Denincrat. Loutrose

A WEEKLY JOURNAL-DEVOTED TO POLICIES, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, May 25, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 21.

Poetry.

Reminisences of Youth. eart are the scenes of

My heart winders back to my childhood days Where life seemed as bright and fair As the merry birds with joyful lays That carrol their songs in the air.

I remember full well the old school house. Where I passed my childhood's hours; Of the grassy knoll, the grove and brook That ripple among the bowers.

Oh! well I remember the old play ground Where I heard the merry birds sing Of its flowery banks as I rambled around And gathered the flowers of spring.

remember me now of a frolicsome boy, So full of music and glee; That stood by his teacher so timid and coy.
And lisped his A, B, and C.

think with a sigh of those early days And a tear drop wets mine eye, And memory speaks in mournful lays, Of happiness gone by.

And my early friends, where are they now My lovely playmates dear! A shade comes flitting o'er my brow, A mournful voice I hear.

points me to the church yard drear. Where weeping willows wave; To the resting, place of playmates dear That formed an early grave.

There rests in peace a Caroline, A John, and Mary dear; They'er dwelling in a fairer clime, A region bright and clear.

Some of those friends are journeying still Upon this mundane sphere; Striving to do their master's will,

By faith and humble prayer. And I have left my early home And wander all around: God's truth to tell where'er I roam,

The gospel to expound. But soon we'll meet in a brighter climo When time shall cease to be, Then wrapped in glory we-shall-shine Harford, May 15, 1854.

Miscellaneous.

The Longest Night in a Life.

It was one of those old-fashioned not been dreamed of save by the speculative ceed. fountess of London. The mails had been "V more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the olumns of both were crowded with accidents rom the inclemency of the weather, with gaily. heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous mail-coachmen and duards.
Business was almost at a stand-still or was

ence of their absent members, and the poor till now."

caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to the unexpected guest. un, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weatherbound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

physical difficulties from doing what slie

d for the whole journey.

gathering round the red, rayles sun and advantage to do so, as the unlocking of the words she could use to the man into whose when on reaching a little roadside in the door was sure to wake him."
snow began to fall fast, both the grand and Miss Sterling laughingly alle ing the discomforts and perhaps the perils of she had no objection to it on this particular came, and with it, possible help. The night the next stage. Miss Sterling hesitated for a occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable must be far spent; she must wait and hope. moment but the little inn looked by no time.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were gleam ing afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and spon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men, with lanterns and shovels, came to their assistance, a strong arm litted Miss Sterling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall, brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy, glowing, childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright, eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her, upon her es

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife, "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, Uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at; Hawtree, that Uncle Atherion never can be wrong." "Atherton Hawtree !" repeated Miss Ster

ing in some amazement, "and uttered in that familiar voice! Ellen-Ellen Middleton, i it possible that you are here?

arms were the young girls ready reply to this question, as the cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aust Mary, don't you know your old friend.

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on scarcely recognize the bright haired girl whom she had not seen foreighted or twenty years; but by and by she satisfied herself that, tho changed, she was Ellen Sterling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days. Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which sollowed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as d congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as purpse up before her. She was restless and the owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's feverish: and the vexation of feeling so, made exertions in rescuing her.

roads in this blenk country has kept him a stealing between the window curtains, east prisoner here for weeks."

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck theless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire in the days of the Georges, when the snow was really all the accommodation she cared lay on the ground for weeks, when railways for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue were unknown, and the electric telegraph had her journey as soon as the coach could pro-

"We shall be able to do better for you came again, followed by a loud rustling noise, regular for a month past, and the letter- than that Ellen," . Mrs. Atherton answered as if some heavy body were dragged from unhags which did reach the post-office had been cheerfully. "I cannot it is true, promise you der the bed in the direction of the fire. brought thither with difficulty. The news a state-room for every bed in the house is What could it be? She longed to call out papers were devoid of all foreign intelligence full, and I know you will not allow any one for help, but her tongue clove to the roof of until her dying day, the creature rushed to the metropolis knew nothing of the doing of to be moved for your convenience; but I her mouth and the pulses in her temples, the provinces, and the provinces knew little have one chamber still at your service, which throbbed until she felt as if their painful beaexcept in one respect is comfortable enough." "Haunted, of course?" said Miss Sterling the toud tick of a clock.

