

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, April 30, 1857.

Volume 14, Number 16.

Select Poetry.

A DAY OF SPRING.
Wild flowers, sweet, friends of our youth and age,
Welcome to your haunts again,
Eager as birds that have burst the cage,
Or steeds that have snapped the rein.
Fill your bright eyes in the sunny air!
We have thirsted long for the draught they bear.

We have languished all for the sunny day
That calls us back to the green wood's shade,
Our dreams have been of the songsters' glade,
And starry showers of the fragrant May.
The fairy moth and the dark wild bee
Mingle together the gleaming wing;
And the squirrel skips from tree to tree,
And the anemones dance in the pebbly spring.

Sweet are thy waters, O, rippling pool!
There do the first green cresses grow,
And the meadow queen on thy margin fold
Her odorous perfume from her turf of snow;
And there, on the sedge bank beneath,
Love's tender flower, with sorrowing eye,
Is telling still of her true knight's death,
Or looking above on her own blue sky.

Again in the mossy wood and glen
We track our steps by the feathery fern,
Starting awhile from her happy nest
The thush or the gentle wren;
A graceful lesson of life we learn;
Happy and free our footsteps roam,
Seeking and finding the violet's home;
But like the loved of our early day,
Fairest and first they have passed away.

Cuckoo—hark, 'tis the joyous sound!
Bird of promise, we hear thee nigh,
In the wood's deep depth profound.
Oh, welcome, child of a sunny sky!
How could we trust expirations Spring,
Though her bright garlands floated free,
The flowering thorn, the bolmy may,
Or 'en the dusky swallow's wing!
—Loved stranger, do—we looked for thee.

Welcome, with all things sweet and fair,
Man's health and crown for beauty's brow,
Hope and bright in the fresh pure air.
Blossom-fruit for the orchard's bough:
Say, have you brought from the happy land
Our charmed gift for the heart of care?
I know ye have; for, as flowers distilled,
My spirit with essence sweet is filled:
I look around and gaze on high;
My thoughts with a willing power expand—
I feel there is beauty and harmony.

Original Story.

For the Democrat.
WILLIE CLIFTON,
—OR—
THE VICTIM OF AVARICE,
BY S. W. T.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—A New Friend.
"Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!"
[Mrs. Ortiz.]

"The little good that we can do
In our short sojourn here, will not alone
Shed comfort on this transitory life,
But be (such is my faith) a faith hereafter!"
[OSBORNE.]

Now that Willie was sure of employment and a home for a while, the anxiety he had felt less he should be discharged ceased to haunt his mind; and though unpleasantly circumstanced, like a true hero, resolved to endure patiently whatever hardships might befall him and hope for the best.

Flintheart though a severe task-master, was by no means as exacting as his wife, who appeared to take especial delight in devising expedients to annoy our little friend, thereby rendering his existence irksome in the extreme. This unfeeling creature frequently taunted him with being a lazy beggar, and vagabond; and when his sad face evinced painful emotions, she would mock his distress by ironical expressions of condolence.

She observed he manifested a thirst for knowledge; and in order to prevent him from reading of evenings almost invariably found something for him to do.

"What's the use of boys reading so much?" said this rixen, coming into the kitchen one evening, and snatching from Willie's hand a book he was perusing by the feeble light of a lamp. "It's all nonsense for people, especially such as 'are poor to spend so much precious time after learning, which only puffs 'em up, and makes them feel above common folk. I nor husband never went to school more than a year in our whole lives, and I reckon we're proper as well as some others, who think they know a mighty sight more than we do. I tell you, boy, if you stay here, you needn't calculate to spend your time in darning over old rusty books; so walk this way, I'll fix business for you. You've got to dress this basket of apples before you go to bed, or you'll get a beating, that you will! So come along, and no whimpering neither, you sneaking pussy-cat."

To such insults and labors Willie was constantly subjected. However much fatigued at the close of the day the evening seldom brought repose to his exhausted frame. The interminable cant of Betty harassed him exceedingly, and he always rejoiced when the hour of retiring came.

In this way, he spent nearly two weeks,

when near the close of a blustering afternoon, as he was engaged in piling wood, he was accosted by a voice so tender and musical that he started with surprise. On looking up, he beheld a warmly clad elderly lady, whose benevolent countenance indicated the goodness of her heart.

Willie gracefully returned her courteous salutation, and stood for a moment, his gaze riveted upon the stranger, who evidently was regarding him with a look of mingled pity and surprise.

