

The Montrose Democrat

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

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

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1853.

VOLUME X, NUMBER 40

Porter's Corner.

The Grave.

Why should the good go there?
To a dark and cold abode,
For the holy men of praise and prayer,
Who have dwelt so long in the open air
And sunshine of their God?

Why go the learned and wise
To a house so close and damp?

They can gaze not there at the mystic skies,
Nor watch the stars as they fall and rise,
Nor read by the midnight lamp.

Why go the rich and gay
To a but so mean and small?

No chance is there for a proud display;
There is scarcely room in the walls of clay
For the lusty mortals to crawl!

But for him who is struggling on
In wild ambitions race

Who feels that the goal cannot be won—
That his spirit's proud and strength is gone
—Tis a quiet resting place.

And for him who has weary grown,
Of a world that loves him not,
Whose joys have vanished and hopes have
—Tis a quiet resting place.

Whose only wish is to be alone,
Indeed, 'tis an envied spot!

Prayer.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower;
And rises as the water roll,
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,
Hadst thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine,
Stals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine.
For in the humblest soul that lives,
As in the lowliest flower,
The dew-drop back His image gives,
The soul reflects His power!

At night when all is hushed and still,
And e'en a soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each breath throbs or leaps.
It is the spirit pulse which beats
Forever dead and true.

The atom with its Author meets
As sunlight greets the dew.

The Beauty of Nature.

Who says there is not beauty in the works
Of nature? Is it you young man with a half
depressed and sullen mind? Is it you, who
are about to launch yourself into, eternally
being your own murderer? I ask is it you
with an immortal soul, who have seen nearly
repeated lives among the joys, and your
resented form still left to enjoy the misery
of life? Which of you see no beauty in the
works of nature? We judge both; but we
do not coincide with either. For, when we
look upon the wide-scattered heavens, and
view the glittering stars and heavenly bodies
as they move through their orbits, then we
cannot dispute the beauties of the works of
nature. When we can view the winged light-
ning draw its serpent-like form across the
heavens, which surpasses the burning of Mes-
sias, or the majestic flames of Mount Etna,
then we say, there is beauty and grandeur in
nature. When we can traverse the green
fields and see everything growing with luxu-
ry and beauty, and when we look upon the
different flowers and partake of their fragrances,
then we say there is beauty in nature. When
we enjoy a walk in the woodlands, and
hear ourselves in the silent shades thereof,
and pass away our leisure moments undisturb-
ed, except by the song of some beautiful bird,
then we can truly say, there is beauty, ex-
tended in nature. When we can wander away
under the sweet shades of evening, (and as it
seems when all heaven is asleep) with some
beloved friend by our side and converse upon
bygone days, then we can say there is both
beauty and beauty in nature. When we can
hear the merry laughter of the sleigh-riders
and the chiming of the merry-toned bells, then
we say, there is beauty in nature! And
when the white-robed angels gather
around our death-bed, and guard the souls de-
parting from earth, and guard it in its return-
ing flight, to a vacant seat in heaven, then we
say there is beauty in nature!

Scenes in a Life.

BY S. H. DURLAND.

"I am tired, mother," said little Edgar, as
he rested his head on her lap. "There was
something unusual in the expression of the
child's face and the tone of his voice that
awakened the mother's anxiety. 'You have
been playing too hard,' she said. 'No, moth-
er, I am not tired of playing,' replied the boy,
'I am tired here,' and he pressed his hand
against his brow. 'Yes, the little child was
tired of thinking. Early in the morning he
had gone out with his companions to play—
through the meadows and over the hills they
rambled and sported, with spirits glad as only
the spirit of childhood can be, and only
the bright sunshine and sweet music of morn-
ing can make them. But by and by little Ed-
gar left the frolicsome group and wandered
off alone. He came to the little brook by
which he had so often played, and where rip-
pling music had always loved to hear, as he
stood there now and listened to its never-
ceasing murmur for a little while there was
in his bosom the same careless, unquestioning
joy that had always felt there. But soon a
leaf that came floating down caught his atten-
tion, and awakened thought—that first shad-
ow that comes over the morning sunshine of
feeling. As he saw it floating away on the
dancing current he wondered where it would
rest. And then, as he followed the aer-
eal flow of water, he wondered how
it could thus keep going and going, and
never be gone. Then he looked at the flowers
along its bank, and remembered that he
had seen just such flowers last year and that
he had all gone—he knew not where; and he
wondered if these would die, too, and what
death could be—and that enquiring thought
went on, till he grew tired of wondering so
many things, which he could not answer—
things, which are true, which only the simple
and untaught mind of childhood will wonder,
but which often all the wisdom of age cannot sat-
isfy."

