

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. E. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1852.

VOLUME IX. NUMBER 50

## Port's Corner.

### The Child and the Pebble.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Just an infant by a bridge,  
With hair of golden blue,  
Circles red and round as a peach,  
And eyes of blue.

She held a pebble in her hand,  
And then in careless glee  
Threw it far out into the stream,  
And laughed at me.

The golden fishes dived away,  
And the pebble fell,  
And spreading circles reared the waves  
With gentle swell.

Full child, I thought, how blest in life,  
If thou shouldst scatter wide,  
The seeds and scatter thou shalt meet,  
On every side.

Full many glad years had fled,  
When fancy me beguiled,  
And bent my steps towards the bridge,  
Where sat the child.

Alas! the arch had felt decay,  
The stream a river grown,  
Corrupted nigh o'er the spot where once  
The pebble shone.

And told the darkness of the night,  
And told the furious storm,  
With arms crossed up to heaven there stood  
A woman's form.

Then with a cry of wild despair,  
It plunged beneath the wave,  
And flaming whirlpools gather o'er,  
The lovely grave.

I turned away with fearful eyes,  
For memory could not but own,  
The child had flung itself where fell  
The sparkling stone.

## Gems of Thought.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other.

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

A man is a fool if he be enraged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gnat, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the wisdom of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in which you must shape your character by the word of warning wisdom and plant in your soul the seeds of holiness.

A beautiful trait of Horrid's, the poet, is mentioned by Southey. He used to let the chest care out of their traps, and leave their keys for their ransom. This was to be just and generous both.

It is not pomp or pretension, but the adoption of the expression to the idea that clenches the writer's meaning, as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted to the place, that gives strength to the work.

It is a narrow and mistaken idea, to imagine that the sooner things wear out the better it is for the trade. The grand principle is, to make them so that an increased number of families or individuals are desirous to have them.

Ignorance is an evil, but a slavish mind, of willing habits, eager for amusement and novelty, and incapable of self-government, or of carrying out with perseverance any object in political or private life, is a greater evil than ignorance.

Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between the politeness, that sterling ore of the heart and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing rooms.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that singers like to be encored. There is often a violent opposition out of compassion, with a view of "shame, shame" when a young female is about to be encored twice in a single year, as if it were taking a cruel advantage of her—instead of the third, she would be glad to sing for the thirtieth time, and "die of an encore in operatic pain!"

If you should see a man digging in a snow bank with the expectation of finding valuable stones, or planting seeds in the rolling billows, you would say to him, "You are beside him!" But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated mind, and holy principles?

In the progress of improvement, there must be a point in every movement when one man is left and all the rest of the world wrong—this error was a great discovery, or improvement, or reform, opposed by conservatism; in fact, there was not a time when there was not one crazy reformer on one side, and all the wisdom, and science, and morality, and religion of the world on the other.

## Original Tale.

Written for the Montrose Democrat.

### THE STEP-MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE FIERSON.

(CONTINUED.)

Ellisland was a beautifully situated estate, consisting of a warm pleasant valley, through which flowed a large clear rivulet, and gently swelling hills on either side, except at the North, where the stream came leaping down a precipitous height, dashing its crystal bells into atoms on the rocks, and shouting in its frolic madness. This North Hill as it was designated was covered with forest trees, and cleft into wild romantic dells, and caverned precipices. The mansion was built at the foot of the hill, on the west side of the valley, about sixty rods from the base of North Hill. A beautiful level lawn extended from the house to the stream, which was known as the Agna Vita, scattered clumps of fruit or forest trees, bowers of grape or flowering vines, and clusters of rose trees, lilac, and other blossoming and fragrant shrubs. Behind the house, on the hill side, were grand orchards of the finest fruit. To the south were gardens rich with luxuriant vegetation, and still south of these were the farm house and barns, and rich green pastures. Across the stream were meadows, and fields of corn and wheat.

Ellisland was indeed a terrestrial paradise; but since age had dulled the energies of its mistress, it had fallen somewhat into disorder. Lucree however fancied that she would soon have order and beauty restored to everything.

