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MISCELLANY.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
**HETTY AND NELL;
OR THE FACTORY GIRL.**

BY MISS C. W. DENTON,
Author of "Gloria Russell," &c. &c.

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(Concluded.)

And, overcome by her violent emotions, she
sank back again in her seat, and though she
resisted strongly, burst into tears.
In a moment she raised her head again, and
slowly wiped the tears from her eyes. The
merchant sat rigid as a statue, his gaze riveted
upon the miniature. His face was almost
leaden in its hue, his lips and chin, indeed all
his features were working convulsively. Nell
was frightened at his appearance.
"Who is this?" he asked sharply, but with
a husky and forced voice.
"My sister—at least I have always supposed
her so."
"But her name—her name?"
"Zetty Alloway."
"Hetty—Hetty—a perfect resemblance, he
muttered, "and the name too."
Nell looked on, her indignation turned to
wonder. Mr. Atherton arose and nervously
hurried to a small cabinet. He took from
thence a little parcel, came back, and eagerly
undid it, seemingly unaware of her presence.
To her astonishment he produced a minia-
ture, only a little larger, and presenting almost
a perfect fac simile of Hetty. Her own heart
began to beat too wildly, and her thoughts
were tumultuous and disconnected.
"There!" he exclaimed, placing them side
by side, then turning hurriedly to her, he ad-
dressed her, "now I want to know who you are,
young woman! what is your origin and where
do you come from? I have a strange present-
ment."

Nell told him, tersely, what the reader al-
ready knows, of her early childhood, and the
few words spoken by the old woman on her
dying bed.
"Yes—well, so far, the coincidence is pretty
exact. And this happened, you say, in Mont-
rose. Is there any other clue? any other
proof, have you?"
"The woman who took charge of us, and
whose name you bear, left us a little box, which
she said, neither of us must open forever, un-
der pain of her curse."

"Her curse," muttered the merchant, disad-
vantageously. "I will send some one, and he
will open the box for you. Where is your sister?"
"John, take down the directions this lady will
give you, and bring a box here in possession of
some one in that house."

"Allow me, sir," said Nell, surprised and
bewildered, "to write a line to her. She does
not know I have come here; and her sur-
prise—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the merchant, "John
bring pen, ink and paper here."
And Nell wrote—
"DEAR HETTY:
Do not be surprised at the request accom-
panying this. Try to be happy. God is work-
ing out some strange deliverance for you—
Send the box and expect my return soon."

When the man had gone, Nell sat silent
and uneasy. The merchant, as he stepped
slowly across the floor, addressed her but sel-
dom; but when he did, it was with a strange
mixture of pride and effability. The box came
at last, and the merchant proceeded to open
it, poor Nell trembled nearly to fainting, as
wrought was her mind by the exciting cir-
cumstances that had been crowded into the last
few hours.

Every scene connected with that dismal day,
and death in the shattered house, in the
common, came with a vividness of a twice-
acted reality.

The merchant sat down, after he had opened
the box, to compose himself for a few mo-
ments, before he examined its contents. He
first drew out a folded letter, that looked as
if it had lain for long years. His eye ran
hastily over its pages, and a sudden light broke
over his face.
"There is no doubt now," he exclaimed, rap-
idly, in a half-choked voice; and rising, he
moved towards Nell.
"Ellen Grayson," he said, "you are no kin
to me, but God bless you!" and his lips quiver-
ed, as he held out his hand, "you have stood
in a near relation to the child of my own long-
mourning sister. She is my niece—Hester
Atherton, my long-lost niece."

And then he told of his sister's beauty, al-
most weeping as he pictured her loveliness,
how gentle and angelic she was—too good for
this world, in which she was sent to sojourn
but for a little brief time. She was more than
ordinarily loved by all who knew her; and her
death so affected her husband, (a cousin
before he married), that, from that event, his
mind seemed shattered, although he pursued
his ordinary avocation with his accustomed
zeal. Suddenly they missed him. Terrified
at his absence, and that of his child, with a
little founding companion of the same age, they
sought him distractedly. Rewards were of-
fered, cities searched, rivers dragged; neither
time nor money were spared by the afflicted
family, in prosecuting the search. But, no di-
vines of the lost one came!

