

The Montrose Democrat.

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

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, September 10, 1857.

Volume 11, Number 38.

Select Poetry.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY ROBERT JOSEPH.

She is, modest, not too bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old,
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple;
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is watchful,
Lonely, friendless, wretched, dumb,
Are you mirthful? how her laughter
Silver-sounding, will ring out,
She can lure, catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-looks in your eyes;
You may practice all the lessons,
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow,
Who can win and fool you all.

THE SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's worth is in our hand,
Her life breaths out her story,
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are smiling bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet her foe;
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by women,
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger;
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom,
Our prayers are for our gallant band,
Who strike where honor's found;
We love the tale—'tis so breathe,
'Tis freedom's boundless power;
We'll twice for him a fadless wreath,
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell me of France's beauties rare,
Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters;
We need not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms,
A freeman for a lover.

Miscellaneous.

MY BROOCH.

I have in my possession an article of jewelry which cost me many an uncomfortable twinge though it was certainly not stolen. Neither was it begged, borrowed, given or bought; yet looking at it, I often feel myself in the position of the old man in the nursery tale, who having speculated from some church and strayed thence, or of the old man who, having been haunted by the voice of his defunct owner, crying in unearthly tones, "Give me my bone!" Now the ornament that had unluckily fallen to my lot—picked up in the street—is a miniature brooch, set with small garnets, in heavy antique gold. It is evidently a portrait of somebody or other's great grand mother, or a fine damsel, in a rich peaked bodice and stomacher, and a heavy necklace of pearls; her hair combed over a cushion, and adorned with a white wreath—a sweet looking creature she is, though not positively beautiful. I never wear the brooch (and on principle I wear it frequently in the hope of finding the real owner), but I pause and speculate on the story attached to it and its origin. And one night lying awake, after a conversation, my ears still ringing with the din of many voices—heavens! How these literary people do talk!—there came to me a phantom, a vision or a dream, whichever the reader chooses to consider it.

It was moonlight, of course; and her silvery majesty was so powerful that I had the "drip-drip" of my couch quite close to elude her out; nevertheless, as I looked on the white curtains at the foot of the bed, I saw glowing there—a can find no better word—an image what shall I say?—like the dissolving views now so much the rage. It seemed to form itself out of nothing, and gradually assume a distinct shape. Lo! it was my miniature brooch, enlarged into a gloriously sized apparition; the setting forth glimmers of light, by which I saw the figure within, half human, half ethereal, waving to me like a vapor, but still preserving the attitude and likeness of the portrait. Certainly, if a ghost, it was the prettiest ghost ever seen.

I believe it is etiquette for apparitions only to speak when spoken to; so I addressed mine. But my phantom and I held no distinct conversation; and in all I remember of the interview the speech was entirely on its side, communicated by snatches, like breathings of an Arabian harp, and thus "chromed" by me.

How was I created and by whom? Young gentlemen (I honor you by using a word peculiar to my day, when maidens were neither "maids" nor "young ladies," but essentially gentlewomen.) I derived my birth from the two greatest powers on earth—Genius and Love; but I will speak more plainly. It was a summer's day—such summers one never sees now—that I came to life under my originator's hand. He sat painting in a quiet

old library, and the image before him was the original of what you see.

A look at myself will explain much; that my creator was a young, self-taught, and as yet only half-taught artist, who, charmed with the expression, left accurate drawing to take his chance. His sister's character and fortune were indubitably good; though she was not beautiful, she was dignified and noble, and finely pencilled eye-brows, and while the pearls, the velvet, and the lace, show wealth and rank, the rose in her bosom implies simply maiden tastes. Thus the likeness tells its own tale—she was an earl's daughter and he was a poor artist.