Would you like a piano for the parlor? asked Mrs. Ellis, after a while.

I am not mistress of the piano, dear aunt, said Lucree. I have taken a few lessons, but our instrument is a bad one. Pa ordered it and the dealer imposed upon him. And as he is not fond of music, he did not take the trouble to exchange it. I was very much grieved about it, for I do so love music.

Well we will have a piano, at any rate. Perhaps Mr. Noble will give you a few lessons. Do you sing?

Yes aunt, and she poured forth a few strains in her soft rich tones, which brought tears to the good lady's eyes.

In the evening the mail arrived, and as they looked over its contents, Mrs. Ellis requested Lucree to read one of the News Papers to her. Lucree commenced reading whatever seemed of interest. At length she came to an account of the suicide of a young girl, who took poison because the man she loved forsok her for another.

Poor girl, sighed Lucree.

Poor fool! ejaculated Mrs. Ellis. I dare say if that man had married that girl, she would have poisoned herself in less than a year to get rid of him.

How can you think so aunt. Surely the love that impelled her to throw away her life, could never have wearied of its object. Such love must be unchangeable, and eternal as the soul.

Lucree, asked Mrs. Ellis, do you believe that any will be miserable hereafter?

I fear there will be some aunt, for I knew a man who always blasphemed our God, and all religion. He was a drunkard also, and a wicked man in many respects. He fell sick, and his talk was profanity and blasphemy, until the last breath, which was burdened with a dreadful oath. I fear that he did not go to heaven.

And did any body love that wicked man? asked Mrs. Ellis.

Yes aunt. His wife, an excellent christian woman did really love him, tenderly and devotedly. He had a daughter also, who loved him with her whole heart. For though he gave them much abusive language, he gratified them in every wish.

Well, you suppose that they will rest in heaven?

Yes aunt, why not?

I do not say, not Lucree. But if human love be eternal, can those women be happy, even in God's heaven and know that the beloved husband and father, is shut out from happiness and hope, forever? You shudder, Lucree, you feel that they would be miserable in heaven.

I loved my husband. I believe that he is in heaven. I shall love him, there because the love of God will rest upon him. I shall love all the redeemed as much as I love him. There can be no selfish or exclusive love where God is loved supremely, and his servants loved only because they are his. There shall love God in himself, and in his creatures. Whatsoever is opposed to him, cannot appear lovely to his children. Human love frequently exists between ungodly persons, or it binds a christian to an inanimate fiend. It therefore is not immortal, but exists as a tie, constituted by God, for the formation and binding together of families here on earth. There is a world of sentimental and transcendental nonsense, written and spoken in these days, about love. There are even religionists who teach, that the conjugal relations will be perpetuated in heaven, and constitute its highest bliss. Such doctrines are revolting and detestable. The love of God, in whatever is godlike must be eternal—the love of humanity for mere humanity, must perish with its perishable idols, and worshippers. You know my child, that all the loves and sympathies of our nature, have their source and sustenance in the necessities of nature. How can it exist when human nature and its necessities is laid aside. Depend upon it Lucree only the love that recognises the godlikeness, and loves it for its likeness to God,

will exist where God is all in all. But to our subject. What was the feeling that impelled this young girl, to commit self murder? You will say no doubt, she could not live without her love. Let us consider this position. She had health, home and friends—the green earth, the liquid air, and the starry vault of heaven, were all hers to love, to use, and to admire. This man, proven unworthy by his own deeds, sought her notice, and won her affections; then after engrossing all her thoughts and hopes, for a time, he casts her love away as a worthless bauble, and seeks the love of another—thereby proving himself unstable and without principle; despicable and worthless; for a faithless lover, will never keep faith with any one principle. Change is an infirmity of his nature. He will be kicked through the world, by "outrageous fortune," for his fellow men will never trust him. At all events he is only a man, and below the common level. Now, wherein could her happiness rationally depend upon her becoming his wife? He would have been to her a sickle, and neglected husband, and would have injured her children by imbuing them with his nature, misleading them by his example, and neglecting their physical well being. Again Lucree, this poor foolish girl, must have possessed a proud unsubdued spirit, inordinate self love, and reckless passions; with weak judgment, shallow discernment, and the blind willfulness of an idiot. No sensible person having the fear of God in his heart, ever yet committed suicide; unless they were insane, in which case they were not sensible. This was the view of her character which caused me to remark that if she had been married to him, she would have committed suicide to escape the connection. I tell you Lucree, of all the women who marry "for love," (which means romantic fancy) five eighths repent bitterly; and of the disappointed, nine tenths learn to look back on their disappointment as a happy escape. When death or other adversities separate two who truly love each other, sorrow is justifiable—if tempered by submission; but a girl should be ashamed to shed a tear for a man, who never loved her, or who has proved himself weak and worthless, by deserting her for another.

