

# The Montrose Democrat.

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

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

MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1853.

VOLUME X, NUMBER 18.

## Port's Corner.

For the Democrat.

### Welcome to the Sabbath.

Sweet Sabbath morn, with holy rapturous joy  
I hail again thy coming. Thou dost smile  
In quiet meekness while all nature seems  
To give thee silent welcome. Spreading trees  
Abruptly rear their stately heads in calm,  
Impressive grandeur, and it almost seems  
As if their lofty boughs might fan the cheek  
With bland breeze, and each leafy grove  
Breathe deeper, purer melody than e'er  
Another day. Yea, the dimpling streams go  
Murmuring on with half hushed tones sub-  
dued.

And solemn, while they seem to hear that  
awful  
Voice which bids creation bow and tremble,  
And hushes all the world to silence,  
The warning, listens, and fears with awe-  
struck

Adoration; while vain man turns to his  
Phantom pleasures, and forgets this sacred  
Day was given that he might calm his wild  
And fevered passions, and might drink the  
Living waters of eternal health. Fair, wild  
Flowers bloom in rankling loveliness, and send  
Their purest odors out, while princely hills,  
And giant rocks, render their silent homage.  
Rejoicing birds mount upward, warbling forth  
Their richest, mellowest music, as if  
They'd gladly lift man's weary heart.

Above this earthly thrallhold. Worlds cannot  
Express the spirits' gushings as it views  
Each grand majestic presence made more  
grand

By the best influence, SABBATH MORNING.

Hail  
Hallowed day that binds a yoke on vice, from  
Thy dew, holy teachings, mid thy penitential  
Loveliness, may vile hypocrisy soon learn  
How excellent is virtue. From the depths  
Rock where she hath hid, Humility doth  
Kneel, and meekly crave thy blessing.

Father  
Above, wilt open now thy gates of Heaven  
And let our earth-bound spirits upward gaze  
Into thy beauteous mansions? Grant that we  
From off thy mercy seat, with thee, may hold  
Lasting communion; may feathery faith mount  
Up on wings sublime, to where the Father's  
Sole begotten Son doth intercede for  
Man's redemption. Heavenly Friend, raise  
Thou our

Hearts above life's pagan strife, where man  
fin

And undaunted lifts her brow to talk with  
Angels, till in the spirit trape of love  
Sublime all self is borne away. Oh! may  
The woes and joys of earth be to the death-  
less

Soul like the spent dew-drop from the Eagle's  
Wings, when waking in his might he sunward  
Soars. And Sabbath after Sabbath may we  
Gather strength to do the will of Him who  
Is eternal, so that when the final  
Hour shall come, and we lie down to rest, our  
Simple tombstones then may witness to that  
Faith which cannot die. Oh! may we meekly  
Gain the rest of earthly sabbaths, one that  
Was, and is to be, as endless as infinity.

### On the Death of the Hon. Henry Clay.

The great American Senator, who duly and  
truly earned for himself the most enviable ti-  
tle of "the Statesman of the Union"—  
Weep we struck land, Columbia, wall, oh  
West,

North, South and East, for him who knew not  
yo

As more than sections of his country.  
Weep for the loss of him who served thee  
best—

Whose world-wide fame stood on a half cen-  
tury's test

Through turmoil fierce, mid scrutiny severe,  
Yet when did nation more a man revere?  
And when was land with nobler patriot blessed?  
Rest, mighty chief—well hast thou done thy  
part!

The highest glory man e'er reached was  
thine:  
A world's esteem and love—a manly heart—  
A mind out-treasuring the richest mine—  
A marvellous tongue—these made all thou  
wert!

A star, which to eternity shall shine.  
ROBERT BANKS.

\* I know no North, no South, no East, no  
West—nothing but my country.—H. Clay.