Many a time during that first day of my existence I heard the sweet voice of Lady Jean talking in kindly courtesy to the painter as he drew. "She was half-named that her father had asked him to paint only a miniature; he whose genius and inclination led him to the highest walks of art." But the artist answered somewhat confusedly, "That having been brought up near her father's estate, and hearing so much of her goodness, he was only too happy to paint any likeness of the Lady Jean." And I do believe he was.

"I also have heard of you, Mr. Bethune," was the answer; and the lady's aristocratic pale cheeks were tinged with a faint rose color, which the observant artist would have immortalized but for the tremor of her hand. "It gives me pleasure," she continued, with a quiet dignity befitting her rank and womanhood, "to not only make the acquaintance of the promising artist, but the good man." Ah! me, it was a mercy Norman Bethune did not annihilate my early existence altogether with that hurried dash of his pencil; it made the month somewhat awry, as you may see in this to-day.

"That himself and Sir Anthony desired the presence of the Lady Jean." An expression of pain, half of anger crossed her face, as she replied, "Say that I attended my father. I believe, she added, "we must end the sitting for to-day." Will you leave the miniature here, Mr. Bethune?

The artist muttered something about working on it at home, with Lady Jean's permission; and as the end of the attendants touched me, he snatched up with such mystery that he had very nearly destroyed his own work.

"Ah! I would be once like her bonnie face, she was as blithe as she was this morn. But that cannot be, with a court father like the earl, and an uncommonly wicked wooer like Sir Anthony. Hech sir, but I am for the Lady Jean!"

I know not why Norman should have listened to the old wife clavers, nor why, as he carried home, should have felt his heart beating against me a degree that sadly endeavored my young tender life. I suppose it was his sorrow for having thus spoiled me, half-life, color that made him not him, and also for the same cause that he sat half the night contemplating the injury he had done.

Again and again, the young artist went to the easel, and gazed slowly grow from day to day; though never there was a painting whose infancy lasted so long. Yet I felt that he loved me, and that in every touch of his soul. Often they came and stood together, the artist, and the earl's daughter looking at me. They talked, she dropping the aristocratic hauteur, which hid a somewhat immature mind, ignorant less from will than from circumstance and neglect.

With a forgetting his worldly rank, and thus both unconsciously fell into their true position as man and woman, teacher and learner, the greater and the less.

"Another sitting, and the miniature will be complete, I fear," murmured Norman, with a conscience-stricken look, as he bent over me, his fair hair almost touching my ivory. A caress, sweet, though no longer new to me, for many a time his lips—this is telling tales, so he murmured, "I painted, yet not others, of which mine were but the poor shadow. Both eyes the living and the lifeless, were now dwelling on his countenance, which I have not yet described, nor need I. Never yet was there a beautiful soul that did not stamp upon the outward man some reflex of itself; and, therefore, whether Norman Bethune's face and figure were perfect or not, matters not.

"It is nearly finished," mechanically said the Lady Jean. She looked that day and her eyes were heavy as with tears—as I heard many a whisper say, a harsh far gave her just cause to shed.

"Yes, yes, I ought to finish it," hurriedly replied the artist, as if more in answer to his own thoughts than to her, and he began to paint; but evermore something was wrong. He could not work well; and then the lady Jane was summoned away, returning with a weary look; in which wounded feelings struggling with pride. One too two plainly heard (I know my master did) the earl's angry voice, Sir Anthony's hoarse laugh; and when the Lady Jean came back, it was with a pale stern look, pitiful in one so young. As she resumed the sitting, her thoughts evidently were wandering, for two great tears stole into her eyes, and down her cheeks. Well-aid! my master could not paint them; but he felt them in his heart. His brush fell—his chest heaved with emotion—he advanced a step, murmuring "Jean Jean," without the "Lady," and then recollected himself, and with a great struggle resumed his brush, and went painting on. She had never once looked or stirred.

The last sitting came—it was hurried and brief, for there seemed something not quite right in the house; and as we came to the easel, Norman and I (for he had got in the habit of always taking me home with him) heard something about "a marriage," and "Sir Anthony." I felt my poor master shudder as he stood.

