The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 17.

Poet's Corner.

The Dream of Youth.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

O, give me back my dream of youth,
When every pulse throbbed wild and gay,[ers
My heart's sweet spring-time when life's flow-
Bewildering bloomed along my way;
When all the world was Paradise,
And Pleasure held a sovereign sway;
When every change brought new delight,
And all the blessed year was May.

O, give again those rapturous hours
When first my soul with beauty thrilled,
And mad with ecstacy I dared
To love, nor cared if loving killed;
When every radiant face I saw
Flashed with enchantment on my brain, [en;
Till earth seemed changing spheres with heav-
O, give to me, that dream again.

Those aspirations for a fame
Immortal through all coming time;
That faith which soared on angel wings
From gladsome earth to heights sublime;
When every air a perfume breathed,
Melodious with the voice of song,
That swayed me with resistless power
And nerved my soul with purpose strong.

O, give me back my boyhood's dream,
Those gleams of glory from above,
That hope which grasped a deathless name,
And blest me with undying love;
O let me taste that joy again
Which riots in my thought to-day—
That earnest and exulting youth
When all the blessed year was May.

Dodging a Dun.

Some know how to do it, and can scent a dun at any distance, and dodge him effectively. It is a knack acquired by long experience If the dun, however, by his experience becomes expert, the dunce stands a slim chance of escape. The dun becomes equally sensitive in detecting the debtor, and often are practised, between the two, manœuvres that would pale the reputation of those even of Napoleon himself.

We heard a story the other day of old Dr. G., of Portsmouth, which, though not having any very great relevancy to the preceding paragraph, is nevertheless to the point as regards amateur dunning. For there is a wide difference between the amateur and professional.

Dr. G. was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square—exacting everything that was his own and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for some considerable amount, and whenever he met him, the Doctor was ready, note in hand, for the payment of an instalment. It became at last an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at a time when troubled, as men have been in all ages of the world, with a disease known in financial parlance as "shorts." But whenever he met him, the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by his debtor's movement for his pocket-book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all, or enquiring as to the chances of its eventual payment. He knew that the Doctor was honest, and that it would be all right, and several payments were thus blindly made.

A greater dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, as he passed through the town, his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread, and avoid him if possible. He succeeded admirably for a while, and out-generaled the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor from a distant position saw his victim one day tie his horse to a post and enter a store. He made all the haste he could, and entered the store just as his debtor dodged behind a rice cask.

'Didn't I see Mr.——come in here?' asked the Doctor, peeping around.

'He did come in here, sir,' said the shopkeeper, 'but he has gone somewhere now.'

The Doctor said he wasn't in a hurry and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door, and thought he must be back before long. The man remained hid, and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out, to the man's great relief, and after a while he himself went out, and was just stepping upon his wagon, when the Doctor darted at him from a door-way.

'Well, Mr.——,' said he, 'you needn't dodge me any more; that note has been paid up these six months, and I have been trying to see you that I might pay you back twenty dollars that you have overpaid me.'

The recollection of hiding behind that rice cask an hour to avoid *being paid* twenty dollars, haunted the man as long as he lived, and among other matters of advice that he gave his children was this; contained in a couplet of domestic poetry, written in chalk on the old dresser:

'Never run
When you see a dun.'

'Sonny, can you spell?'

'Yeth, sir.'

'Well, yet me hear you.'

'Mo-las-ses—mollasses.'

'Well go on.'

'Pleathe, thir, I can't; I always *stick* when I mome to molasses.'

'Call the next boy.'

EXAMINATION OF A LOCOMOTIVE DRIVER.—'What is short division?'

'Reducing a man's length by cutting off his legs.'

'What is compound division?'

'Cutting off both legs and splitting his head open.'

'Right, call the next witness.'

From the New York Organ.

The Creole Wife,

A Romance of the West.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IV.

Herman came home one morning with an antique and richly bound Bible, fastened with clasps of solid gold. It was a time honored book, having descended from generation to generation, a gift from the good old minister who had that day fondly called him son. Herman laid it upon the little table and, prompted by a sudden feeling of curiosity, carelessly opened it. On the margin of every page some treasured thought had been written; he turned it over again and again, admiring the brightness of its illuminated leaves that were scattered here and there, until he came to where a deep black mark was drawn around a clause in one verse.

