The Montrose Democrat.

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

B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1851. VOLUME VIII. NUMBER 45

POETRY.

Beddoes' Poems.

From a dramatic fragment called the "Second Brother."

NOTHING ALONE

All round and through the spaces of creation
Nothing place of the least air, or earth,
Or sea, invisible, untrod, unraimed on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird.
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursue the summer,—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,
Who winds him thrice around this planet's waist.
Lithy itself in joy or suffering.

LOVE.

O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks!
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is one thing less divine than divine life
To the unmade! Love? Do I love? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in a glory.

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening, so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treasure herein
[water]
Close to the golden welcome of its heart—
Delighting in the touch of that which fed
The shower of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring.

THE IMPARTIAL BANQUET.

The unfashionable worm.
Respecting less of the crown-illumined brow,
To cheat the bewitchment, or the sceptred clench:
With no more eyes than Love, creeps courtier-like
On his belly to his foot,—no matter
How clad or nicknamed it might stint above,
What age to sex—it is his dinner-time

ARGUMENT FOR MERCY.

I have a plea.
As dewy-pitcous as the gentle ghost's
That sits alone upon the forest grave
Thinking of no revenge; I have a mandate,
As magical and potent as e'er ran
Silently through a battle's myriad veins,
Unclothing their fingers from the hanging steel,
And drew them up in prayer; I AM A WOMAN.
O mother-ly-remembered be the name,
And, with the thought of loves and sisters sweet
And comforting.

HATE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND [illegible]

Better than were the brook [illegible], a man of the same getting:
That sat on the same lump of sunny Nile,
Rose up purple-winged butterfly
And acrid serpent crawls.

A LOFTY MIND.

His thoughts are so much higher than his state,
That, like a mountain hanging o'er a hut,
They chill and darken it.

DONA DE SORTUIS.

Ay, ay; good man, kind father, best of friends—
There are the words that grow, like grass and
[nettles,]
Out of dead men, and speckled hundreds hide,
Like toads, among them.

From the *Second Brother* we pass to *Torrismond*, which the principal incident is a disagreement between a loving but hasty and injudicious father, and an over-indulged, but high spirited and generous son. With this to mark the extracts we give will sufficiently explain themselves.

INDULGED PASSIONS.

—The young lord
Whose veins are stretched by passions hottest
Tied to no law except his lawless will, [wine]
Changes and riots headlong through the world:—
Like a young dragon, on Hesperian berries
Unpitied fed, who dashes through the air
Tossing his wings in gambols of desire,
And breaking raincloads with his bulging breast.
Trained he been from boy to youth and manhood,
Reproved then favored; threatened, next forgiven;
Renounced, to be embraced—

A LOVER'S VEHEMENT PROTESTATION.

I will not swear, for thou dost know that easy;
But put me to the proof, say, "Kill thyself!"
I will outlabor Hercules in will,
And in performance, if that waits on will.
Shall I fight sword-less with a youthful lion?
Shall I do aught that I may die in doing?
Or were it possible for such an angel,
I almost wish thou hadst some impious task,
That I might act it and be damned for thee.

INTERCESSION BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SON.

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours; for think your morning
Not lost, but given; passed from your hands to his
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age.
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my younger master,
Remember there's a kind of God in him;
And, after heaven, the next of thy religion,
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made the world for thee in making thee.

THE LABOR OF LIFE.

What shall we do?—why all,
How many things, sir, do men live to do?
The mighty labor is to die; we'll do't.

A DISINHERITED SON.

O father, father! must I have no father?
To think how I shall please, to pray for him,
To spread his virtues out before my thoughts,
Act as my soul in order after them?
To dream, and talk of in my dreaming sleep?
If I hate children, and they question me
Of him who was to me as I to them;
Who taught me love, and sports, and childish lore;
Who taught me love, and sports, and childish lore;
Placed smiles where tears had been; who bent his
[talk,]
That it might enter my low apprehension,
And laughed when words were lost.

MISCELLANY.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

HETTY AND NELL;
OR THE FACTORY GIRLS.

BY MRS. C. W. DENNISON;
Author of "Gertrude Russell," &c. &c.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1850, by T. S. Arthur & Co., in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Published in the Democrat by permission.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning after Miss Green's conversation with Nell, the mill was visited by strangers. This was not an unusual occurrence; for nearly every week people from different parts of the States, and indeed from other countries, came to behold this wonderful mart of industry, and departed admiring the excellent arrangements visible in every part of these vast structures, and the beauty, and intelligence of the girls. Conspicuous among the present party, were two gentlemen, very elegant in personal appearance. One of them had the fair complexion, and blue eyes of the English Isle, and moreover, cultivated a very superb mustachio, which did not conceal a good mouth, although, as is usually the case, it was no improvement to a really handsome, but rather supercilious face. They passed along, commenting on the delightful order everywhere apparent, and lastly, came to the side where Nell and Hetty stood working away, busily.