With a man's cunning, he had disguised
himself and them, and succeeded in evading
all enquiry. It was found that he had taken
considerable money with him, having with all
the method of madness, disposed of some real
estate in the vicinity of Boston, and settled
with his creditors, previous to his departure.

By one of the long-faded, illegible papers
in the box, the merchant learned the is-
sue of this strange freak.

The poor gentleman (said the scraw) laid
very sick and wandering, in a little inn at Que-
bec; and old Mrs. Alloway, being reputed a
witch, and famous for spelling such disorders
—moreover being a sort of dependent on the
bonny of the inn-keeper, was sent for to nurse
him. While he was dying, in an interval of
reason, he informed her of the whereabouts of
a large sum of money which he had with him
—implored her to take care of the children
and send them home; then, relapsing again
into insanity, raved till he died.

All this had been scrawled in a kind of phre-
nology most crudely original, and very dif-
ficult to decipher. Who wrote it, of course
nobody could conjecture. The old woman
was probably tempted by the enormous sum
of which he had thus given her the knowledge.
She searched it, took the two pretty children,
one apparently three, the other five years old.
No one else cared to be burdened with them.
She removed to Montreal, and hoarded up her
treasure, and lived, and brought them up, as
if she had been utterly destitute.

Nell was astonished, but she did not know
whether she was happy or not. The splendor
of the great room, the stateliness of the old
merchant, now bewildered her; the knowledge
that Hetty was not her sister troubled her.
Timidly she asked about her own parentage,
and learned that she had been an orphan from
her earliest infancy—a dependent orphan too;
for her father died profligate and unfortunate;
and her mother had broken-hearted in the grave.
The sweet Mrs. Atherton, who had always
been a friend of her mother, under all circum-
stances, and who fancied the pretty child, took
it to bring up with her own.

"Them," thought Nell, "I, who must ever be
dependent! I will go back to the factory and
the kind hearts there. I shall be happier."
And Hetty—she, dear girl, will find the sphere
in which she is so well fitted to move. I am
glad, from my very soul, for her.

But, even with that unselfish rejoicing over
one she could never more call sister, sprang
the hot tears of her eyes, and she sank from
the merchant's embracing glance.

"And Hester Atherton is Hetty's own bro-
ther," said Nell, after a few moments, fixing
her clear eyes upon the merchant, "fixing
her clear eyes upon the merchant, and he
said, "Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Atherton,
his cheek paling again, he fixed his hands
on the arms of his chair, as if to support him-
self, and gazed piercingly in her face. "Good
Heaven!" Miss Grayson? Nell started to
hear herself thus addressed. "I am almost
overwhelmed at the thought that, possibly, he
might have married her—his sister! Do you
see how God has interposed? The Almighty
alone prevented this horrible thing! It would
be an atrocity unparalleled! I am agitated,
unwielded, at the mere supposition! Ah, the
idea is terrible! Ah, I shudder! But, I for-
get you, my dear young lady. Accept my
warmest thanks for your kindness to my niece.
Now I long to clasp her to my arms! You
have been inseparable—so you shall remain;
and you shall share my love and my wealth,
So, now, partake of some refreshment; and
prepare the child for my visit—stop. I
will send a carriage to-morrow, at nine. I am
not well enough to go myself."

With what different feelings Nell left
the merchant's door, and with what strange
emotions she lifted the latch and again stood
before Hetty! She had laid down, and sleep
had, unawares, stolen upon her. Her cheek
was pale, and her hair disordered; but she
was smiling, as if under the influence of some
beautiful dream; and Nell thought she looked
like an angel. "Some one had placed a
bouquet of fragrant flowers at her bedside,
and the room looked as if a busy hand had been
arranging it with more taste than it had dis-
played before."

The love that welled up in her heart, as she
stood looking at the sweet sleeper, seemed
stronger than ever. She yearned more in-
tensely towards her, even as she felt that the
ties of nature no longer hallowed their affec-
tion.

Before night, Hetty knew all. I will not
attempt to portray her astonishment; but I
will tell you she hung upon the neck of Nell,
passionately murmuring that she was yet her
sister, nay, more than sister; that her coun-
sel, her lovely example, had saved her, she be-
lieved, many times from destruction; that she
would mistake of no pleasure hereafter, an-
sured by her, that she loved her as mother,
sister, friend, all in all; and how, as she had
passed the sad hours in this lonely chamber,
she had thanked God, again and again, for
such a sister, and she had promised to imitate
her in her Christian duties, and become more
like her, if it might be permitted.

