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

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## POETRY.

To the Herb Camomile.

By Mrs. Lydia Jane Peterson.

O fragrant Camomile! in beauty wreathing  
Thy delicate green garlands, o'er the sod;  
Now from each tiny bud of foliage breathing  
A pure and fragrant offering unto God;  
At rest, while on thy braided garlands kneeling,  
Upon my prayer with thy sweet breath above,  
Upon my spirit's hush—a thought came stealing  
That thou dost teach our Saviour's law of Love.

The hand that smelteth thus—no word receiveth,  
Thou speakest all, and heavily fall the dew;  
But so that had the contact with thy leaves  
A hallow blessing, Christ requir'd not!  
Or if the careless folk thy verdure crusheth,  
And brusheth on the earth, thy purity bloom;  
Sweet incense from thy broken beauty gusheth,  
So Jesus blest the feet that wrought his doom.

His life and his were perfect—yet transgression  
Receiv'd no need of punishment from Him;  
The vilest wretch who sought him with contrition  
Found peace and pardon, still his gracious theme.  
He pin'd all who wept—and ne'er upbraided—  
Though suffering were the consequence of guilt,  
The poor he lov'd,—the Jew he lov'd,—  
And for his bitter foes his life-blood spill'd.

Call me who are his followers—by profession  
Ammae puer or Master never away'd?  
Desecrate our fellow taken in transgression  
And to the penitent restore our aid?  
To ease to pity and to love our brother  
Although his sin seem darker than our own,  
Our Master's law is "Love ye one another,"  
And hearts are open unto God alone.

Let us be kindred need to us be broken—  
Let us not make grief's bitter cup our own;  
By Christ our Lord the gentle words were spoken  
"Neither do I condemn thee. Sin no more."  
O so no more. Though thine own life be holy  
Sit not by scorn, though thou go astray;  
But share of Him—whose heart was meek and lowly

And lead the wanderer back to virtue's way.  
Thou to my soul—the herb became a teacher  
As I stand in heaven mingled with my prayers,  
And long I listen'd to the gentle teacher,  
Ere all the night sweet gather'd in my hair.  
And I would speak by the sweet herb's lesson—  
Which lives so humbly, and so near the ground;  
Breathing every injury with a blessing,  
And shedding rich and healing fragrance round.

The Four Master Spirits.  
Happening to cast my eyes over the  
portals in a gallery of paintings, I remarked that  
they were so arranged as to give four person-  
ages—Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Bonaparte—the  
most conspicuous places. I had  
seen the same before; but never did a similar  
train of reflections arise in my bosom, when  
my mind was so hastily glanced over their several  
histories.

Alexander having climbed the dizzy heights  
of ambition, and with his temples bound  
with wreaths of laurel, and his eyes  
glowing with the blood of countless  
nations, looked down upon a conquered world,  
and wept that there was not another to  
conquer—set a city on fire, and died in a disgraceful  
scene of debauch.

## FANNY.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

By Grace Greenwood.

Fanny Austin stood at the window while  
the sun was setting—an open French window,  
whose flowing white curtains half hid the slender  
form of the young girl. She was not looking  
towards the west, though the sunset  
glowed beautiful to behold—she was looking  
towards the east, not at the shadowy sky,  
not at the dark, forest-crowned hills, but far  
away down the dusty road, with her lovely,  
smiling, expectant eyes. The gold and crimson  
of sunset passed away, the dews and  
shades of twilight came on—and still Fanny  
stood at the window. A servant entered and  
lit the lamps, and as he went out, looked back  
at the fair girl with a pleasant, knowing smile;  
then Fanny's mother came in, quietly arranged  
a disordered table, looked at her abstracted  
daughter silently, but with a fond, proud, most  
motherly expression, and passed from the  
room.

The twilight deepened, and the stars of a  
glorious June evening came out in heaven.  
Fanny steps through the open window into  
the piazza, and bends forward, as listening  
to a horse? Yes, now it comes across the  
rains—now it ascends the hill—now comes the  
gleam of a white horse dashing up the road,  
urged by an eager rider; and Fanny Austin  
turns quickly, and re-enters the parlor, where  
she demurely seats herself at a table, and takes  
up a book.