'That is she, that is she,' whispered one of the young gents, in a subdued tone, arresting the attention of the lady who accompanied him, and nodding to Hetty, who, all unconscious of the admiring gaze fixed upon her, stood at the loom, attired in a delicate pink lawn, a little cap of paper, which some one had sportively placed upon her luxuriant tresses, rather adorning, than marring her pretty head.

Suddenly, as if attracted by some magnetic influence, she turned around and beheld the eyes of the whole party fixed upon her. She blushed, beautifully, but gracefully, (even in her embarrassment) resumed her occupation, as if wholly intent upon it. But she could not mistake the earnest, watchful glance of Horace Atherton—for it was he, true to his promise. The peculiar expression with which he regarded her, haunted, and flattered her. Casually looking across the room, a few moments after, she encountered the same gaze of admiration, for Horace stood, hand in hand, apparently scrutinising the machinery, but, in reality, scanning her youthful face.

'That is the mill beauty,' said his companion to Horace, as they slowly passed by her; 'she is quite a noted personage in Lowell, for she is aware of her good looks, and makes the most of them.'

'And who is the elegant in waiting?' asked the Englishman, lisping affectedly and smoothing his mustachio.

'That is her sister, I believe,' answered the lady, with one of her sweetest smiles.

'Ah! she is very elegant—very queen like, upon my soul—I was not aware there was so much real beauty in your factories;' and he laughed lightly. 'I am infinitely obliged to my friend, Mr. Atherton, for bringing me to Lowell—I should have missed a great sight, truly. Atherton—he exclaimed, when they had waited upon the ladies home, 'I have thought of a little pastime, very innocent, really; it is, that we make a little love to these charming mill-girls, while we stay here; no doubt we could initiate ourselves into their good graces.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Atherton, drawing himself up to his utmost height. 'I am not in the habit of trifling with the affections of any woman, more especially one who is dependent upon her own labor, for her daily bread.'

The Englishman lifted his eye brows significantly. 'Very virtuous, very consistent, upon my word, Mr. Atherton. Who hinted a trifling with any ones affections? I only meant, let's make ourselves agreeable; a little pleasant friendship, you know, a pretty, sentimental, rural attachment to these city shepherdesses, would break up the monotony of our visit—you understand. If we find that we are innocently going too far, that they are getting too deeply interested in us, why! there's nothing easier than to break—and no harm on either side.'

Atherton, with all his audacity, was almost disgusted, at the man's cool impudence.

'Why! Atherton, man,' he continued, 'you haven't travelled enough; you should go to France, and get finished; you wouldn't think much of these little matters, after that.'

'No doubt of it;' replied Horace, 'there's a vast difference in morals, in the two countries; but a man in getting polished there, according to the French notion of refinement, has too often something besides the rust of ignorance rubbed off; what he gains in knowledge, he loses in innocence.'

'Well done! a madcap like yourself, turned moralist. What has come over you?'

Horace did not answer; but took from his pocket, a small, richly gilt miniature.

'The pretty girl of the factory, as I live; by what hocus-pocus did you contrive to get this? Did she give it to you?'

'We never met before to-day,' answered Horace, smiling at his companion's surprise.

'Well, well; here is a mystery. I thought you was smitten to-day—but—I don't understand this.'

'It was copied from a portrait which resembles her very much, and which struck my fancy.'

'Coincidence; ah!' remarked the Englishman, incredulously, eyeing his friend with a keen glance. 'It is quite romantic, perhaps you fell in love with the picture.'

'Perhaps I did;' said Horace, laughingly.

'Then don't tempt your fate by getting acquainted with her; you might be foolish enough to marry her; you Americans are so very moral,' he said sneeringly; 'leave this pretty girl to me; I'll manage her, without breaking her heart, or mine either.'

An angry flush mantled Atherton's whole face.

'Our mill girls are not like the machinery they control, he said, haughtily; 'remember they have minds and souls.'

'Well, don't get mad, Atherton,' exclaimed the other, laughing heartily. 'I'll let *your* beauty alone. But you remember the girl beside her, her sister; I tell you she has the bearing of a queen; she's proud, I'll be bound; just you see before two weeks pass, if I don't make a conquest. But, Horace,' he added quickly, not noticing the curl on Atherton's lip, 'you don't mean that you, moving in the society you do, would marry a factory girl, do you?'