He read it, and a vague terror seized him, a mortal fear, like that which surprised the infamous Eastern Monarch into the likeness of a marble statue.

Why should that particular part be signalized in this manner? Oh! it was horrible, that sentence of the Holy Judge—'I will visit the sins of the father upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.'

He placed the book back upon the table and sank almost powerless upon his seat. 'I am undone,' he muttered; 'I love her, I cannot lose her, and yet what a doom do I find written against me if this be the word of God which I cannot doubt, then have I cursed myself forever.'

His face grew livid with the torture of his thoughts; he groaned deep and long, muttering terrible imprecations upon himself—his fate—his love. He clutched at his hair, and stamped with his feet, till spent with the passion of remorse, he fell almost lifeless on the hard floor, and laid there helpless, in torture, in despair.

And with this warning, with the threats of the Almighty staring him in the face, he bent his steps toward the dwelling of the minister, with the determination that this night should seal his destiny. And after an awful struggle with conscience, he resolved—rash man—to ask Grace Locke to become his bride. He had been long aware that she loved him, for a mute, yet powerful language had often revealed the precious secret to him. But, oh! it was with an agony far worse than death that he folded her to his manly breast, and called her his betrothed,—for there, still beside him, floated that shadowy form, upbraiding him with eloquent but quivering lip, the tears streaming from her passionate eyes, as when he last beheld her.

For he felt that he was a two-fold deceiver.

And yet there was time—he might yet, as it were, snatch himself from this great peril; and often, in the interim before the wedding should take place, he was prompted to tell her all; but alas! he had gone too far; his moral courage had deserted him; he could not bear to forfeit her esteem—forgetting the baseness that would degrade a pure, innocent woman into a mere nominal wife, should Lelia be living—that would lead her to take part in a ceremony that no vows could consecrate as holy marriage.

Poor Herman, he was treading upon coals of fire. He did indeed enjoy a feverish sort of happiness, but even his bride noticed upon that most joyous day of her life, that when he took her hand his was ice-cold, and clammy; that his eyes were wild and restless, and his whole frame trembled violently; that he gazed hurriedly around him, as if fearful of meeting some unpleasant face; that his pence was disturbed and his mirth unnatural.

But this impression passed away with his first pleasant smile. Herman seemed devoted, and she was one of the most cheerful and happy creatures in the world; though sometimes she was waked from her slumbers by sad groans, and once she fancied she heard a name distinctly pronounced, and that name sounded like 'Lelia.'

This also distressed her for awhile, but being naturally of a buoyant spirit, it was soon banished.

Hours they sat together, reading like children from the same book; or else the beautiful Grace plied her shining needle busily, ever and anon glancing up with a fond, sweet, confiding look to the fine face of her Herman, who now bent his whole energies to the study of the law.

The bands of the little community were strengthening daily. There would soon be need of a lawyer. It was not to be expected that, of all the vast numbers constantly emigrating, there were no contentious beings—no brawlers—no babblers. The village was already a town, and it did not look unlikely that the services of the young aspirant would be early called into requisition. Ambition was Stanton's God now; his unhappy soul was absorbed in the acquirement of his profession!

And yet the avenger had not yet visited the transgressor.

Herman had built a beautiful little bower at the back of his garden, and dedicated it to retirement and love, as he told his wife, with a strange, sad smile. They often passed the sweet summer evenings there gazing out upon the calm beauty of the scenery beyond their neat little habitation. Not far from his residence, and nearly in a direct line with the bower, Herman had given directions to have a favorite tree uprooted, that it might be transplanted near his front entrance, for it was the fairest tree in the garden.

Grace sat happily sewing by the little round table, on the evening subsequent. Her husband was meditating, in a brown study; some case of a difficult nature had evidently distracted his thoughts.

It happened that Grace paused every few moments, and laying the delicate material by searched through her basket, and upon the floor, but evidently without success. At last she came near Herman, and softly lifted the cover of his book, fearful of disturbing him.

'What is it?' he asked, somewhat impatiently, for her movements had broken upon his reverie.

'My thimble, dear—only my thimble; and yet I would not lose it for the world,' she replied, gently. 'It was my mothers's and very precious to me on that account; but—there!' she suddenly added, with emphasis; 'I remember now, it is in the bower.'

