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# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1860.

NO. 31.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,  
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
DEMOCRAT,  
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,  
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

The office of the Montrose Democrat  
has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety  
of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets,  
circulars, etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and  
other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball Cards,  
Tables, etc., printed with business and domestic  
Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes,  
and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.  
Job work and Blanks to be paid for on delivery.

## Poetical.

LADY BYRON'S ANSWER TO LORD BYRON'S  
"FAREWELL."

In the whole range of English literature  
there is not, in our opinion, a production,  
either in prose or verse, that combines  
within itself more real expression of  
feeling, more real, unbroken, earnest  
sentiment, than Lady Byron's reply to her  
faithless husband.

Yes, farewell—farewell forever!  
Thou thyself has fixed our doom,  
Bade those fairest blossoms wither,  
Never again for me to bloom.  
Unforgiving thou hast called me—  
Didst thou ever say forgive?  
For the wretch whose bills would'd thee  
Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time has given  
To complete thy love's decay;  
By unhalloved passions driven,  
Lived for me that feeling tender  
Which thy verse so well can show,  
From my arms why didst thou wander?  
My endearments why forego?

Oh! too late thy breast was bared,  
Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown,  
That thy love but once I shared,  
And already it is flown.  
Wrap in dreams for joy abiding,  
On thy breast my head hath lain,  
In thy love and truth confiding,  
Bliss I ne'er can know again.

The dark hour did first discover  
In thy soul the hideous stain—  
Would these eyes had closed forever,  
N'er to weep thy crimes again.  
But the impious wish, O heaven!  
From the record blotted be;  
Yes, I yet would love thee, O Byron,  
For the babe I've borne for thee!

In whose lovely feature (let me  
All my weakness here confess,  
While the struggling tears permit me)  
All the father's I can trace—  
He whose image never leaves me,  
He whose image still I prize,  
Who this bitter feeling gives me,  
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
I will teach her to say Father,  
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.  
Whist to-morrow and to-morrow  
Wake me from a widowed bed;  
On another's arms no sorrow  
Wilt thou feel, no tear wilt shed.

I the world's approval sought not,  
When I tore myself from thee;  
Of its praise or blame I thought not—  
What's its praise or blame to me?  
Heo prized—so loved—adored,  
From my heart his image drove,  
On my head contempt has poured,  
And preferred a wanton's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,  
I've a heart proud as thine own;  
Soft to love, but hard as iron  
When contempt is o'er it thrown;  
But, farewell! I'll not upbraid thee,  
Never, never wish thee ill;  
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me,  
If thou canst be happy still.

## Communications.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

"He isn't as he used to be," mournfully  
soliloquized a bride of one short year, as her  
husband, in a fretful mood, left her presence.  
"Once," she continued, "he was  
all fondness and devotion. Nothing seemed  
to delight him more than to gratify my  
every wish. His preferences were yielded  
to mine in a manner evincing a spirit of  
generous, high-toned gallantry. His  
conversation, pleasing and deferential,  
apparently was void of hypocrisy or affectation.  
No harshness was in his tones—no  
frown upon his brow. Our meetings were  
cordial; our interviews, affectionate; our  
partings, tender. All this, however, was  
before the words were spoken that made us  
one. But he has changed—I know not  
why. He no longer calls me by the endearing  
names he slipped in other days. He  
seems displeased with everything I do for  
his comfort. My suggestions relative to  
any subject, no matter what, are treated  
with ridicule and contempt. Oh, why  
did I not discover, ere now, that beneath  
a pleasing exterior lurked an imperious  
will that brooked no opposition, no control!  
My partiality must have blinded me to  
this. That courteous mien and bland  
agreeableness which won my youthful  
heart, have disappeared. My society is  
distasteful to him, so unlike himself has  
he become. Though I use every art in my  
power to interest and amuse him, the  
charm that bound him to my side is broken.  
How I have tried to win him back to  
his former ways! My fondest endearments  
are spurned; tears are of no avail;  
and remonstrance would but serve to  
inflame his ardent soul. No wonder my  
eyes have lost their brilliancy; my cheeks  
their bloom; my voice, its music; my step,  
its elasticity. Yet I will not despair, nor  
prove recreant to my marriage vows; but  
with resignation to Heaven's decrees, and

in the exercise of patience, forbearance,  
meekness, devotion, love on, suffer on, labor  
on, hope on; this is woman's mission."