Of Hester she said little. She was almost
dumb with horror at her own imprudence, her
rashness—nay, she would call it her guilt and
crime!

"The spell is broken," she whispered to Nell,
as she laid her cheek against hers. "I may
love him as a brother—but, Oh! how long it
will be before I can forget his baseness!"

And, then, thought-travelled back to poor
Conner.

"Nell," she would say, "if I but knew how I
could atone for my cruelty. I just begin to
realize what a treasure I have thrown from
me. I just begin to see how much vanity and
the desire to shine, to eclipse others, and the
longing after riches, had to do with my poor
passion for Hester." She shuddered. "Con-
ner will despise me more than ever. His no-
ble spirit will never stoop to woo me again—
But I will even now be true to him. No other
man shall possess my hand!"

"Nell," she said, both against my God and
Conner Lee, I ought to bring punishment
I deserve to suffer. I have sinned your kind
warnings, and been traitor to my own
conscience. Had Conner Lee been other than
the poor clerk, I should have idolized him—
I care not for wealth. Now that is mine, it
appears useless. I don't believe I shall ever
have a happy moment again. And Mrs. Lee—
poor woman!—how I can her disappointment
was born!—not because Conner did not
marry me—I saw that she loved you best long
ago—and I don't wonder—but she feels that
I have blighted his hopes; and she is so
dolefully fond of him. I shall never—never
dare look her in the face again. O! that I
could go back just one short year, and be as
I then was—I would be content to be a fac-
tory girl!"

The next morning Nell and Hetty were
ready at the appointed time—the latter so ex-
hausted and nervous that Nell had to rally her
constantly. A carriage drove up to the door
and in a few moments Hester Atherton stood
before them. Her eyes looked red, as if she
had been recently weeping, and her manner
was abashed. He could scarcely articulate.
"My sister," he said, folding Hetty in his arms.
"Come, let me restrain my emotion, my
sister—and you, dear friend—can you forgive
me? Hetty, I solemnly declare before Heav-
en, that my intentions toward you were hon-
orable; and since I found you gone, my self-
reproaches have been unceasing."

"I have given up my hand—do God Nell; he
grasped them both, and, unable to speak fur-
ther, led them to the carriage.

The Athertons could not prevail upon Nell
to remain with them—not even Hetty's tears
and imploring entreaty. The latter would
willingly have gone back to the factory with
her—she real was the affection that inspired
her—lot that was impossible. Nell soothed
her with promises of frequent letters and oc-
casional visits, and returned to the factory,
lately but happy in the consciousness that she
had firmly resisted all their inducements to
ship, and where only the ties of gratitude
would retain her in a position of wealth, yet
to her bright mind, servile dependence.

The factory girl made it her motto—
"The factory girl made it her motto—"
Nell was welcomed with congratulations and
bells of questions. Hetty was somewhat ex-
hilarated for the firmness she displayed in
leaving Hester Atherton, and they were
praised as they had been to blame. Hannah
Meredit had not yet returned from the coun-
try, so the place seemed doubly lonesome to
poor Nell. She hastened to the widow Leo's
as soon as possible, and found consolation in
her affection and condolence. She learned
from the widow that Conner, still pale and
melancholy, pursued his studies with undim-
inished ardor. He had now a better salary and
more leisure. He still grieved for Hetty, al-
though he never mentioned her name. But
time soothes all sorrows, and she knows—
the widow said this only to herself—who
knows but he might turn to Nell, dear Nell,
the one who had made so many sacrifices,
and her heart leaped at the thought that she
might yet call Nell daughter.

Nell had one mission to perform from which
she almost shrink; but she had promised Hetty,
who with the natural impulsiveness of her
character, though this time prompted by a
right judgment and a good motive, deemed it
not a wise concession, where she had
caused the sorest grief; in time, she im-
plored Nell to tell Conner that she repented
her rashness, and still regarded him with af-
fection.