'Well, let it be taught to-night, Grace,' said Herman. 'Do you know you have disturbed me dreadfully, dear, this evening?' he continued, half smiling, half querulous.

Her only reply was a kiss, and a playful laugh—so old-timed musical that it rang like the soft chime of bells upon his ear, as she lightly passed him and disappeared from the room.

What startling sound was that? Horror of horrors! a shrill, agonized cry—a shriek coupled with his name! So suddenly he sprang to his feet that table and books were overturned Like one frantic he flew through the door, with an inward despairing groan; darted across the space between his home and the garden, and in another moment the inanimate form of Grace was pressed close to his bosom, as with uncontrollable sobs, he bore her into the house. She had fallen in the slight but fatal excavation. The play of the moonlight through the interlaced foliage had deceived her sight.—With wild lamentations, and a heart torn with anguish, he gently carried the loved form into her own little room, and tenderly laid her upon her couch. A whole life of intensified misery did he live in those few sad moments.

Poor, sweet Grace pale as a corpse, her softly veined eyelids tremulous and her white lips quivering, answering not to the passionate entreaties of him she loved too well—how death like she looked as she lay there so motionless.

And how different the scene from the calm, sweet beauty pervading that [illegible] but a short hour ago, now filled with sympathizing friends who strove long in vain to restore suspended animation.

Herman, sick at heart, hurried again into the garden. There, looking up at the cold moon, and tossing his arms despairingly, he would pray that his poor wife might be saved to him,—then, almost in the same breath wish that, thus insensible of her suffering and his crime, she might pass up to heaven.

They called him and laid within his arms a beautiful infant; but even as he gazed upon it with the yearning affection of a father, it gasped and died. Then he knelt and wept tears of bitterness by the bed of his stricken wife, who for long, long years was never to know the blessings of health again; and felt as he looked into her dim, tearful eyes, that the wages of sin were more grievous even than death.

CHAPTER V.

'Fade, fade, fond hope; all else has faded,
Why should I dream and cherish thee,
Since dark despair that sun has shaded,
Which once gave light and joy to me?'

Children's Quarrel—The Reproach—The Deserted Wife—Confessions—The Popular Man—Grief—The Father and Daughter—Horace Sutherland—Love—The Strangers—The Avenger.

The groves of the West Indies were laden with spices; the air, redolent of perfume, swayed the high palms lightly with its blandest touch; the magnolia, and no less beautiful cactus pink, gleamed amid tall spikes of wavy, golden and purple blossoms, that lined the long borders of the orange groves.

Within a fairy-like enclosure, where the boughs of young trees had been interlaced at the top, two children sat side by side, apparently conversing in a somewhat angry mood.

One was magnificently beautiful, with large dreamy, southern eyes, and a dark but clear and vividly transparent complexion; the other was plain, and, to tell the truth, ill-natured; but the complacent airs of the little queen had evidently given her some cause for her disaffection.

At length the latter exclaimed, looking somewhat scornfully at her companion, 'I can tell you, Miss Rosa, you are no better than other folks; so you need not look so haughty.'

'I'll look just as haughty as I please, and I'll be as proud as I please,' retorted the high-spirited child. 'You know you're mad because your hair is short and straight and mine is long and curly. Another thing you're mad at—because I said I meant to be a great lady one of these days, and go to England; and you are jealous because everybody calls me a little beauty; and you know your mamma is not so rich as mine, and can't give you such pretty things.' So, loosening her abundant tresses she began fastening several jewels among the shining locks, while her companion looked on in undisguised envy.

'I say you're no better than other folks, and indeed not half so good,' muttered the angry girl, tossing her head contemptuously; then paused at the provoking calmness of the other, she continued, 'My papa is a good man, and your papa is a wicked man; indeed you havn't got any papa.'

The rich crimson spread over the face of the impetuous beauty; she stamped her foot with passion, let fall her flowing tresses, and turning defiantly to her little companion, almost screamed, 'You are a saucy girl! I say I have a papa—a good papa, too—away in England. My mamma has got his likeness, that she kisses every day; and he is an English gentleman—a good deal handsomer than your papa ever was.