Dr. Johnston was asked by a lady what new  
work he was employed upon. "I am writing  
nothing just at present," he replied. "Well,  
but Doctor," said she, "if I could write like  
you, I should always write, merely for the  
pleasure of it." "Pray, madam," retorted he,  
"do you think that Leander swam the Hel-  
lespont merely because he was fond of swim-  
ming?"

"At what time do your omnibuses  
start?" asked a Londoner, lately, of one of the  
conductors. "Our busses," replied the func-  
tionary, "runs a quarter arter, art arter, quarter  
to, and at." In English this means every  
quarter.

But one false step one wrong habit, one cor-  
rupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck  
all your prospects, and all the hopes of those  
who love you.

DETENTION OF BUSINESS.—Re-bus, to kiss  
one again; omni-bus, to kiss them all; blun-  
der-bus, to kiss another man's wife; sylia-  
bus, one lady kissing another.

## The Great White.

A Romance of the West.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CONTINUED.

The little, delicate Grace parlored of her  
mother's melancholy for a few months previ-  
ous to that mother's death. An oppressive  
weight seemed ever at her heart, dimming her  
soft eyes with unshed tears, and which was  
probably consequent upon the prostrating dis-  
order that had so shocked her nervous sys-  
tem.

It was a timid little thing, resembling both  
parents, yet possessing the regularity of fea-  
ture and sprightly beauty of neither. It was  
as fragile as the tenderest rose, flushing in the  
crystal gardens of the rich, while the snows of  
winter lay heaped outside its slender barriers.  
It required constant nursing and the most as-  
siduous care, the most untiring devotion.—  
Year after year it grew only a little taller and  
a little stronger, yet no longer came to her soft  
cheeks; they were colorless as the fairest  
shade of the white lily, and her eyes, had they  
been fierce or shining, would have seemed un-  
naturally large; but so expressive were they  
that they well became the transparency of  
her complexion and the softness of her fea-  
tures.

Heart and hopes were all centered in this  
sweet blossom. Herman idolized her; she  
was his household deity; as an angel from  
heaven was she, with the childish prattle and  
dear, winning ways. He loved her with a  
more, unselfish, absorbing affection than he  
had cherished for her mother, if that were pos-  
sible. He lavished money upon her education  
with an unstinted hand; and very pleasant  
was it to behold them, as they often sat to-  
gether—the daughter sitting at the father's  
feet, resting her clasped hands upon his knees,  
her liquid, spiritual, dark eyes fastened upon  
him, her fair, sunny hair flowing over her shoul-  
ders of the softest beauty and outline; or at  
times, as she stood by his side, her rounded  
arms encircling his neck, her fairy form folded  
about with the most beautiful garments.

One could not wonder that Herman loved  
the good, gentle child so absorbingly.

And when she grew to womanhood—not  
strictly beautiful with the beauty of earth, but  
angelic and dream-like—he felt that he was in-  
deed blessed in the possession of one so dis-  
tinctly different from the general run of girls,  
yet with all the sweet impulses of humanity.

Grace entered the study one morning, as  
was her wont, and started at the presence of a  
stranger. He sat by the window, with an air  
of modesty and reserve while her father was  
intently perusing a letter.

Herman Southern was a young man of  
good family, who, anxious to earn a name, had  
by the advice of friends, come out west to  
study under Judge Stanton, and become quali-  
fied to take his place at some future time.

Herman was pleased with the frank, noble  
bearing of the young man; he read genius on  
his brow, in his deep-set, clear, black eyes; his  
heart warmed instantly towards him.

"What do you think of him, Grace?" he asked,  
carelessly, as the two were talking togeth-  
er, after the student had left them.

"I like him," she answered, frankly, with a  
smile on her sunny face. "He is just such an  
one as I should fancy for a brother. He has  
an innocent countenance; he is very handsome  
and so graceful, for a man. I like him very  
much."

Herman decided to take the young man un-  
der his charge at once; it would be so pleas-  
ant to share in the attentions of two such be-  
ings as Grace and the noble stranger; and al-  
ready he fancied himself cozily fixed in his fa-  
vorite arm-chair, with his gentle child on one  
side and Herman on the other, reading, chat-  
ting, singing, all together, and making his  
home a beautiful paradise.