The young man was very proud, boasting often of his aristocratic lineage, and he was quite too sensitive to the opinions of others; therefore, instead of answering, as his heart for the moment, prompted, he remarked quietly, that he did not think; he would; but added, that some of the women there were of as good families as himself, and had moved in as refined circles; he did not consider that being factory girls made them any the less estimable.

'Ah! republican notions! well, you have a right to your way of thinking—I to mine.—Adieu till noon—but, bear in mind what I told you, my boast, you may call it, if you like.'

Conner and his mother sat chatting together in the pleasant hour of twilight. Conner's face looked happy, almost radiant; he was telling of Hetty.

'Well, Conner,' said Mrs. Lee slowly, 'I'm very glad for you, that I am; but I can't help wishing it had been Nell, the noble minded Nell. But as long as Hetty loves you, why, I ought to be content—only, isn't she getting some extravagant notions, lately?'

'Why mother, those silks were given her by Laplace before they came here; Nell told me so herself; and surely, Hetty is to be somewhat excused—for she is so pretty; I hardly wonder she likes admiration.'

'Not half so lovely as her sister in my eyes,' said Mrs. Lee; 'and beside, beauty is not going to give happiness; I don't want to prejudice you against your choice; but dont you see that Hetty is getting a little heartless?'

'It is because you fancy so much perfection in Nell, mother; you have no love to bestow on Hetty.'

'No, no; I love Hetty, dearly; but I couldn't help thinking, when she came in from church yesterday with that rich watered silk on, that she looked more fitted to be the wife of a millionaire than of my poor son, who has to support his old mother; and the thought gave me pain.'

Conner's heart felt uneasy for a moment, spite of himself. He had noticed two strangers watch her intently at church; he had seen Hetty, (parently pleased with it,) he had marked them following the sisters home; and then gazing with significant scrutiny at their boarding house.

'But, after all,' said Mrs. Lee, making his altered manner, perhaps it is only my imagination. I am afraid that Hetty will get talked about for dressing so richly. Make all she could, it would be impossible for her to purchase gowns that would cost from forty to fifty dollars; and she can't run all over the mill to let her companions know where she got them, even if her pride could allow her. She is a poor, motherless child, and I regard it as a merciful providence that both she and Nell have been so wonderfully kept from temptation, with the early training they had. Nell is certainly the most prudent, and oh! she looks so much like dear, Conner, more thoughtful and so retiring. I am going to talk like a mother to Hetty, and urge her to lay aside those gay dresses, till my son becomes a man of wealth and influence, as I am sure he will.'

'I am sorry, mother,' said Conner, in a grieved tone, 'that you seem to have taken so deep a dislike to poor Hetty.'

'Bless you, my son,' said the widow, looking up quickly from the garment she was at work upon—'my dear Conner, I wouldn't have you imagine for a moment that I dislike Hetty. What! no, my child—I'm surprised you should think so; I do like her—I should love her for your sake, even if she was not dear to me for her own; you know I would Conner.'

'Still I wish you loved her better,' said Conner, only half satisfied.

'And I wish my foolish tongue had kept quiet. I don't think, after all, that there are many more good traits in Nell than in Hetty. You know it is mere fancy—now don't feel hurt, I'm sure I'm sorry I said anything about it. I'm perfectly satisfied as long as you love her; they are both dear, good girls. Now Conner, don't think any more about it.'

But Conner could not help thinking about it; he loved his mother devotedly, and he could not bear that she should look upon Hetty with much less affection than himself. He had invested Hetty with all the virtues. She was to his dazzled vision a very paragon of perfection—although he did feel a little tried sometimes—because she seemed to seek notice; but he attributed it to her youth and the possession of peculiar beauty. He would as soon have doubted his existence as to doubt her faith, her truth, for one moment. The possibility that she could be false to him never occurred to his mind; he was the soul of honor, and he judged her by himself.

'Rollston and cousin Lizzie are to be married soon,' said Conner, cheerfully, after a long silence, 'and I am to take Rollston's place; for he is going to Lawrence, where he can be considerably advanced.'

'That's good news,' exclaimed the widow, looking delighted; 'and the salary will be—I forget what you told me, Conner.'

'Eight hundred a year.'

'O! what a snug sum. It will seem like a little fortune for us, and you are saving something, now.'

'Yes; by your economy, mother.'