I hope that you have the good sense to know that all men are men like your father and brother, very few any better, but many of them worse. Knowing this you will not suffer your fancy, to surround a man with the halo of divinity, and tell you it is your destiny to worship him, whereas it is written "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." No woman who commits suicide either by poison, hanging, drowning, or the more fashionable process of broken heart, can hope to attain to future happiness; for she has loved the creature more than the Creator; she despised his precious gifts, and pierced the hearts of those who loved her; has fled from her post of duty, and thrown away the years that were allotted to her as a highway to heaven. Lying down in stubborn defiance by the way side, she cannot attain the end, and object of the journey of life—eternal rest.

Oh aunt, you are so wise, cried Lucree, rising and taking Mrs. Ellis's hand between both of hers; how I thank you for your words. You do not know how much I needed them. But I am wiser now, aunt. I have read many foolish things, but your words have shown me how ridiculous they were.

The next morning Lucree arose refreshed, cheerful, and with her accustomed bloom. After breakfast, she arranged the furniture of the parlor, adding to its adornments several tasteful articles, which she had brought with her, as presents to her aunt, or for her own use.

Mr. Noble will be here at 12 o'clock, remarked Mrs. Ellis, smiling as she surveyed the room.

Is he a very austere gentleman? asked Lucree; for his name carried the idea of a middle aged, portly man, dark, sanctimonious, and severe.

I have never thought him very austere, replied Mrs. Ellis, perhaps you will judge differently from me. I wish you to dress carefully. Do not put back your curls, or affect plainness; for he will, no doubt meet you in other company, and so might conclude that you used a little hypocrisy to please him or perhaps to escape his reproaches. So when the gentleman was announced, Lucree made her appearance in a pale blue barrette, with trimmings of white lace, and her beautiful gold fleck'd brown hair, in curls upon her pure white shoulders, merely banded back from her temples with a light chain of gold, and emeralds. She had never experienced so much trepidation at the thought of meeting a stranger, but Mrs. Ellis seemed to consider him so very consequential. She was prepared to meet him with great reverence, and treat him deferentially. But how were all her dreams revolved when entering the parlor she beheld a slender though rather tall young man, with a pale intellectual face, exceedingly fine dark eyes, and clustering curls black and glossy as the ravens plumage.

Mrs. Ellis introduced the two, in her own peculiar manner. Lucree, permit me to present you to my nephew the Rev'd Mr. Noble. William, this is my niece, Miss Mann.

After the customary compliments, Mr. Noble observed, why aunt, I did not know that you had a niece.

You know it now, said smiling, she almost as much my niece as you are my nephew. Mr. Mann married my niece; she left him a widow, and this is his daughter by a second marriage, and this is his daughter by a second marriage. And that you may rightly understand the relationship between you, Lucree, this Reverend gentleman is the only child

of my husband's only sister. Now I hope you will treat each other courteously, as such near relations ought to do. After some conversation on various topics, she remarked, I have promised Miss Mann a piano, and have further presumed that Mr. Noble will give her a few lessons on it. You must persuade her to sing to you, she is the sweetest vocalist you ever listened to—but remember, both of you I am not to be neglected, though I am old and ugly!