How unworthy the name of a man is he  
who wins from the parental roof a trusting  
maiden, and afterward treats her with  
cruelty or neglect! No offence in the catalogue  
of human crimes, is more flagrant than this,  
or deserves to be visited with a  
speedier retribution. In whatever household  
the marital obligations are faithfully  
performed, happiness and contentment  
generally prevail. Inexcusable, not to say  
criminal, is the conduct of the husband  
who does not honor the foibles of his wife;  
who makes no effort to please her, or to alleviate  
her burdens; to soothe her sorrows,  
and revive her drooping spirits by  
deeds of kindness, by expressions of sympathy  
and encouragement. A neglect of  
these offices has ever been a source of  
conjugal infelicity, and has caused many a  
one bloming and joyous bride to exclaim,  
in the bitterness of her heart-breaking agony,  
"Alas! he isn't as he used to be."

S. W. T.

(CORRESPONDENT OF THE DEMOCRAT.)  
LETTER FROM NORFOLK, VA.

NATONAL HOTEL,  
Norfolk, Va., July 21, 1860.  
Mr. Gerritson:—For the past ten days  
the weather has been extremely hot, unusually  
so even for this warm climate; but,  
notwithstanding this fact, the city is free  
from every species of epidemic disease,  
proving this to be a healthy locality, although  
deemed otherwise by many people at the North.

The yellow fever of 1855, which nearly  
depopulated the city, did not originate  
here, but was brought here by a vessel  
from a foreign port. It opened people's  
eyes, (what few there were left), and a  
rigid system of quarantine has since been  
enforced, while the City Inspectors have  
given the streets an air of cleanliness, before  
unknown. The result is the mortality  
list will compare favorably with any  
place of its size in the country.

Norfolk has one of the finest harbors in  
the world. The merchants here are making  
an effort to establish a direct line of  
trade between this port and Europe. If  
the enterprise proves successful, it will  
make this quite an important place; which  
it would long since have been, had the  
inhabitants possessed a sprinkling of Yankee  
or northern energy.

One vessel has been here, the "Lone  
Star" from France, with an assorted cargo,  
which was disposed of at auction,  
bringing satisfactory prices, I believe.  
She returned laden with cotton, and will  
probably be here again next month.

Norfolk has about twenty thousand inhabitants—  
probably one-third black. The city  
contains ten Churches, two first-class  
Hotels, a custom Colleague Institute, several  
fine Halls, a Casino House, and the finest  
Opera House south of Baltimore.

The National and Atlantic Hotels are  
as fine, well-kept houses as one would wish  
to stop at. W. L. Walters, formerly  
proprietor of the National, was buried last  
Sabbath. He had never been well since  
the time of the fever. It was the only  
Hotel kept open then, and Mr. Walters  
lost his father at that time, since which  
he has kept the house. Two younger, and  
every way competent brothers, will now  
take charge of the National. The present  
Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, was  
the first guest that stayed over night  
at the National. It was in the fall of 1837.  
He, as well as the National, has met with  
changes since.

There is quite a celebrated Watering  
Place about fifteen miles from here, called  
the Hygeia Hotel, situated at Old Point  
Comfort, (Kortress Monroe), and kept by  
Segar & Willard, (the latter a brother of  
the well-known landlord at Washington).  
Some days there are a thousand people  
there, and they have an average of five  
hundred constantly.