Besides, he felt keenly the need of a fitting  
companion with whom to while away his lei-  
sure hours, whose converse and lively humor  
might perchance stifle for a season that still  
small voice, so fraught with words of the most  
solemn import, that was sounding constantly  
upon his spirit.

As time wore on, he gained more and more  
confidence in the integrity of the young man's  
character; valued more highly a mind that dis-  
played such depth and reasoning; he liked him  
better, too, because his talents were versatile  
like his own. Friendship ripened into a steady  
love, and before a year had passed Judge  
Stanton thought of him even as a son, and re-  
vered him as such when Grace sat on one  
side and young Herman on the other, in his  
pleasant study.

It was almost impossible for Grace Stanton  
and the enthusiastic student to be continually  
together without regarding each other with  
something more than common interest. That  
sisterly love, that regal, almost despo-  
tic little monarch—had gained a stealthy en-  
trance into the temple of each heart, and almost  
before either was aware of his presence, had  
barred and bolted every entrance, seated him-  
self upon the throne, supreme in power.

Herman saw the growing affection of his  
children with a watchful but not jealous eye.  
At times, the idea of giving up his idolized  
child to the keeping of another was extremely  
painful to him; but his strong affection for  
Herman, and his confidence in the purity of his  
character, overruled all his selfish objections,  
and he even looked forward with pleasure to  
the consummation of their union.

Grace seemed to grow more spiritually

beautiful every day, and the touching sadness  
that dwelt at times in her soft eyes imparted  
to her face a most subdued loveliness. She  
was, as a general thing cheerful, and yet there  
dwelt ever upon her heart a chilling pres-  
ent, shadowy and indistinct, of coming evil,  
she knew not what; and often would she re-  
tire to her chamber and spend many solemn  
hours in lone, self-communion. At such times  
she could not define her own motions with dis-  
tinctness; she only knew that she shrank from  
something with horror. She felt often that  
her extreme sensitiveness, and the desponden-  
cy which sometimes, in her happiest moments,  
flashed into her spirit, fitted her more for a  
life of retirement. Had she been educated a  
Catholic she would have deemed it her voca-  
tion to be a nun.

Still her cheek lost not its roundness; her  
form, though so ethereal, was perfectly devel-  
oped, unfolding in its outlines, graceful in  
all its motions; and her laugh rang, like the  
rich, silvery tones of a soft lute, through her  
father's house, making his spirit glad with its  
heart music.

By an almost superhuman effort of his will  
Judge Stanton curbed the restlessness that  
made his life wearisome and strove to think  
that as he had been a mental sufferer so long,  
that his sin would be expiated, therefore he had  
nothing more to fear.

"Pray God I may be happy yet," he would  
murmur, "surely I have drunk the cup of bit-  
terness to the very dregs."

He did by degrees assume more cheerfulness  
and joined with great glee in the preparations  
for the coming wedding.

Herman was to leave them for a few days to  
visit his parents, and receive the congratula-  
tions of his friends. He intended to bring his  
sisters, two beautiful girls, that they might be  
bridesmaids for his sweet, betrothed wife.

Grace was busy all the time, busier than she  
had ever been before, and happier. Dressma-  
kers, and white satin, orange wreaths and deli-  
cate gazes surrounded her in profusion, keep-  
ing hands and mind too constantly employed  
for sombre thoughts to assail her.

While Herman stood talking to Grace, pre-  
vious to his departure, holding both her hands  
in his and whispering the holy vows of their  
plighted faith, a large party on horseback, in  
a sort of triumphal entry, made their appear-  
ance in the bustling town; and stopped at the  
great house denominated the hotel; for though  
the name was not so ancient as it might be,  
in the vicinity of travel, this was the only really  
comfortable and commodious manner, and his  
deep sparkling black eyes, and overarch-  
ing brow gave evidence of stern thoughts.