As Lucree sat alone in her room that night she could not avoid thinking; how strange that I should have thought Charles Dallas a perfect gentleman. Mr. Noble is immeasurably superior to him. There is no comparison between them. It is like earth compared to heaven, or matter likened to spirit. Charles is an animal, William is an angel. It is well, that aunt sent for me, as she did; for I verily thought it my duty to pounce away and die, for Charles Dallas, and very possibly I should have effected what I considered my melancholy fate; and so have thrown away life—temporal and eternal.

I never believed in love at first sight, mused the Rev'd Mr. Noble, as he walked toward his boarding house, but I certainly feel a strong attraction toward Miss Mann. Lucree, how sweet. She is not at all a stranger to me, but this embodiment of a thousand beauties and graces, lights and melodies, that I have known separately, and loved. She touches every nerve of my heart; every chord of my spirit. I feel to say as Adam said, when the Lord brought to him, his beautiful and love radiant Eve—She is flesh of my flesh, and spirit of my spirit. I wonder if she is free in heart. Probably not, for one so lovely must have attracted many worshippers, and some of them must be estimable men. Most likely her affections are engaged. If not—but I will not dream of such great happiness.

Perhaps Mr. Noble did not visit his aunt more frequently than he had been accustomed to, before the arrival of her niece, but his visits were unnecessarily prolonged; and it became his duty to go there three days in the week to give Miss Mann lessons in music. The young lady was an apt learner, and a few lessons made her mistress of the instrument yet the Rev'd gentleman seemed to fancy that his lessons were still indispensable. So the days passed away pleasantly; while sympathy of taste, and mutual respect and admiration, were Penelope's web closely about the hearts of master and pupil. They moved, spoke and thought, with reference to each other. Neither was conscious of the awakening of a new sentiment. It only seemed that each had found the reality of all the high tender and vague imaginings of human excellence, and earthly bliss. But, thought Lucree, if I should discover one fault, in him, I should no longer esteem him.

Lucree, observed Mrs. Ellis one morning I cannot but feel a little wonder at the quantity and quality of your dresses and ornaments. Why so aunt, asked the girl, blushing—do you think me extravagant? No child, your equipage is all very tasteful, very proper, and very becoming, every way. Only I expected to see greater profusion and display.

Why so auntie? You admit of my propriety; how can you be disappointed?

Well Lucree, I will tell you. I do not keep secrets, for heirs. You see while Melrose was at college, he wrote to me several times asking for money, and intimating that his father, influenced by his step mother, allowed him such a meagre provision, that he could not make a respectable appearance amongst his associates. So I sent him considerable sums from time to time. He knew that I was prejudiced against stepmothers, and his accounts or rather insinuations of your mothers injustice toward him, tended not a little to deepen my prejudice. But he always praised his little sister Lucree. Not long ago I received a letter from him, in a most doctored style. He said he had been won by the eloquence of a noted speaker, to subscribe \$500 to a popular public charity, never doubting but his father would second his views, and lend him the money, which at that time, having made some recent investments, he could not command. So he said he wrote to his father on the subject. "I am ashamed," he continued "to tell you aunt, that he not only refused me the money, but reproached me as a spendthrift and impostor, adding, "your mother always said that you would beggar me if I would let you. But be assured sir I shall not minister to your extravagances. I have supported you and paid for your education; now you must take care of yourself." Now aunt this is the more cruel, as he permits his wife to lavish thousands, in dress and jewels, on my pretty sister."

Of course I was surprised to find that you had neither satins, velvets, or diamonds. Did you send the money? asked Lucree, who had grown very pale.

Yes, replied Mrs. Ellis. I sent it intimating that he was now old enough to use his own judgment, and not be induced by any orator to assume responsibilities which he would not be able to assist his relations, instead of asking aid. Finally I let him know that I could receive no more such applications.

I do not know what to think of Melrose, sighed Lucree. He finds use for a great deal of money. I do not know how with all his pride, he can stoop to begging, and be content to drain the resources of the widow. Beside that I fear the story of his appeal to father is all a fable. And she sank back in her chair and wept.

