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"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 19.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1873.

Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. (NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CENTS EXTRA.)

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Desanor, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

W. F. SMITH,
CARPET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1872.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, at 1511
Frederickville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
C. S. Auctioneer,
at 1511
Great Bend, Pa.

AMT. BLY,
C. S. Auctioneer,
Aug. 1, 1872. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in strictest order. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. B. DeWitt's store, opposite the bank. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

R. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James S. Carroll, Esq. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James S. Carroll, Esq. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

McKENZIE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses' Wear, Hats, Trunks, etc., at the great American Tea and Coffee Company, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republic printing office, Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

LAW OFFICE,
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of DeWitt & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

J. SAUTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. B. DeWitt's store. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

ABEL TURKILL,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Trunks, etc., at the great American Tea and Coffee Company, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
Physician & Surgeon, (tender his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.) Office at his residence, on the corner of Main & Second streets, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

CHARLES N. STODARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main street, at the old store of J. B. DeWitt & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

LEWIS KNOX,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Physician & Surgeon, (tender his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.) Office at his residence, opposite Main street, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE HATTY BAKER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. B. DeWitt & Fitch, at the corner of Main & Second streets, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

H. BURRITT,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Brass, Oil, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fur, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provision, etc. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

BILLINGSSTROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended promptly on fair terms. Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public square, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

J. D. YAIL,
HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all cases of disease which may be referred to him. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's store. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

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Justice of the Peace, Office over L. Lombard's store, first door west of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public square, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

DURSS & NICHOLS,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Office in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, May 10, 1871.

GET ALL KINDS OF

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

EXECUTED AT THE

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

The Poet's Corner.

MADRIDAL.

BY HOWARD GILBERT.

Every robin-redbreast of himself a mate? Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait Till the blue-footed spring glides in at Summer's gate."

I heard the birds sing, once upon a day; Oh, my treasure! Oh, my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

Birds' songs and birds' nest and green boughs together, All gone, have alone laughs at bitter weather. Summer days, or winter days; little rocks Love whether;

If so be that Love have his own, his carling way, Ah, my treasure! Ah, my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

In the wood the wind-flower is saken out of sight, Low down and deep down and world forgotten quite. But do you think the wind forgets that she was sweet and white?

Then listen to his sad voice a little while I pray! O, my treasure! O, my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

The sun stole to a wild rose and wiled her leaves apart; May dew and June air had wooed her at the But was't not fair the sun should have her gold-en perfect heart?

Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say, Ah, my treasure! My pleasure! It shall not be may!

MARY'S DREAM.

—Atlantic Monthly.

They parted in tears at the shining bay, And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim. And her love was gone for a year and a day, And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for him.

And she heard by the land or the sea The wall of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night, When the billows were high and the wind was loud. The ship was tossing, the waves were white, And the black hull seemed like a drifting sail.

The sun shone out on the morning morn, And Mary went down to the quiet shore. To see her lover all white and all torn, And kiss the lips that would speak no more.

And still she hears by the land or the sea The wall of the moaning sea.

The Story Teller.

MR. BONNELL'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander M. Farlane, was waiting breakfast, an event very uncommon with him, for Aunt Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Nevertheless she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, and it was now fully ten minutes past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle M'Farlane's wife. He was a widower of some fifteen years standing. Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whispering with her last breath that she was very happy. Her mother and sister, who had come to the house to nurse her, remained after her death, according to Uncle M'Farlane's particular request.

He would be so glad, he said, if it were not exacting too much of a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with him, keep up his house, and attend to his little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straitened income, rented her little house in the New England village where she had always lived, and came to reside over Mr. M'Farlane's spacious mansion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich street, New York—my Uncle M'Farlane lived in Greenwich street, a fact which marks the date of my story with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months and still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle M'Farlane's household. Neither of them had ever thought of a change as either necessary or desirable. Nancy had been a fair, prim, and somewhat quiet girl when she came to live in Greenwich street. She was still a fair, somewhat prim woman of thirty-five, with pretty, soft brown hair, violet blue eyes, and a pure soft, somewhat changeless complexion. She was not in the least like a modern young lady's heroine. She had no particular aspirations beyond the limited and old-fashioned one of doing her duty in that state of life to which had pleased God to call her. She did not consider herself a novel to be read in the pages of a romance, because she made Uncle M'Farlane's shirts and mended his stockings, and even the fact of going down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculate ruff, when old Mrs. Howard's hands were too lame, and the chambermaid's too unskillful to be trusted with, did not awaken in her mind any desire to rush into the world in search of a career. No such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head. She was absolutely "contented with her present condition," willing to go on making Uncle M'Farlane's shirts, keeping his house, spoiling his child, and "making it pleasant for him," as she simply said. Her great pleasures consisted in doing mending, embroidery, visiting the poor, going to church, and reading the English classics, with now and then a novel. If she had any trials she kept them to herself, confiding them to no spiritual director, newspaper editor, or female friend. Such was Nancy Howard at five-and-thirty.

