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A POEM.

A VOLUME of the New York Mirror of 1847 contains the following poem, written by Miss Cashman. A note states that it was written on seeing a picture of a peasant boy, with a spade on his shoulder, trudging to his daily toil. Its perusal will satisfy that lady's numerous admirers that she was not only an unapproachable reader, and an unequalled actress, but a sweet poet as well.

THE PEASANT BOY.

There's poetry, boy, in that spade of thine,
Firmly and free on the green sward pressed;
And the locks that over thy temples shine
Blow wild in the wind of the soft sou' west.
Care lurks not, boy, in that laughing eye;
No frowns o'ercast thy forehead's snow;
And the mellow tints of the morning sky
Lend to thy cheek an eloquent glow.
Thy heart is pure, unbroken health,
A cheerful heart to endure thy toil;
And all thou needest of this world's wealth
Thou canst sturdily win from the grateful soil.
With the lark's first song thou art up and
away,
Brushing the dew from the glistening sod,
And chanting the simple roundelay
Which innocence sings to the ear of God.
From the ardent sun of cloudless noon
Thou seekest the shelter of a sheltered
nook,
Where the ring-dove murmurs its amorous
tune
To the answering sound of the gushing
brook.
There resting thy limbs on the mossy brink,
Thou takest in peace thy poor repast,
Bending thy feverish lips to drink
From the wave that glideth so cool and
fast.
Then to labor again, till the waning sun
Fadeth again in the western sky,
And the shades of twilight are creeping on,
While the birds nestle low in the covert
high.
They are coming to meet thee, the peasant
band,
The fair-haired girl and tawny boy,
While the baby prattler clasps thy hand
And breathes thy name in lisping joy.
To the cottage away! to thy mother's knee,
To thy father's side—thou art welcome
there.
That mother's smile is ever for thee,
That father gives thee his warmest prayer.
And thou shalt rest in slumber sweet,
Pillow'd beneath the rafters eaves,
While the summer rain-drops gently beat
And the night wind stirs the woodbine
leaves.
There's poetry, boy, in that form of thine,
And the gazer covets thy painless life;
Would that thy stormless lot were mine,
Passionless, careless and free from strife.

KEEPING UP A BRIDE'S SPIRITS.

BY GRACE THORNTON.

"NOW LET us do our utmost to keep up Nelly's spirits and make her wedding a truly happy one," said aunt Angelina Wetherell, to her nieces, Kate and Lina. "You know she is your orphan-cousin and having spent most of her life at school she scarcely knows what home means. Of course I need not tell you how anxious I am to keep up her spirits. Your poor mother means well, but she never was very lively; and you two girls are so thoughtless, that I feel the great weight and responsibility of the occasion rests on me."

Miss Angelina, an ancient and very fussy spinster, bridled up and looked most important as she spoke.

"Well, auntie, I don't take such a very solemn view of it," answered Kate, laughing. "Nelly herself doesn't seem to be depressed or low-spirited; on the contrary she appears very hopeful and evidently looks on Alfred as the sum total of her earthly joy, and the one in whom all her hopes are centered."

"That's very probable my dear," returned aunt Angelina. "Young people in their deluded frame of mind make frequent mistakes, and I don't mean to say anything against Alfred Morgan, who, as far as I know, is a very good sort of person; but it is a brides friend—her old and tried friends—who support her through the painful ordeal of a wedding. Oh, dear, I pity the child when I think of it. I do, indeed!"

It was Miss Wetherell's habit to pity any one who made the mistake to which, as she declared, she herself had always been superior—namely, the one of giving her affections into the keeping of a member of the male sex. She always sighed and shook her head forebodingly, when the name of a deluded victim of such a weakness was mentioned; and her mischievous niece, well aware of her peculiarity, had laughed heartily over it.

Lina was not so gay as her sister. She was a sincere and affectionate girl; she liked Alfred Morgan thoroughly, and said, with some seriousness:

"Nelly has made a very good choice—I think we have only got to see that the preparations go on properly, and leave the lovers to themselves. They are sure to enjoy each others' society the best of all."