The Lady Jean rose to bid the artist adieu. She had seemed agitated during the sitting at times, but was quite calm now. "Farewell," she said, and stretched out her hand to him with a look, first of the earl's daughter, then of the woman only; the woman gentle, kindly, even tender, yet never forgetting her maidenly reserve.

"I thank you," she added, "not merely for this (she laid her hand on me) but for your companionship," and she passed as if she would have said friendship, yet feared. "You have done me good; you have cleared my mind; and from you I have learned, what else I might never have done, reverence for man. God bless you with a life of honor and fame, and what is rarer still, happiness!" She half-sighed, extended her hand without looking toward him; he clasped a moment, and then—she was gone.

My master stared dizzily around, fell on his knees beside me and groaned out the anguish of his spirit. His only work was, "Jean, Jean, so good, so pure! Thou, the earl's daughter, and I the poor artist!" As he departed he mumbled them out once more, kissed passionately my unresponsive image, and fled; but not ere the Lady Jean, believing him gone, and coming to catch the precious likeness, had silently entered and seen him thus.

She stood awhile in silence, gazing the way he had gone, her arms folded on her heaving breast, she whispered to herself, "Oh! noble heart! Oh! noble heart! I see her eyes lighted, and a look of rapture on her face, not pride, rapture, in the face of the earl's daughter. Then she too knelt and kissed me, but solemnly even with tears.

The next day, which was to have been that of her forced marriage with Sir Anthony, Lady Jean had fled. She escaped in the night, taking with her only her old nurse and me, whom she hid in her bosom.

"You will not forget the poor artist to wed him?" said the nurse.

"Never!" answered the Lady Jean. "I would live alone by the labor of my hands; but I will keep true to him till my death. For my father who has cursed me, and cast me off, here I renounce my lineage; and am no longer an Earls daughter!"

So she went forth, and her place knew her no more.

For months, even years, I lay shut up in darkness, scarcely open to the light of day; but I did not murmur; I knew that I was kept as you mortals keep your heart's best treasure in the silence and secrecy of love. Sometimes late at night, a pale woman's hand would undress my coverings, and a face, now indeed, but having a sweet repose, such as I had never seen in the former world, would come and bend over me with an intense gaze, as intense as I had known to Norman Bethune, under which I had glowed into life. Poor Norman! if he had known.

All this while I never heard my master's name. Lady Jean (or Mistress Jean, as I now called her) never uttered it, even to solitude and me. But once, when she had shut herself up in her poor chamber, she sat reading some papers with silence, often with loving tears, and then placed the fragments with me in my hiding place; and so—some magic bond existed between my master and me, his soul's child—I was clinging in the dark, the name of Norman Bethune, the dark, that Lady Jean read. He had become a picture chronicler; and the name of Norman Bethune had loved the face which more than any in the wide world would brighten at the echo of his name—even my faint being became penetrated with an almost human joy.

One night Lady Jean took me out with an agitated hand. She had doled her ordinary dress, which now changed the daughter of an earl into the likeness of a poor girl's gown. She looked something like her old self—something like me; the form of the lady Jane the same; I saw she had made it scrupulously like; but there was neither velvet, nor lace, nor pearls, only the one red rose, as you may see in me, was—once more placed in her bosom.

I am glad to find my child went out into society, said the nurse hobbling in; though the folks she will meet, poor authors, artists, musicians, and such like, are unmet company for the lady Jean.

But not for the simple Jean Douglas, the answered, gently smiling the smile not of girlhood, but of matured womanhood, that has battled with and conquered adversity; and when the nurse had gone, she took me out again, murmuring, "I marvel will he know me now?"

I heard her come home that night. It was late; but she took me up once more and looked at me with a strange joy, though mingled with tears; yet the only words I heard her say were those she had uttered once before in the dark years past—Oh! far be the heart—thine old heart!—and she fell on her knees and prayed.