'I know something,' said the other, with a mysterious air, and a meaning look. 'I know something about your mamma and your papa.'

'What do you know?'

'O! I'm not to tell; it is a very great secret.'

'You know anything!' retorted Rosa, significantly; 'you—a dunce!'

'Am I!' shouted the child, with unrestained anger; 'then I'll tell you what I know, and what everybody know long ago, I expect. I heard my mother say that your father ran away and left your mamma, because she was a Creole—an ugly, black Creole—and so are you.'

All the blood receded from Rosa's fair young face; her great, wild eyes, so gazelle-like before, were awfully distended with passion. With uplifted hand she bounded towards her companion, intent upon summary vengeance; but the latter made good her retrent, and fled on the wings of fear to her home.

The poor, insulted child sank, quivering like a leaf, upon the ground. Her soul had been outraged in its tenderest part, for she loved her mother with almost an idolizing affection; and she had been taught by that poor, injured creature to reverence the memory of her father, though she knew not if he still loved her, yet fondly hoped and dreamed he would come back again.

She covered her hot, glowing face with her hands, and sobbed and sobbed till she could scarcely draw her breath for weariness; then slowly moving from the pretty play-ground, she crept with a languid step towards home.

On a long, low couch of azure hangings, studded with silvar stars, a beautiful matron rested, clad in gauze that fell in wide folds over her rounded form. Her raven hair was grotesquely braided, but arranged beautifully upon her temples, forming a crown for her classic brow, and firmly fastened with diamond [illegible] hand, and she sat dreamily watching the mute slaves, who, with bronzed faces and lazy motions, plied the huge wooden cooler that hung suspended from the ceiling, cleaving the scented air and diffusing a delightful coolness over the apartment.

Suddenly low moans and stifling sobs were heard; the lovely matron, alarmed, hastily sprang from her couch and hurried into the adjoining apartment, where her child, completely exhausted, had thrown herself upon the floor.

The fond creature snatched her little one to her besom, bore her to the lounge, herself half dead with fright, and with kisses and caresses strove to soothe the unhappy child.

'What can have happened,' she asked in tones of terror; 'are you hurt, Rosa? are you frightened? tell me, my child; I cannot bear to see you suffer thus.'

The child began again to sob passionately, then, frightened by her mother's glances, suppressed her grief long enough to whisper, while a glare of strange passion shot from her dimmed eyes.

'Oh, mamma, if you know how I hate my father!'

'Rosa!' gasped the deserted wife, straining the child with an unconscious grasp of vice like tenacity, 'who has dared—what have they been telling you—answer me, answer me, Rosa—quick, quick!'

'There, mamma,' said the little one in a solemn voice, 'the blood has gone away from her cheek just as I felt it go from mine. Mamma, tell me—do tell me truly—did my naughty papa leave you because—because—'

'Speak on, my child,' murmured Lelia, pressing upon her poor heart, 'I can bear to hear anything now; tell me all, love,' she whispered again, as the hot brow of the little girl was almost bedded in her throat.

'Because, you are—oh! I cannot say it, mamma—a—a Creole, my own dearest mamma,' and the child clung to her more convulsively.

The black eyes bent so sorrowfully upon her, now flashed forth an intense fire that shot from the very depths of her soul—for a moment her lips quivered violently; the last, sad, sweet hope seemed dying in her bosom.—Through all her veins she felt a strange, creeping thrill of hatred; but this mighty emotion passed, and in a moment she was almost calm; yet, that Rosa should thus learn of her father's desertion—and for such a humiliating reason, the thought made her blood boil again, and her frame shook so violently, that the child raised her head in alarm. Lelia was weeping—weeping with a passion of anguish that seemed to tear asunder every fibre of her heart, and the large drops fell heavily and hot upon the child's upturned face.

'Oh, mother!' she sobbed, lifting her little hands to stay the tears, 'don't cry, I won't believe it, I didn't believe it; Julie was a wicked, cruel girl to tell me such a falsehood; I hate her,' she ejaculated, the expression of her face corroborating her words, 'but I do love you, my own darling mamma; I don't believe my father ran away.'

'He did—he did—my child,' cried Lelia, in a stifled tone, with anguish that almost rent her frame; 'he wickedly left your poor mother, and no one now knows where he is.'

