

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

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The Regret.

I sit by my open window,
Looking toward the sea,
With a heavy heart, and a mute regret,
That a day came round when we ever met,
But alas! it was to be.
Far over the waste of waters
I see by the aid of my glass,
A ship in full sail, the same as of old,
But now with the freight there's a bride
I'm told,
Oh, why did it come to pass?
Cannot the wind and the roaring surf
Sending their breakers in,
Reveal her fair face and chant me her years,
And whether she lives in smiles or in tears,
I would not count it a sin.
I know it should matter little,
To hear of this bride of a day,
Let her face be ever so plain or fair,
Sunny, or sad, Oh, why should I care!
In the ship that sails away.
For me his asking is over,
The captain's in truth gone by,
The longed for "yes" has been asked twice
in vain,
"I said you must wait, till in port again,
And please do not ask me why."
Why it waits, and who shall say,
(While I give a broken sigh)
That love was less than pride, whose power
Controlled my heart in a fatal hour,
And so the ship sailed by.

AVENGED.

"DEAR AUDLEY, will you always love me?" And the beautiful questioner glanced pleadingly into Audley Wilford's fickle, but fascinating countenance.

That gentleman took the pretty girl's face between his hands, and kissed the rosy lips for his answer. Then, speaking with lover like fervor, he said: "Nothing in this world will ever change me; absence will but prove how deep and unfathomable is the love I bear for you, my Ellen; and were it not for my uncle, I would not leave you, but his will must be my law."

"Cannot you take me with you, Audley?"
"Nay, Ellen. Sister Bessie will love you as a sister, and on my return from this mission of my uncle's, I will be proud and happy to claim you before the whole world."

Long the lovers conversed, till the shades of night closed over the earth, and then, leaving Ellen Peyton in tears, Audley Wilford started for his uncle's mansion.

Audley Wilford was the nephew of wealthy Sir Vere. That gentleman had adopted him when a child, had educated him, and now wished him to go to India to transact some business, and visit places of note for his own (Audley's) sake.

Audley, not yet 23 years of age, gay, social, and fickle, only too readily accepted his uncle's handsome offer, forgetting that he was in love with the girlish Ellen, and only recalled to it by seeing her at his sister Bessie's. Then ensued the conversation given at the commencement of this sketch.

Three years later, Sir Vere Wilford sat in his Bessie's parlor, holding Ellen's hand in his own.

"Tell me, Ellen, the name of this fellow, and I will chastise him!" exclaimed the irate Baronet, as he listened to the recital of her desertion.

"You must promise, sir, never to mention it again, and to leave his name in my hands?"

"I will promise anything, dear Ellen, if you will be my cherished wife." And the man of 40, handsome, stately, and good, took her little hand and pressed it respectfully to his lips.

"Will you be content with my respect, Sir Vere? Oh, believe me, I can never love anyone as I loved him."

"I will accept your respect, if you will tell me if whom you love is living or dead."

"Dead to me!" was the low-breathed reply. Then she raised her beautiful eyes to meet his gaze of reverent love, beaming upon her.

It was a sudden engagement, and sudden marriage; but the bride looked no less beautiful, in her snowy satin robes and bridal wreath.

Only a month married, and Lady Ellen Wilford sits to her elegant boudoir, reading over an old letter, penned by a well-known hand, and dated but three weeks prior to her marriage. It ran thus:

"You must have been misinformed, dear uncle, for I never loved a girl such as you described to me. The name is certainly unfamiliar. Surely it was not my sister Bessie who told you such falsehoods? I shall be back soon, and, perchance, bring a wife with me—one who will win your heart, for she is rich and thoroughly accomplished."

Lady Ellen clenched her white fingers, and then exclaimed, bitterly, "So you never loved her? Sister Bessie did not

tell—ah, no! but Ellen did; and you shall be a suppliant yet; and Ellen, the girl you never loved, shall triumph over you!"

Was it pique, anger, or unrequited love that made Lady Ellen walk the floor, trailing her silken robes over the costly carpet, wringing her white hands till the jewels cut into the flesh. We shall see.

"So soon, Sir Vere? He will mar our happiness, I fear, with his mild ways."

"It cannot be helped, darling. He writes that he may bring a wife with him. If he should, they will leave us to our joy. You will soon learn to love him as I do, he is so frank, noble, and—"

"False!" Ellen added, with a smile, while her husband patted her crimson cheeks, not noting the burning glow on them.