'What do you sigh for, Conner,' asked the widow, after a long, long pause.

'I was thinking how little leisure I have for study.'

'Why bless me, Conner, you are at your books every moment, now; studying Latin and German. I should think they would be enough for you at one time; what more do you want?'

'I want to study law, and I tell you that in confidence.'

'Why, Conner—'

'Yes; I dont want to delve all my days, as clerk, or even overseer; for I feel I have talent and can rise—yet I am now twenty-one, and no fair prospect of such a thing.'

'O! that need not discourage you, at all;' exclaimed his mother, hopefully, for she had always fostered his ambition. 'Your mind will be riper, your memory more retentive, and you will have perfected yourself, perhaps, in many studies, which you are now only commencing—but have a care, Conner, I fear sometimes your close application may injure your health.'

'He does, indeed, look paler than usual to night, my brave boy,' thought the widow, blessing God for the gift of such a son.

'I may get money and leisure enough, by and by, to go into an office with some good lawyer, and with diligence—who knows but I may be somebody, yet? I hope I shall, for Hetty's sake.'

'What kind of a housekeeper do you think Hetty will make?'

'A sorry one at first, mother; but she is so ready, so quick, under your tuition it will not be a great while before she becomes quite expert.'

Mrs. Lee sighed, very cautiously. She could not see how Hetty so gay, so fond of pleasure, could bring her mind down to domestic duties.

On the same evening, how different were Hetty's thoughts as she sat alone in her chamber. The full moon shone in, and the white coverlids on the bed and table gave an air of neatness to the scantily furnished room. It was the apartment formerly occupied by Miss Green, but as one of her married brothers was to take her home as soon as she should be able to bear the fatigue. Nell had petitioned for her room; for she thought nightly, that she would be able to do much more of her own private work there, and also to overlook her sister and give her the advice and council she needed.

It was a small square chamber, with three pine chairs, a strip of common carpeting in the centre, which the sisters had purchased to make it more comfortable for the winter.—There was no paper on the walls, but they were dazzlingly white, and, as the house was comparatively new, scrupulously clean. A half muslin curtain ornamented the window, which looked out upon the pretty mill stream, and around the walls hung many a little gem of Nell's genius, some in narrow wooden frames, some in frames of home construction.

On the table lay a sketch book, and a volume of poems, many of which the indefatigable Nell had delineated with consummate skill. An unfinished drawing, with crayon lying upon it, rested on the cover of the portfolio, and its beauty would have challenged the admiration of many an experienced artist.—Down stairs, the girls were congregated in the sick room, for their usual weekly literary recreation, and Nell was there, too; and so Hetty was alone in the cosy little chamber. She had thrown off her day dress, and arrayed herself in a loose robe of thin texture, suited to the extreme sultriness of the weather. Her hair was glossy, as if recently wet with cooling water, and was pressed tightly back from her fair brow, and looped up on the top of her head; for her ringlets fell too heavily around her neck and shoulders for comfort. A beautiful fabric lay shining on the bed, a piece of delicate silk, which Hetty had reserved for her wedding dress.

Her wedding dress! how her heart ached, as she looked at it. Could it be possible that she had pledged her word to Conner Lee?—That in a few short months she must be his bride? 'Fool, that I was, for vanity's sake, to lead him so far;' she murmured, as she pressed her hands tightly over her face. 'And yet, why do I not love him? there is the mystery I cannot solve. Is it because we were so long acquainted, that he seems more like a brother? I used to love him better than now. I have been prouder of his attentions. He is regarded him with a passion, a devotion. Or, if he was rich, may be—but I will banish so sordid a motive. I wonder who the strangers that followed Nell home, are? How distinguished they looked; how handsome they are! Ah! if Conner only had such an air, and as she mused, her heart leaped wildly; and she found herself endeavoring to call up the features, the impressive manner, of him who had so singularly regarded her. Take care, Hetty! It is dangerous tampering with such thoughts.

Occasionally, a hearty peal of laughter floated up to her quiet room, and she would wonder how it was possible for any one to laugh so loud and merry. Then she recollected, that often when her heart was heaviest, her mirth was most boisterous; and she wondered if any one down there, could possibly be so unhappy as she.

She would have answered her own question in the negative, had she looked in upon them. They had all met silent upon amusing the poor invalid, who reclined, supported by pillows, on her low couch in the centre of the room. The chairs of the party were drawn up around her, and the table and lamps, with the judges of competition, the officers of the society, and so forth, were in the rear, that the light might be more subdued for her accommodation.