> "Oh, no, no, it is not that? I had it fitit is often occupied when the house is full;

The evening passed plessantly; music,dan- pen to lier, and the night would soon pass cing, and ghost stories made the hours fly over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down fast. It was long past ten-the usual hour again. Among the first ladies who undertook the of retiring at Belfield-when Miss Sterling. ourney from the west of Scotland to Landon under her hostess guidance, took possession at this time, was a certain Mrs. Sterling, who of her out-door chamber. It really was a had for weeks past, desired to reach the me pleasant, cheerful little apartment. The crimtroplis. Her griends assured her that it was son hangings of the bed and window looked bling hands drew back an inch or two of the a foolbardy aftempt, and told her of travel- warm and comfortable in the flashing fire- curtain and peered out, thinking that any lers who had been twice, nay three times light; and when the candles on the mantle- certainty was better than such terrible sussnowed up on their way to town; but their piece were lighted and the two easy chairs advice and warnings were of no a all; Miss drawn close to the hearth, the ong-parted Sterling's business was urgent, it concerned friends found it impossible to resist the tempothers more than herself, and she was not one tation of sitting down to have, what in old be deterred by personal discomfort or by days they used to call a "two handed chat." There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of chequered scenes of joy and sorrow, So, she kept to her purpose, and early in deeply interesting to those two whose youth February took her seat in the mail for Lon- had been passed together; there were mutudon, being the only passenger who was book- al friends and future plans to be discussed: and mid-night rung out from the stable-clock The the whole journey. and mid-night rung out from the stable-cipes. The the whole journey. She fore Mrs. Atherton said good-night. She the roads, though heavy, were open; and had already crossed the threshold to go, when with the aid of extra horses here and there she turned back to say, "I forgot to tell you Ellen, that the inside bar of this door is not ded her this clearly—and the conviction seiz-very secure, and that the key only furns but- ed upon her mind, that she was shut up he first half of their journey was performed Ellion, that the inside har of this door is not pretty easily, though tediously. very secure, and that the key only furns out- ed upon ner mind, that sue was saud up The second day was more trying than the side. Are you inclined to trust to the bar with an escaped convict. An inward invofirst; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated alone, or will you, as William used to do. cation to Heaven for aid rose from her heart, very crevice of the coach; the partial thaw have the door locked outside, and let the has, with whole force of her intellect she had but slightly affected the wild moorland servant bring the key in the morning. Wil- endeavored to survey the danger of her po-

Miss Sterling laughingly allowed, that the present, however, she must make no movecoaching urged their solitary passenger to generally she could not quite think it an adment to betray herself; and perhaps he remain there for the night, instead of tempt- vantage to be locked into her own rooms still might overlook her presence until daylight

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon lose the first of the key taken out; and Miss Sterling, stand-lose that they had stuck fast in a snowling drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses the narrow black path, which had been ment. The guard, mounting one of the lear of snow to make a dry passage upon the curtains, and for a few minutes function. A ruddy ders, set off in search of assistance, while the coach from the house to the pavilion. A ruddy her, that as nearly as they could calculate, the tired of the steen; but, when the they were only a mile or two from the door closed and shut out that warm comfortal wall but that she could rass between. Into they were only a mile or two from the door closed and shut out that warm comforta- wall but that she could pass between. Into Glover. The Deacon arose and told him it thought of it before. I never thought that warm comforta- wall but that she could pass between. Into Glover. The Deacon arose and told him it thought of it before. I never thought of it before. The Deacon arose and told him it thought of it before. The Deacon arose and told him it thought of it before. "squire's," and that if the guard could find ble fight, the darkened porch, the sale moon-the narrow space between she contrived to the squire's, the squire was certain light shimmering on the shrouled trees, and the trees, and the narrow space between she contrived to the squire's, the squire was certain light shimmering on the shrouled trees, and the narrow space between she contrived to was Timothy. "Oh yes," replied the divine, these hard working people had any idea of the narrow space between she contrived to was Timothy. "Oh yes," replied the divine, these hard working people had any idea of the narrow space between she contrived to was Timothy. "I know it was some kind of taste!"