My Uncle M'Farlane was a fine gentleman in the true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely perfect—a little set in his ways and nobly some-what particular in eating and drinking. He was also given to amusing himself in a quiet way with the peculiarities of those about him. But he never welling hurt or neglected any one, and he had a certain genial graciousness of manner, which made all his employees, from Mr. Saunders, his confidential clerk, down to the black Sam, the carman, and Davy, the errand boy, feel the better when he spoke to them.

"Miss Nancy is a little late this morning," observed Uncle M'Farlane, as

Brown, his man, brought him the paper. "Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve last night at Sam's, sir."

"Indeed! How was that?" "Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick consumption last spring, and his wife ain't very rugged either. Miss Nancy, she's been there a good deal, and when she was struck with death last evening, she sends for her. So Miss Nancy, she went and stayed till it was all over. It was a great comfort to them, sir. You see Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard."

"I should say so, indeed. We must see that everything is done, Brown. Find out when the funeral is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to send them something comfortable when she goes to market. But here comes Miss Nancy. Send up breakfast, Brown."

Breakfast was usually a somewhat silent meal, save for Alice's chatter with her aunt; for Mr. M'Farlane always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's permission.

"What do you look at me so closely, Alice?" asked Miss Nancy, as she caught her nephew's gaze fixed upon her. "I was thinking how pretty you are!" answered Alice, with her usual frankness. "I think you are a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina Schuyler, that they make such a fuss about. And I don't want her for a stepmother. So there!"

"What is that about Miss Schuyler?" asked my Uncle, laying down his paper. "It strikes me you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—to say nothing of myself."

"It wasn't me, father; it was Mr. Bonnell," answered Alice. Bonnell asked me if I wouldn't like a pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come into the house; and I told him no—I didn't want any one but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy was an old maid, and I said, if she was forty old maids she was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—and so she is!"

"We won't discuss that matter!" said my uncle, annoyed, but repressing his annoyance, as usual. "You need not mind Mr. Bonnell. We all know his ways!"

There was something in his father's tone which made Alice aware that he had better drop the subject. Uncle M'Farlane went on with his paper, but now and then glanced over it with an expression of some interest. "Nancy is pretty," he said to himself. "There is something in her face which reminds me of my mother."

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on his overcoat, asking, as he did so, his invariable question, "have you any commands for the city?"

"And by the way, please see that everything is done for Sam's family. The poor woman will perhaps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let everything be nice about the funeral. I will take the expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow."

"Really Nancy is very pretty," said my uncle, as he walked out of the house. "I never thought much about it before, but she is decidedly pretty. Miss Regina Schuyler, indeed, really Bonnell is too bad to put such notions into the boy's head. And Mr. M'Farlane pursued his way to the office, unconscious of the fate awaiting him there."

"Any letters, Saunders?" he asked, as he passed the clerk's desk. "I see the packet is in."

"Yes, sir. They are on your desk, and Mr. Bonnell is waiting to speak to you in your room. What's Mr. M'Farlane?" said the clerk to himself, as his principal passed on. "I don't believe he ever before forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is wrong." Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was indebted to Mr. M'Farlane for many little comforts.

Mr. Bonnell was waiting in the office. He was a stout man, with red hair and whiskers, and a bluff, uncompromising manner. He had a habit, on which he prided himself, of always "speaking his mind"—that is, of saying everything and anything which came into his head—a habit which did not cause him to be beloved by his acquaintance. He and uncle M'Farlane had once been partners, and they still kept up a kind of intimacy at which many people wondered.

"Well, Bonnell, how goes the world with you?" asked my uncle, leisurely taking off his coat and overcoat. "Oh, well enough. If it didn't go to suit me, I make it, that's all," answered Mr. Bonnell. "But see here, M'Farlane, I don't come to hand compliments. I want to talk to you about a serious matter."

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"Well, what is it?" asked my uncle, preparing to listen, not without a long glance at his foreign letters and papers. "I'm going to speak my mind, as I always do," said Mr. Bonnell. "I want to know what you mean to do about Nancy?"

"About Nancy?" repeated my uncle, with a little start. "What about Nancy?" "Aye, what about her?—that's just it. Of course you can't go on as you do now. It was well enough when the old lady was alive; but her death changes all that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old maid, to be sure—forty, if she's an hour."

"Thirty-five," said my uncle, correcting him. "Well, five years don't matter much. She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks will and do talk, and you ought to get rid of her. The truth is, M'Farlane, you ought to marry again; and of course you can't with Nancy in the house."