On the evening of Nell's visit to the wid-
ow's, Conner walked home with her, and she
told him all, all Zetty's grief, all her remorse.
She felt his heart beat against her arm, and
his voice was tremulous and low, as he said—
"Nell, she cannot have the love that I once
gave her; she has thrown it from her, tramp-
led upon my honest affections. I have for-
given her; I shall strive to forget her."
Nell thought he was ungenerous, unamiable;
and she almost told him so.

"You may think so, my dear sister," for thus
she always called Nell; "but if you knew the
hours of anguish I have spent, the keen mis-
ery I have endured at thought of her perfidy,
you could not blame me. I had thought her
my innocent heart; it was wrong, perhaps, I
ought to have considered her as but a mortal
creature, and I did not dream that vanity and
falsehood, could debase so beautiful a creature;
and when, like a rade clap of thunder, the
strange truth broke on my soul, a great cloud
fell upon my spirit, and I shall wear it forever."

"But she repents, she repents," murmured
Nell. "You would not be unforgetting?"
"I said, Nell, I have forgiven her, forgiven
her for making my life henceforth a wilder-
ness, my heart a desert; but my manhood
recoils from being again the petty plaything of
a woman's caprice. She is rich now, for above,
and beyond me; she is surrounded by aristoc-
ratic relatives, who do not doubt will seek out
a fitting match for her. She is easily dazzled,
she will forget me soon. No the girl is
widened between us. I will woo fame, and make
my mistakes. I can do it. I feel that I
live and die. I had a motive, a holy, beautiful
impulse christened these high aspirations—
That motive is no more; the light has gone
out along my path, but, though dimly, I can
see my way, and I will reach the goal of my
ambition. Do to me, Nell, a councillor, ad-
vised, sister; I ask nothing more of you."

Nell could not help glancing up to that pale
face, with its brow so spiritually intellectual,
and asking herself if this man, this simple
being—she could not but think, was once, in
truth, the little Conner Lee living in the tum-
ble-down house on Montreal commons. She
did feel for him now a sisterly tenderness; nor
would her resolves will allow her to harbor
for a moment, any kinder emotion. She had
conquered herself. But what a work of pray-
er, of denial, of iron determination it had been,
—yet she felt better and purer for the ordeal.

She finished Conner's goodnight more cheer-
ful than of late, and that he wore a happier
smile when they parted, and she could not
help murmuring good for Hetty from this little
manifestation.

Hetty's first letter was a very long and very
welcome one. She spoke of restored spirits,
of the kindness of her new-found relatives,
of the gay parties, the coming marriage of her
brother; but, for all this, Nell saw that a vein
of unhappiness ran through the entire contents.
She still addressed her as dear sister; told her
she could not live without her; and entreated
her to write her home.

"I believe," she wrote, "that brother is a
changed man. He expresses the greatest con-
fidence in her conduct, and assures me that,
with the departure of that odious Englishman,
who, by the way, was no good criterion of
English morality, his dreadful influence de-
parted. Through his correspondence with a cer-
tain Englishman, (who, I am sure, Nell, you would
admire, he reminds me constantly of Conner),
he was enabled to think seriously on his con-
duct, his motives, and that he had come to
the conclusion that he would either fire me
or marry me. He said that he conversed in
French in the manner he did, to allow suspi-
cion, as the young man was a relative of his
family, but that the falsehood added to his re-
gret."

It was an interesting letter, and Nell laid it
down, with a sigh, beside another, that had
that day brought sad yet happy news.
Hannah Meredit was not to return to the
factory. Her mother was infirm, and she was
at present needed at home. Besides, the let-
ter, which Hannah hinted, that a certain young
physician, whom she had known from child-
hood, was in the city; and very anxious to
keep her there until he should secure the prize
for which he had so long waited. "So, Nell,
like a true, tender-hearted woman, could scarce-
ly restrain her tears, when she felt how dis-
tance she was

The sunlight did not look half so bright as
it streamed through the factory windows; the
merriment of the happy-hearted girls almost
annoyed her; she felt more sympathy with
those within the walls of a factory.