The compositions were all amusing, some of them ludicrous to the extreme. Many a queer riddle was offered for solution; and it was at the witty answers they provoked, that ever and anon, a simultaneous burst of merriment issued from thirty or forty pairs of lungs, throwing their echoes up into the fourth story, into poor Hetty's melancholy ears.

Nell had noticed her sister's unusual dejection that day, and, after enjoying the 'good time,' not 'coming,' let already there, she moved noiselessly from the room, and glided up to the unhappy girl.

'Now, Hetty, you really provoke me?' she exclaimed, as she gazed at her sister's sad face. 'Come, I will have to scold you, if you mope thus, for I must confess, I see no reason for this continued fretting; come, if you love me, do go down stairs and see what fine times they are having.'

'Don't ask me,' replied Hetty; 'look at my dress.'

'It is well enough; many of the girls have on just such ones; you look delightfully cool.'

'I feel so unhappy,' said Hetty with strong emphasis, and she looked just ready to burst into tears.

'You make trouble for yourself, Hetty,' said Nell, sadly. 'If I had as much cause for joy as you have,' and a grieved expression settled upon her face.

'Why, Nell—you cannot be unhappy,' exclaimed Hetty, with emphasis.

'If I am, I keep my sorrow to myself.'

'Why, Nell, so can have sorrow,' exclaimed Hetty again, in a tone of still greater surprise, 'you seem so calm and contented all the time.'

'I have had to,' said Nell, in a tone of deep emotion.

'You; I would never have dress-it—you are so unselfish. I wish I was like you, but I never shall be; it's no use to try. Do tell me Nell, if you could possibly, be given you sorrow?'

'Not now Hetty;—perhaps in years to pass, I may; but not now, for work. You will come down with me, won't you, and come into the parlor and play; come—it's a long time since I have heard any of my favorite airs; then, after that, you will perhaps take up your mind to go into the circle, you know what a pleasant time they're having,' and very reluctantly Hetty allowed herself to be conducted down into the parlor. She forced animation, seated herself at the piano, while her sister selected some songs from a huge pile of music, and placed them before her, becoming interested, she played with spirit, and sang a familiar and beautiful duett with Nell. They had got but half through, when a deep, low voice near the window, exclaimed, 'Beautiful.'

Both sisters turned in time to catch a glimpse of the mysterious strangers, who were gazing in at the window; but as soon as they were noticed, they disappeared. Hetty blushed and silently; Nell turned pale, and snatched the music from the piano.

'Who can they be?' murmured Hetty, wonderingly.

'No gentlemen,' said Nell, in a suppressed but angry voice than was usual with her—'not gentlemen, or they would not so far have departed from the rules of good breeding, as to gaze in other people's windows.'

'They fairly persecute us,' said Hetty; but she did not seem at all angry.

'Yes; and I will let them know I think so, too; pretty soon,' answered Nell, who was really indignant. 'It is insulting for any man to act in such a manner. By and by, the other girls will notice it; our characters will be injured through their impertinence. Some of the girls have already spoken of their unusual behaviour. By and by, they will think us in league with them.'

'They cannot,' said Hetty, confidently, as Nell angrily threw down the window, and adjusted the curtains so that nothing could be visible from without.

'Yes they might Hetty.'

'They don't look like bad men,' murmured Hetty.

'Ay! Hetty, little we can judge by looks. When the sea is calm, we think it is very beautiful, but we forget that the wrecks of mighty ships, and fair forms lie in its dread bosom. We forget how many hopes, how many lost treasures, how many horrible monsters, its deceitful arms embrace. One of these men, my heart tells me, is a designing fellow.'

'Which one?' asked Hetty, timidly, and busying herself with her music.

'Tie one with the mustachio; I judge by his appearance that he is a foreigner.'

'What do you think of the other? he certainly has an innocent face,' Hetty blushed.

Nell gazed searchingly into her sister's eyes; and that only made the crimson more vivid.

'O! Hetty,' said Nell imploringly, 'don't encourage either of them by look or action.—I knew there is some meaning in their glances at us; but I fear their motives are bad. Do not let vanity carry you so far. I must speak plainly, Hetty. These men by their dress and bearing, would seem to be wealthy; and they think that we poor girls are easily tempted by the glitter of gold. Let us frown upon their advances; strong in our integrity, we will defy any attempt upon it. But in ourselves, we cannot be secure; let us ask the Almighty to keep us from temptation.'