"Oh, Lina, how can you be so selfish!" cried her aunt, with emotion. "Your poor cousin Nelly has a sensitive heart, and yearns for consolation. I have been sitting talking to her for the last three hours, and the dear child was dissolved in tears most of the time."

"Oh, auntie, and Alfred came to drive

her out and had to go away again. Don't you suppose her weeping came from disappointment?"

"Kate, you must curb your levity—it disfigures your character," said Miss Wetherell, severely.

And with this reproof she left the room with a displeased air.

"I do wish mamma had time to interfere with Aunt Angelina's absurd doings. She cannot resist the temptation to torment poor Nell with her signs and forebodings, just because she has a spite against mankind for their neglect of her. I heard her tell the poor thing last night, that it was a terrible mistake to choose a lover whose name began with the same letter as her own. 'Morgan and Meade,' she repeated, 'are too much alike. A change in the name and not in the letter, is a change for the worse, and not for the better.' But I do hope Nelly won't mind her."

"I hope not, indeed; but as you say, I am sorry that mamma is so absorbed in the supper and all that, because she is the proper one to reprove aunt Angelina if she keeps this up," said Lina, earnestly.

"Let us try our best to laugh down her absurd fancies. We can do it, I am sure," cried Kate.

Just then, Nelly Meade, the bride-elect, entered the room. She looked unusually serious and dispirited, and sighed as she seated herself beside the work-table at which her two cousins were busily employed making up faces and assisting in the important task of hastening the *trousseau* toward completion.

"Pray, girls, do not tire yourselves on those things," begged Nelly, in a despondent tone; and then she added, "You are as kind as you can possibly be, but

"But what, cousin?" demanded Kate. "You look as if you had quarreled with Alfred, and that all hope was at an end."

"Oh, dear, what a dreadful expression I must wear!" cried Nelly. "I have not seen Alfred to-day. Aunt Angelina made me send him away while she was engaged in advising me about my future. Dear me, girls! do you really suppose married life is so very dreadful?"

"Has auntie told you it is?" asked Lina.

"Yes—that is, she said it was full of disappointments and troubles, and that I must bid farewell to peace and enjoyment when I became a wife."

Kate burst out laughing, but Lina looked quite solemn.

"Now, Nelly, I see that auntie has succeeded in making you uncomfortable, and my advice to you is to think how can she speak so confidently on a subject of which she has had no experience; and if that does not convince you that she is not able to admonish or advise you, look at mamma, and see how rosy and happy she seems, and be convinced that there are some very happy married people in the world at least."

"Oh, to be sure, I know there is!" exclaimed Nelly, throwing off her depression and beginning to laugh. "It was only for the moment she made me feel badly. But you know she found out that Alfred's name began with a wrong letter, and then she discovered that his hair and mine were the same shade, though I am sure our complexions are very much unlike."

"How silly to think that such trifles influence our happiness; and poor auntie does not like men, and as they are necessary to weddings, she doesn't care for weddings either," said Kate.

The next day Miss Wetherell entered the sewing-room and found her three nieces busy over the wedding dress that had just been sent home. It was white silk, trimmed with tulle, and as Nelly had exquisite taste in the arrangement of dress, she had critically surveyed the garment, and found it not quite satisfactory.

"I could do the alterations myself better than wait to have her make them," she had said.

So, with her cousin's aid, she went to work to change the trimming, and had just completed it to their united delight when she entered.

"Oh, that is lovely!" cried Kate.

"And so very becoming!" exclaimed Lina.

Aunt Angelina threw up her arms in amazement and alarm.

"You don't mean to say that you have committed the painful mistake of sewing on your own wedding-dress, Eleanor Meade," exclaimed Miss Wetherell, in a tone of horror.

"But it really needed the alteration," said Nelly, much startled by her aunt's tone, but anxious to defend her act. "It was very stiff and clumsy, and the girls say that this is a great improvement."