One day Nell was surprised by a visit from
Horace, who brought with him a young friend,
whom he introduced as Ernest Grafion. He
came with a summons from Hetty. Hetty
had not been well for some time; in fact, suf-
fering with a kind of slow fever; and her sister
must watch with her, stay with her, night
and day, till she recovered. Nell was unself-
ish; her own interest was a mere cypher when
the good of others was at stake. She could
easily be spared; and, if she left, her profitable
place must be given to another; and, possibly,
she might not again recover it. But, no mat-
ter, duty called and she resolved to go. Be-
fore night she was beside Hetty's couch, griev-
ed at the change visible in her appearance—
She had been sick nearly a week. Hetty was
miserable; she was heart-sick. Her conscience
tormented her; she was haunted by Conner's
mournful face, and the remembrance of his
language in his last interview. "He said I
it is now my turn to love without hope."
Her uncle called in the best medical advice;
"But," she exclaimed, lifting her heavy eyes to
Nell's sweet face, "they cannot cure me; the
disease is beyond their prescriptions. Nell in-
timated that Conner might be sought for. He-
tety caught eagerly at the idea, but she did not
dare; poor child, to mention it to her proud
uncle. If she could only see him, she said, to
ask his forgiveness; it would be all she wished
in this world; that much, at least, was due to
Conner; she could not bear the burden that
was crushing her any longer; it would kill her."

"Don't fret any more, Hetty," said Nell, her
eye lighted up with determination, "I will ar-
range it; Conner will come." And so she did,
she overcame both the merchant's and Conner's
prejudices; and the latter, on a rich au-
tumnal morning, sat in a sumptuously furnish-
ed chamber, once more by the side of poor
Hetty, whose sorrow had thinned her cheek,
and given a softer lustre to her dark eye. Nell
left them together as soon as she had adjusted
Hetty's pillows; and it seemed a long, long
absence, when she was summoned back. One
glance sufficed to tell her all was well.

There were traces of tears on the invalid's
cheek, but her hands were clasped in both of
Conner's, and he glanced at Nell with a bright
but transient smile; for it seemed as if the
sadness that had hung so like a pall over his
countenance, had brooded there too long to
leave willingly.

Conner was urged to dine with the Athert-
ons, and he consented. The modest demer-
it, yet evident self-control and careful guid-
ance of the young student, attracted the attention
of the merchant. As he conversed with him,
having been told the story of his struggles
and his aspirations by his nephew; he formed
a project worthy of one so rich and so ex-
alted in men's regard. As a public benefactor,
Mr. Atherton was, and is still known, in
Boston. Many are the orphans who point to
him and speak of other years; years spent in
dim, cold garrets, where the morsel they eat,
was bestowed by the hand of charity; many
are they who the world would not recognize
as its own, till this good man, proud and au-
dacious though he might seem, gave of his sub-
stance in secret, and saved noble hearts, to re-
member and bless him in the day of prosper-
ity.

Conner spoke humbly of his aspirations, and
the difficulties in the way of attaining an en-
dence among men. A cousin of Mr. Atherton,
and an honorable, practiced in the city with
great success. He, too, was widely known to
fame. If Conner could have the advantage of
a few years study with this gentleman, Mr.
Atherton thought, there would be a fair chance
of success for him. Accordingly, without in-
timating his project to Conner, and filled with
the idea of making him his protégé, he wrote
immediately to his cousin, requesting a visit
from him. He came on the same day, saw
Conner, sounded him with reference to his
legal knowledge, and perceived at once that
he was a very remarkable young man. Con-
ner was persuaded to relinquish his office at
the mills, and under the patronage of Mr.
Atherton, commenced his studies with the
celebrated counsellor.

That day was one of the happiest of Nell's
life; and when she again took her seat by
Hetty's side, her heart went up in silent thank-
fulness to her Maker, for vouchsafing so many
mercies.

"O! Nell," said Hetty, hopefully, "I am an-
other creature now—I do believe I shall be
well to-morrow. How sweet it is to feel the
approval of conscience; and Nell, to-day, is
the first time for a year, we have been at the
factory eighteen months, have we not?—since
I have felt really light-hearted and happy—
And I may tell you, she continued, after a
long pause, what Conner said; how he acted.
I have not told you much, I assure you, Nell,
when he unfolded to me the effects of my in-
discretion, my coquetry. I am willing it should
be called by its right name now. But, Nell,
I saw, I felt he had not forgotten me wholly;
and when he first called me 'Hetty,' how my
heart thrilled as it never did before! For we
pledged our vows again, but he said it
would be several years before he could claim
me, as before, until he had obtained a reason-
able competence, would he ask my hand of me."
"I saw Mr. Atherton's manner," said Nell,
"that he was much interested in Conner; he
looked at him steadily, and evidently with ad-
miration, while he was conversing."