"Why, of course, not. There's Miss Regina Schuyler, now. She'd jump at the chance of marrying you; but you don't suppose she would set up housekeeping with Nancy Howard, do you?"

"I must beg, Bonnell, that you will not bring Miss Schuyler's name into question," said my uncle. "Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable young ladies."

"Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love with you herself, and of course you can't

marry her—that is out of the question." "Nancy Howard!" repeated my uncle, in a tone of bewilderment. "To be sure, man. Any one but you would have seen it, though Nancy is not the woman to throw herself at any man's head, I'll say that for her. My wife has known it this long time, and I can see it, too. Of course you can't marry her. She is old, and poor, and plain, and in delicate health besides. So, of course, all you can do is to get rid of her. Send her home to her native place with a pension, marry Regina Schuyler, and begin life anew."

"Does Mrs. Bonnell really think that—that Miss Howard entertains such sentiments?" asked my uncle, as Mr. Bonnell paused a moment. "Women see such things more clearly than men."

"Of course she does. She was talking of it last night. Nancy ought to have a change," says she; 'if she don't she'll go off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient creature,' says she; 'but it is easy to see what ails her. So, there! I've spoken my mind, as I always do, and I hope you will have sense enough to act upon it.'"

"I shall certainly act upon it!" said my uncle calmly. "And soon, I hope!" said Mr. Bonnell, rising. "The sooner the better."

"The sooner the better!" echoed my uncle. "I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonnell, thank you!"

"I think I did a good piece of work this morning," said Mr. Bonnell to his wife, as he was preparing to go out; "I spoke to M'Farlane about Nancy!" and he repeated the substance of the conversation. Mrs. Bonnell was a quiet, kind-hearted woman; but, like her husband, she sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion.

"Bonnell, you are an idiot! Most men are such matters, and you are a perfect one."

Mr. Bonnell looked as if some one had thrown a wet towel in his face. "Why, Mary Anne! What's that for?" "You'll find out soon enough. Go along down, and leave me in peace."

Mr. Bonnell was always very meek when his wife took these rare fits of plain speaking, and he shut the door without a word. Mrs. Bonnell sat looking at the fire with an expression of vexation which gradually changed to one of kindness.

"After all it might be worse," said she, speaking to the fire. "Nancy is a good soul, and as sweet as honey. She will make him happy, and be happy herself, and it'll be good for the boy. But I think I'll see Bonnell's face when he hears of it."

For two hours my uncle sat looking through his office window without even thinking of his letters. Then he drew a deep breath, as of one relieved of a doubt, and turned to his correspondence. He did not go home to dinner, but left the office at six o'clock, and went to his home, where he bought some beautiful hot house flowers, and two nice hyacinth bulbs in pretty glasses, which he sent to Mrs. Saunders.

"Father, may I go up and see Tom Saunders?" asked Alice after tea. And Nancy was sitting at her work table, fresh and neat from top to toe. She was composed as usual, but my uncle fancied he observed a slight change in her manner towards himself. Probably Alice's remarks might disturb her a little.

"Certainly, my son. And be sure to ask particularly how Mrs. Saunders finds herself. I quite forgot it this morning. I was the more ready to let Alice go is I wish to consult you, on a matter of great importance to us both."

And then, in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject. He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for some time, perhaps for years. He thought the change would be good for Alice who showed signs of delicate lungs.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered, and her color went and came; but she had long been schooled in self control, and she made no other sign. "It won't be for long," said the quiet, breaking heart to itself, little guessing what was in store.

My uncle continued. "I don't know exactly how he worked it, but he made it plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy consent to become his wife, and be a mother to Alice in fact, as she had long been in name? And so in an hour the matter was all settled."

"We are asked to a wedding!" said Mr. Bonnell to her husband some six weeks afterwards.

"A wedding—whose wedding?" asked Mr. Bonnell, not greatly interested. "Nancy Howard's!"

"Nancy Howard's—you don't mean—" "The idea which occurred to Mr. Bonnell fairly struck him dumb."

"Yes; Nancy and M'Farlane!" answered his wife, enjoying her lord's discomfort. "They're to be married at St. Paul's. Very quiet, and said for Europe as soon as possible."

"The deuce they are. And after all I said to him!"

"After all you said to him?" echoed Mr. Bonnell. "The moment you told me what you said to him, and especially as to Nancy's being talked about, I knew you had made the match. You could have got him to marry old Miss Page in the same way."

"But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne!" "Oh, well, I don't know. I dare say he might feel it a little of a sacrifice just at first; but by this time he has persuaded himself that there never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her side. I don't think, for my part, M'Farlane will ever regret."