My dear master!—the author of my being! I met his eyes once more. He took me in his hand and looked at me with playful compassion, not quite free from emotion. "And this how I painted it! It was scarce worth preserving, Lady Jean."

"Mistress Jean, I pray you; the name best suits me now, Mr. Bethune," she said with gentle dignity.

I knew my master's face well. I had seen it brighten with the most passionate admiration as it turned on the lady Jean of old; but never did I see a look such as that which fell on Jean Douglas now—earnest, tender, calm—its boyish idolatry changed into that reverence with which a man turns to the woman who to him is above all women. In it one could trace the whole life's history of Norman Bethune.

"Jean," he said so gently, so naturally, that she hardly started to hear him use the familiar name, "have you in truth given up all?"

"Nay, all have forsaken me, but I fear not; though I stand alone, heaven has protected me and will, evermore."

"Amen!" said Norman Bethune. "Pardon me, but our brief acquaintance—a few weeks then, a few weeks now—seems to comprehend a life-time."

He took her hand, but timorously, as if she were again the earl's daughter, and the poor artist. She too trembled and changed color, like the role, seemed Jean Douglas, that the bonny Lady Jean, whose girlish portrait he once drew.

Norman spoke again; and speaking, his grave manhood seemed to concentrate all its passion in the words:

"Years have changed in some measure my fortunes at least, though not me. I—once the unknown artist—now sit at princely tables, and visit in noble halls. I am glad; for honor to me is honor to my art, as it should be. And his face was lifted with noble pride. But," he added, "as beautiful humility, though less worthy towards men, I am still unworthy towards you. If we were to woo you, I should do so not as an artist who

care to seek an earl's daughter, but as a man who felt that his best deserves were poor compared to those of the woman he has loved all his life, and honored above all the world."

Very calm she stood—very still, until there ran a quiver over her whole frame.

"I am," cried Norman Bethune, as the forced compote of his speech melted from it, and became transmuted into the passion of a man who has thrown his whole life's hope upon one chance, "if you do not scorn me, may I that you cannot do—but if you will not requite me—if you will forget your noble cause, and bear that which, with God's blessing, I will make noble—my noblest cause of your earl's—if you will give up all dreams of the halls where you were born, to take refuge in a lowly home, and be cherished in a poor man's loving breast—then Jean Douglas, come!"

"I will!" she answered.

"He took her in his protecting arms; and the strong man's pride fell from him, he leaped over her, and wept."

For weeks months afterwards, nobody thought of me. I might have expected it, yet somehow it was not to be in my still darkness, and never looked at all. But I had done my work, and was content.

At last I was brought from my still hiding place, and indulged with the light of day. I smiled beneath the touch of Lady Jean, which even now had a lingering tenderness in it for me than for any other of her best treasure.

"Look, Norman, look! I said, stretching out her left hand. As I lay there, I felt the golden wedding-ring press against my smooth ivory."

Norman put down his brush, and came smiling to his young wife's side.

"What!—do you keep that still? Why, Jean, what a lovely job it is! The features nearly approach to Queen Elizabeth's beautiful ideal of art, as she commanded her own portrait to be drawn, 'tis one broad light, without a single shadow. And look how it draws the shoulders are, and what an enormous awkward string of pearls!"

Jean snatched me up and kissed me. "You shall not, Norman—I will bear no blame of the poor miniature. I love it, I tell you, and you love it too. Ah! there! And she held me fast for the first time, as he knew well. "When we grow rich, it shall be in gold and garnets, and I will wear it every time my husband comes to remember the days when he first taught me to love him, and in loving him to love all that is noble in man."

And then Norman—But I do not see that I have any business to reveal further.

I did attain to the honor of gold and garnets, and formed into a bracelet, I figured centrically, or westward, as the painter's wife, and she came to see her own likeness in Jean's eyes. She was slow to give up my old position, but I was slow to part; and at last I was to be for months unapproached save by tiny finger, which now and then poked into the casket to see "mamma's picture."