"He must be impressed with his noble ap-
pearance," replied Hetty, confidently. "I care
not Nell, if our marriage is long postponed, so
scarcely and trusting do I feel in the assurance
of his love; and now, please draw the curtain,
dear sister, and come and lie down beside me,
and promise me you will stay with me when
I am well."

In the evening, Hetty sat up, and there was
quite a gathering in her room; for Horace,
with his delicate and high bred wife, was there,
and Conner, who looked as bravely, and
gentlemanly, as any of the company, and Mr.
Atherton, and the lawyer, who admired Hetty,
and never ceased complimenting her, who in
truth, would have married her himself, if he
could have got her. He saw on this partic-
ular evening, where the attraction laid, so
much that was very commendable, and magnani-
mous in him—he resolved to give Conner a

first rate chance, and turn him out a finished
lawyer, as he was sure he might become.

Ernest Grafion, who, by the way, was now
ordained, and expected in a few months to
supply a vacant pulpit, in a small, but intelli-
gent parish, had brought his mother expressly
to see Nell; for never had he beheld a woman
in whom so many excellencies united; he had
heard her story, from Horace, who earnestly
desired his marriage with her; and it will be
no scandal to say that he fell in love, at first
sight.

From that time Conner Lee regained his
usual elasticity of spirit; the new hopes
awakened, encouraged his heart, and strength-
ened his frame. Before Nell retired for the
night, two letters were put into her hands, one
from Hannah Meredit, one mailed at Wash-
ington. The latter was from Mrs. Grey, con-
gratulating Nell on her own, and Hetty's good
fortune, and requesting her to correspond—
The other, announced the tidings of Miss
Green's sudden death—a happy death, said
Hannah, for she fell asleep, in the full tri-
umph of the Christian religion. In her last
letter to me, wrote Hannah, how eloquently
she pleaded my forgiveness; and dated the
time of her first religious impressions, back to
little Harriet's death bed. She sent her last
love to you all!

Two years only have passed, and Hetty and
Nell are both happy wives. Hetty is now in
Europe. Her husband, who accompanied her
uncle, who was advised to travel for the
benefit of his health. A bright prospect of
usefulness and fame opens before the young
lawyer; for his talents are, undoubtedly, of
the finest order, and as the partner of so cele-
brated a man as the honorable Mr. —, he
cannot but win a high reputation.

Nell realises all the poetry of love in a cot-
tage. In a beautiful little Gothic structure,
literally buried in trees, and surrounded by
garden sweets, just out of the city, she resides
in perfect contentment—and with her,
the widow-lee, who cannot deny that Nell is yet
her favorite. Good Mrs. Grafion, the mother
of Ernest, has some strange notions; among
them, one, that a mother-in-law, and a newly
married couple never get along so smoothly
together; so she yet resides in the city, just
far enough to make the ride to and fro, a desir-
able one.

In Hetty's boudoir, hang two pictures in
massive frames. They are Nell's handwork,
and were painted secretly, some few months
before Hetty's wedding. On the day of the
ceremony and just after the performance, Nell
carried the pictures to be placed where they
now hang, and then solicited the attention of
the bride and groom for a few moments. She
led them to the boudoir, and stopped, silently,
before them, as the pictures attracted her
sight.

The first one represented a gloomy fore-
ground, a dilapidated and unfinished room,
with broken plastering, rude floor and a huge fire-
place, in which feebly glimmered a few coals.
On the wretched hearth, two agonized children
crouched cowardly and dejected. It was easy
to recognise in these poor creatures Hetty and
Nell, as they appeared on the night of old
wicked Alloway's death.

"What might we have been, Nell?" asked
Hetty, with a solemn face, as the tears welled
up to her eyes.

They turned to the other; and there the two
girls, neatly dressed, stood at their accustomed
work by the factory window.