The political horizon of the Democratic  
party looks cloudy in the Old Dominion,  
and from all accounts I receive from the  
North, the sky there is anything but clear.  
I have no vote this fall, and do not much  
regret it, for I would be puzzled to know  
who to vote for, if I was a voter.

Ex-Gov. Wise is a Breckinridge and  
Lane supporter, but has not yet taken the  
stamp. He was advertised to address a  
meeting here, some three weeks ago,  
but they concluded to postpone the meeting  
until after the State Convention.  
The supporters of Douglas, had more  
courage. They held a meeting about two  
weeks since, and had a very respectable  
turnout. Some of our most influential  
men in this section have espoused the  
cause of the "Little Giant." Gov. Letcher  
prefers him, and in fact he has as many  
adherents in the northern and western  
part of the state as Breckinridge.

Unless a compromise be effected, it  
would be difficult to guess what will be  
the result in this state. "When doctors  
disagree, who shall decide?" is an adage  
applicable to the Democratic party at the  
present time. I will leave the question  
for wiser heads to solve; but hope, however,  
that this foolish family quarrel may be  
speedily adjusted, the breach walled up,  
a united front be presented by the  
Democratic party next November, and  
such a volley of votes be poured into the  
ballot-box, as to annihilate, forever, the  
black republican party, and send their  
leader, old Abe, howling into the wilderness,  
where he can maul rails to his heart's  
content.

WALLACE.

## Miscellaneous.

"KILLING NO MURDER."

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

I AM a sober, middle-aged, married gentleman,  
of moderate size; with moderate  
wishes, moderate means, a moderate family,  
and everything moderate about me,  
except my house, which is too large for  
my means, or my family. It is, however,  
or rather, alas! it was an old family mansion,  
fall of old things of no value but  
the owner, as connected with early associations  
and ancient friends and I did not like  
the idea of converting it into a tavern  
or boarding-house, as is the fashion with  
the young heirs of the present day. Such  
as it was, however, although I sometimes  
felt a little like the ambitious snail, who  
once crept into a lobster's shell and came  
nearly perishing in a hard winter, I managed  
for ten or fifteen years very comfortably  
and to make both ends meet, my  
furniture, to be sure, was a little out of  
fashion, and here and there a little out at  
the elbows; but I always persuaded myself  
that it was respectable to be out of  
fashion, and that new things snatched  
of new men, and were, therefore, rather vulgar.  
Under this impression, I lived in my  
old house, with my old-fashioned furniture,  
moderate sized family, and moderate  
means, envying no one but indulged in  
to no one in the world. I had neither  
gilded furniture, nor grand mantle-glasses,  
nor superb chandeliers; but then I had  
a few fine pictures and bust, and flattered  
myself they were much more genteel  
than gilded furniture, grand mantle-glasses,  
and superb chandeliers. In truth,  
I looked down with contempt not only  
on the vulgar, but on those who did not  
agree with me in opinion. I never asked  
a person to dinner a second time who did  
not admire my busts and pictures, considering  
him a vulgar genius and an admirer of  
gilded trumpery.

But let me not presume, after reading  
my story, to flatter myself he is out of  
the reach of the infection of fashion and  
fashionable opinions. He may hold out for  
a certain time, perhaps, but human nature  
cannot stand forever on the defensive.  
The example of all around us is irresistible,  
sooner or later. The first shock given to  
my attachment to respectable, old-fashioned  
furniture and a respectable old four-square  
double house, was received from the elbow  
of a modern worthy, who had grown rich,  
nobody knew how, by presiding over the  
drawing of lotteries, and who came and built  
himself a narrow, four-story house right at  
the side of my home, a four-square double  
mansion. It had white marble steps, with  
marble door and window-sills, folding doors  
and marble mantelpieces, and was as fine as  
a fiddle, in doors and out. It put my  
rusty old mansion quite out of countenance,  
as everybody told me, though I assure  
my readers I thought it excessively  
tawdry and in bad taste.