The lady first broke the silence by inquiring if Mrs. Flintheart was at home?
"No, ma'am," said Willie, "she and Mr. Flintheart are gone to the village."
"When will they return?"
"Not before night, I believe."
"You seem thinly clad, my child, are you not cold?"
"Some, ma'am," replied the boy, resuming his work.
"Have you no mittens, or gloves?"
"Neither."
"I should think your little hands would freeze."
"They got very numb sometimes, then I blow them; that makes them feel quite warm."
"Why does not your employer furnish you with gloves?"
"He says he cannot afford to pay me anything until my work is done."
"How long have you been here?"
"Nearly two weeks."
"How much longer have you got to stay?"
"Two weeks more, if I suit."
"What is your name? if I may be so bold?"
"Willie Clifton."
"Willie Clifton! that sounds prettily—Have you parents, brothers, or sisters?"
"Not living," and the tears moistened his eyes.
"Any relations?"
"Not that I know of."
"Poor orphan, I pity you. You are in bad luck, I fear. Could you find no better situation?"
"I tried a good many places, but found no one willing to take me except the man I live with."

"I wish you had come to my house. I am not only well to do in the world, but you should not have suffered, with me, as I fear you have here. I must go now, and if you will come to my house to-morrow, I will give you a pair of chopping gloves, and some other articles of apparel which I see you greatly stand in need of."

Willie thanked the kind-hearted lady, and bidding his humid eye lids told her he would have no time to spend in visiting her to receive her generous donation.

"You shall have the gloves at any rate, for I will send my Charley up with them as soon as I get home. You look sad and forsaken, my child, but I will be your friend, and when your time is out here, you may come and live with me, and go to school. You appear like an honest lad, and I believe you are. I am sorry for you; but keep up good courage, and all may yet be well."

Bursting into tears, Willie thanked his kind benefactor again and again, for her magnanimous offer, while the noble lady, whom our little friend regarded as an angel sent to minister to his wants, bidding him a tender "good-by" departed, remarking, as she wended her way homeward, upon the wickedness of the world; the depravity of human nature, and the utter destitution of moral principle in the bosom of one, who, in order to increase his stores, would grind the face of the poor without feeling in his bosom one compunctious sting.

"Flintheart," she mentally soliloquized, is a monster to use that poor orphan in so cruel a manner. The retributive vengeance of Heaven will sooner or later fall upon his guilty head. His imbruted soul, narrowed by an immoderate thirst for gold, scorns the higher, more refining associations of life, that cluster lovingly around the domestic altar, where virtue, purity and intelligence, a holy seraphim, sit enthroned.

Buried with these and similar reflections, she arrived at her own beautiful cottage, the one that Flintheart so much coveted, and immediately dispatched her son with the gift she had promised Willie.

About noon the next day, as he was carrying some wood into the parlor, Betty noticed for the first time, that the boy's hands were protected by comfortable gloves.

"Where did you get those gloves?" she asked, eyeing him with an inquisitive look.

"A lady who lives at the foot of the hill in that white cottage, called her yesterday, and seeing me piling up snowy wood bare handed, pitied the very much, and when she went home, sent her little boy with these gloves. That is how I came by them, ma'am."

"A pretty smooth story, to be sure, but it don't look very reasonable to me. I'm thinking they're some you've stolen, boy; let me see them."

"I would rather not," said Willie fearing, if he did, he would not get them again.

"But I must see them! They look just like a pair I've had in the house a good many years. I know right where I kept them, and if they're gone, you'll catch an awful flagellation, that's what you will lying thief; so just stay here till I return."

So saying, up stairs she bounded like an enraged Fury, leaving Willie to his reflections. But his mind was serene, for he was guiltless of crime.

Betty quickly returned without discovering, as she said, the object of her search, and boldly charged the orphan with larceny.

In vain he protested his innocence; in vain besought the implacable accuser to assure herself of his guiltlessness by consulting the widow White. His entreaties and expostulations were ineffectual. As well might he have essayed to move the heart of a blood-thirsty tiger, or reason with the vulture, as to persuade the intractable Betty that he had related nothing but the truth. She had long been seeking some colorable pretence for inflicting upon the orphan a severe chastisement, and that ardently desired provocation having at last presented itself, she resolved, if possible, to gratify her fiendish inclination.

Flintheart was summoned, and the circumstances detailed by Betty, who counselled summary vengeance.