At the sight of this retinue, the town's peo-  
ple were surprised out of their usual staid prop-  
riety, and the whole place was in commotion.  
So wealthy as the strangers seemed; so im-  
portance of baggage as they brought with them,  
such rich apparel as they wore; and servants  
dressed full as elegantly, in a livery with gold  
trimmings. They must be vastly rich to sur-  
port such a style; and why had they come  
here to sojourn? Altogether it was a myster-  
y to the gossipers.

"Of course," said a lounging, Judge Stanton  
will call upon them, he is the wealthiest and  
most influential man here, and we shall soon  
find out who they are. At any rate it will  
be a harvest for Silsbee, for I am told, they  
almost monopolize the hotel, and they pay for  
everything in solid gold—so they said."

And Judge Stanton did soon call upon them.  
While sitting in his study, one day explaining  
some technical phrases to the inquisitive Grace,  
whose head lay confidently upon his shoulder,  
a servant entered and gave him a delicate note,  
highly perfumed, within which were inscribed  
the words.

"Will Judge Stanton call at Silsbee's this  
afternoon at three o'clock."

"STEPHEN GRAVES,  
Chancellor at Law,  
of Staffordshire county, England."

On reading the message the Judge was vio-  
lently agitated; again and again he perused  
it, his cheek paling each time, his brow con-  
tracted and gloomy.

"Strange, strange," he muttered, pacing the  
floor, and heedless of his daughter's presence,  
"what business can I have with this man—  
this chancellor; good heavens!" he ejaculated  
again, abruptly, "what does he want of me?"

"Why, father, one would think you were  
never consulted by strangers; it is nothing  
singular I am sure; you are getting known  
abroad."

"But girl, do you see he is from England;  
he said with vehemence; 'from England, of  
all places in the world the most—' he check-  
ed himself and murmured in a low voice, with  
a ghastly smile, 'go now, Grace; go to your  
room; I have frightened, I believe, my darling  
—it is nothing; only it seems a little mysteri-  
ous, that is all—leave me now—I must ad-  
dress myself to business, and the conclusion  
of the sentence came like ice from his rigid  
lips."

Grace was really astonished, she knew that  
her father was disturbed, for there was that  
compression about the muscles of the mouth  
that was a sure augury of his annoyed feel-  
ings; she turned just before she left the room,  
and her father was gazing upon her with a  
glance so wild, so yearning, so anxious, that  
her heart throbbed with terror, and again that  
sudden weight fell upon her spirits, that an  
accountable emotion that had of late only at  
long intervals assailed her.

In a private room at Silsbee's Hotel, two of  
the new comers were conversing in earnest  
tones together.

The chancellor was a man of large stature,  
somewhat unimpressive at first sight, but  
there was an unmistakable superiority in his  
manner, and his deep sparkling black eyes  
and over-arching brow gave evidence of stern  
thoughts.

His companion was a queen-like looking  
creature, tall, and dazzlingly beautiful, with  
a rich, warm complexion, and soft hair whose  
thick shining braids were folded around her  
temples. She sat near the chancellor, her  
dark eyes riveted upon him, her delicate, jew-  
elled hand resting upon his arm.

"Do you think he will come?" she whis-  
pered earnestly.

"I have received assurance that he will."

"What did you say to him?"

He repeated the contents of the note.

"Laconic enough," she murmured.

"I could not help it," said the chancellor,  
his eyes flashing; "indignation superseded ev-  
ery other feeling; how could I be complai-  
sant?"

"I do not blame you," she repeated, smiling  
approvally, "but what have you learned con-  
cerning him? I am so impatient!"

"That he is a man of wonderful ability;  
highly esteemed by the community; and that  
he has one daughter."

"That beautiful face grew very dark and  
wrathful at these words, a mixture of hate and  
gratification gathered over her fine features."

"A daughter," she exclaimed, scornfully,  
"what of her?"