He turned from the brook and wandered
away into the woods. It was June, the
time when the foliage is deepest and richest,
when the birds are fullest, when the flowers
are sweetest in their fragrance, and when the
songs of birds carry most delight to the soul.
Often before had Edgar wandered in this deep
and lonely wood, for young as he was, his
secretion had a charm for him. He would lie
down on some mossy knoll in its leafy cool-
ness and look up through the parted foliage
of the overhanging boughs, into the fading
depths of the distant sky, while the soft fan-
ciness all around him, and listen to the
murmuring of waters, the hum of bees, the
whispering of leaves, and the song of birds,
till his senses seemed to carry him away to
some fairy land, and all the sounds became
blended and dreamy murmur. But now there
was a change here. He could not lie care-
lessly down and enjoy it dreamily as he had
done before. His mind was awakened, and the
former-stating, never-satisfied thought, was busy.
The winds whispered secrets through the leaves
which he longed to know. The birds sang
of strange wonders that were concealed from
him. The bee hummed mysteries all around
him which he could not unravel. Every ob-
ject that met his sight told of something hid-
den which his spirit urged itself in vain to
understand. And thus he went wandering about
all day among the winged shades of that green
old wood, wondering and wondering, while
all things seemed to wrap themselves up more
and more in mystery, baffling and perplexing
his thoughts in every direction, till his own
existence became to him, at last, a strange, un-
certain thing.

When the sun went down he went out of
the woods towards home. The sky was grow-
ing darker and darker, and stars were slowly
filling up his little depths. He had always
loved to watch the stars that twinkled at night
so brightly all above him; but it was with a
childish, unmeaning pleasure. Now they ap-
peared different to his restless fancy as he
passed in the open field to regard them. Near
or before had they seemed so great, so num-
berless—never before had they seemed so far,
so far away, and he gazed at them through the blue
vistas till his struggling soul ached to know
what they were, and he stretched out his arms
in his longing to grasp what was far, far
beyond his reach. No wonder that the tired
little child fell quickly asleep with his head
resting on his mother's lap. He had told her
how he had been wandering all day, and as
she laid him down gently on his soft couch
and looked at his pale, troubled face, her thro't
went into the future. Plainly she saw the
course his path was taking, and well she knew
that this was the first shadow of the life of
toil that was before him—such toil as quick-
ly wears down the springs of existence. And
"ah, my child," she thought, "you cannot have
a mother to lay her soothing hand on
your brow when it grows tired with labor.
Deeply you will miss her when your burden
of sorrows weighs heavily upon you, and
you have to bear it alone."

It was long past the hour of midnight, and
still the light burned on in the student's
lonely room. Throughout all that vast building
no roars of heat were heard. In every other
room all study had ceased. Even the most
diligent had wanted of his task and resigned
himself to sleep. Yet still Edgar sat bend-
ing silently over his book, heedless not how the

sun
Hath it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

When we are in the full vigor of enjoyment
—when our spirits are elastic with hope, and
the world gay and promising to our eyes, we
would forget that earth holds a grave. And
when sorrow comes over us hiding away the
sunshine and beauty of life it is there that our
saddened footsteps intuitively turn. If the ob-
ject around which our joys are twined has
been blasted,—if our trust has been betrayed,
—if we have felt the sting of scorn and neglect,
—if it is there that we retire, to seek our
wounded spirits, for there we feel farthest
away from the now cheerless world. Thus
Edgar stood by the grave of his mother. But
just as he stood his memory reached back to
the distance of years to the time when last he
saw her. Yet her image was still plain be-
fore his mind, and his soul was filled with her
presence as when she was daily with him—
Ah! other friends may be forgotten when they
pass from earth, or but faintly remembered
amid the new scenes that continually throng
around us; but all the struggles and shocks
of life can never drive a mother's image from
our hearts. It was the earliest impression
made upon us, and our existence will hold it
the lodestar.