"But have you thought of the consequences, my unhappy girl?" cried aunt Angelina, pathetically.

"No, no! what are they?" exclaimed Nelly, in a frightened tone.

"When a bride sews on her own wedding robe, it signifies that it will be used as her shroud," said the aunt, in a sepulchral voice.

"Oh, mercy! I'll rip it out at once," cried Nelly, at once proceeding to do so.

"Is this the way you keep up the poor thing's spirits?" whispered Kate reproachfully, in her aunt's ear.

"You silly child!" cried Miss Wetherell, reproving her. "I know my duty and do not shrink from it, but you allow her to do such dangerous things, and then sit unmoved."

Speaking loud, she remarked:

"I scarcely know whether it will do any good to rip it, now that it is done, but let us hope for the best."

Nelly looked frightened, and worked energetically, while Kate and Lina endeavored to laugh at their aunt's superstition.

"I am sure I hope there may be nothing in it, but it is best to be on the safe side; and she looks so foreboding anyhow, that it is rather depressing to have her prophecies evil."

A few days later, when the dressmaker and her cousins combined had restored the ripped-off trimming to its proper state, and nearly everything was ready for the grand occasion, Mrs. Oakford—Kate and Lina's mother—pronounced her hospitable preparations completed, and said they were sure to have good weather, and she felt certain that everything would go off delightfully.

Nelly took spirits and began to smile.

"I'm sure I have everything to be thankful for at home," she said affectionately. "You have all been so kind."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I don't know how you can say so," remarked aunt Angelina, interrupting at this point. "I have been somewhat out of spirits to-day owing to a dream I had last night—about your wedding it was—and, I'm sure I don't know how you've got along without me, for I never saw girls so occupied with their own nonsense as you girls are. They haven't said a word that was comforting or sustaining to you to-day."

"I have been very merry with them, at any rate," cried Nelly in a tone of concern; "but pray tell me what dream of my wedding made you so unhappy, aunt Angelina?"

In vain did Mrs. Oakford frown, and wink at her maiden sister; in vain did Kate and Lina look threatening and imploring by turns. Miss Wetherell shook her head and sighed, and then said, hesitatingly:

"Bad dreams do not always come true, Nelly; at least I hope not, but this was an uncommon vivid one, to be sure."

Just at that moment the door bell rang, and the servant announced that a messenger from Mr. Morgan had brought a letter for Miss Meade. Nelly could scarcely open it, and in reading she changed color several times, and seemed greatly perturbed. At last she said, addressing her aunt Oakford:

"Alfred is gone to Boston. He was telegraphed for, and had barely time to get off on the only train that leaves to-night. It was from his guardian, who is ill. He has always been like a father to him, and he naturally feels much distressed, and very, very anxious."

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Oakford, soothingly; "but we are often needlessly alarmed—let us hope it is so in this case, and that Alfred will soon return with good news."

"Oh, I hope so," said Nelly in a trembling voice; "but it really seems as if

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Miss Wetherell, in a doleful tone; "and I am sure I feel so too. So many dark omens, you know; and now this dream of mine, I declare, is quite startling, for, as I was just about to say when the bell rang, I thought I saw Mr. Morgan brought in on a stretcher, white and deathlike, and covered with blood. Oh, it was shocking! and these constant railroad accidents made it strangely suggestive, I'm sure!"

"Oh, aunt, how can you?" cried Lina, indignantly, as poor Nelly turned very white and hid her face in her hands.

"What do you mean, Lina?" retorted Miss Wetherell. "Is it not my duty to express my feelings? Some people are not encumbered by any emotions of sympathy; she added, with an angry look at the speaker; but I thank heaven I am all heart, even though I suffer from sensibility!"

Early in the forenoon of following day Nelly's mind was some what relieved by a telegram. Her lover had arrived safely and found his guardian somewhat better but he would be detained longer than the day he named for his return; in fact, he might not be able to leave until the evening before the wedding, which would bring him home within a few hours of the ceremony.