To come to their rescue with his sledge. It the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had she bad bardly accomplished the difficult grass."

a kind of chill that made her half repent hayhappen to her from within the chamber; the

could be no possible danger. So, drawing her chair once more to the fire, and stirring into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing table, and read some portions of the New Testament. When she laid down the book she took out the comb that fastened up her long dark, silken tresses-in which, despite her five-andthirty years, not a silver thread was visibleand, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories, which her meeting with Mary Ather-

ton had revived. The sound of the clock sticking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate, her eyes fell upon the dressing-glass, and in its reflection she saw, or at least fancied she saw the

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome lier. Still it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedelothes folded neatly down, as if sleeping earth; the moon still showed her inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows, that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs .-Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantel-

piece and stepped into bed. She was very tired, her eyes ached with wearings, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections througed on her memory thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through, haunted her; and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now feverish: and the vexation of feeling so, made there more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to "It is the increst chance, too, that he is close the curtains between her and the me at home at present," she said a "he ought to she might be better able to sleep—the flick-pring light disturbed her, and the monbeams that the state of the pring light disturbed her, and the monbeams cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she care-And others as well," Ellen Middleton adfully shut out the light on that side, and ded; "but both children and grown people turned again to sleep. Whether she had or the diversity of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, and line for excuse for staying longer at Belfield." And not well remember, but she soon thorough to God she could call to him, or in any way him for my facorite." then laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how broused by feeling the bed heave under her, attract his attentional but she dared not make she meant to dispose of Miss Sterling for the She started up, and awaited with a beating mght, for the house was as full already asat heart a repetition of the movement, but it did window, against which he almost brushed in once more on the pillow, she determined to Miss Sterling that the question was, never control her groundless terrors. Again she loubt; the hed hoaved more than oned, necompanied by a strange gurgling sound, as if a creature was in pain. Leaning on her chow, she listened with that intensity of fear recurrence of the sound that caused it. It

ting sounded in the silence of the night like The unseen thing dragged itself along unill it reached the hearth-rug, where it flung ted up for my brother William when he used itself down with violence. As it did so, she to be here more frequently than of late; and licard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred only carried on by fits and starts | families but as it is detached from the house, I have to her that the creature might be nothing were made uneasy by the frequent long si- of course, never asked any lady to sleep there worse than the house dog, who, having bro-lence of their absent members, and the poor till new? were suffering great misery from cold and "Oh't if that be all. I am quite willing to the bed in the warm room. Even this become its first lady tenant," said Miss Ster. Inotion was disagreeable enough, but it was The south road had been blocked up for ling heartily. So the matter was settled and as nothing to the vague terror which had nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost orders were given to prepare the Pavilion for hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that it she lay quiet no harm would hap-

> By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of a dog. After a little pense. She looked towards the fireplace, and here'sure enough, the huge creature lavbrown hairry mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearth-rug. By-and-by, it began to stretch itself out to open its eyes, which shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and to raise

its paws above its hairy head. Good God! those are not paws! they are human hands; and daugling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains! A chill of horror froze Ellen Sterling's cins, as a flash of the expiring fire showpower she had so strangely fallen. For the

was not the first time that the squire had got | such an aspect of solltude as to cast over her | feat and sheltered herself behind the cuttains ing consented to quit the house at all, and drawing the bed clothes round him, utfered a let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could than the laugh of a human being. sound more like the whinnying of a liorse

For some little time Miss Sterling stood in door was safely locked outside, and strong her narrow hiding place, trembling with cold from stancheons guarded the window; there and terror, featful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for cournge; and when her composure had in some degree reposition, possibly, attract the attention of some passers by, and be released from her errible durance. –

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment: her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moon light guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hand towards the curtains rose. Reclining on an ottoman, in a deep re- when I could without going too far out of her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warin. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it round her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed ; whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound askep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The box-out from the window was anything but inspirit ing. The stars still shone peacefully on the

pallid visage; not a sight or sound presaged dawn; and after long listening in vainvaor any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the stable clock strike four. Only four! She felt as if it were impossible to survive ven another hour of terror such as she had

ust passed through. Was there no hope ? She tried to support herself against the shake and creak in a manner that seemed Her startling loud; she fancied that the sound. Drops of agony fell from her brow as minute after minute wore heavily on; evslight clank of the menacled hands sent a

renewed chill to her heart. The clock struck five. Still all without was silent. Suddenly, a the slightest sound. He looked up at the be silent, but seek assistance at the house. started up! This time there could be no He gave her a glauce of intelligence, and

hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could be have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and wise engaged it." which desires, almost as much as it dreads, a more restless; he was rising from the bedhe was grouping around the room. They timates here." would come too late, too late

But no! steps in the court yard—the key urning in the lock the door opens-then with a yell that rung in Ellen Sterling's ear

self-safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing-room, stress girl, when one of your most intimate and to hear that no one was hurt but the friends in your own class would value it so poor maniad, and that he was again in the highly. What in the world can people in harge of the keepers, from whom he had es- their circumstances want with flowers !" caped a few hours before.