Never mind, child, said Mrs. Ellis—I know him now, and can judge how far he has spoken the truth concerning your mother.

Summer passed away, like one of its own song birds. Lucree went out, but little, except to attend to the sick and aged, who depended upon Mrs. Ellis for comfort and support; and on Sundays, when she rode with her aunt to the church, in the pleasant little village, a mile and a half below Ellisland, on the Agna Vita. Mrs. Ellis was in truth, the "great woman" of the neighborhood. Even the aristocracy of the village kept themselves at a respectful distance from the lady of Ellisland, and her niece was included in the sphere that encircled her. The villagers admired, but dared not approach her familiarly. She was courteous to all, but did not presume to invite company to her aunt's house. So she had little intercourse with the neighboring gentry, and communed almost exclusively with Mr. Noble. Every body said that Mr. Noble would marry Miss Mann. Mrs. Ellisland intended it should be so from the first; and Mr. Noble and Miss Mann came to understand that such was their mutual wish and intention, while yet no word of love or marriage had been uttered between them. It seemed to them as if to everybody, a thing fitting and of course. But love will not always remain unspoken. It was a fine Indian summer day, and Mrs. Ellis requested William to take his fowling piece and accompany Lucree in an excursion on the North Hill, to gather long wort, and snake root, and white cohosh, and ginseng; which simple she was in the habit of using in the preparation of certain syrups, and panaceas, for the sick poor, who depended upon her kindness.

They were soon on their way, William with his gun, and Lucree with her garden hoe and basket; and ascending the hill by the orchard, toward the North-west, followed the circuitous ascent, and found themselves among the grape-laden wild plum trees, that grew in thorny groups, amongst and beneath the tall white oaks that spread their almost evergreen foliage to the crimson hazy sunbeams. After searching out the medicinal roots, which Mr. Noble dug, from rocky cliff and deep ravine, they stood at length beside the cascade, on the brow of the precipice. Wild and sublime was the scene around them, and the rush and roar of the cataract at their feet; but, beyond the valley lay in soft and dreamy beauty, How delightful, murmured the maiden—Oh, I could stay here forever.

Not with this humanity which is subject to hunger and cold, said the young man, smiling. And we are weary too. Let us rest awhile on this enchanted spot.

So they sat down on a mossy rock, and William said—This rough and thorny hill is like the world in which we live; and Heaven lies beyond like this fair quiet valley. Yet, Lucree, I would rather be here, with my present companion, than in the valley alone, as I should be without you.

What a declaration for a minister, said Lucree.

A minister, Lucree, loves all other men. He surely may love that which God has made lovely. You know that I love you, Lucree. Still, I will tell you, for it is so sweet to utter it: I love you, Lucree; I love you with a perfect love—love which approves your whole person, your every sentiment, in short, your entire character. I feel that we should be happy together; that a marriage between us would be a perfect union. If, however, you think otherwise, I withdraw my suit. Can you be willing to see me united to another?

Oh no, said the girl, hurriedly—never—no. And she bent her face on her open hands and wept.

Then you will give me your hand, with your heart in it.

Lucree arose, extended her hand, and said: They are both yours. He took the hand between both his, raised it to his lips, and murmured—My Father, I thank thee for this most precious gift. Let thy blessing rest ever upon us, for thy Savior's sake.

Lucree bowed her head, and breathed Amen. And the two took their homeward way, descending a steep ravine and following the course of the stream.

Aunt, said Mr. Noble that evening, I have been endeavoring to persuade Lucree that she can be happy as a poor pastor's wife. And has he been able to convince you? asked the lady.

My own heart, replied Lucree; advocated his cause so powerfully, that I became convinced. That is, if you and my dear parents give your approval.