Hetty thought this gentle admonition of her sister's a very serious discourse; 'for all,' she said to herself, 'it is harm—harm had actually fallen in love with her, she would marry her? thus fulfilling the prediction of old Nat, which she yet superstitiously regarded. And then, with the speed of lightning, the thought of her engagement with Conner, only a factory Clerk, when she knew she might have richer, if not better—flashed through her mind, and sent its shadow over her brow.

Nell, however, every time she thought of them, felt angry at their presumption. She had a nice sense of honor, a delicate and true appreciation of her own worth as a woman of soul and intellect, and moreover, a great deal of dignity, fixed perhaps with some pride, but what was so purely feminine, so little ambitious, that she was to be excused for its indulgence. Any dereliction of her sex was the source of keenest agony to her upright mind, inasmuch as she knew it would lead unprincipled men to regard all women with suspicion. She could not but see, and it gave her great pain, that her more giddy sister was interested in the strangers, perhaps fascinated by the fine and really prepossessing exterior of Horace Atherton. She determined to watch her narrowly, and allow no opportunity to pass that called forth the necessity of a warning. Perhaps she was over rigid, and too careful; but what she did, was prompted by an honest sense of duty.

The next day, towards evening, Hannah Meredith received the following note.

DEAR NIECE:—

What shall I do? Your uncle Grey has unfortunately been taken quite ill within an hour. One of his old attacks. I am alone, and cannot leave him for a moment. I expect company, strangers here this evening, with Miss A——, and cannot now excuse myself, and request them to call some other time—it is so late.

You, my dear, can do the honors with a good grace, I am sure—and you know Miss N——. Get leave to come away early, and be here by seven. Send no excuse, for I shall accept of none, save that of sickness. Don't refer me to Miss A——, or Miss E——; they are both out of town, as indeed, are most of our neighbors. I mean you shall come; I want strangers to be impressed, as they should be, by our factory girls. Bring your friends if you like.

In haste, your affectionate

AUNT GREY.

'Well done!' exclaimed Hannah, passing the note to Nell for perusal,—'aunt is determined we shall shine;' she added laughingly. 'Just think of a factory girl doing the honors, isn't it rich? Well, I must comply, as aunt says she will take no excuse, so you and Hetty get ready; for I shan't go with you.'

Hetty was in raptures—she always was when invited to Mrs. Grey's. Nell was very anxious to see a new set of beautiful drawings which had lately been presented to Mrs. Gray, by a celebrated artist; so she was nothing loth to accompany her friend.

'Look your best now, my simple dressing lady,' said Hannah, merrily, to Nell as she passed her to go to her own room.

An exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of Nell, as she entered her chamber.—There stood Hetty, attired like a princess, in a robe of rich light silk, a gold watch and chain, which she had foolishly borrowed from one of the girls, depending from her neck, and carefully fastened to the satin sash, that gracefully encircled her form. A bracelet also, which she had saved since the memorable period of her school days, shone on her arm, and a delicate little bunch of pale pink blossoms peeped from between her curls.

'O! Hetty; you should not dress so.'

'And pray why not, Nell? You are so precise.'

'I wish Mr. Laplace had never given us those silks,' said Nell, sighing, 'they will do us more harm than good; it has already taken your little store of money to have them made and trimmed so expensively.'

To be Continued.

Interesting Correspondence.

Extract from a letter from Judge Jessup to Judge Conyngham, dated at Carbondale, Sept. 11, 1851.

"The first I knew of any article in the Register, in reference to Judge Woodward, was here when it was mentioned to me by Mr. Benedict, who told me that the Judge had met it at Honesdale. He said it was copied from the Harrisburg American, into the *Register*. I have had nothing to do with the conducting of that paper, and except in Court at Montrose have not seen the editor since July. I should except meeting him a few minutes on the side walk, during Court week. I have no more responsibility for the articles of that paper than you or Judge W. have for the papers printed at Wilkesbarre.

I regret that Judge Woodward's name should have been in any way drawn into the canvass this fall, and *especially that the Register should have given currency to a* FALSEHOOD *in relation to him.* Please say to Judge Woodward, *that I had no knowledge of its publication, and have no sympathy with the course of detraction of which he has been the subject.*

WM. JESSUP.

MONTROSE, Oct. 10th, 1851.