But, alas!—such is the stupidity of mankind—  
I could get nobody to agree with me.

"What has come over your house lately?"  
cried one good-natured visitor; "somehow  
or other it don't look as it used to do."

"What makes your house look so rusty  
and old-fashioned?" said another good-natured  
visitor.

"Mr. Blankprize has taken the shine  
off of you," said Mrs. Sowerby; "HE HAS  
KILLED YOUR HOUSE!"

Hereupon the spirit moved me to go  
out and reconnoiter the venerable mansion.  
It certainly did look a little like  
a chubbly, rusty old-fashioned Quaker by  
the side of a first-rate dandy. I picked a  
quarrel with it outright, which by the way  
was a very unlucky quarrel. I was  
not rich enough to pull it down and build  
another one; and it is great folly to quarrel  
with an old house until you can get a  
better. But if I can't build, I can paint,  
thought I, and put at least a good face  
on the matter as this opinion. Accordingly,  
my next door neighbor. Accordingly,  
I consulted my wife on the subject, or, rather,  
whether from a spirit of contradiction, or  
to do her justice, I believe from a correct  
and rational view of the subject, discouraged  
my project. I was only the more  
determined. So I caused my honest old  
house to be painted a bright cream color,  
that it might hold up its head against the  
scoury lottery.

"Bless me!" quoth Mrs. Smith; "what  
is the matter with this room? It don't  
look as it used to do."

"Why, what under the sun have you  
done to this room?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Protect me!" exclaimed Mrs. White;  
"why, I seem to have got into a strange  
room. What is the matter?"

"YOU'VE KILLED THE INSIDE OF YOUR  
HOUSE," said Mrs. Sowerby, "by painting  
the outside such a bright color."

It was too true; this was my first  
crime. Would I had stopped here!—but  
destiny determined otherwise. It happened  
unfortunately, that my front parlor  
carpet was of a yellow ground. It was,  
to be sure, somewhat faded by time and  
use; but it comforted very well with the  
unpretending sobriety of the outside of  
my house, under the old regime. But the  
case was altered now, and the bright  
cream color of the outside, and the dingy  
yellow carpet within. So I bought  
a new carpet, of a fine orange ground,  
determined that this should not be killed.  
It looked very fine, and I was satisfied.  
I had done the business effectually.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Smith;  
"what a sweet, pretty carpet!"

"Save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown;  
"why you look as fine as twopenny!"

"Protect us!" cried Mrs. Sowerby;  
"what a fashionable affair!"

Adding a knowing look around the room,  
she added, in a tone of hesitating caution,  
"But don't you think, somehow or other,  
IT KILLS THE CURTAINS?"

Another murder! thought I; wretch  
that I am, what have I done? What  
is done cannot be undone; I can remedy  
the affair. So I bought a new suit of  
yellow curtains. I'll twigs Mrs. Sowerby  
now.

Mrs. Sowerby came the very next day.

"Well, I declare, now this is charming!  
I never saw more lovely curtains. But, my  
dear Mr. Sowerby, somehow or other,  
don't you think they kill the walls?"

Mrs. Sowerby said, "You those walls killed  
at a blow! But I'll get the better of Mrs.  
Sowerby yet. So I got the walls colored  
as bright as the curtains, and bade her  
defiance in my heart the next time she  
came."

Mrs. Sowerby came as usual. Her whole  
life was spent in visiting about every  
where, and putting people out of conceit  
with themselves.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Sowerby, you  
have done wonders. This is the best  
French white"—which, by the way, my  
readers unlearned should know, is yellow.  
"But," continued this pestilent woman,  
"don't you think that these bright-colored  
walls kill the chairs?"

Worse and worse! Here are twelve innocent  
old arm-chairs, with yellow satin  
upholstery, murdered in cool blood  
by four unsifted French-white  
things but death. I forthwith procured  
a new set of chairs as yellow as custard,  
and snapped my fingers in triumph at  
Mrs. Sowerby the next time she came.