'And don't he love you, mother?' said the child, innocently.

Another dagger-thrust probing the festering wound—but she managed to answer, calmly, 'Not as he should, I fear.'

'Then I hate him;' exclaimed the impetuous child, passionately; '*I hate him*, I HATE him; I don't love any one that don't love you, dearest, darling mother. How could he be so naughty; oh, you wicked father!' she continued, shaking her little hand, clenched tightly, at a portrait of Stanton that hung, shaded by soft curtains, on the opposite wall.

Silent sat poor Lelia, silent and awe-struck, fearing at the passionate spirit displayed by this little child. Too well she remembered her once fiery, uncurbed, uncontrollable temper; she had no doubt imparted to the child's nature that revengeful spirit which she always manifested on the slightest occasion towards all who thwarted her wishes, and which more than once had excited the disgust of her fickle husband. But sorrow had at the last made almost perfect its sweet work, and she was now a submissive, teachable, child-like woman; still she knew not how to curb that wild, imperious, but beautiful young creature beside her; she held the springs of a powerful machine which she could not regulate.

At length she said, in a low, impressive manner, mastering her own feelings, 'You show a very bad spirit, my child; however wrongly he may have acted, still remember that if alive, he is your father.'

'I won't call him my father; I won't have him for a father,' she repeated, angrily, then suddenly changing her manner, she asked, 'Where did he go to, mamma?'

'It is supposed by some that he went to America,' murmured Lelia, musingly.

'Mother,' exclaimed the child, with strong emphasis, and fixing her great eyes, made darker by a most malicious expression on Lelia's face, 'that is what you cry for so much; I never could tell before, and that is why you put your hand so tight over your bosom and sigh and say you suffer; if ever I can,' she continued with a most intense and thrilling accent, 'I mean to kill my papa.'

Lelia uttered a piercing shriek; she started to her feet the blood curdling in her veins, 'Oh! Rosa,' she sobbed; "you frighten me; you terrify me; you to be my avenger; you—his own child—oh! horrible, Rosa, you know not what you say; you will make me mad; what shall I do with you child; how destroy that awful fiend within you that threatens to wreck the little peace left me; Oh! Rosa, Rosa; you make my heart ache with anguish.'

'I won't say so again;' said the child with a trembling lip, 'but I should like to kill him;' and throwing herself in her mother's arms she wept convulsively; 'I don't want to see anybody any more,' she exclaimed, her voice broken by sobs; 'I am ashamed, mamma; I wish I could die; oh, Julie is such a wicked girl, I will throw stones at her, I will hurt her for speaking so badly about you, mamma.'

'No, my child, leave her with her conscience; she will no doubt feel sadly sorry for her conduct, it was very wrong; but Rosa, you have nothing to feel ashamed of, my love. my own mother was a Creole, but search the world through you could hardly find a more glorious lovely, or a better woman than she was. Forget all my darling, everything save that I love you—oh! better than my own life,' and throwing the heavy curls from the forehead of the little one, she lavished caresses upon her that were almost frantic in their earnestness.

'So like him, yet so unlike,' she thought, 'so beautiful so impulsive—no father to guide her, and I, poor fond thing, I know not how to govern her waywardness—caressed, flattered, indulged, God grant her future be not fearful in storms.

A step was heard nearing them, it ceased in the outer apartment.

'There is your tutor, Rosa; kiss me, kiss me and go to your lessons.'

'I don't love to study, my tutor is cross, and I hate my ugly lesson,' said the child.

'Rosa, look in my face and I will tell you something.'

'I don't want to hear anything only about papa, is it about him.'

'Yes, Rosa, it is.'

The child stood still instantly, and fixed her wondering eyes upon her mother's face.

'Besides, I wish to tell you the consequences of my ignorance.'

'You ignorant, mamma! I thought you know everything.'

'No, dear,' answered her mother, smiling pensively; but I know much more now than I once did. When I was married, Rosa, I was as ignorant as you are now; nay, much more so, I always hated study, and thought because I was going to be very rich I should never need it, but might better spend my days in idleness and pleasure. Your father, Rosa, know a great deal. He studied all the time and loved books—and I laughed at him for it. I had grown so old then, that I cared less about learning than ever; and I was so thoughtless,' she paused and sighed heavily. 'He strove to interest me, he tried to make me comprehend the simple lessons taught you long ago—he would have been a kind, willing teacher but I always grew angry with him. Rosa, if I had been teachable then, I might never have lost his love.'

