

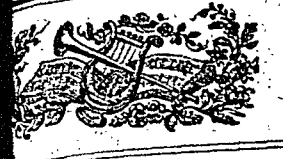
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POETRY.

An Old Maple Tree.

BY MISS J. M. DIXON.

From my childhood,
I had seen you grow tall,
And your branches were
laden with thoughts of
peace and of olden times,
When my heart I strayed
To the quietude of
your soft breathings,
And your arms were
spread around me,
And my weary soul
found rest in your
bosom, and my
sorrow was
quenched in your
kindness.

MISCELLANY.

HETTY AND NELL; OR THE FACTORY GIRLS.

BY MRS. C. W. DENNISON,
Author of "Gertie's Run," &c. &c.

(Continued.)

The daughters of the merchant Laplace were not at school the next day. They were humbled to the dust; and their capricious mother was almost a maniac. Nell and Hetty were summoned from their studies; and they bounded with light hearts into the parlor where sat the widow. They wondered at her sorrowful countenance, and the smiles faded on their own lips as she spoke to them. By the time she had announced that they were destitute, they turned pale, and were for a moment almost stupefied at the sudden news. Hetty burst into a passion of tears and walked the room, raving incoherently and wringing her hands, she had in fact no command over herself. Nell, on the contrary, though her colorless lips told of her deep emotion, sat perfectly still; and calmly gathered from the widow all the extent of her misfortune. Then rising she strove to twine her arms around the neck of her sister, beseeching her to be more composed. "We are not entirely helpless," she exclaimed; "think dear Hetty, we have good health, hands strong to work, and hearts brave to endure. It is not so bad as if we were to never poor, Hetty; we have known sorrow, been intimate with poverty."

my engagement with Mr. Rolliston. It will be a year and a half before our marriage, and he wants some young man in the meantime as assistant clerk, so that he can fit him to take his place, for he is going to leave Lowell then. Now I know Conner to be so remarkable for almost every virtue, that I speak of him as a fitting person for so responsible an office; and I urged his claims with all the eloquence I could master; and Mr. Rolliston is very anxious to engage him. Perhaps cousin gets better wages; he will have six dollars weekly here—but, then you know, the fine prospect of advancement. I think it would be the making of him to come; and the employment is sure."

There's the dark side, Conner; you will grope in the shade, while I always seek my way in the clear sunshine. There is nothing I regret leaving, but—the grave of your poor father; his voice grows softer. Relatives we have none within many thousand miles, except Anna, so you see it will be so very hard for me. Now sit right down and answer the letter, you will know just what to say, and I will go to Miss Mott's and see if I can put a little hope in Nell and Hetty;" continued the widow, arranging her well worn shawl; Nell, God bless her, is not above work; Hetty has a deal of pride, foolish pride, I can't help thinking.

"Ah! thought Nell; if I was as dearly loved as you are by Conner Lee, I would go to a wilderness, an underground cavern, and find contentment—happiness there. But it is often that love is planted in an uncongenial soil; for you, Hetty, I am sure you do not love him."

"I wish they were going to work with me," exclaimed Lizzie Lewis. "You needn't for of course they will go where they put all new comers," said Miss Green, "under the superintendence of saintly Hannah Meredith."

"I am sure we shall never need friends while Mrs. Lee and Conner are with us."