But, alas! what are all the towering  
hopes of man! Dust, ashes, and emptiness,  
nothing. Mrs. Sowerby was not yet satisfied.  
She thought the chairs beautiful.

"But then, my dear friend, I have come  
after a solemn and appalling warning, my  
dear friend, these bright yellow satin  
chairs have killed the picture-frames."

And so they had, as dead as Julius  
Cæsar; the picture-frames looked like old  
lumber in the midst of all my improvements.  
There was no help for it, and away  
went the pictures to Messrs. Parker  
& Clover.

In good time they came back  
refined, regenerated, and disenchanted.  
I was so satisfied now that they killed  
nothing left in my parlor to kill, that  
I could hardly sleep that night, so  
impatient was I to see Mrs. Sowerby.

"That pestilent woman when she came  
next day, looked round in evident disappointment,  
but exclaimed with great appearance  
of cordiality—

"Well, now I declare, it's all perfect;  
there's not a handsome room in town."  
Thank Heaven! thought I, I have committed  
no more murders. But I reckoned  
without my host. I was destined to go  
on murdering, in spite of me. The spring  
was now coming on, and the weather being  
mild, the folding doors had been  
thrown open between the front and back  
parlors. This latter was furnished with  
green, somewhat faded, I confess, I had  
heretofore considered it the *societum* salon  
of the establishment. It was only  
used on extraordinary occasions such as  
Christmas and New Year's days, when all  
the family dined with me, bringing their  
little children with them to gormandize  
themselves sick. The room looked very  
well by itself; but, alas! the moment Mrs.  
Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—  
fatal omen!

"Why, my dear Mr. Sowerby, what  
has got into your back parlor? It used to  
be so genteel and smart. Why, I believe  
I'm losing my eyesight. I have committed  
no more murders. But I reckoned  
without my host. I was destined to go  
on murdering, in spite of me. The spring  
was now coming on, and the weather being  
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well by itself; but, alas! the moment Mrs.  
Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—  
fatal omen!

"The d—! Here was another pretty  
piece of business. I must either keep the  
door shut all summer and be roasted, or  
be charged with killing a whole parlor—  
carpet, curtains, chairs, sofas, walls, and  
all!"

It would be but a mere repetition to  
relate how this wicked woman again led  
me on from one thing to another. First  
the new carpet "killed" the curtains;  
then the new curtains "killed" the walls;  
the new painted wall "killed" the old  
satin chairs; and so by little and little  
all my honest old green furniture went  
the way of the honest old yellow.

"The spell is broken at last," cried I,  
rubbing my hands in ecstasy. Neither  
my front nor back parlor can commit any  
more assassinations. Elated with the idea,  
I was waiting for Mrs. Sowerby to the front  
door, when suddenly at a stroke, down  
the foot of the old-fashioned winding stair,  
case, the carpet, of which I confess, was  
here and there infested with that modern  
abomination—a darn. It was, moreover,  
dingy and faded.

"Your back parlor has killed your  
HALL," said Mrs. Sowerby.

And so it had. Coming out of the  
sentry of the former, the latter had the  
set of the beholder as a bad set  
of teeth in a fine face, or an old rust  
grate in a fine room.

I began to be desperate. I had been  
accessory to some cruel murders that  
my conscience became seared, and I went  
on, led by the wiles of this pestilent  
woman, to murder my way from the ground  
floor to the cockloft, without sparing a  
single soul. Nothing escaped but the  
garret, which, having been for half a century  
the depository of all our broken old  
banished household gods, resembled  
Hogarth's picture of the "End of the  
World," and defied the arts of that mischievous  
woman, Mrs. Sowerby.

My house was now fairly revolutionized,  
or, rather, reformed, after the old  
French mode, by a process of indiscriminate  
destruction.