"She is not remarkably handsome, but ex-  
tremely delicate, and beloved by every body,  
I should judge."

"Then she must be very engaging."

"Yes—one of those amiable, timid, shrink-  
ing creatures, that are wilted down with a  
breath; a hot house plant, raised with ex-  
ceeding difficulty, and nurtured by unceasing  
care."

"Indeed! I had hoped she was far other-  
wise," murmured the lady.

"Why?"

"O! there is no pleasure—no glory in  
crushing a tender glow-worm, but to make  
the highly lion crouch in terror at your feet,  
to break the proud spirit of an usurper, and  
humble to the earth," she continued, almost  
fiercely, "then is triumph—then is revenge  
sweet!"

"How beautiful you are when excited!" ex-  
claimed the lady, bending his searching  
eyes upon her face.

The cheek of the lady glowed at this im-  
posed compliment; just then the chancellor's  
sister entered, her bonnet swinging from her  
hand, and her light tresses displaced by the  
wind.

"I have just seen Judge Stanton's daugh-  
ter," she exclaimed, breathless with the im-  
portance of her communication.

"His daughter," whispered the dark beauty,  
impetuously, with flashing eyes and glowing  
cheek—"ah! the name means me!"

"I do not wonder, my dear; it is quite nat-  
ural—but then she is nothing near as lovely  
as yourself—only sweet looking, with a com-  
plexion transparent and dazzlingly white."

"Did you get near her?" asked the chan-  
cellor.

"Yes, indeed; I spoke with her; I inquired  
the name of the street in which I then was;  
she knew I was a stranger, of course."

"Do describe her," said the other, impatient-  
ly.

"I can only say that her features are gener-  
ally pleasing; in fact there is something al-  
most unearthly about her appearance; she in-  
terested me in spite of my prejudice."

The red lip of her listener curled scornfully.  
"Ah!" she murmured—"little he thinks, lit-  
tle he thinks I hold the balance of her happi-  
ness in my hands."

"Do dreams not there lives another who  
has a rightful claim to the title of child," said  
the chancellor, in a conciliating tone, "and is  
it possible he never knew of your birth?"

"Never; nor sought to know," she answered,  
in short, cutting words, as if her heart was  
frozen—"so my poor mother told me. She  
enjoyed the strictest secrecy upon her rela-  
tives in Cuba, that they might not mention it  
in any of their letters; she thought so to sur-  
prise him on his return—oh! my poor injured  
suffering mother," she exclaimed, in accents of  
the most vehement tenderness, clasping her  
hands and raising her eyes heavenward.

Again did the stern man seem wrapped in  
the contemplation of her glorious face; he  
could truly have forgotten his station and  
kneel at her feet. There was something in  
her devotion for her parent that was to his  
great soul impressively touching, something  
in the outbursts of her passionate nature akin  
to sublimity.

"Do you look much as your mother did at  
your age?" he murmured, spell bound under  
the enchantment of her mournful gaze.

"Thou say I do; save my mother was much  
darker; she added, with a movement of sar-  
casmic impudence, while her brow crimsoned—  
she had not forgotten that first sharp indig-  
nity—but I was proud of her, even to idola-  
try; I am proud that I am her child, whatever  
be her complexion or caste. I loved her as I  
loved no other human being, and I will revenge  
her wrongs."

And rising from her seat, her majestic form  
towered into, as it seemed, angelic proportions  
of grace and stateliness—yet the malign spirit  
within, gave her a fearful, fiery beauty that  
would have made the calm looker on turn  
from her as from the splendor of a devastating  
volcano.

She stood for an instant lost in reverent  
thought.