The child grieved at her mother's emotion and wiped two large tears from her eyes.

'Then he went away—far away to England where I could not see or speak with him, he went across the wide, cruel water—but even then at that great distance, had I listened to and learned of him—I could still have talked with him.'

'Why, mamma!'

'Yes, Rosa, I could have written to him, and sent him words of love, and told him how I longed for his return—how my heart was wrapped up in him—I am sure then he would have come back to me. After he had gone—too late, alas! I commenced studying like a little child; you see Rosa, I repented in bitterness, that I had willingly fostered my ignorance, I began to love learning, because for the first time I realised its importance—and I was exerting myself for his sake.'

'You were born then, my poor, little one, and I often sat by your cradle bed, and tho't how he would love your innocent face, and how pleased and astonished—he would feel at my improvement. Months flew by, I heard no tidings—he had not come, then I seized my pen and wrote him a letter—my first—telling him of the birth of his little daughter, and imploring him to return. It was too late,' continued the weeping mother, while Rosa, sensitive creature, buried her face in her bosom.

'My only solace since has been to inform my mind; and oh, Rosa, if you knew the pain it has given me to behold your utter indifference to study?'

'I will love my lessons,' murmured Rosa, catching her mother's hand to her lips, and fervently kissing it.

'Bless you, my child!' was the fond reply, as Lelia embraced her daughter, then led her to the instructor.

Return with me to L——, in Kentucky—now a prosperous and beautiful town. Instead of the oak openings, whose tall tree-spires touched heaven, apparently, there are now long, shady streets, lined with smart houses, painted red, and plentifully ornamented with vines and shrubbery. The forest trees, hewn down and polished, and bravely knit together by the sinewy arm of labor, shelter bands of living household creatures, besides mutely doing homage to the Creator in the form of a commodious if not elegant church with a neat little tower that some call the belfry, albeit there's no bell there at present.

In this church the venerable Father Locke [illegible] for [illegible] years.

Quite near, on the main street, is a building, somewhat more classic in its proportions than those immediately around it, with three slender pillars before the door, a delicate balcony running along its front, while at the small windows hang the clearest muslins, and a bright, massive knocker ornaments the door.

Here was the residence of Lawyer Stanton. Prosperous in business, he was a wealthy man; devoted to the interests of the community, he was a popular man. His garden was the most thrifty in town; his rooms were furnished with taste, even luxuriance. Six years had left light traces of care, little shade of sorrow on his brow; and yet his face bespoke anything but a peaceful, contended mind. His wife, for the last twelve months, had risen from her bed; and seemed slowly regaining her health. For now the town boasted of a skillful young doctor, under whose care gentle Grace was daily improving.

With this mending of affairs, Stanton began to recover the elasticity of a pirits; and but for the thought of the pale, shadowy Lelia, he would have been completely happy; besides he looked forward with pleased impatience to the event of his becoming a father.

One glorious June morning, the wailing of a feeble infant broke the stillness of the sick chamber, and a few hours afterwards, a servant stepped upon the portico, and thickly muffled the heavy knocker. The day passed and the moon gave a clear, quiet beauty to the calm evening. But very mournful seemed Lawyer Stanton's habitation, with the thick tan spread all before it, with the inmates moving noiselessly about, and neighbors now and then coming into the street, from the back way, with sad faces and tearful eyes.

And that front chamber, with its dim, flickering light, looked almost awful to those who passed the house, and felt that death—that dread presence—was an inmate there, dealing with the mortal part of sweet Grace Stanton.

The lawyer sat in his wife's darkened room beside the physician, gazing with tearless eyes and rigid features at the motionless form of the dear being—so doubly dear in this trying hour. Grace was just alive; she knew not that she was a mother; she laid near unto death.

A glorious sun shone through the mist of the early morning; the dew, unbrushed from the rose, melted into its bosom; the birds twittered under the eaves; but the muffle was replaced upon the knocker by a broad band of crape; and while the carts rolled noisily onward to the mart and the hum of human happy voices filled the busy street, Herman Stanton knelt by the bed upon which his wife slept, alas! too deeply. His arms were thrown across the cold, beautiful body, and the groans that swelled from his wounded heart were at times so fearful so loud, that they filled the passers-by with dread.