I did not, like Alexander, after having  
thus conquered a world, sigh for another  
to conquer. I sat down to enjoy my victory  
under the shade of the laurels. But, alas!  
disappointment ever follows at the  
base of fruition. It is pleasant to dance  
until we come to pay the piper. By the  
time custom had familiarized me to my  
new glories, and they had become some-  
what indifferent, bills came pouring in by  
the dozens, and it was impossible to kill  
my duns as I had done my old furniture,  
except by paying them, a mode of  
destroying the troublesome vermin not  
always convenient or agreeable. From  
the period of commencing housekeeping  
until now, I had never a single occasion to  
put off the payment of a bill. I prided  
myself on always paying ready money for  
everything, and it was an honest pride.  
I can hardly express the mortification I  
felt at being now occasionally under the  
necessity of giving excuses instead of  
money. I had a miserable invention at

this sort of work of imagination, and some-  
times, when more than usually hurried,  
I got into a passion, as people often do  
when they do not know what else to do.  
More than once I found myself suddenly  
turning a corner in a great hurry, or planting  
myself before the window of a picture  
shop, studying it very attentively, in  
order not to see certain persons, the very  
night of whom is always painful to people  
of nice sensibility.

Not being hardened to such trifles by  
long use, I felt rather sore and irritable.  
Under the old regime it had always been a  
pleasure to me to hear a ring at the door,  
because it was the signal for an agreeable  
visitor; but now it excited disagreeable  
apprehensions, and sounded like a knell  
of doom. In short I grew cross and ill-tempered  
by degrees, inasmuch that Mrs. Sowerby  
often exclaimed:

"Why, what has come over you, Mr.  
Sowerby? Why, I declare, somehow  
or other you don't seem the same man  
you used to be."

I could have answered, "The new Mr.  
Sowerby has killed the old Mr. Sowerby."  
But I said nothing, and only wished  
her up in the garret among the old  
furniture.

My system of reform produced another  
source of worrying. Hitherto my old  
furniture and myself had been so long  
acquainted, that I could take all sorts of  
liberty with it. But that great luxury was  
forbidden me now.

I might hope that in the course of  
time these evils would be mitigated by the  
furniture growing old and soothably de-  
graded, but there is little prospect of this,  
because it is too fine for common use.

The carpet is always protected by an old  
crumb-cloth, full of holes and stains; the  
sofa and chairs are in dingy covers, except  
on extraordinary occasions, and I fear  
they will last forever—at least longer  
than I shall. I sometimes solace myself  
with the anticipation that my children  
may live long enough to sit on the sofa  
with impunity, and walk on the carpet  
without going on tiptoe.

There would be some consolation in the  
midst of these evils if I could blame  
my wife for all this. But I was solely at  
fault in listening to the temptations of  
the wicked Mrs. Sowerby, and I have written  
this sketch of my own history to caution  
all good-natured husbands to beware of  
THE FIRST MURDER!

FATHER AND SON.

"Now, sir, go out of that door, and  
never, so long as you live, dare to cross  
over its threshold again."

"Very well, sir, I will obey you to the  
last hour of my life."

The first of these speakers was a man  
whose life had slid beyond its fiftieth birthday.  
His hair was sifted with gray, and  
wrinkles had begun to gather on his forehead.  
He was tall, fine looking, and of  
commanding presence, though the veins  
of his temple were swollen with passion.  
As he spoke he arose and brought his  
clenched hand on the table with a blow  
which sent a shiver through it.

The last speaker was a youth, just on  
the threshold of his twentieth year. He  
had the strong, stern features of the elder  
man, and the same thin, compressed lips,  
but there was a softer light in the brown  
eyes, and something in the whole face  
which would have won you quicker than  
the old man's, though it was stern and  
lively as the dead. As he rose and walked  
to the library door, and answered his  
father with those words, which sealed his  
dismissal from his home, and sent him into  
the world helpless and alone, soft  
edged words streamed like a silver flowing  
rivulet down the stairs and caught the  
young man's ear, just as his hand was on  
the door knob.