Hon. GEO. W. WOODWARD:

Sir:—I neither "produced nor exhibited at a public meeting at Honesdale on Monday last," any letter of yours. Some friends from Honesdale were here on Saturday last, who informed me that your attack on me in Wayne, had been and still was used there to my disadvantage. I knew your friends were attempting to use it in the same way here, and whether successful, or not, I could not say. I mentioned that you had written to me an apology for that attack and read to them your letter. They urged its publication as an act of justice to myself; but I declined to publish it, preferring to suffer the wrong rather than have any further agitation of the subject. They then solicited the letter for the purpose of showing it to some of your friends as well as mine in Wayne, and I showed it to John A. Patmore, Esq. I had at that time no expectation of going to Wayne county. I subsequently went on Monday morning, to Honesdale, and at the meeting was *called out.* I said a few words and in adverting to the attack made upon me in that house a few weeks before by an Honorable gentleman, I said 'There had been no occasion given for that attack as had been assumed—no foundation for what had been alleged against me, and that an apology had been made for the attack.' The letter was then in the possession of Mr. Patmore, and he has it still. I have telegraphed to him to send it up by the next mail, and have received for a reply that it will be sent. As soon as received I will send the copy as requested. The letter was read by me as soon as for the purpose of showing it here to some of *your* friends, and to a few of mine, as the only means in my power of meeting that part of your Honesdale speech, which was at the time it was delivered and written out intended for my injury. Had the letter been confidential I should have been constrained by a sense of self respect, to have returned it at once. The address being public and published in this and adjoining counties, and the letter being explanatory and apologetic, I deemed it furnished to enable me to say, that in assailing my character, Judge Woodward had acted upon a supposition unfounded, and that he regretted having so done.

As I was about leaving *Honesdale*, Mr. Sherwood of the hotel inquired of me about the letter and I referred him to Mr. Patmore for its perusal. The letter was spoken of by several of my friends and I referred them to Mr. Patmore.

I ought to say that one reason why I would not listen to the request to publish the letter was an impression that its publication would injure Judge Woodward, and I should regret that any necessity for so doing should be laid upon me.

Judge Woodward's note of the 8th was not received in time for a reply by return mail.

I might with great propriety, have returned Judge Woodward's note without reply or explanation. Its manner was calculated to give offense. But I inferred from its contents that he acted hastily, and under erroneous views as well of the facts in relation to the use made of the letter, as of the purposes and objects of the letter itself. I have therefore deemed it my duty to give this explanation, wishing distinctly understood, that I claim the full right to use the whole correspondence in such a manner as may at any time be necessary for a vindication of myself. I would not willingly or wittingly do Judge Woodward any wrong.

Truly yours,

WM. JESSUP.

MONTROSE, Oct. 13, 1851.

Hon. GEO. W. WOODWARD:

Sir—Accompanying this you will receive the copy of your letter. It came to hand late Saturday evening. I also add to this an extract from a letter to me by Mr. Patmore, which was received with your letter. As you may not have seen the Wayne county Herald of last week, I extract the denial alluded to and only inquire whether Judge Woodward is the authority referred to.

"We stop the press to announce that we are authorized to say that that part of Judge Jessup's *stump* speech in this borough, on order of their occurrence, I come to notice Monday evening, relating to Judge Woodward's your letter of the 10th inst., in which I am abuse of him at last court and subsequently addressed, sometimes in the second person and writing him an apologetic letter, is unqualifiedly false.'

sometimes in the third. You set out with denying that you produced and exhibited my letter at a public meeting at *Honesdale*. My answer is that I had been informed that you did exhibit it to various persons, who recognized the superscription as my hand writing, and that, *whilst you refused to read it*, you spoke of it as an apology or explanation designed to show that I did not entertain the same relations towards you as when I spoke at *Honesdale*.

Mr. Patmore's letter so far as relates to this subject is as follows:

"Inclosed I return you the letter of G. W. Woodward. I have taken a copy of the same for my own use, so has Mr. Penniman. Now, sir, we have made up our minds to publish it as this letter, inasmuch as the Wayne county Herald has this day totally denied a letter being written by Woodward. We deem it in justice to you as well as the party, not to let the facts be known.

P.S. Since writing the above I hear the locos have got a copy of the letter you wrote to Conyngham, and it is to be published."

The Telegraph office has not been opened since I received the letter from Mr. Patmore, nor have I had any means of communication with him.

Yours, truly,

WM. JESSUP.

To the preceding two letters Judge Woodward sent the following reply:

WILKES-BARRE, 14th Oct., 1851.

Hon. Wm. JESSUP:—

Sir:—On my return from Carbondale, last evening, I found your very extraordinary letter of the 10th, and this morning I am in receipt of your favor of the 13th inst., enclosing a copy of my letter to you of the 11th Sept. last.

As the day for the election has come and I can make no use of the copy which I asked of you last week, I have no other object in writing this present letter, than to vindicate the truth of history, and to correct some palpable misapprehensions into which you appear to have fallen.