Through how many twilights during the  
past year had Fanny waited and watched for  
the coming of that milk-white steed! She had  
grown to know his gallop across the bridge  
as well as she knew the voice of his master.  
Fanny's lover lived in the city, five miles away,  
and in all seasons, and in all weathers, came  
to visit his liege lady on this favorite horse,  
a beautiful and powerful animal. But this was  
the last time that Fanny would watch with  
loving anxiety at the eastern window for  
the coming of the bold, impetuous rider—for  
to-morrow they were to be married.

A sweet ideal of early womanhood was Fanny  
at that moment, with her love-radiating  
face bent over her book, of whose contents  
she saw not a word—with the forward fall of  
her light, wavy hair, half shading her shy,  
tender, soft blue eyes—with the tremulous play  
of her parted lips, and the vivid flashings of  
her fair rounded cheek. She was dressed with  
child-like simplicity, in a lawn of that most  
delicate blue we see in the sky—with flowing  
sleeves, half revealing arms of faultless sym-  
metry. Her white neck was unadorned, and,  
in place of a brooch, she wore at her bosom a  
bunch of pale blue roses. How her high-  
beating heart rocked them, and shook out their  
perfumes! How eloquently, how fitly her love  
spoke in the rise and fall of those rose-buds,  
and bathed in the fragrance they exhaled!

There is a quick step in the hall without—  
The door is flung open! Let us look up with  
Fanny at him who stands on the threshold.  
A figure of medium height, manly yet more  
delicate than robust—a face intellectually  
handsome, though exceedingly fresh and youth-  
ful—the full red lips all smiles, the large  
brown eyes all tenderness—a deep flush on  
the slightly browned cheek—the dark curly  
hair somewhat disordered and blown about the  
broad brow by the fresh night wind; so stood  
Henry Lester, but only for an instant stood,  
blinded by the light—then stepped joyfully  
forward. Fanny rose, half fond, half fearful,  
the passion of the woman at strife with the  
shyness of the child, to meet his glad em-  
brace.

"You are late to-night, dearest," she said in  
an inquiring tone.  
"Yes; my groomsmen, Charles Mason, came  
to-night. I had not seen him for nearly a  
year, and so we had many things to talk about.  
I never liked the fellow so well. Indeed, I  
believe I love all my friends the better for  
loving you so truly, Fanny. Like Juliet, 'the  
more I give, the more I have to give.'"  
"Such, dear Henry, is the infinite, divine  
nature of love. Did you find the evening pleas-  
ant?"  
"Glorious! The air was both soft and in-  
vigorating; the stars are very pure, and  
there is a tinge of a moon, you know, just  
enough to swear by. Oh, Fanny, I never was  
so happy as to-night! My heart was the  
heart of a child, brimming and bubbling over  
with happiness. I sang in riding through the  
dark pine woods some wild tune, and I know  
not what words—little besides your name, I  
believe—I took off my cap, and let the winds  
flood as they would with my hair; feel now  
Fanny, and see how damp it is with dew."

Fanny laid her hand carelessly among the  
shining curls, then drew it away with a blush,  
while her lover continued:  
"I remained so unexpectantly happy—some-  
times urging on Selim, at a furious rate, the  
sooner to quench the hot thirst of my heart in  
your presence—sometimes checking him up  
and sitting quite still, to let the great waves  
of joy pass over me—till I came to the burial  
ground on the hill beyond the ravine. I had  
passed this a hundred times with only a mo-  
mentary shadowing of my heart, as a swift  
stream is shadowed by flowing under a willow;  
but to-night, at the first sight of the  
gleaming, gnat-like tomb-stones, I reeled in my  
saddle and groaned aloud!"  
"Why so, dear Henry?"  
"Because, love, I remembered you were  
mortal, and not one of God's own imperish-

able angels, as I had dreamed—that you might  
leave my love, my bosom, for one of those  
low, cold, lonely beds of sleep and dark for-  
getfulness. Oh, great Heaven, the agony of  
the thought!" he cried, hiding his face against  
Fanny's breast, while tears that were no  
reproach to his manhood, dropped fast upon  
those pale blush roses.