"Edward—Edward, I say where are  
you going?"

And the next moment bounded down  
to him a fair child, whose golden hair was  
the color of the dandelions, which were  
just opening in the spring-meadows, while  
her azure eyes were full of smiles, depend-  
ent and confirmed by the sweet lips beneath  
them.

"I am going, Mary—don't ask me!"

But as she lifted her bright, wistful  
face, he suddenly placed his hand over it  
as though it was more than he could bear.

"Oh, Edward, what is the matter?—  
have you and papa been quarreling again?"

"Yes; and now I must leave you." His  
voice shook heavily along the syllables.

"Forever, little sister! He has sent me  
away, and I shall never come again."

"Oh, no, Edward, don't say that!"  
she cried, and she clung to him, and  
her little soft white arms, and closed  
them around his neck. "You don't mean  
it. You won't go, will you? You won't  
leave me? You can't live without you,"  
and pulled down his cheek to her face, and  
her tears dripped like rain upon it.

"Oh, yes, she can, if she'll only make  
up her mind to it." He was trying to speak  
in a cheerful voice now, and carrying the  
golden ringlets in which the May sun-  
beams were fastened. "She'll be a brave  
good girl, and put a bold face on the matter,  
and I won't forget her when I'm  
gone, and I shall write her a long letter  
some of these days."

"Don't, don't, Edward, don't, it'll break  
my heart. What shall I do without you  
to take me to ride, and to tell me funny  
stories, and help me to take care of my  
flower-beds, and what will you do with-  
out Mary to love, and to tease you, to  
comb your hair, and bring your slippers?"

Oh, I can't let you go! And she clung to  
him, her sweet face washed with tears,  
and her small figure shaking with sobs.

He took her up in his arms, and pressed  
her tightly to his heart, and the sternness  
went for a moment out of the young man's  
face.

"I can't help it, Mary, little sister, that  
I love you better than anything on the  
face of the earth, and I want you to re-  
member this, whether you ever see me  
again or not. But it won't do to give way  
now. Father has turned me out of his  
house once and forever. And here his  
face settled back into its old sternness  
once more.

"I will go straight to papa, and beg  
him to take you back," and she would  
have sprung away from her brother, but  
he held her back forcibly.

"Never, Mary, never will I look upon  
his face again. It is useless to intercede  
now. He has turned me, like a dog, from  
his threshold, and I cross it now for the  
last time."

That stern face, and the clenched hand,  
which he brought down on the door  
knob, froze the tears on the child's face.

Then the young man turned towards  
her and the fierce light went out of his  
eyes.

"Mary, little sister, good-bye. Don't  
forget me, and to pray for me every night.  
He broke down here, and kissing her forehead  
three or four times, he darted out of  
the house.

"But, papa, you haven't sent him away  
forever, and he will come back, some-  
times!" And she pressed up her soft, wet  
cheeks to the old man's and her small  
fingers fluttered among his gray sprinkled  
hair, like a flock of newly fledged birds.

"Mary, you must never speak to me of  
him again. Edward has offended me,  
past forgiveness, and he is no longer a  
son of mine, or a brother, or a friend, or  
disowned him. And now remember, I  
must be obeyed."

The old man took his fair young child  
on his lap, as he uttered the cruel words,  
his face still rigid, and his brow knotted  
with blue veins, but his hand rested  
tenderly on her bright hair, for Mary  
Reynolds was her father's idol.

There was no sound in the great library,  
but the broken sobs of the little girl.

"Come, daughter, don't," it was wonder-  
ful how those stern tones fell into a  
sweetness that was like the mother's. "Papa  
will be very kind to this little girl;—  
and make her very happy, and she must  
not trouble him by grieving so."

At last the child lifted her head, and  
her glance fell upon the portrait of a lady  
opposite, set in a richly carved frame.