At length there came a change in my destiny. I was worked by one of those grand events of revolutionists—a young lady in her teens.

"Mamma, what is the use of that ugly bracelet? I heard one day. 'The use of it?' she asked. 'To have made in a pleasure, I am sixteen—quite old enough to wear one, and it will be so nice to have the likeness of my own mamma!'"

Mrs. Bethune could refuse nothing to her eldest daughter—her hope—her comfort—her sisterlike companion. So, with many an anxious charge concerning me, I was despatched to the jeweler's. I hate to be touched by strangers, and during the whole time of my sojourn at the jeweler's I shut up my powers of observation in a dormant like doze, and I was only awakened by the eager fingers of Miss Anne Bethune, who had rushed with me into the painting room, calling on papa and mamma to admire an old friend in a new face.

"Is that the dear old miniature?" said the artist.

The husband and wife looked at me then at one another, and smiled. Though both now glided into middle age, yet in that of fashionable, and saw the faces of Norman Bethune and the Lady Jean.

ence, where still I found myself at times; and my pale eyes beamed the face of which my own had been a mere shadow—but of which the shadow was now left as the only memorial.

"And was this indeed you, grandmamma?" I said in an eager voice, and said, when my poor self was called into question. "Were you ever this young girl, and did you really wear those beautiful pearls, and live in a castle, and hear yourself called 'the Lady Jean!'"

And grandmamma would lay down her spectacles and look pensively out with her calm beautiful eyes. Oh! how doubly beautiful they seemed in age, when all other lovely things had gone. Then she would gather her little foot around her, and tell for the hundredth time, the story of her youth, and Norman Bethune—leaving reply, as with her parent feelings she had now learned to do on the wrongs received from her own father, and lingering with ineffable tenderness on the noble nature of him who had won her heart, more than ever by the fascinations of his genius. She dwelt often on this, in her closing years, he was taken before her to his rest; and while the memory of the great painter was honored on earth, she knew that the pure soul of the virtuous man awaited her, his beloved, in heaven.

"And, yet, grandmamma," said the most inquisitive of the little winsome ones whom the old lady loved, who with me in her hand, had lured Mrs. Bethune to a full hour's conversation about old days—"grandmamma, would you not like to have said of you that you were an earl's daughter?"

"No!" she answered. "Say, rather that I was Norman Bethune's wife."

I walked, and found myself gazing on the blank white curtains from whence the fantastic image of the Lady Jean had melted away. But still, through the mystic stillness of the dawn, I seemed to have a melancholy ringing in my ears—a sort of Gylfyn's cry—"lost—lost—lost!" Surely it was the unquiet ghost of the miniature thus beseeching restitution to its original owner. "Rest thee, perturbed spirit!" said I, addressing the phantom that now lay harmlessly on the dressing-table—a brooch, and nothing more.

"Peace! Though all other means have failed, perhaps thy description going out into the world of letters may procure thy indentification. Ha!—I have it—I will write thy autobiography!"

Reader, it is done. I have only to add that the miniature was found in Edinburgh, in August, 1849, and will be gladly restored to the right owner, lest the unfortunate author should be again visited by the phantom of Lady Jean.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

October, 1849.

The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said—"I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that separates us; but formerly I could boast of some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at N. corner, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—peniless!"

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor in his distress is a duty—it is a pleasure, and I should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects us in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium of fraternal kindness. That's my system; I don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that his depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There sir," answered the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why there's scarcely anything!" "I know it, sir. If you please I remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt smiling, "that for the moment, I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and can make money anywhere. I am in haste to leave Prague and return home; you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medalion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. (The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours.)"