Fanny bowed her head over him, and said  
with tender solemnity:  
"I am persuaded that neither death, nor  
life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,  
nor things present, nor things to come, can  
divide us now, nor destroy our love, which is  
of God. Though I perish, at all the universe  
beside, I can never die to you."  
"But ab, Fanny," he replied, with some-  
thing of the fond waywardness of a little  
child, "if I go first, would you grieve for me  
any? Would you ever come to my grave to  
weep, and remember how dearly I loved you?"  
"For a little while," she replied, "not long,  
I think."

Henry looked up bewildered, and she con-  
tinued, with quivering lip: "because, dearest,  
I should so soon be lying by your side."  
"And now," she added, smilingly, "let us talk  
of brighter things—I never saw you in a mood  
so melancholy and foreboding. Clouds of all  
kinds are so foreign to your sunny nature.  
I rode over to our house with mamma, to-day.  
Everything is in perfect order there, now. The  
last I did was to arrange your books in the  
little library. Your dear mother says that she  
will have the parlors lit up and tea all ready  
for us, the evening we get back from the  
Falls."

"Say the evening we reach home, Fanny! I  
want to hear you speak that word, so I may  
be sure I am not dreaming of a pleasant, quiet  
at home, and a blessed little wife of my own."  
"Well, then, home—your home—our home,  
to be presided over by an ignorant little 'child  
wife,' a thousand removes from an angel, but  
in your love, indeed, 'blessed among women.'  
Now are you satisfied?"  
After receiving her lover's unspoken but  
eloquent response, Fanny laughingly resumed:  
"I fancy we shall have a funny sort of men-  
age—both so young, totally inexperienced, and  
with, to say the least, such exceedingly mod-  
est means. I wish we could live like the  
fairies, on dew and honey; or rather, as the  
angels live, on pure love. Oh, then, Henry,  
we could 'fare sumptuously every day.' But  
alas, we are only a poor pair of mortals, and  
so we must be industrious and prudent, and  
rub along as we can."

"Why, Fanny, dear, I am not so very young.  
I was twenty last March, and shall be ad-  
mitted to the bar in about two years. In the  
meantime, my father will do all he can for us,  
though he don't esteem early marriages very  
prudent things. I mean to prove to him that  
I can be as steady, studious, diligent, and eco-  
nomical, as any plodding, money-making old  
bachelor in town. I shan't hear of your giving  
up any of your accustomed luxuries, Fanny,  
or making your dainty hands hard or unskilful  
by any sort of work; but I have already  
given up my play-going and cigars, and I think  
some of selling Selim."

"Never," cried Fanny. "What! sell the  
faithful creature which has borne you so sur-  
e, and so swiftly to me every blessed Satur-  
day evening in the year! It would make us  
too much like the reduced and disenchanted  
couple I have somewhere, read of, who killed  
and cooked the very carrier dove which had  
flown back and forth with their love-letters."  
At this moment, a bright little lad of ten  
years opened the door, saying, "Sister Fanny,  
a big hand-box has come for you from the  
city."

"Oh, then, bring it in here," she replied.  
The lad vanished, but reappeared in a moment  
with the box, which Fanny eagerly opened,  
and took out a dress of plain white silk, and  
a long, white veil of delicate lace.  
"This is dear papa's gift," she said; "isn't  
it a beautiful veil, Henry?"  
"Yes," he answered, "very beautiful. What  
is it made of—book muslin?"  
"Fanny smiled at his ignorance, assuring him  
that it was of lace, and that of a superior qual-  
ity."  
"Don't you admire the dress?" she asked,  
after a moment's silence.  
"Oh, yes, greatly; but it is not pretty as the  
one you have on. By the way, I think, I am  
sure, I remember that dress. Isn't it the very  
one you had on at Commencement, the first  
time I saw you?"  
"Yes," answered Fanny, with a bright blush.  
"It's rather old-fashioned now; but I thought  
if you should happen to recollect it, you might  
be pleased to have me wear it to-night."