Always in his hours of weakness and care
had Edgar's thoughts turned to her, and his
spirit had longed to hear again her voice, and
feel the soothing pressure of her hand upon
his brow. But now he stood by her grave
with a burden heavier than that which was ap-
port on his life, and a shadow darker than that
of care. Long he stood with folded arms look-
ing down upon that little mound of earth.
His thoughts were with the past. "Oh, my
mother," he sighed at length, "would that I
were resting quietly with thee, for I have not
ing more to live for now. Once I dreamed
that life was full of happiness, and my heart
trembled with happiness as I began to seek
its study. But I did not find it. There is
my loneliness!—I desired that companionship
was all that failed me. That now had I seen
mine, and I have enjoyed its delights for a sea-

son. Has it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

When we are in the full vigor of enjoyment
—when our spirits are elastic with hope, and
the world gay and promising to our eyes, we
would forget that earth holds a grave. And
when sorrow comes over us hiding away the
sunshine and beauty of life it is there that our
saddened footsteps intuitively turn. If the ob-
ject around which our joys are twined has
been blasted,—if our trust has been betrayed,
—if we have felt the sting of scorn and neglect,
—if it is there that we retire, to seek our
wounded spirits, for there we feel farthest
away from the now cheerless world. Thus
Edgar stood by the grave of his mother. But
just as he stood his memory reached back to
the distance of years to the time when last he
saw her. Yet her image was still plain be-
fore his mind, and his soul was filled with her
presence as when she was daily with him—
Ah! other friends may be forgotten when they
pass from earth, or but faintly remembered
amid the new scenes that continually throng
around us; but all the struggles and shocks
of life can never drive a mother's image from
our hearts. It was the earliest impression
made upon us, and our existence will hold it
the lodestar.

Always in his hours of weakness and care
had Edgar's thoughts turned to her, and his
spirit had longed to hear again her voice, and
feel the soothing pressure of her hand upon
his brow. But now he stood by her grave
with a burden heavier than that which was ap-
port on his life, and a shadow darker than that
of care. Long he stood with folded arms look-
ing down upon that little mound of earth.
His thoughts were with the past. "Oh, my
mother," he sighed at length, "would that I
were resting quietly with thee, for I have not
ing more to live for now. Once I dreamed
that life was full of happiness, and my heart
trembled with happiness as I began to seek
its study. But I did not find it. There is
my loneliness!—I desired that companionship
was all that failed me. That now had I seen
mine, and I have enjoyed its delights for a sea-

son. Has it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

son. Has it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

When we are in the full vigor of enjoyment
—when our spirits are elastic with hope, and
the world gay and promising to our eyes, we
would forget that earth holds a grave. And
when sorrow comes over us hiding away the
sunshine and beauty of life it is there that our
saddened footsteps intuitively turn. If the ob-
ject around which our joys are twined has
been blasted,—if our trust has been betrayed,
—if we have felt the sting of scorn and neglect,
—if it is there that we retire, to seek our
wounded spirits, for there we feel farthest
away from the now cheerless world. Thus
Edgar stood by the grave of his mother. But
just as he stood his memory reached back to
the distance of years to the time when last he
saw her. Yet her image was still plain be-
fore his mind, and his soul was filled with her
presence as when she was daily with him—
Ah! other friends may be forgotten when they
pass from earth, or but faintly remembered
amid the new scenes that continually throng
around us; but all the struggles and shocks
of life can never drive a mother's image from
our hearts. It was the earliest impression
made upon us, and our existence will hold it
the lodestar.