She moved slowly into the adjoining room. There  
she paused again, and drawing a miniature from  
her bosom, the mounting of which glowed  
with rubies and blazed with jewels, she pres-  
ented it to her lips, exclaiming, "What, and if I  
suffer, if he writhes under the torture—must I  
pity? Did he not doom you to long, long  
years of unutterable anguish, my own mother?  
did he not bow that stately form to the dust,  
did not his cruelty through that poor brain with  
wild phantoms, shattering the temple of mind,  
till every image of memory was dashed from  
its niche and scattered in ruins—yet those  
dear lips ever murmured, in broken accents,  
love and forgiveness—but I cannot forgive,"  
and she pressed the mute presence to her bo-  
som, while tears of anguish streamed over her  
cheeks.

"No—I have no love for him," she exclaim-  
ed again suddenly—why should I? He has  
been no father to me—but instead a bitter  
curse—he has cared not for me—he dreamed  
of my existence. Love him—I hate him, even  
as I did in my childish years, when like a keen  
sword the unwelcome truth pierced my soul—  
that my mother—my adored mother—was  
deemed an outcast—her heart sought for with  
burning zeal—then coldly trampled upon until  
the light of its life went out in almost utter  
darkness—that same hatred—burns now in  
my bosom, a fire that can be extinguished only  
in the triumph of justice. I care not for con-  
sequences—I know no right or wrong now—  
my decision is unalterable—my woman's  
heart must stand back, and let outlying nature  
pass her verdict. True, he is in one sense in-  
nocent, but that he shall not know till he has  
suffered my will!"

Summoning her old servant, who came bent  
up and shivering, from a blazing fire, she pre-  
pared to arrange herself for the dreaded meet-  
ing. A magnificent toilet-case, set in gold  
and curious gems, was placed upon the table  
before her, and the dark, wrinkled attendant  
unbound her long tresses, and with a sort of  
pride shook them as they rolled from her fin-  
gers, that she might admire the rich luster  
that took its shining from the warm mid-day  
sun, then proceeded to adjust them according  
to the directions of her mistress.

But she was neither pleased nor satisfied  
with her new home and its surroundings; yet  
she was privileged, and far advanced in years,  
her querulous fault-finding.

"What a mirror," she murmured; "what a  
dressing-room—how comfortable and shabby;  
and how much she must long to get away from  
such barbarous things. For my part, I do not  
sleep of nights; it is very hard for me; I miss  
my own couch; my old bones ache; I miss  
my own little parlor, my nice furniture, which  
your precious mother gave her faithful Zillah  
and me. I am chilly. Everything is  
mean here—no gold, no silver—it is barbar-  
ous, indeed it is, and she shrugged her shoul-  
ders contemptuously.

"It is a new country, Mother Zillah," said  
Rosa, soothingly. "You shall have a softer  
bed, if you do not sleep well, and I will get  
you a silver cup if there is one to be had. I  
suppose you feel the cold here much more  
than I."

"Yes, yes, dear Miss Rosa; Zillah's blood  
is thin, and this is not India—cold, freezing  
climate! and the poor creature shivered again  
though the sun of a warm July day was pour-  
ing through the windows."

"There!" she exclaimed, in a few moments  
"what beautiful curls! Ah! they fall even  
lower than the waist; they are so like your  
poor mother's! how bright they are—not so  
black though. And now," she continued, plac-  
ing her fingers on the little jewel-box "shall I  
use the very same ornaments?"

"The very same," said Rosa, passively.

"Shall I fix them in the same manner?"

"Exactly as she wore them," murmured her  
mistress.

"Ah how well I remember! I was young  
then; continued the old servant, as she gath-  
ered the curls in clusters and studded  
them here and there with jewels. "And she  
was so happy, the blessed heart! too happy,  
I was sadly afraid. Oh! she looked enough  
to dazzle one, if she was dressed. I can  
remember how your father—But perhaps I  
must say nothing about him."

"Yes, yes; go on," said Rosa, with author-  
ity, her brow contracting.

"Well, how he smiled and showed those  
beautiful teeth—he was a handsome man,  
and called her 'angel' and 'hour' and all that  
you look like him; my child—look like them  
both. Ah! little did I think it would be so  
and with her as now! Poor heart! poor heart!  
and busy with reflection, she continued her  
task in silence."