A few hours! A life-time, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is passed like a wild

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained, ever after, to imprint on Ellen Sterling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew Her, the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering, anxiety and ter-

The Fatal Flower.

Travellers who visit the Fulls of Ningara, are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice over the boiling current below, as you say; if I had to spend every moment to pluck a flower from the cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the entaract and her own daring .- She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the rocks, while fear for a moment darken- cate living."
ed her excited mind. But there hung the "Oh, as t lovely blossom on which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf with a shrick, the descended, like a fallow ry in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours." they had to cross; thick, heavy clouds were liam used to say that he found it rather an sition, and to think of the most persuasive star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away,

Sue's THE Sour. - As an evidence of what the girls can do if they have the mind, a Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orghan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she carned, besides She had not to wait long. The creature her board, about \$200; and availing herself she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her furs more closely round her, she nestled with the key, at eight precisely. Good full moment—she saw his face, his pale pinch—herself into a corner of the coach. Thus, for a time she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon the key taken out and the steriling stand advanced to the bed slowly hesitatingly and the seem her eye kindle as she looked on these "Very well: then you had better not fas- moved again-stood upright-staggered to- of the facilities which the printing office af-

THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

PART I.

costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and you for making such a neat, tasty little cap from the office in the next mail a letter in a vet, that simple rose was the fairest of them for it." turned, it occurred to her that if shi could all. So pure and lovely it looked—in its but reach the window; she might from that beauty—the white leaves just touched with delight and satisfaction with which the poor she had well learned that writing; had loved that creamy tint peculiar to its kind, its cup woman regarded her baby in its new cap, was so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it something worth creating; I do believe she there had been obstacles of parents and friends, were sinking and melting away in its own could not have thanked me more, if I had sent separation and long suspense, till at length richness—when did ever man make anything her a barrel of flour." like the perfect flower.

But the sunlight that streamed through the poor anything but what they really needed, cess, and engaged with a book, lay what my way."
seemed the living counterpart of that lovely "Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father seemed the living counterpart of that lovely flower. The cheek so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, only coarse shapeless piles of provisions, laythe long down-cast lashes, and the expression ing around the world, instead of all the beausubdued and sweet—it seemed like the pienow delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose that you are ture of a dream.

Turn your head reader and you will see a dark sparkling maiden, the very model of some wiful elf, born of mischief and motion with a fore a glass with great satisfaction. dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multipled by the dimples that it seemed like ten thousand

"Come Florence, I say," said the little fairy, put down that wise, good excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal. Come de-

scend from your cloud my sweet dear. The fair apparition thus abjured, obeyed, and looking up, revealed just the eyes you pathetic and rich as a strain of deep music.
"I say, cousin," said the "darke ladye," "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York—as menture moved uncasily on its bed at the to our great consternation you are going to do er and anon a justle of the bed clothes, or a flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular twelve years of age entered, her large blue boquet cut off and tied up, to carry to a par-ty, but as to all this tending and fussing that light, as she held up the small vase with the is unnecessary to keep them growing, I've no rose tree in it.

gift in that line."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to s: y; Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and; ould hold.

The first of pussing and the light he held, flashed on I very pathetic upon the subject, telling her "Ok," said her Aunt, "we shall manage the nervous fancies which had twice assailed Miss Sterling's crouching figure. He paused, the loss your favorite would sustain, and so looked again, and seemed about to speak forth, and she said how delighted she would fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have other-"Who can it be to? You have so few in-

"Oh, only one of my old fancies." "But do tell me, Florence."

"Well cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing." "What, little Mary Stephens? How abler hiding place, dashed the slight window-frame to pieces, and finding himself baulked your motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing of his purposed escape by the strength of the dolls for poor children, making caps and knit-iron bars outside, turned like a wild heast on ting socks for all the dirty little babies in the his pursuers. She was the first on whom his region round about. I do believe that you plance fell. He clasped her threat; his face have made more calls in two vile, ill-smelling was close to hers; his glittering eyes were allies back of our house, than ever in Chestnut thiring at her in frenzy-when a blow from street, though you know that everybody is dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you She awoke from a long swon to find her- must give this choice little bijou to a seam-

> "Just the same that I do," replied Florence calmly. "Have you ever noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds, and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it; she was so fond of flowers."