"Dear Fanny, how good, how just like you  
that was. I have always thought this just the  
loveliest dress in the world; the color belongs  
to you by the right of your eyes; and now I  
think of it, Fanny, can't you be married in  
blue?"  
Fanny laughed outright at this, saying that  
the idea was quite absurd and impossible.  
"My milliner meant to have my bridal array  
quite complete," she said; "for here is the  
wreath of orange blossoms. What think you  
of this, Henry?"  
"Away with it!" he replied; "there is some-  
thing stiff, stately, and exotic in those flow-  
ers. Do wear, instead, a few just such rose  
buds as those in your bosom. They are al-  
most white; they are simple and sweet, and  
they breathe of home. You will wear them,  
won't you, dearest?"  
"Oh, gladly; for these, too, have their asso-  
ciations. The tree that bore them was your  
first

gift to me. Henry, I would like to have  
you, for I cannot, will not stay in this dark  
world when you are gone, Henry; for my life  
is in your love."  
"My dearest, do not grieve so bitterly,  
something tells me, even now, that we shall  
not long be parted—only be patient, love, for  
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After lying quite silent for some moments,  
looking upward; he exclaimed, almost in his  
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and piercing that every slumberer in her home  
was roused up, and guided by the voice of her  
pious aunt, came to look upon the pitiful  
sight of her awful bereavement.  
In that pleasant parlor where but an hour  
before had set the betrothed lovers, in life and  
love, in love's most blessed hope and most un-  
alterable joy, was now extended the form of  
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all night her watch of speechless, tearless, un-  
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"Where have they laid Henry?"  
"In the southwest corner of the grave yard,  
under the large elm tree," was the reply. All  
the succeeding days, Fanny's grief was bitter  
and despairing, but at night she was calmer,  
and earnestly desired to be left quite alone—  
Early the next morning, her mother went to  
her chamber and was surprised to find her  
looking much more serene than she had been,  
and almost cheerfully; but towards night she  
relapsed into fits of passionate weeping, al-  
most desolate and hopeless grieving. Again,  
with sleep seemed to come peace, even an ex-  
altation of spirit, which endured only for the  
morning hours—and so it continued through-  
out the week. The poor child gave her moth-  
er a beautiful explanation of this mystery—  
"Every night," she said, "my Henry comes to  
see me in a vision. He holds me in his arms,  
and looks so pitifully into my eyes; he wipes away my  
tears and comforts me, oh, so divinely! He  
looks as he always did on earth—only yet  
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mother, that I did not think it possible he  
could grow more beautiful, even in heaven;  
but he seems so in my dream. He gives me  
strength and joy to sustain me till we meet  
again; but I am so weak that before the long  
days is through, it leaves me. Yet, he never  
fails to come to me, or draw me to him—I  
scarcely know which. I seem in a state like  
that of the Apostle, when he knew not whether  
he was in body or out; I only know I am  
with him, and content."

A strange rumor spread through the neigh-  
borhood, and finally reached the family of  
Fanny, that some belated travellers, had seen,  
in the midst of the night, a shape of shining  
white, gliding about the grave of Henry Lester.  
But no one among his friends was so super-  
stitious as to heed the story.  
On Saturday night just one week from the  
time of the heart-breaking tragedy, Fanny's  
father, who was a physician, was riding home,  
wearing some time after twelve, and as he was  
passing the grave-yard, in sight of his house,  
he was startled to observe some white object  
at the grave of young Lester. Dr. Austin was  
a truly brave man, and, after a moment of in-  
decision, he dismounted and entered the lonely  
burial-place. The appearance at the grave  
grew more and more distinct, as he drew soft-  
ly near. It was a human form prone upon the  
earth!

One moment more, he had reached the spot,  
and found his own daughter, Fanny, in her  
bridal dress, lying beside the grave of her lover,  
and one arm thrown over it. Shocked and  
alarmed beyond measure, he called her name,  
laying his hand on her arm—but she did not  
rise, or move. When, looking more closely  
in her face, he saw that she was sleeping the  
strange, wonderful sleep of the somnambulist.  
He raised her gently in his arms, and was  
about to bear her homeward, when she awoke  
to complete consciousness.  
"My God! where am I?" she exclaimed,  
looking wildly around.  
As tenderly as possible, her father told her  
what had happened, and as half carried, he  
home. She wept and seemed much agitated,  
but begged that she might go quietly to her  
chamber, without disturbing her mother.