And I don't think Uncle M'Farlane ever did.—*From the Atlantic for May.*

Pious Eccentricities.

The Fulton street prayer meeting is certainly the people's institution, and very many of them have unbounded faith in its efficacy. Among the written requests sent to the last meeting was this: "Pray God to give me means to make a living for myself and family." Another requested prayer "for a blasphemous." Another "for a young man in this city who is wasting his substance in riotous living." A sincere "sister" wrote the following: "I ask your prayers to know how to serve God and do good to my fellow man." An "anxious sinner" wrote: "Pray for me. I have asked you to do it two or three times before, but your prayers have not been answered thus far. I have refused to give my heart to Jesus so many times that I am now afraid I shall be ruined forever. If I wait any longer I shall surely be lost. But if I try to be a Christian, it cannot possibly be any worse for me, and I may perhaps be saved. Won't you pray for me until I am a Christian? Another wrote: "Pray that my pastor may be re-elected from us. He has broken up our little band, and we are a scattered flock." A tempted sister wrote: "A minister's wife, away from her husband and little ones, fears that while she has taught others the plan of salvation she will herself be a castaway. If this fear be a delusion of the tempter, pray that her misgivings be taken away, and she may be able to return to her family rejoicing." Another wrote: Please pray that all my backslidings may be forgiven. I am in great distress of mind on account of my sins. Oh, do earnestly pray that to-day, now, this present hour, I may find joy in Jesus."

Occasionally the proceedings border on the ridiculous. One speaker, for instance, asked the congregation to congratulate him. He had "been to Washington, that sick of iniquity, and got back alive."

By the clare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother sat, with her babe in her arms, and her face was pale with grief. With the babe she pressed on her bosom stricken in nameless dread—While the fire king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high, And planted their flaming banners against an ink sky.

From the death that reared behind them and the crash of ruin loud, To the great square of the city, were driven the suffering crowd. Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood, With the lightning-ward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael stood.

But even as they gazed upon it, there rose a sudden wall of horror bleached with the roaring of the gale. On whose scorching wings updriven, a single aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fall?" The whisper trembled from a thousand trembling lips. Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships. A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone. Like lightning, trembling Will-o'-Wisp to a steady beacon glow.

"Unaccounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave heart had held the right hand of the law. For the love of the periled city, plucks down your burning brand!" So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people leaped. But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky? Clings to a column and measure the dizzy spire with his eye? Will he dare it, the hero unarm'd, that terrible, sickening height? Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing, he clings with his feet and his hands, And firm on a narrow projection with the belfry beneath him he stands! Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single impulse of the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the spire, Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire. He steps! He falls! Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track. And hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red blood lies shattered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air. At the church door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair—And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand.

The unknown savior whose darling could compass a deed so grand. But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze? And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amazement? Heened in the gloom of the temple he had periled his life to save, And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arm he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud. And his eyes ablaze in his sockets burst into the eyes of the crowd: "You may keep your gold—I scorn it—but answer me, ye who can, If I died I have done before you be not the deed of a man?"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the women and men There were only sobs for answer, and the mayor called for a pen. And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran. And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

—*Atlantic for May.*

UNLESS all the old-time predictions in regard to the coming crops prove false we shall have a wonderfully bountiful season not only for fruits, but for cereal products. The winter has been remarkably favorable for the grain, and the fruit prospects predict such a supply of apples, peaches, strawberries, etc., as will outlive any season for twenty-five years past.

A WAST, with a yellow bustle, is no in significant agent in dispersing a crowd but a nervous woman making through a crowd with a valise in one hand and an umbrella in the other, is about as appalling an object as the human mind can conceive and maintain its balance.—*Dunbury News.*

GOLDSBORO, N. C., is entranced by the onstory of a colored clergywoman!

How He Saved St. Michael's.

BY MRS. M. A. P. STANBURY.

So you beg for a story, my darling—my brown-eyed Leopold! And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold: Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my eye—To a tale of the southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun That blazed above Fort Sumter had awakened the north as one: Long ere the vondrous pillar of battle cloud and fire Had marked where the unchanged millions marched on to their heart desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down, The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown. And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes, They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball, That hung like a radiant planet caught in its ethereal fall, First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round, And last slow falling vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light: The children prayed at their bedside, as you will pray to-night: The robes of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone, And in dreams of a peaceful morrow, the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street, For a cry was heard at midnight and the rush of trampling feet: Men started in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke, While the frantic bells were clashing clamorous stroke on stroke!

By the clare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother sat, with her babe in her arms, and her face was pale with grief. With the babe she pressed on her bosom stricken in nameless dread—While the fire king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high, And planted their flaming banners against an ink sky.

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