Always in his hours of weakness and care
had Edgar's thoughts turned to her, and his
spirit had longed to hear again her voice, and
feel the soothing pressure of her hand upon
his brow. But now he stood by her grave
with a burden heavier than that which was ap-
port on his life, and a shadow darker than that
of care. Long he stood with folded arms look-
ing down upon that little mound of earth.
His thoughts were with the past. "Oh, my
mother," he sighed at length, "would that I
were resting quietly with thee, for I have not
ing more to live for now. Once I dreamed
that life was full of happiness, and my heart
trembled with happiness as I began to seek
its study. But I did not find it. There is
my loneliness!—I desired that companionship
was all that failed me. That now had I seen
mine, and I have enjoyed its delights for a sea-

son. Has it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

son. Has it given me happiness? Ah, knew not the companionship I sought was
love—all my life was bound up in its mighty
power. But it could have made me happy
yes, it could have made earth a paradise. But
alas! I was not worthy of the love of so pure
a being as she. No, she could not love me
and now I am alone again, and my loneliness
is greater than I can bear. Oh, how can I en-
dure life any longer? He glanced around up-
on the green hills and up at the clear blue
sky. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured
"but oh, how joyless—a heart where error
and misfortune have thrown their blight.
What is beauty to me now! It only makes
my loneliness the more insupportable. Oh,
life!" he cried, and his strong frame shook
with the anguish of his soul, "give me back
some cheering thought."

Strong, strong is the anguish of youth when
hope is first crushed in the heart—when the
past parts away with all its cherished visions
of beauty, and the future opens up before us
a cold reality. Life has no bitterness like this.
Yet the vigor of manhood's existence will tri-
umph, and the mind will spring up again in
strength. The heart may close up its deep
wells of affection, but as this source of joy—
which was our all before—is lost, the soul
goes out and mingles in the world's action—
"Fame" he whispered, as though the word
sounded sweetly to his ear. "Yes, that is
left me. Since I cannot be loved I will see
men bow before me in honor." And thus
from the grave of love sprang up another pas-
sion.

A thousand bosoms heaved with one em-
otion—a thousand hearts beat to the influence
of one power. There, pale and firm, stood
the man who ayed with his breath the mal-
litude before him, rousing, yet guiding the
passions and blending a thousand souls into
one by the magic of his words. Upon his
brow the swollen veins told the intensity of
his thought, and his deep beaming eye flashed
out the fire of his kindled soul. Now his
voice was low as the murmuring of the sum-
mer wind, yet its tones reached every ear amid
that breathless throng, and vibrated upon ev-
ery nerve. Anon it rose and swelled out upon
the air in its sweeping volume, till that vast
multitude swayed to and fro beneath it like
some wind-swept forest. He ceased, and for
a moment there was silence. Then from that
throng went up one heaved shout of applause
that startled the hills and reverberated along
the arches of the sky.

And has not Edgar found all that his heart
could desire now? To hear his name sound-
ed all over the land and spoken by every
tongue with praise. To stand upon that high
throne towards which thousands struggle in
vain, and feel the world's admiring gaze upon
him—and above all in such an hour of tri-
umph as this—Oh, the thrilling, the thrilling
rapture! to feel the soul sending out itself in
the electric fire of words, and kindling upon
the thousand souls around us—surely he wants
nothing more to satisfy his heart. * * *

The crowd with its tumultuous excitement
is gone. The orator is alone. His stern
brow is relaxed; his eye has lost its fiery
gleam; his hand rests upon his hands. But
whence that shadow?—why that expression
of weary gloom that darkens his features?
Can it be that fame is not enough for man-
hood? Can it be that it does not go with us
to our lonely rooms—that the heart cannot
feed upon it in solitude?—that it does mingle
blades of grass, the delicate flowers, the
soft full of fragrance that breathed all around
him, called forth no pleasant smile.

When we are in the full vigor of enjoyment
—when our spirits are elastic with hope, and
the world gay and promising to our eyes, we
would forget that earth holds a grave. And
when sorrow comes over us hiding away the
sunshine and beauty of life it is there that our
saddened footsteps intuitively turn. If the ob-
ject around which our joys are twined has
been blasted,—if our trust has been betrayed,
—if we have felt the sting of scorn and neglect,
—if it is there that we retire, to seek our
wounded spirits, for there we feel farthest
away from the now cheerless world. Thus
Edgar stood by