From that night, Mrs. Austin always re-  
mained with her daughter, watching and awak-  
ening her whenever she rose in her sleep; and  
on her bridal-day, and prepared to steal off  
to her grave-yard trust. It was wonderful, but  
it was true; for, from that time, Fanny slept  
in body and spirit. She seemed to utterly  
lack the miraculous sustenance she had  
known at first—the vision and the comfort it  
brought were gone together.

One day, seeing her mother weeping, she  
said, "Is it not written, that a man shall for-  
sake father and mother, and cleave unto his  
wife? Can a wife do less for her husband?  
Mother, God has wedded me to Henry; my  
soul so cleaves to his, that they cannot be  
separated; and when he calls I must go to  
him even from you."  
At a later period she said, "Mother, dear,  
I want you to see that no ghostly shroud is put  
on me, but a soft, white muslin dress, and fold  
my bridal veil about me, and put white roses  
in my hair, that all may know that I am his  
bride and not Death's. And oh, mother, keep  
very sacred the blue lawn I wore on that last  
night, and never let them wash Henry's blood  
out of it. Most of all, I want you to promise  
me to plant, with your own hand, that blush  
rose-tree that Henry gave me, between him  
and me, so that the roses will fall upon us  
both."  
Before the leaves of the elm tree over Henry  
Lester's grave were golden by the autumn  
frost, his Fanny was lying at his side.  
When June came round again, the grass was  
long and green, and the rose-tree grew more  
beautiful than ever there; and when the evening  
winds shook the branches, they scattered  
a sweet largess of leaves upon the mounds,  
and swung out a fragrance on the air sweet-  
er than aught else, says the memory of the lov-  
ers sleeping below.

Often has my mind dwelt long and deeply  
on those dreams which were yet no dreams—  
those sweet exalted visions, those trances of  
love and sorrow, which drew that tender and  
delicate girl, arrayed in her bridal dress, night  
after night, to the lonely grave of her betroth-  
ed. Oh, beautiful, adorable mystery of love  
and sorrow! Oh, grave, where was here thy  
vicinity? Oh, mortality, where the might of  
thy prison walls? As of old, an angel came  
in the night, and led forth the prisoner.  
There is, there is, a wondrous, hidden life  
within us all, deeper and truer than that of  
which we have an every-day understanding and  
consciousness—a life triumphant over death  
and pain and sorrow—all the mournful con-  
ditions of our mortal being. When they who  
loved the maiden would have feared her suf-  
fering from the night-darkness and cold, with  
the grosser physical senses sealed, she walked  
in light ineffable, and breathed the soft air  
of the balm of celestial day. When the chill  
dews descended upon her delicate frame, she  
was shielded, folded about by the arms of im-  
mortal tenderness; when her soft cheek lay  
against the hard graveyard, she was hiding  
her rap, contented face in the bosom of her  
lover.

My blood will spoil that beautiful blue  
dress!"  
"Oh, my love! my soul!" cried Fanny,  
"would to God it flowed from my own heart!  
Would to God I could die for you, or with  
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One moment more, he had reached the spot,  
and found his own daughter, Fanny, in her  
bridal dress, lying beside the grave of her lover,  
and one arm thrown over it. Shocked and  
alarmed beyond measure, he called her name,  
laying his hand on her arm—but she did not  
rise, or move. When, looking more closely  
in her face, he saw that she was sleeping the  
strange, wonderful sleep of the somnambulist.  
He raised her gently in his arms, and was  
about to bear her homeward, when she awoke  
to complete consciousness.  
"My God! where am I?" she exclaimed,  
looking wildly around.  
As tenderly as possible, her father told her  
what had happened, and as half carried, he  
home. She wept and seemed much agitated,  
but begged that she might go quietly to her  
chamber, without disturbing her mother.