You have my approval and earnest blessing, said Mrs. Ellis, clasping a hand of each, while the tears rolled down her cheeks like summer rain. God will bless your union, my children. You are made for each other; there is not a fit companion for either of you, except the other, on earth. My last and most earnest hope is now fulfilled. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

It was that evening decided that as soon as the fruits were gathered and stored, and the preserving done, Mr. Noble should accompany Lucree home, to her father's, and ask his and her mother's sanction to the marriage. That same evening Mrs. Ellis had a private conference with her nephew; and the next day she received a long visit from her lawyer; and the brooding wing of perfect happiness rested, still and soft, on each of the three satisfied hearts—those of the young man, the gentle maiden, and the experienced woman. There was no whisper of coming sorrow in the breeze, no cloud shadow athwart the brightness of

the smiling heaven. Life, to Lucree, was a trance of calm felicity—of full and perfect happiness. The past lay like a troubled lake, over which the bright sun-light was playing, gilding the ripples, and turning the spray to gems. The future was a paradise of all that is fragrant and beautiful, through which lay the angel haunted way to Heaven.

She was returning one evening, just after sunset, from a visit to a sweet patient girl, who was going down to the grave with a silent consumption; and the shadow of that land, in the vicinity of which she had been, conversing with her who lay upon its border, lay sadly soft upon her spirit. As she neared the little gate that opened on a footpath, at a corner of the lawn, she raised her pensive eyes, and started to see a tall man leaning on the gate.

Not frightened, sweet sis, he cried, and in a moment she was clasped to the bosom of her brother Melrose.

I am so glad to see you, she said. Did you get my letter of the fifth?

Yes—he answered—and it was partly that which brought me.

When did you arrive? enquired Lucree.

Just walked up from the village, he said hastily.

Well, come in, Melrose. Aunt will be glad to see you.

Aunt will not be glad to see me this evening, he answered. I am going on with the stage, and must hasten back to the village.

Here is a letter, which I thought best to give you with my own hand. Consider it well. I shall be back this way next Saturday evening. Where shall I see you then?

I shall be home here, brother, murmured Lucree, turning pale with a cold, undefined dread.

But I must not be recognized here, good sis. You must meet me in some sequestered spot, where we can have a long interrupted chat.

Now good by. And he hurried away toward the village.

Shuddering at heart with a nightmare terror, Lucree put the letter in her pocket, and entering at the gate, sat down in an autumn scented bower. She felt as if suddenly stricken into utter darkness and polar frigidity. White, drooping, and unconscious, she sat, until roused by the click of the gate latch, when lifting her face, Mr. Noble stood before her. Grasping her hand in alarm, he enquired the cause of her evident disorder.

I am faint and ill, she whispered; and then the gears and sobs broke forth. Surprised, alarmed, distressed, he led her toward the house, while she struggled with her emotions, and succeeded in acquiring partial composure.

I am very weak and foolish, she said, thus to give way to presentiment. I never was afflicted in this way before. Please not to mention it to aunt, dear William.

And she strove to resume her wonted cheerful bearing. But William had caught the infection of her gloom; his heart grew cold and sad, and he spoke with a low and pensive tone. Thus the two, late so happy, entered the house. Mrs. Ellis observed with pain that there was discontent or sorrow between them. She rallied them, and her cheerful conversation dispelled for the time the phantom of evil prophecy, and they smiled, and chatted, and sang, and finally parted, with tender good night, for Mr. Noble had some business to transact in a distant town, and would be away until Saturday evening. As he walked slowly homeward, he could not forbear wondering at the emotion which Lucree had displayed, on his meeting her that evening. Then it was strange that she should be sitting in a leafless bower, so late, of an autumnal evening. And a spirit that had never stirred his heart till then, whispered—Who was the stranger that passed me so hastily near the gate? Could he have been speaking with her? But he thrust the demon aside. She was ill, had spoken of presentiment; she was evidently suffering from a nervous affection. He was angry that a thought of his should thus wrong the sincerity of her pure young spirit.

Meantime Lucree sat in her chamber, with an open letter lying before her. It had been enclosed in a sheet of paper, on which these words were scrawled:

"DEAR SISTER—How I exult in your good fortune. Do not be silly and throw it from you. Consider well the splendid offer contained in the enclosed. Weigh well its advantages. Think what a triumph for you, to secure a man for whom scores of women have languished, and are still languishing. Think, child, in marrying Mr. — you secure wealth, station, notoriety, with a man every way distinguished and eminent."