"Where is your wife, my boy? Bring her in, and we'll make the happiest circle anywhere!" exclaimed Sir Wilford Vere to a tall, bearded, and bronzed man of 26.

"Why, uncle, to say the truth, she eloped with an officer, and served me right, for I only cared for her money."

The man ran his fingers through his heavy beard, to conceal his corrugated face. "Where is my new aunt? Do hasten to present me;" and placing his hand upon his uncle's arm, the pair walked on in awkward silence.

They were undeniably splendid men, looking more like brothers, and showing but little difference in age. Sir Vere, if anything, appeared to be the younger of the two.

Lady Ellen half reclined on a crimson sofa, her dress of maize-colored satin, falling in soft folds around her beautiful form. She was a picture worthy of admiration; but Sir Vere thought there was a trifle more of that feeling expressed in his nephew's gaze than was required. So he broke the silence by saying, "Ellen, this is the boy I spoke to you about. Will you love him for my sake?" She flushed, but she rose; and holding out her hand, exclaimed warmly, "I think Audley is large enough to be loved for his own sake; but I will try to like a little for your sake, Sir Vere."

And she laughed musically. Audley started; but, as she held out her hand to greet him, he recovered himself.

A few days after Audley's return, he was wending his way through the grounds, when he came upon a scene of fairy-like beauty.

Trailing vines formed an arch over an exquisite fountain of white marble. By it sat Lady Ellen, idly toying with the chords of her wrapper. Lovely as an houri she looked, with the folds of her morning dress falling carelessly, gracefully around her, one tiny slippered foot peeping from beneath her robe. Fairyland had opened its magic portals for Audley Wilford's delectation; but an ogre grim stood by to guard its queen, for, on the instant, a quick, firm tread startled Audley from his rapt gaze, while Lady Ellen sprang up, with the quick lightness of a gazelle, and met, not the gaze of Audley, but his uncle, her husband.

Sir Vere glanced first at Audley, whom Ellen had just seen; then at his wife. A suspicion, for the first time in forty years of Sir Vere's honorable life, crossed his mind; but he quickly banished it, and Ellen, who had been the first to recover composure, was soon chatting about the flowers, the weather, and a dozen other trifles that were far from occupying her mind just then.

For days and weeks afterwards, Lady Ellen was constantly leading Audley on.

One day he found her in the library alone—at least he thought so. Had he seen the form behind the curtained window, he would not have been so reckless. As it was, he burst forth in burning words of passion, calling Ellen, "his best and only love."

She rose, half frightened at his impetuosity. But she soon recovered herself, and stood like a statue before him. Her coolness only added to the flame. Then he changed his tones to words of entreaty "to fly with him, to burst the wretched bonds that now bound her to a man old enough to be her father, and did not love her as she should be loved!" Then she burst forth into tones of anger, pride and reproach.

"Audley Wilford, years have come and gone since you drew words of love from my lips; but you left me, and wooed and won another. You start, and well you may; for, instead of her desertion, as you basely told your uncle, you betrayed her—refused to give her the name of 'wife'; and Mary Hastings, your victim, lies sleeping in your churchyard! She died in these arms, and left me to avenge her. Now coward! dastard! I hate you and will disclose to your benefactor your villainess. He shall drive you from the place that has sheltered you for so many years!"

Lady Ellen trembled with emotion, and Audley Wilford stepped to her side, and would have drawn her to his arms had not the curtain been thrust aside, and Sir Vere Wilford appeared. With out-

stretched hand he pointed to the door, and said with a voice quivering with agony, "Go, ere I forget my manhood, and strike you to the earth."

Audley Wilford was, like all ingrates, a coward; but he would not leave the possession of her who was dearer than his own soul.

He placed his hand, quick as lightning, in his breast, and drew forth a pistol. His uncle sprang forward, just as he pulled the trigger, and received the shot, not as Audley aimed, but in his arm.

Then, as the husband fell, Audley wound his arm around Ellen, and forcibly drew her toward the door.

But the servants came trooping in, brought there by the loud ringing report of the pistol; and in a moment the would be assassin was pinioned.

The tragedy was not ended; for another report followed the capture, and Audley Wilford lay upon the floor, dead—shot through the heart.

Ellen sprang to her husband, and, with the assistance of servants, raised him to the sofa. The wound was not dangerous but fever set in, and many weeks Sir Vere lay on a bed of anguish.

His beautiful wife, untrusting in her efforts for his restoration, was but the pale shadow of herself; but time soon tinted her cheeks again, the thin form grew rounded and full, while the eyes sparkled with joy and love.