The former being, as already intimated, very much under the control of his wife, was preparing to carry her design into execution, when Willie stepped boldly forward, and confronting the cowardly twain, assured them in a decided tone, if they presumed to lay violent hands upon him, he would inform against them before a magistrate.

The fearless bearing of the youth, somewhat intimidated Flintheart, and he desisted from his meditated undertaking. At this, Betty raved and stormed, but all to no purpose. In the violence of her passion, she declared, that the boy should be flogged, if she had to do it herself; and maddened with frenzy, actually hurled a tumbler she held in her grasp, at his head, but the missile was evaded, and it brought up against a magnificent pier-glass, shivering it into a thousand fragments.

Here now was a scene," Flintheart swore, Betty formed and cried, cried and foamed, until completely exhausted, she at last sunk down upon a sofa in a fit of genuine hysterics.

Willie, in the interim, had made his escape from the theatre of domestic conflagration, and resumed his labor in the wood-yard. He was now more unhappy than ever. To remain longer with the famer, and submit to further contumely and disgrace, he felt was more than human nature could bear.

He resolved, to consult, on the morrow, his new friend, Mrs. White, in reference to what course she might deem it advisable for him to pursue.

When he entered the house that evening Betty had apparently recovered from her paroxysm of rage, but her hearing was anything except lady-like and civil. Flintheart was moody and taciturn, and the disgraceful occurrence of the previous afternoon having evidently wrought his mind into a state of positive unamiable life. The sweets of conjugal bliss were always unknown to his household, but on the present occasion, there was such an increase of domestic infelicity as rendered the moments burdensome to our unfortunate little friend. Added to this, constant exposure, to storm and chilling atmosphere, had brought upon him a severe cold, which seating upon his lungs, rendered respiration exceedingly execrating.

He pleaded indisposition, and begged permission to retire earlier than usual. This request was reluctantly granted by his evil genius, Betty, who told him petulantly, his pretending was only to get rid of work.

Very glad was the orphan when he found himself alone within the solitude of his room. He strove not to restrain the deluge of tears, that gushed up from a heart overflowing with grief. He sobbed violently, exclaiming:

"O, why is there nought for me save privation and toil? Why are the strong and rapacious allowed to inflict upon feeble, dependent creatures, such atrocious injustice! Has Omnipotence forgotten to incline his ear to the orphan's cry? Is He become regardless of the intelligences He has created? But stay! it is sinful to murmur against Providence, whose ways 'tho' to man inscrutable and mysterious are infallibly just."

Oh, what throes of anguish darted through my breast! I feel upon my brow a feverish flush. My limbs, how tremulous! and I've no mother, now, upon whose bosom to lean, when ill. Alas, I must bear my sorrows alone, with none to mitigate my sufferings, with those gentle arts, those fond endearments which none but a mother knows how to exercise. I'm weary of this life. My fate is hard as that of a quarry-slave! Come Death, draw near, and lay your icy hand upon my brow, and free my chafing spirit from its clay!"

Thus did he run on. His mind was evidently wandering. Until after midnight, did the orphan groan and writhe in agony; and when, at length, he fell asleep, it was only a restless, uneasy slumber, such as falls to bring refreshment to the weary frame.

CHAPTER IV.
The Invalid's Departure from Flintheart.
"Fright with disease,—to-morrow comes
And bows thy head!" [JANE TAYLOR.]
"Perchance of danger, warning of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy many form!" [CAMPBELL.]
"Pain I leave this shade, which has to me, a
Prison-leave." [ARNOXIAE.]
The next morning, Willie did not make his appearance as usual; and when Flintheart in a harsh voice bade him come down, he told him he felt so ill, he could hardly raise his head.

No sooner had the famer descended to the kitchen and informed Betty of the boy's

illness, than this impersonation of wickedness exclaimed:

"You needn't tell me! The lady vagabond is a liar, that's what he is! he's no more sick than I am, and he's got to stir his stumps. I'll bring him, the whining puppy, see if I don't," she said, seizing a rod and darting up the stair-way, her loose robes, dishevelled locks, and fiendish expressions of countenance, making her seem like a veritable Alecto.

"Why don't you get up, you idle dog," was her first exclamation, as she vaulted into the apartment of the still recumbent sufferer.

"I don't feel able," said Willie faintly.

"Now don't tell me that, you lying imp! I know better! Your face is pretty red, I see; but I guess it's nothing but a mad fit that ails you. Come, get up this minute, or I'll whale you with this cudgel. I've brought on purpose to baste you with."