From that night, Mrs. Austin always re-  
mained with her daughter, watching and awak-  
ening her whenever she rose in her sleep; and  
on her bridal-day, and prepared to steal off  
to her grave-yard trust. It was wonderful, but  
it was true; for, from that time, Fanny slept  
in body and spirit. She seemed to utterly  
lack the miraculous sustenance she had  
known at first—the vision and the comfort it  
brought were gone together.

One day, seeing her mother weeping, she  
said, "Is it not written, that a man shall for-  
sake father and mother, and cleave unto his  
wife? Can a wife do less for her husband?  
Mother, God has wedded me to Henry; my  
soul so cleaves to his, that they cannot be  
separated; and when he calls I must go to  
him even from you."  
At a later period she said, "Mother, dear,  
I want you to see that no ghostly shroud is put  
on me, but a soft, white muslin dress, and fold  
my bridal veil about me, and put white roses  
in my hair, that all may know that I am his  
bride and not Death's. And oh, mother, keep  
very sacred the blue lawn I wore on that last  
night, and never let them wash Henry's blood  
out of it. Most of all, I want you to promise  
me to plant, with your own hand, that blush  
rose-tree that Henry gave me, between him  
and me, so that the roses will fall upon us  
both."  
Before the leaves of the elm tree over Henry  
Lester's grave were golden by the autumn  
frost, his Fanny was lying at his side.  
When June came round again, the grass was  
long and green, and the rose-tree grew more  
beautiful than ever there; and when the evening  
winds shook the branches, they scattered  
a sweet largess of leaves upon the mounds,  
and swung out a fragrance on the air sweet-  
er than aught else, says the memory of the lov-  
ers sleeping below.

Often has my mind dwelt long and deeply  
on those dreams which were yet no dreams—  
those sweet exalted visions, those trances of  
love and sorrow, which drew that tender and  
delicate girl, arrayed in her bridal dress, night  
after night, to the lonely grave of her betroth-  
ed. Oh, beautiful, adorable mystery of love  
and sorrow! Oh, grave, where was here thy  
vicinity? Oh, mortality, where the might of  
thy prison walls? As of old, an angel came  
in the night, and led forth the prisoner.  
There is, there is, a wondrous, hidden life  
within us all, deeper and truer than that of  
which we have an every-day understanding and  
consciousness—a life triumphant over death  
and pain and sorrow—all the mournful con-  
ditions of our mortal being. When they who  
loved the maiden would have feared her suf-  
fering from the night-darkness and cold, with  
the grosser physical senses sealed, she walked  
in light ineffable, and breathed the soft air  
of the balm of celestial day. When the chill  
dews descended upon her delicate frame, she  
was shielded, folded about by the arms of im-  
mortal tenderness; when her soft cheek lay  
against the hard graveyard, she was hiding  
her rap, contented face in the bosom of her  
lover.

Thoughts for Young Men.  
There is one error in regard to health, so  
common in all ranks of life, that special pains  
should be taken to prevent young men from  
incurring its mischiefs. Almost every man  
has his own pet indulgence. This he defends  
by saying that however injurious it may be  
to others it is harmless to himself; and he re-  
fers to his past experience to justify his future  
indulgence; affirming that he has tried it for  
years, he knows that it has been innocuous,  
and will therefore persist.

Now this reasoning, in ninety-nine cases in  
a hundred, is the shallowest of fallacies. In  
the first place, a man can never know how  
well he would do had been, but for the indul-  
gence he defends. He wants and must neces-  
sarily want, as an object of comparison, and  
as a ground for his inference, that other self,  
which but for the indulgence, he would have  
been.