Nelly communicated this news rather cheerfully, but Miss Wetherell's stifled groans told on her spirits perceptibly.

"It will be so dreadfully inconvenient to have anything awful occur while the very guests were assembling. My advice is to put off the ceremony indefinitely, until you are assured that all is well, and that Mr. Morgan will really be in time to be married," she said.

"How foolish you are, Angy!" cried Mrs. Oakford, trying to laugh, and frowning on her sister at the same time.

"People travel all over the world now

with perfect safety and, as for your silly dream don't you know that they always go by contraries?"

"Do they?" ejaculated Miss Angelina Wetherell, with a very significant sniff.

The girls kept quiet but they followed Nelly to her room; and did their best to keep up her spirits and destroy the gloom of their aunt's forebodings.

It was the bridal eve. All was done and complete and only Nelly's white-hipped bridal hat was yet to be sent home. There had been three telegrams from Boston all reporting favorable of Mr. Graham's (the guardian's) health. His sudden attack had yielded promptly to remedies; he was able to be up, and indeed there seemed no reason for Alfred's remaining longer. "Except," as aunt Angelina suggested, "it be for a mere whim, and there never was a man who would sacrifice a woman's comfort to his own whim any day."

Without sharing this view, Nelly wondered at the delay, and when the servant brought in a square paper-box, with a fashionable milliner's name on its top, the night before the wedding, she cried out:

"Ah, here's my wedding hat! And there's nothing wanting but the bridegroom to make it all complete!"

She opened the box, and all crowded round to survey the treasure. Aunt Angelina was as curious and interested as any one, but she preferred to retain her gloomy passiveness, and sighed.

All at once everybody uttered an involuntary cry of alarm and dismay, for as Nelly stopped down to draw out her pretty fabric of chip, lace and orange flowers, she took up, instead, a sable black crepe bonnet, with a long crepe veil fastened to its crown, and falling in stiff gloomy folds to the floor.

The poor bride shuddered, and dropping it, burst into tears. Both her cousins tried to laugh, and rally their spirits, but the mourning hat being substituted for the wedding one seemed an undeniable omen, and they could not throw off its effect in a moment.

When it did it was too late for poor Nelly. She had borne up bravely under aunt Angelina's manifold attentions; but this mistake had chilled her heart, and only a sight of her lover's face could restore her.

"And I don't wonder," said her maiden aunt. "None but the unwise reject warnings."

She had forced her way to Nelly's room the next morning, where the poor girl remained in bed to avoid her, under pretense of a severe headache, and stood lecturing on and explaining signs and omens, while her victim writhed in silence.

"Of course the wedding will have to be postponed," proceeded Miss Angelina, comfortably. "I'll write the notes myself, and—"

"It isn't necessary," cried Kate joyfully bursting into the room. "Alfred's come! He's down stairs, waiting to see you, Nell. Get up, quick! He's all right, and is just beaming with delight, for Mr. Graham's come with him to the wedding. And only look here! He has brought you this set of magnificent diamonds. Aren't they splendid? Ah, I thought that would cure your headache and make you all right!"

Nelly gave one glance at her princely present from Alfred's wealthy guardian, but her heart was with her lover, and his pleasure in seeing the presence of the man he had such reasons to honor, became her pleasure, too. She was soon down stairs, being introduced to the convalescent, who received her like a daughter.

Her joy was complete, so was Kate and Lina's; but aunt Angelina was tempered with some less agreeable feeling.

"The milliner's boy left your hat with that middle aged widow that lives next door, by mistake, when he brought you hers, Nelly," said Kate. "I wonder if she took it as a sign she would be a bride soon?"

"There's plenty of time for trouble, and Nelly is just beginning hers," said her aunt, acrimoniously. Nelly laughed, saying:

"I'll take my happiness now, while I can get it."

The other day a Vicksburg father finding it necessary to reprove his son, gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son; George Washington didn't eat after that fashion." The boy accepted the reproof without comment, and after pondering for a while, he remarked to himself, "and I don't believe George Washington licked his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed, when he was hunting after a darned old horse shoe, either."