Willie sighed—looked thoughtful a moment, then turning his calm blue eyes full upon his visitor, replied:

"Are you a woman, and cannot feel for other's woes! Do you not see, that a burning fever is scorning my flesh?" My breath comes fitfully and with pain. "I am ill," were not this late hour would not have found me here."

Betty winced a little at this rebuke of the boy, and modulating her tone somewhat, said perily:

"Maybe you are unwell. I'll talk with husband and see what can be done for you, and without offering a single cheering word, turned upon her heel and glided down the stairs.

"A pretty fix we're in now, I guess," said she to Flintheart, as that doughty personage came in shivering from feeding his flocks, in the labor of which he had been uniformly assisted by Willie since his arrival. "I'm half inclined to think the boy is not well, and I suppose he ought not to suffer; but how can we spend time to care for him? In bed I can't, and what's more I shant! There's the doctor's bill, who's to pay that for if he's sick we must have one, or it will make a great talk in the neighborhood, you know."

"Why, if we employ a physician, we must pay him, I suppose," growled Flintheart.

"I wish we had never taken him in," said Betty.

"It's too late to repent now; we did so, and have to make the best of it."

"It will learn you to look out sharper next time. I never liked the youngster, and have been afraid some evil would come upon us by keeping him. How I wish he was out of the house! There's a thought has just struck my mind. You must go at once, to the overseers of the poor and have them take the boy in charge. Won't they be obliged to do it?"

"I suppose so, tho' I don't know much about such things."

"I'd be ashamed to own as much, were I a man, but I am bound the fellow shant stay here any longer if he can be got away; so just bear that in mind, for I'm not going to spend my precious time waiting on sick folks that are strangers to us; that I want. If that putrid widow White is such a friend to him, I wish she'd come and take him before he gets any worse."

"Wife, I believe your heart is harder than mine."

"Fy! you always told me so; but I tell you it won't do to be too liberal. There are such swarms of beggars now a-days, one could easily squander as large a fortune as ours, in what these starved-up ministers call charity. I'm thankful, I'm not so generous as some folks are; if I were, we'd be on the parish in less than a twelve month, that's what we would."

"Are we not commanded to clothe the naked, feed the hungry and destitute?"

"There, Flintheart, I wouldn't try quoting Scripture any more,—I'm sure you've never cut out for a parson,—ja! ha! ha! and the sacrilegious virago burst into a loud vulgar laugh.

Her suddenly excited sensibilities were scarcely controlled, when a knock was heard at the door, and Flintheart, obeying the summons, ushered in the widow White.

Much as the famer and his spouse hated this truly amiable lady, they nevertheless, had motives for concealing their aversion, and treating her with civility. Accordingly both paid her that attention demanded by the conventionalities of familiar intercourse.

The widow had been in their presence but a few moments before she inquired for Willie.

"Poor child he is not very well this morning, and we let him lie in bed," answered Betty.

"Is he much sick?" asked Mrs. White, her countenance exhibiting an air of tender concern.

"Guess not," answered Betty. "He seems to have taken a slight cold. I told him no longer ago than day before yesterday, that he would get sick, if he was not more careful of himself. He's very ambitious, and may be has over-exercised a little; but he would do for, we haven't been hard with him, indeed we hav'nt."

"You arch hypocrite!" thought widow White, as she inquired how Willie liked the gloves she had sent him.

"Then you did give them to him?" said Betty, her brows frowncd perceptibly coloring.

"Certainly, did he not tell you so?"

"Yes; but I rather doubted it."

"I do not believe that boy would tell a lie. I like his appearance much, and feel a deep solicitude for his welfare. Strange I did not know until yesterday, he was living here."

"We didn't try to keep the fact a secret," said Flintheart.

"I presume not," replied the widow, "but" she continued, "may I be permitted to see him?"

Betty surely would have gladly denied her this boon, for she was ashamed to have the lady find the orphan in such uncomfortable circumstances, but she could not well do otherwise, than to accede to the request, and narrowly led the way to the sick-bed.

The kind widow experienced an icy thrill as she entered the cold, damp room, and could with difficulty suppress her indignation, as she beheld the miserable couch occupied by the youth, who lay, apparently asleep; but in a moment he opened his eyes and looked with surprise upon the visitors.