Sorely was he stricken; he felt more anguish for his bereavement than for his sin.

Grace was confined—borne to the little grave yard, and the stricken husband returned a changed being to his desolate house there to gaze upon the features of his motherless child.

'My dear little Grace,' he murmured, as the tender love of a father swelled his bosom—as the first tears he had shed in his great sorrow, fell upon the infant's brow, 'dear little lonely one, you shall be named after the gentle being that bore you—precious child?' he exclaimed, with a fresh gush of feeling, 'I have something yet to live for.'

But what thought darkened his brow, what wild shadow did weird memory beckon from her silent home, that deathly paleness gathered over his face, as he bent to kiss the babe? Why did he stare—and writhe, and clench his lip till the teeth left almost the mark of blood upon it?

That sinless cherub lying so passive and beautiful across his strong arms, its sweet blue eyes looking within his own, with a dim undeveloped recognition—that child was—ah! how unfortunate!

And the presence was with him—the dark, watchful presence, whispering in his ear, in accents that rung upon his conscience like the steel upon an anvil, 'Your child shall bear the burden of your sin.'

With a wild start, a groan, in which hate, remorse, contrition, were blended, fearful, intense, he gave his babe back to her nurse, and seeking his chamber, fell upon his knees, and a frantic prayer winged its way up to the Eternal, which we may not record.

After the death of his wife, Stanton became a reserved, taciturn man. His eyes, remarkable for the quick flashes of light, that in some happy moment gave uncommon brilliancy to his noble countenance, grew hard and cold, like those of a man who wraps his love in the close folds of his sorrow. But he grew in fame every day; he held a mighty balance of power in the community; nearly every man's heart was in his hand, and with his facile, wonderful eloquence, he moulded them to his will; the most implicit trust was reposed in him. He was pitied because he seemed unhappy, revered for his blameless life, his stern morals, his undeviating honesty, idolized for his genius, the versatility of which made him the people's idol.

Grey haired men looked up to him for advice and council. Fair maidens threw down their gauzy veils over their blushing faces, if his stern eyes by chance were fixed upon them, for it seemed to them as if that strange cold being of another sphere, read the very depths of their souls, scanning their inner and [illegible]

How easily might he have chosen among the fair coterie of maidens around him. Many a beautiful girl would have been proud to win the love of the stately lawyer—but no; he strictly avoided all female society—and it was well known—for nurses and housekeepers have busy tongues, and deal sometime in scandal—that he invariably took his meals by himself, and that his child was carried to him at stated periods, and left alone with him. It was also noticed that at church, when the venerable and sorely stricken father of his deceased wife, was faltering forth his labored sermons, Herman would sit all through the services with his gloved hand shading his eyes, and though the dark eyed belle of the community sat nearly opposite, he never so much as glanced at her, and always staid after church until all the women had left.

Thus there was a romance thrown around him, which served to heighten the interest shared on his account, making him more sought for, more admired.

(To be Continued.)

ADVICE FOR THE GIRLS.—Girls, if a young fellow greets you in a loud, free, harty voice, if he knows precisely where to put his hat or his hand—if he stairs you straight in the eyes—with his own wide open, if he turns his back to speak to another, if he tells you who made his coat, if he squeezes your hand, if he cents heartily in your presence, if he fails to be very foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world—he only admires you, let him do and say as he will. But if he be merry with every one else but quiet with you, if he is anxious to see that your tea is sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out in the cold if he talkes very low and never looks you in the eye, if he has red checks, or if he is pale and his nose blush, it is enough; if he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid of fellows, you may go ahead and invoke the shafts of Cupid with perfect safety, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him.

☞ THE growth of grass is like the polishing or metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.—*Payson.*

☞ LORD BACON Beautifully said, 'If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.'

☞ 'Peter never go to bed at night, without knowing something that you did not know in the morning.'

'Yes sir,' replied Peter, 'I knowed last night; did'nt dream of nothing in the morning as that.'

☞ If eight men do nothing in four days, how much will six men do in twenty four?