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably-dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, the master of the shop naturally suspected the diamonds with color appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words to the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of the police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich men of that name. That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But, in order to make such a present, you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician?"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chord, a beautiful young lady entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irresistible enthusiasm, "Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Do not know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied he, "but I know that none living, save Liszt, can draw such sounds from the piano. He is inspired by grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the merchant."

Gratified at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two subjects to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving to himself to say any sum he pleased as a remuneration. The jeweler perceived that talent, even in a poor man, could be more valuable than the most precious Diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he received that his daughter was the cause of point with German frankness, said to Liszt: "How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

We heard a rich story, a day or two since, (says the Detroit Advertiser,) by the victim himself, which was thick with good to keep, and we therefore take the liberty of laying it before our readers. We give it as near as may be, in our friend's words:

"Speaking of this breach of promise case," said Smith, after some conversation had been carried on by the company, in regard to the case, "speaking of this breach of promise case, reminds me that I have a little experience in that matter, myself. I don't mean to say that I was ever situated as I think he would, and if you would like to hear it, I will tell you how it was."

All having signified a wish to hear, he proceeded:

"Well, as near as I can remember, 'tis fifteen years ago this winter, that I attended a dancing school in Detroit, with a young lady then residing in the city. I had made my mind some years before, that I never would get married; I could not find it in my heart, to let the girls alone, and so I paid her tuition fee and attended the class in her company every night. About the middle of the term, several of the young people, ourselves included, were talking in the ball-room on the subject of matrimony, and of course, became interested, as well as the others. On going home that evening, I told my companion I had determined to get married in the spring, and she asked me to go with her to make a selection for a wife. She made no reply for a moment, and I told her if she didn't know any body better fitted for me I would like to have her think the matter over, and tell me by the last school, what she thought of marrying me herself."

I was joking all the time. You must understand, I had no more thoughts of marrying her than I had of marrying Queen Victoria. She promised to think of it, however, and I returned to my boarding-school, and gave the subject no farther thought, until some weeks later—and as luck would have it, on the evening of the school, the subject was again brought up in conversation, just as we were preparing to return to our homes for the winter. After leaving the hall, we talked and chatted of different matters and on different subjects, till we reached her residence. It was late, and I did not enter the house, though she strongly urged me to do so. I had bid her good night, and was turning away, when I recollected the promise she had made me, and I said:

"Helen, you promised to let me know, to-night, whether you would marry me this spring. Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes," said she, "I have been thinking about it, but I guess I am too young. If it were not for that, I would have no objection."

"Well, good night, then," said I. "I didn't expect you would say so, but I am all about the night's adventures. During the day I received an invitation to attend a ball to be held that evening, a few miles out of the city; and I made my arrangements accordingly. Towards dusk I remembered my agreement to see Helen, and I thought I would run over for a moment, and see how she would have time to attend that ball."

Arrived at the house, I met the lady in the doorway, and thought for the instant that she was "rigged up" in an extra style, which I was at a loss to account for, though I believe I concluded she had company; I was therefore in hopes that I should not be detained long; I greeted her warmly, and took her place beside me on the sofa. I was expecting every moment to see some stranger enter the room, and I had not yet made up my mind that we were alone when she said, "Henry, I have made up my mind to marry you."

Had a thunder-clap struck me I could not have been more surprised, and after an instant hesitation stammered out—

"What did you say?"

"I have concluded to marry you."

"O—oh, you have! Well, I suppose it is all right—when shall the event take place?"

"I thought, if it were suit you, that you might drive around next Sunday, and we will go to mother's, at Dearborn, and be married there."

"Well," said I, "I'll see to it," and as soon as possible I took my leave.

"I didn't go to the ball that night; I forgot about it, and sat over the stove till morning, thinking of what a scrape I got myself into. I even forgot to keep the fire going, and almost froze in my seat. When daylight began to peep in at the windows, I had made up my mind what I would do, and I would go and tell Helen that we must be married immediately, or not at all, and if she agreed to that, I saw no other way but to submit to my fate."