"I have shown you up," said Betty to the widow, "and you must excuse me now, as I have got business below that must be attended to, sick folks, or no sick folks," and without pausing for a reply, hurried to the kitchen, where she was immediately heard engaged in an angry conversation with the famer.

"Good morning, Willie," said good Mrs. White, familiarly extending her hand.

"Tears were the boy's only reply.

"I am sorry to find you ill," soothingly continued his friend, pinking back from his fair white brow, the chestnut curls. "Do you feel a good deal of pain?"

"Not so much as I did a few hours ago, thank you," replied the sufferer.

"Where do you feel worst?"

"Here and here," said Willie, placing his hand first upon his breast, then upon his temples.

"My child, I fear you have, recently, been laboring too hard."

"I know I have; but what could I do? I was obliged to work or starve."

"Poor helpless orphan! how my heart bleeds for you, how much you have endured. No wonder that disease has laid its hand upon you. Thus meditated the widow, as she turned her face to conceal a tear.

"I regret," said she, "you did not come to my cottage instead of this place. I wish you were under my roof now. Do you suppose you could bear to ride in an easy conveyance so far?"

"Oh, yes, kind ma'am, I could walk there, if by so doing I could escape from this wretched abode. I don't like to complain, but you cannot fully realize how much I have borne, how unhappy I have been since I came here. I do not expect to recover.—I've had a presentiment of my doom; but I should like to die in peace, and have some faithful friend close my eyes, and see that my remains have a decent burial. I should like very much to sleep in the same cemetery with my dear parents, brothers and sisters, but it matters little where one's ashes rest."

"You should not give way to despondency, Willie. Hope for the better and leave the rest to Providence. But you must not remain in this comfortless situation longer.—If you think you can bear the fatigue of riding to my home, and Flintheart will convey you there, you shall go at once."

"O, yes; I could endure anything to effect my liberation from this dismal place."

"Well, then, I will see the famer immediately. Now try and be composed, I will return soon."

After some simple yet necessary adjustment of the poor fellow's couch, the widow departed, with a smile, to hold an interview with Flintheart concerning the orphan's removal.

Said this redoubtable worthy, in reply to Mrs. White's interrogatory as to whether he were willing the boy should leave his house, and if so, would he convey him to her own cottage:

"I suppose he can do as he pleases about staying any longer with us; but if he leaves now, he needn't expect to get any of his wages. I agreed to pay him when his work was done and shant before. I can harness up my team and take him down to your house if you will say so."

"We both desire you to do this."

"Do, husband, do," interrupted Betty, "widow White—good soul, Heaven bless her for so much kindness,—is more used to taking care of sick folks than I am, (tho' I guess she has not so much to do as I have. I'm sure the poor child will be all taken care of there as here; so go right off and bring the horses to the door; meanwhile Mrs. White and I will get the lad ready for going. Be nimble now," she whispered in the ear of Flintheart, "for I'm afraid if he's not moved pretty soon, he won't be till he's carried out in his coffin, and then there'll be a nice bill for us to foot. Be spry, I say, if you know what's good for yourself, and want to save your coppers. Do you hear?"

Flintheart obeyed with alacrity, and in a very brief space of time reined up before the door two fine horses attached to an elegant sleigh.

"Hurry up with the boy," he shouted, as he sat in the vehicle, restraining with difficulty the restive steeds that stood champing their bits, and pawing the snow-clad earth as if in anger at being taken from their stalls that rainy morning.

Betty and the widow soon made their appearance with the orphan closely wrapped in

blankets, and the two latter being comfortably seated in the sleigh were rapidly driven to the place of their destination.

The cottage was quickly reached, into which the mistress and her charge quickly entered, while Flintheart leisurely drove away, congratulating himself on his good fortune in getting rid of a "great trouble."

Poor wretch! Though he was to be pitied! He was "heaping up wrath against the day of wrath." In view of the baseness of his conduct, Omnipotence frowned upon him; and the Recording Angel sighed deeply as he chronicled in imperishable characters the record of his sinful deeds.

Ye oppressors of the poor, ye who wring from the necessitous "their vile trash by indirection," though on earth ye may perchance escape the punishment due your crimes, remember there is One who hath said, "Vengeance is mine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY A PRINTER!
Or, A Tale of Virginia Aristocracy.
AN INCIDENT RELATED BY GOV. FLOYD AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a plentiful sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn, which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Gov. F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of his host.

"Lizzie, what a beautiful colored note handed her by a servant."