Soon the magnificent creature stood before  
her mirror, arrayed as for a bridal. Every  
article of her dress was arranged with stud-  
ious effect; and precisely, even to the texture  
and pattern of material, like what her mother  
had worn on her wedding night, twenty-five  
years ago. She surveyed herself approvingly;  
a gratified smile stole over her exquisite fea-  
tures.

Consulting her watch, she found it was near  
the time of her engagement, and just at that  
moment a servant announced that the Judge  
had come. He was in the room just under-  
neath, in the parlor. How tumultuously her  
poor heart beat. She pressed both hands  
tightly above it, as if with her weak strength  
she would reduce it to quiescence.

She was for the first time in her life, to be-  
hold a father who had never been a parent to  
her—an entire stranger—and yet his blood

coarse through her veins. How strange and  
even awful seems the dreadful reality that  
he was to find in that unknown child an av-  
enger.

With trembling limbs she descended the  
stairs, stood near the half-closed door. For a  
moment, a moment only, a conviction of re-  
morse for the deed she was about to accom-  
plish found place in her heart; but she thought  
of her mother—it was enough. The law of  
peace, the divine law of forgiveness, had never  
rightly been inculcated. Lelia, her mother,  
acted from tenderness, not from a sense of  
religious obligation. Rosa knew not the  
meaning of the word religion.

One mighty effort and she was calm.

CHAPTER VI.  
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,  
With faltering speech and eyes that wildly  
stare."

The Interview—The Letter—Vine—The  
Pledge—Stern Justice—The Confession.

Judge Stanton had pressed Grace to his bo-  
som, that afternoon, as he left home, with a  
more yearning affection than he had ever felt  
before, much as he loved her. A change seem-  
ed to have fallen upon him. From complete  
happiness—so confident and sweet in the morn-  
ing—he had plunged into a cloudy depth of  
misery. All his past life he had reviewed, and  
it seemed so dark that he wondered how he  
had been enabled to fight through it. His half-  
dreaded to leave Grace alone—he knew not  
why—and gave her twice a strict injunction to  
stay at home till he returned. No intimation  
had he given to form the least opinion as to  
whom he was to meet, but he had a dim and  
shadowy premonition that it was some person  
sent by friends who had perhaps found a clue  
to his retreat, and the mere thought gave him  
a sinking at the heart.

Therefore he knew not, as he sat, gazing  
dreadfully at the wood prints decorating the  
walls, that but a stone's throw from him stood  
quivering with anguish, with revenge, the rest-  
less, brilliant, beautiful being whom he was  
so soon to meet, but who had never laid her  
young head upon his bosom—never called him  
"father."

The door silently opened, and a queenly  
form, resplendent with jewels, moved in with  
a stately tread and stood before him.

His own soul was transfixed with horror.  
The morose frown of his body gradually bent  
towards her until he was nearly double, and his  
eyes grew dark and glaring with an awful  
wonder. Then he slowly waved his hands be-  
tween him and the dreadful image—dreadful  
in the associations it called up—that he might  
expel the vision from his heated brain; but still  
there it stood, fixed, fiendish—its glittering  
gaze burning its way into his very heart.

Slow, chill, creeping dread ran through all his  
veins; he could endure this torture no longer;  
raised his arms above his head, and while his  
eyes, changed almost into dark stones, gazed  
upon her face, he exclaimed—

"For God's sake, woman, who has sent you  
here to curse me?"

"One who visits the sins of the father upon  
the children," said Rosa, transformed with  
the burden of her mission into the likeness of  
an inspired priestess. "He who knows the  
heart of the base deceiver," she slowly repeat-  
ed.

"It is then no dream," murmured the unhap-  
py man, while his arms fell nerveless, and a  
cold sweat broke out on his rigid face. "You  
are—you must be Lelia, my injured wife!" and  
a groan came from the depths of his soul, as  
he sank upon his seat, helpless and faint.

"No