Meet me Saturday, an hour before sunset, at the spring under the broad oak, at the foot of the North Hill. Do not disappoint your brother, Melrose.

N. B.—Keep all secret until I see you."

But the letter, on which she gazed with a look of mingled loathing and contempt, was thus worded:

MY DEAR MISS MANN—Since I saw you last summer, you have been indeed, the dweller of my soul. I recognized in you, at once, my heart's ideal of female loveliness, embodying all that is excellent and desirable in woman. I felt that you were that perfection for which, through life I had been vainly seeking, and which I had come to consider the mere phantom of an enthusiast's brain. You are the only woman I have ever met, whom I would lead to the altar of Hymen, though I will not conceal from you the fact that I have been enamored of several, who not filling the measure of my heart's requirements, soon lost their influence over my affections. My ideal of perfection, and now that I have found it in you, I can never love again. Several considerations, not the least among them the difference in the number of our years, have heretofore prevented me from addressing you on

the subject, though my days and nights have been full of you, continually.

Your brother assists me that, your affections are yet untampered with. And now, Lucree—dear, lovely Lucree—will you accept the heart, hand, and fortune, which, with an earnest prayer for a favorable answer, I herewith proffer you, and so bless

Your devoted

CHAS. D. —

"P. S.—Whatever revelations your brother may make to you, remember—my offer is prompted by REAL AFFECTION for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Piano.

A young lady, having no ear for music, has, in obedience to fashion, been "put through" a course of lessons, and can hammer out in execrable style, a few waltzes, marches, and polkas. A new acquaintance calls—perhaps it is a young gentleman, before whom she would appear well—and, after a conversation in which she displays a good degree of common sense and mental culture, some one present stupidly or maliciously proposes music—Instantly all join in a clamorous appeal to the fair lady to favor the company.

There is no lack of arguments to back the appeal, although the weightiest are not spoken. There is the piano, and its load of music bound in elegant volumes, there is the memory of the money and time spent in instructions and practice, and there are father and mother who have paid the bills, joining in the request that their daughter should play, and she yields. Her new acquaintance discovers that she is murdering some of his favorite pieces—that she cannot play, while she has the weakness to make the attempt, and she falls some degrees below the estimate formed of her a few moments before.

The company hypocritically applaud the performance, while perchance the only one present whom the young lady wishes to please, is resolving mentally that he will not place himself in a position to suffer a repetition of the bore.

Pianos are seldom in tune, and the incapables are just the performers to play on, regardless of the condition of the instrument. Accordingly, piano fortes have come to be one of the great nuisances of the day. Hand organs are condemned on all hands—except those who turn the cranks of the machines—but there are certain redeeming qualities about hand organs—it requires no talent to play them; they can be fed or driven away from the premises when they invade a quiet neighborhood, and when they are played in a busy street, amid the jarring of wheels and the tramping of thronging feet, as an accompaniment to the anthem of labor, the despised hand-organ often becomes harmonious. The discords are lost and drowned in the discordant din of the outer world, and oftentimes sweet sounds float on from the revolving crank, amid the monotonous roar, and penetrate their sanctum windows. But the everlasting ding-dong in the parlor of a piano out of tune, by a player who was never tuned for the work by nature, is an evil fastened by fashion upon many houses in the country, and a more deplorable evil because it is fastened in the houses—in the very vitals of society.

We expect that many young ladies will prostrate their pretty little manhood, upon reading this article, but if we had time we could demonstrate that it is written for their good—that it would be as absurd for Fashion to set them to writing poetry, and reciting it to their friends, or paint historical pictures for exhibition, indiscriminately, as to require them to become musicians, when they have not been gifted with musical talent.—Yankee Blade.

VULGARITY.—We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions, allude to no sentences that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up, you will find as your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was, one you learned when you were quite young. But being careful, you will save yourself a deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.—London Literary Gazette.

The velvet moss will grow on a sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and verdant amid the mutations of the receding year; and Heaven be praised! something beautiful to the soul will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine in tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.