"What occasion your surprise, my dear?" enquired her mother.

"Rather my indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's, the tinner's wife."

"And why should you not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper, mother, for me, the daughter of Judge K., one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low-bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if you are Republicans, they are a people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I am disposed to think differently, and so far from encouraging, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expedient that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns. Quite an intellectual *tertium quid* would it be, mother, dear?"

"Oh! fie, Lizzie, fie! But I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoiled; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out the weeds and tares ere it be too late."

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I will give you your first lesson of worldly endurance, by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride my daughter, is but a droning, easy creature, but one with too much, is haughty, ungodly and selfish; both the extremes contemptible and mean. Be then neither too fashionably dressed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too worldly. A mere butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure, making but small pretensions to religion, is about the most objectionable to my thinking, and make you; on the other hand, who has too many rigid virtues, who is continually railing against the world, displeased at everything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing or any amusement that the heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly creature to indulge in. So then avoid extremes of every kind. But to your story."

Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages in the State, situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The village contained no building of note save two; one of them a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the old Virginia aristocracy; the other, the only Inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house nestled in the centre of the town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter and distinguished officer of State; and a poor widow, whose only living depended on the profits of her table, which were but scant, as there was little traveling done, at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger was always a subject of curiosity and interest to the good townsfolk, as it is always so in the secluded villages and towns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

To this little Inn a gaily dressed, yet weary worn traveler picked his way one evening in the autumn of 18—.

The burthen hostess, and her tidy daughter, were all life, and frisked about bestirring the savory vivans, delicious cakes and eggs, much to the satisfaction of our hungry traveler, who appeared to be a young man of some twenty summers, tall, commanding, of fine appearance and pleasing manners. He soon, by dint of frankness and civility of manner, insinuated himself into the good graces of the hostess and daughter; with the latter of whom he appeared to be much struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat and graceful.

"Possessing charms not unlike one almost equal to whom I adore," exclaimed the young traveler admiringly, as he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the altar, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives only in the mansion above the village I understand."

"What! Emma White?" enquired the

"Even so, my good dame, I met her at the Springs some months ago, because acquainted with her, we were, and she now comes to claim my bride."

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed! Miss Augustus, the hostess' daughter, but somewhat proud as is her father."

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augustus; if she has pride it is nothing but nature—naturally well, I will let this intelligence, and she is to-night, and to-morrow, I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning the stranger would permit, the young man sat out with his baggage and high hopes to the mansion.

But we will precede him and look in on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion, sat Emma White and her mother, the one thumbing a piano, and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sambo, he lodged last evening at the Inn?"

"Yes, Miss; he could say he lodged there."

"Well, you can retire and go to bed, it is even as I expected; I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off; I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business!"

"Shameful, indeed! When attorney Logan introduced him to me at the Springs, he brought him forward as one of the law students, and not a poor printer as he is—I never forgive Mr. Logan."

"He is not to blame, my dear, he is your pupil, didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A—, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the Inn?"

"Well, for all that I'll never marry a printer. I did have a tender regard for him once, when I gave him my hand I deemed him somebody, so I acted from the promptings of the heart; but now I am ruled by my better judgment."

"Well please yourself in that matter, my dear, I'm disposed to think honorably of you, but let me, if he isn't at the door now!"

Sorely had she done speaking when our hero entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprung forward to greet the object of his idyllic dream; but imagine his surprise and dismay when he received only in return a cold, distant stare, and from his blood and roses, a pale, ghastly countenance, and astonished at such a greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for consolation to the mother, who, perceiving the general embarrassment, stepped forward, and offering him a seat, explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement that had been formed between them."

The rigid cheek of the suitor became of an ashy paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he feebly exclaimed—

"Wherein is my offence? I have I meant this? I good heavens! and is this the gentle, the tender, confiding Emma White?"

"Sir, this is not the scene of a theatre to enact scenes," now spoke the daughter, "let it suffice to know that we are ever to be strangers to each other. You are tempted to deceive me, and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are of the working man, only a printer, a portly journeyman, and a fortune seeker. If you had an honorable profession, and was of a good family, as I once fondly thought, we could be united; but as it is I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly sailed out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and aching to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovered when the shock, rose and staggered out of the room, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him, save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigned him to the care of the gentle Augustus, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, and during the night of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morning till night till he died, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him, save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigned him to the care of the gentle Augustus, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, and during the night of the morning had brought on a burning fever. 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