"I thank you, Nell," murmured Hetty, with
a trembling lip, while Conner expressed his
praise of the exquisite coloring—these will
serve to keep me humble. I shall always be
proud to own that I have been a factory girl;
though the factory has been the scene of my
humiliation. Yet, I trust my suffering there
has made me more worthy of your love, Con-
ner."

The young man pressed his bride to his bos-
om, when suddenly Horace appeared at the
door, triumphantly holding up what seemed
to be a letter.

"See girls," he exclaimed, "a wedding gift for
Hetty; another, that will cause a wedding,
perhaps,"—and he smiled roguishly on Nell.

"Stop," he exclaimed, as Hetty held out her
hand; "stop for a moment, while I ask you
if you were ever acquainted with a Mr. La-
place, girls?"

"You know we were," answered Nell.

"Well, here's a most awfully pattering letter,
addressed to uncle Atherton, in which he says
he has recovered some of his losses, and he
cannot rest until he has returned the money
so unawfully taken from you girls. He heard
from a friend that Hetty was going to be mar-
ried, and requested that this should be given
you both, on your wedding day. I guess we
won't wait for Nell, but give it to her now—
Here are his proofs of sincere repentance—
Take them, girls."

In the paper were two checks, each for ten
thousand dollars. One for Hetty, one for
Nell.

"It is all yours, Hetty," said Nell cheer-
fully.

"Not a cent of it," exclaimed Hetty, "or if it
is all mine, here, upon this spot, I make you
a bridal gift of it—provided, after your marriage
you take dear mother Lee with you; for I
know she will be happier with you."

Nell remonstrated, although her heart was
almost too full for speech. But Hetty would
not listen to a word, besides Horace joined in
her entreaties, and uncle Atherton, who came
up to see what detained the bride from the
company, who were fast assembling, to partake
of the marriage dinner, insisted upon her
accepting it—saying that Hetty had a perfect
right to dispose of it, as she pleased, and that
this could not be a more praiseworthy ob-
ject.

So you see, dear reader, that Nell was en-
abled to purchase that beautiful little Gothic
cottage, where she resides at present, the ac-
complished woman, the devoted wife, the kind
friend, and the most liberal benefactor of the
poor, for miles around.

Gen. Jackson and the Rev. Dr.
Durbine.

We find the following anecdote in the Boston
Record—with the remark, "it is a good
story, even if not true."

In the winter of 1832, President Jackson
entrusted the mission to Russia upon a justly
distinguished son of Pennsylvania. Before the
newly appointed minister, however, had de-
parted on his mission, he deemed it due to the
President to ask his counsel in reference to
the selection of a secretary of legation. The
President declined all interference, and re-

POETRY.

To one Who Denies his God.

BY MISS MARY M'COY.

Oh, who dare say there is no God,
When he views this bounteous earth?
Vain, sinful man, canst thou deny
The sovereign power that gave thee birth?
Canst thou the Heaven and Earth at will,
And thine own Maker still?
Canst thou on Ocean's wide domain,
And deem that there a God doth reign?
For the fair Moon—the queen of Night,
The sun—the source of life and light,
And recognize a Saviour's power,
In every star—in every flower.
Let to the awful thunder's roll,
Which shakes the earth from pole to pole,
See the red lightning's vivid fire—
Will thoughts of God thy breast inspire.
Behold the wild tornado's path,
O'er God commands in hours of wrath,
Thy voice to pass, with dread, and death,
Where bosoms spread their odorous breath,
Where waters meet with frightful roar,
And forced by wild winds lash the shore,
And where ad-curtained nations weep
Their thousands buried in the deep.
Canst see all this, vain man, and say,
There is not a power thou wouldst obey?
Thou dost doubt the Great First Cause,
Who gives the Universe its laws?
Of vital mental, ere thou talc,
Awake thee to thy lost estate—
Confess thy God, who rules above—
Praise to the Lord of Truth and Love,
His ever ready to forgive,
Say that thou may'st forever live,
Mankind I hear a spirit sigh,
It is an awful thing to die—
To lie as hope beyond the tomb,
While souls immortal constant bloom.

A SACRED MELODY.

Thy bright wings which lead the night,
Beach a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here,
The sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar—
The soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And see a way from star to star.
Behold how dark, how drear,