1st. It is true that the Montrose *Register* made a gross, wanton, and libellous assault on me for your benefit and that of the Whig ticket.

2nd. It is true that I repelled its slanderous assertions in a speech at Honesdale, where I met it, and that, notwithstanding the opinions of friends and the concurring circumstances of the case indicated your sympathy and participation in that attack of the Register, I expressly said that, until further informed, I would not hold you responsible for it, but that if I found you were responsible I would prove to you and your Editor that I was able to discuss you as he was to discuss me.

3d. So far from any "attack" being made on you at Honesdale, I expressly postponed it for further information. The only thing which I said of you that could reasonably be construed as an "attack" was an allusion to the meeting at Montrose about the year 1830, *at which you were read out of the Democratic Party.* This allusion occurred in connection with my remarks about being competent to discuss you if I should be forced to do it, and whilst it was strictly true, *as you very well know* and I can prove by abundant testimony, it indicated nothing more than that I was acquainted with your political history, and could, if compelled, discuss it. I say it indicated nothing more—I must qualify this remark.—With democrats I agree such a fact would be received with prejudice, whilst with whigs it would meet with favor. The one would think the *worse*, the other the *better* of you for *having been read out of the democratic party.* But looking as you were to the *Whigs* for support in this election, I did not deem the allusion injurious to you. On the contrary, I believed it would commend you the more strongly to their support. I did not make the allusion for the purpose of injuring you, but because it was *true*, and because it illustrated what I claimed, a competency to discuss you, if I should, after postponement, find you to have participated in the assault on me by your organ. All such being the true posture of affairs between you and me at Honesdale, you did, on the 11th Sept., (eight days after my speech at Honesdale, and after you had heard of it and for aught I know had read it in print) *write to Judge Conyngham from Carbondale a letter highly apologetic to me for the course of your organ, the Montrose Register*, I have a copy of that letter, furnished by Judge Conyngham on my request. After disclaiming in the most explicit terms any agency in the publication of following strong language:

"I regret that Judge Woodward's name should have been in any way drawn into the canvass this fall, *and especially that the Register should have given currency to a falsehood in relation to him. Please say to the Judge that I had no knowledge of the publication, and have no sympathy with the course of detraction of which he has been the subject.*"

This disclaimer and apology was read to me by Judge Conyngham, and it was gratifying to my feelings, which have always been kindly disposed towards you, and especially because it relieved me from the public promise I had made at Honesdale, to discuss your public career, if something of that sort did not occur to exempt you from responsibility for the *Register's* publication.

5th. Under the influence of these kindly feelings, gratified by the perusal of your letter to Judge Conyngham, I sat down and wrote you the frank and friendly letter of the 13th Sept. This letter had two objects in view: first, to thank you for your disclaimer and apology sent me through Judge Conyngham; —second, to explain some circumstances connected with the occasion which were not explained in my speech at Honesdale.

The idea of apologizing for what I had said of you at Honesdale, or of retracting or qualifying one single word or expression there used, never entered my head. And with your copy of the letter now before me, I undertake to say *that no such meaning can fairly be deduced from it.* On the contrary, the object and purpose of the letter, so far as concern the explanations contained, are expressed in these words that occur near its close. "*I write you these things, dear sir, that you may have the whole truth before you.*" A part of it you had in the printed report of my speech at Honesdale—the rest I furnished in that letter.

Conceiving that I had made no attack on you at Honesdale—desirous to maintain friendly relations with you—assured by the voluntary act of yourself, that the course of defamation against me had not your sympathy or sanction, I felt justified in reciprocating a spirit of *apparent* kindness, by an explanation of *all* the circumstances that had led to the introduction of your name into public debate. This seemed to me to be the way to maintain our friendly relations. Explanations of the truth in the midst of abounding calumny and misrepresentation, is, in my judgment, the surest way to prevent misunderstandings and alienations among friends. Such was the design and purpose of my letter.

And now having arranged the facts in the order of their occurrence, I come to notice your letter of the 10th inst., in which I am addressed, sometimes in the second person and

You then admit that you mentioned to several friends from Honesdale, that I had written you an apology for that attack and read them my letter,—that you handed the same to John A. Patmore, Esq.—that you referred Mr. Sherwood and several friends at Honesdale to Mr. Patmore for the letter—and in yours of the 13th, received this morning, you give me an extract from Mr. Patmore's letter, saying that he had kept a copy of it for his own use, so has Mr. Penniman." In connection with such "production and exhibition" of my letter, you admit that you declared in a public meet-