"But Florence only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese time, she raised herself gently, and with trem- ror, that, in these few hours, her hair had and flour, and stifled in the close little room turned as white as snow .- Household Words. where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows

what besides."
"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, where a gay young lady, a few years since, of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from lost her life. She was delighted with the window but a brick side wall, or a dirty lane wonders of the universal scene, and ambitions - such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence-all sentimental; poor cople have no time to be sentimental; beides, I don't think it will grow with them of the surging waters far down the battlement it is a green house flower, and used to deli

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunsline of as good a quality as that which streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. visided to the pressure of her light feet, and, You will see that my little rose will be as mer-

Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes, or a ham for example."

"Why certainly, potntces and ham must be had, but having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little power to give. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feelings, and a keen sense cause they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for exthings in our drawing room, and yet not oue beautiful thing can she command. From necessity her room, her clothing, and all that she has, must be plain and coarse. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Ma-

Dear me, all this may be true; but I never

pot in the poorest room, or the morning gloiie planted in a box and made to twine around the winow. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful! You

dress to be baptized in ?" "Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at

"I never before thought of giving to the

window revealed something fairer than the and I have always been willing to do that,

of the beautiful mouth, so sorrwful, yet so tiful variety of trees, fruits, and flowers, which

"Florence! Florence " echoed a merry and right, but pray have mercy on my poor head nusical voice, in a sweet impatient tone. it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way," and the little lady began practising a waltzing step be

PART II.

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand quite new, and indeed the this county, boarding at a farm house about only article in the room that seemed so. A a mile distant from the Academy. The house expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep pale, sickly looking woman of about forty, was one of those built at different periods of was leaning back in her rocking chair, her time, and presenting a long extended front to eyes closed and her lips compressed as if in the roadside. It was situated in the gorge of pain. She rocked backward and forward a la lonely wood, and just below it ran a deep few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her dark ravine, which was the haunted ground eyes and then languidly stitched on which of the neighborhood—for it is well known —you know it would be a sad pity to leave it she had been busy since morning. The door that every neighborhood has its haunfed with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love opened, and a slender little girl of about ground.

> "Oh, see! mother see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful

looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months. "God bless her!" said she involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so. mother; don't it make your head-ache better through the shadowy moonlight, to see this flower. Now you wont look so will you? We have a rose handsomer than knew you would like it, of all things to give any of theirs. Why it seems to me that it is it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds room, placing the treasure first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose tree could not preserve its beau-

ty without sunlight.
"Oh, ves, truly said Mary; well, then it must stand here this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better,"-And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper on which the

"There," said Mary watching the arrange farther round—a little more—there, it's right," ing this to us," said Mary; tho' she has done much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because t seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

nade in that little room. How much faster immediately at his side. Mary's tongue and fingers flew that live-long day, and Mrs. Stephens in the happiness of her child almost forgot that she had a head- renders it difficult, if not impossible to repreache, and thought as she sipped her evening sent the interse and agonizing feat which cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had one for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the circumstance occurred, and yet, at this that first day. Through all the long cold win- distant day, our friend always relates the interthat followed, the watching, tending and cident with an excited tone of voice which cherishing of that flower awakened a thousand indicates how dreadful were the realities that pleasing trains of thought that beguiled the surrounded him. He sat up erect in the bed, sameness and weariness of their life. Every with every fibre of his flesh quivering with day the fair growing thing put forth some terror and with straining eye and ear, sought fresh beauty—a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its poses

In the midst of this thrilling, and excited

As it stood in the window the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by our informant, "it was such a cry as can nevts beauty, and then how proud and happy er be effaced from my memory. He instant. vas Mary, nor did even the serious and care ly sprung from the bed to the floor, and in worn widow notice with indifference when she delirium of fear, dragged the bedstead from saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiring-the corner of the room, and there behind the ly on their favorite.

graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place recommended
through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephen's
they had secured her. When he entered the

the repose of our young or lady readers. If "Ah!" said the stranger turning and fixing there are any fears on that subject, we advise

upon her a pair of very black eyes, pleased or them, before locking their chambers at might, rather struck with the simplicity of the little to look under the bed, and into the bandboxgirl or the communication, "and how came es and closets. After such an examination she to give it to you my little dear."

