only the sordid interests and relations of man, sinks in their esteem proportionally to the value placed upon the object affected by such conduct. If property in goods and chattles only, be the end to be obtained by such means, they involuntarily feel strong to approve. But how much stronger are their feelings, and with how much more intensity burns their indignation, when the fresh, pure, priceless, unsullied and unpractised affections of woman's heart, are taken captive by the artful double dealing barterer in false and spurious pretensions.

In matters of such moment as the enlistment of the love of a female, it would seem that no one could so far forget his humanity, as deliberately and with set purpose, to kindle and foster and encourage an affection which is intended never to be reciprocated by conjugal vows. But there are and have been, who have delighted to impassion the soul and secure its idolatry, for no higher purpose than the ascertainment of their powers over the heart, or the indulgence of a fitfulness of fancy, or freakishness of gallantry. Practiced in the school of deception, they are careful that their language be susceptible of no positive signification. Although the gift be offered under circumstances strongly marked, and which can be construed into nothing but a token of love and affection, yet cautiously is the victim charged to receive it only as a fraternal obligation. Their every movement is indicative of some reservation and their declarations always seasoned, with with something of obscurity. Nothing is palpable—nothing is tangible; concealment of purpose, darkness of design, softness of insinuendo, are the traits which make their character.

Their answer, like those of the oracles of the ancients, clothed with by-told meaning, and uttered with Delphic uncertainty. Aware that, though love is fabled blind, it is no less fact than reality, they too often, therefore gain the vantage ground, and conquer only to batten in triumph and ignoble victory.

Too often is there painful evidence that one skilled in the legerdemain of love, can come off victorious over the female heart that is unsuspicious, and untaught of the disastrous consequences of credulity, without uttering a syllable that shall in the least expose him to the amercements of the law. Though black with hatefulness and depravity, chameleon like, he can appear bright and beautiful in the assemblage of graces which is clustered upon him. Though the features of his character may resemble the hideous visage of the veiled prophet of Korassan, yet he may still, like him, draw innocence and purity around himself to offer up their love and adoration. Without a pra-