"Patrick," said an old gentleman to his servant, "we are all creatures of fate." "Well, if it wasn't for fate, how the devil would we walk, sure?"

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Mr. Blogg of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply; "there's millions in it."

Mrs. Stum.

If all women were as cool and matter-of fact as Mrs. Stum! But she is one of a thousand. She was over at Mrs. Moody's, on Macomb street, the other day, her iron-gray hair combed down flat and her spectacles adjusted to gossip range, when she suddenly rose and said:

"Mrs. Moody, be calm. Where do you keep the camphor bottle?"

"Why?" asked the surprised Mrs. Moody.

"Because they are bringing your husband through the gate on a board! I think he's mashed dead, but be calm about it. I'll stay right here and see to things!"

Mrs. Moody threw up her arms and fell down in a dead faint, and Mrs. Stum opened the door, as the men laid the body on the porch.

"Is he dead?" she asked in an even tone.

"I think so," answered one of the men; "the doctor'll be here in a minute."

"The doctor came up, looked at the victim, and said life had fled, adding:

"His back and four or five ribs are broken."

"That's sensible, that is," said Mrs. Stum gazing at the doctor in admiration. "Some physicians would have said that his vertebrae was mortally wounded, and would have gone on to talk about the larynx, the arteries, the optic nerves, and the diagnosis. If he's dead it'll be some satisfaction to know what he died of. Well, lug in the body and send a boy after an undertaker."

The men carried the body through to a bedroom, and Mrs. Stum went back to Mrs. Moody, who had revived and was walling and lamenting.

"Don't, Julia—don't take on so," continued Mrs. Stum. "Of course you feel badly, and this interferes with taking up carpets and cleaning house, but it's pleasant weather for a funeral, and I think the corpse will look as natural as life."

"Oh! My poor, poor husband," wailed Mrs. Moody.

"He was a good husband, I'll swear to that," continued Mrs. Stum. "But he was dreadfully careless to let a house fall on him. Be calm, Mrs. Moody! I've sent for one of the best undertakers in Detroit, and you'll be surprised at the way he'll fix up the deceased."

When the undertaker came in, Mrs. Stum shook hands and said that death was sure to overtake every living thing sooner or later. She mentioned the kind of coffin she wanted, stated the number of hacks, the hour for the funeral, and held the end of his tape-line while he measured the body.

Several other neighbors came in and she ordered them around and soon had everything working smoothly. The widow was sent to her room, to weep out her grief, doors and windows were opened, and as Mrs. Stum built up a good baking fire she said:

"Now, then, we want pie and cake and sauce and raised biscuit and floating islands. He'll have waterers, and the watchers must have plenty to eat."

When the baking had been finished the coffin and the undertaker arrived, and the body was placed in its receptacle. Mrs. Stum agreed with the undertaker that the face wore a natural expression, and when he was going away she said:

"Be around on time! Don't put in any second-class hacks, and don't have any hitch in the proceedings at the grave!"

From that hour until 2 o'clock of the second day thereafter she had full charge. The widow was provided with a black bonnet, a crape shawl, etc., the watchers found plenty to eat, a minister was sent for, eighteen chairs were brought from the neighbors, and everything moved along like clock-work.

"You must bear up," she kept saying to the widow. House-cleaning must be done, the back yard must be raked, the pen stock must be hauled out, and you haven't time to sit down and grieve. His life was insured, and we'll go down next week and select some lovely mourning goods."

Everybody who attended said they never saw a funeral pass off so smoothly, and when the hack had lauded the widow and Mrs. Stum at her door again Mrs. Stum asked:

"Now, didn't you really enjoy the ride, after all?"

And the widow said she wouldn't have believed that she could have stood it so well.

"It's horrible to be economical," said a pretty woman to Quiz, with the utmost plainness. "There's no use of living if you can't dress well. What is a woman, anyhow, without her clothes?" And Quiz laughed a little, choked himself, and blushed, and didn't answer.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.—Ben. Franklin.