"Oh because we are poor and mother is We used to have a garden once and we loved "goes further" when left out of doors than slowers so much, and Miss Florence found all when housed; some of his having gone a

"Florence," echoed the stranger. Then why do you see so often the gerani- young lady—they say she was from foreign

im so carefully nursed in an old cracked ten- parts, though she speaks English like any other lady, only sweeter.

"Is she here now? -is she in the city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some time ago," said the wid-There it stood in its little green vase on a light clony stand, in the window of the drawup a whole night, after a hard day's work,
ing room. The rich satin curtains, with their that she might make her baby a nice little can find out all about her by inquiring at her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle, No. 10 street." As the result of this, Florence received as a woman like her loves only once; but separation and long suspense, till at length for many bitter years, she had believed that the releatless sea had closed forever over his hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched with sweet, calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told

> wherever she had wandered. And this much said, do you fair readers need any help in finishing this story for your Of course not. selves?

> her that he was living, that he had traced her

The Manjac Girl.

The cultor of the American Republican, rinted at West Chester, Pa., speaking of a story now being published, entitled "The Longest Night in Life," says:

It has brought vividly to our mind a thrilling incident which happens to be within our own knowledge, and we cannot forbear trying, in our poor way, to tell the tale. The intel-ligent and highly respectable gentleman to whom the occurrence happened, is now a resident of this borough, and in every particular

the story is strictly true.

A number of years since the individual to. whom we allude was a pupil at a school in

The sleeping apartments of the family were in the extreme end of the house, while that occupied by their boarder was the furthest removed from them possible. One night he remained late at a lecture delivered to the school, and by the time he arrived the family had all retired, it being past the hour of 11 The poor woman's face brightened, as she o'clock. He passed into the house and went immediately up to his chamber. The reflectas he entered the doorway and turned towards his bed, there stood at the side of it, a figure dressed in white, dimly apparent to him

He was, as may well be supposed, terror apparition towards the window, to see it it were not a fantastic creation, caused by the moonlight falling on some object in the apartment, his eye again looked for the strange there are on it! and Mary danced about the sight, but it was gone, without the slightest room, placing the treasure first in one position perceptible noise. With his whole nervous system completely unstrung, he however succeeded at length in convincing himself that he had been deceived, quietly undressed and laid down, but not to sleep for there was too much agitation to do so. He lay in this wakeful state for about three quarters of an hour, when he thought he felt the bed slowly raised beneath him. He again succeeded in persuading himself that he was deceived, and attributed this to the effects of the intense fear and consequent nervous excitement of the first strange appearance.

ment eagerly, "there, that will do; though it does not show both buds—turn it a little same rising of the bed was felt, and on this occasion he half arose, leaned over and parand Mary walked round the room, to view tially under the bed, and listened with the the rose in various positions, after which she most intense earnestness, but not the slightest insisted that her mother should go round with noise; even of respiration, on any of the differher to the outside, to see how it looked there. ent occasions came to his ear. He again "How kind in Miss Florence to think of give strove to dismiss the fearful subject from his mind, and at length, by excess of weariness, fell into an tineasy and disturbed sleep, which must have lasted for some two hours. He was aroused from this uneasy repose by some-thing between a piereing shrick and frenzied "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens, sighing: laugh, unearthly in its tone, breaking upon What a bright afternoon that small gift his ear in the dead silence of the night, and

The unusual and horrible character of the cry, with all the preceding circumstances, crept over the completly unmanned inmate of that chamber. Ten years have elapsed since

state of feeling, there came a wilder repetition of the mingled scream and laugh, and says high head-board, stood the apparition which But little did Florence think when she gave had presented itself to his astonished sight the gift, that there was twined around it an when he first entered the room on that dreadinvisible thread that reached far and brightly ful night. It was the figure of a woman clothed in white with long black hair hanginto the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall ing wildly about her person.

It was a maniao girl from a neighboring house, who came in the afternoon, during his friends. His eye, as he was going out, rested room she was standing as he first described admiringly upon the hadsome rose; he stopped still, and booked carnestly at it. ped still, and booked carnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said the little Mary, crept beneath the bed. We hope the recital quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and bean of this story may not have the effect to disturb the repose of our young or lady renders If they may retire without the slightest alarm.

sick and we can never have any thing pretty. A neighbor of ours informs us that wood quarter of a mile in one night.

"Florence," echoed the stranger.
"Yes Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful dear father should be suddenly taken away from you?" " Swear and chaw tobacker."