In the next place, and principally, every well  
constituted person is endowed with a vast fund  
of health and strength, at his birth; and if this  
has not been impaired by the ignorance or fol-  
ly of his natural guardians, he brings it with  
him upon the stage of life. This fund of nat-  
ural, inborn health and vigor may be increas-  
ed or kept at par, or squandered. The case  
may be likened to a deposit in a bank of a  
hundred thousand dollars for a young man's  
benefit. He may make a draft upon it of five  
thousand dollars a year; and may repeat his  
draft annually, for twenty years; and because  
the draft is always answered, the drawer may  
say, "I know this expenditure does not impair  
my fortune—my credit continues as good as  
ever, and the last time my check was present-  
ed, it was promptly honored." True. But  
the self same act now cited to prove the ex-  
haustlessness of the funds is the very act that  
drew the last cent of the deposit, and balanc-  
ed the account. It is false logic, when the  
inference uses up the premises and syllogism  
comes to stand stronger until it stands on  
nothing. Yet such is the argument in defence  
of every indulgence and every exposure that  
militates against the laws of health. He who  
draws upon a supply that is not infinite, will  
sooner or later reach the bottom. Let this be  
received as an axiom, that no law of health  
any more than a law of conscience, can ever  
be broken with impunity. To affirm that any  
violation of a law of health will not be follow-  
ed by its corresponding injury, is as philoso-  
phically absurd as to say "there may be a  
stronger man than you."

A young man in the city, and in some avoca-  
tions in the country also, who has only a  
limited stipend for the supply of all his wants  
is sorely tempted to indulge himself in what  
meets the public eye, and to scribble himself  
in needs of a more private character. An un-  
healthy sleeping-room may be endured, that a  
shabby dress may be dispensed. A month of  
penurious living is the penalty of an expensive  
entertainment. A day of indiscreet and per-  
haps baneful pleasure absorbs what would  
have sufficed to spread comfort over weeks.  
In former days, under the despotism of a cru-  
el as cruel as it was ridiculous, a young man  
with a few spare dollars in his pocket, was  
expected to spend them in the sensual pleas-  
ures of a wine bibbing entertainment, instead  
of spending them for the God-like joy of  
adoring a mistress, or reclaiming from guilt, or  
rescuing innocents from perdition.—Harris  
Mag.

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.  
A man commenced visiting a young woman,  
and appeared to be well pleased. One evening  
he called quite late, which led the girl to  
inquire where he had been.  
"I have been to work to-night."  
"Do you work for a living?" inquired the  
astonished girl.  
"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am  
a mechanic."  
"My brother doesn't work, and I dislike the  
name of a mechanic," and she turned up her  
pretty little nose.  
That was the last time he visited the young  
woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has  
one of the best of wives for his wife. The  
young lady who disliked the name of a me-  
chanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a  
regular vagrant about grogshops; and what a  
poor miserable girl, is obliged to take in wash-  
ing in order to support herself and children.  
You who dislike the name of a mechanic;  
whose brothers do nothing but loaf and drea-  
m, beware how you treat young men who work  
for a living. Far better discard the well-fed  
pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, and brazen  
pomposity, and take to your affections the  
callous-handed, intelligent, and industrious me-  
chanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted  
their folly, who have turned their backs on  
honest industry. A few years of bitter ex-  
perience have taught them a severe lesson. In  
this country a man or woman should not be  
respected, in our thinking, who can't work  
bodily or mentally, and who can't take  
wash with scorn, when introduced to a hard-  
working man.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—After Queen Vic-  
toria came to the throne, a present was sent  
to her from Jerusalem, of an Olive tree. It  
was kept on deck, and appeared to die on the  
passage. In that state it was entrusted to the  
gardens. On the week in which her Majesty  
was crowned, the Bristol Mercury stated that  
on the day of the coronation, this olive tree  
put forth twelve blossoms. From the inci-  
dent, it is thought that the twelve tribes of Is-  
rael will be gathered in Victoria's reign. Being  
who are less theological and more genealogi-  
cal, infer that she will have twelve children.

Broken Like a True Woman.—At the  
Woman's Rights Convention at Akron, Ohio,  
some singular things were said, and some sen-  
sible ones. A young lady spoke as follows:  
"For her own part, she loved man, individ-  
ually and collectively, better than woman, and  
so, she was sure, did every one of her sex, if  
she, like her, would utter their true senti-  
ments. She was more anxious for man's ele-  
vation and improvement than for woman's, and  
so was every true woman."

The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness.  
We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be,  
or how velvet her lips, if she wears a scowl  
even, her friends will consider her ill-looking,  
while the young lady who illustrates her coun-  
tenance with smiles will be considered as  
handsome, though her complexion may be  
coarse enough to grade nutmegs on. As per-  
fume is to the rose, so is good nature to the  
lily. Girls, think of this.