Never a word was uttered of "the dead." Even the name was dropped by tacit consent. Secure in each other's love, no cloud darkened the horizon of their lives, outwardly; husband and wife, inwardly, both felt that the wronged Mary Hastings was amply avenged.

It was Lady Ellen, who had avenged her.

THE HIGH FORCE.

I AM DYING. The doctor says I may last a month, or may not live through the night. I feel weak, very weak. I don't fear death, but I cannot die without confessing a crime that has blighted my life—a crime whose heinousness is such that I doubt not you will deem my narrative the wild creation of a fevered brain.

Many years ago—it seems so far back that I can scarcely realize that I am the same person as the happy, careless athlete of those days—I lived in a northern cathedral city. Many years ago it seems but I know it is only two, two little years—they might have been as many centuries—I had a friend Charles Walton. We rowed in many a race together; we were almost brothers; and yet—and yet—ah, me! It was one very sultry evening in June, just two years ago, Charles and I were in training for the local regatta, and were out on the river in a pair. We had rowed over the course, and were resting on our oars and talking over our chances of winning.

Just where we rested there were houses on both sides of the river. On one side tumble down tenements, relics of the good old times when our present style of architecture was unknown; ragged, uncomfortable, squalid, and yet picturesque, they embayed windows over-hanging the river. On the other side, a new row of houses stood in all the glory of their freshly laid on stucco. A roadway ran along the bank of the river in front, and a sort of terrace formed the approach to these houses.

My attention was suddenly riveted to a slight figure leaning on the railing that protected the terrace.

Ah, that evening! How well I remember it. The glory of the sunset gradually fading in the twilight—the river slowly growing darker and darker as the shades of night draw on—that angel face—that fairy form—all—all come back to me now!

Better far that I had died then than lived till now.

But something tells me my time is short. I must proceed.

I found out her name—Harriet; never mind her surname. I saw her again and yet again. A chance meeting at the house of a friend procured me an introduction, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight.

I saw her often—very often. We went to church together, with her aged mother; visited the various places of amusement in the little cathedral town; and when the winter had bound the river in its rigid embrace, often we sped together hand in hand over the glistening ice.

One afternoon, when skating with her, a chance rencontre with my friend Charles, whose society I had rather neglected of late, gave me no chance but to introduce him to my darling.

He seemed quite struck with her, and—But why do I torture myself with these memories? Enough! Harriet grew gradually colder and colder to me. I began to meet her often now with Charles—my friend! Oh, how I got to hate him! You will probably now guess the result.

I met Charles one day in the street, looking radiantly happy.

"Congratulate me, old fellow!" he said. "She has accepted me!"

"She!" I said. "Pray be a little more explicit. Who?"

"Who?" he answered; "why, Harriet, of course! I thought you knew I was in love with her, and—But what's the matter, old man? You're ill! You've overtrained! I told you you were doing too much work! Come in here and have some brandy."

With a great effort I managed to keep down my fury, and, pleading an engagement, I left him abruptly.

From that moment I determined that Charles should never marry Harriet; and in the stillness of the night I brooded over my wrongs, until some demon whispered "revenge;" and gradually the thought preyed more and more upon me, and at last I matured a scheme, refined in cruelty and secure from detection.

I think I have already explained to you that there were houses opposite to the one occupied by Harriet and her mother on the other side of the river.

In one of these I secured lodgings. I gave up all my athletic pursuits, pleading illness, and spent all my time in watching that house and maturing my plans for vengeance.

I often saw Charley come to the house. I saw her wait at the window and watch for him, and her radiant smile of welcome when his stalwart form appeared.—I saw their farewells on the terrace of an evening; I could almost fancy I heard their whispered words of love; and the demon took complete possession of me.

The summer was coming round again, and the day fixed for Charley's marriage was nigh at hand.

I proposed that we should have one more aquatic trip together. He suspected nothing, and consented; and one beautiful morning in June we started in canoes for the High Force, a picturesque waterfall some distance from the town up the river.

The demon now raged within me, and I was powerless to go back from my vengeance if I had wished it ever so.

We reached our destination about noon on the second day after we had started, and had luncheon together on a cliff that overhung the falls.

The river at this point ran swiftly in a narrow gorge, and then sprang at least two hundred feet sheer into a broad, shallow pool below, from whence it wandered slowly toward the town we had left—one of us forever.

I dragged the wine we had brought with us, and ere long Charles said he felt unaccountably drowsy, and soon, in fact, dropped off to sleep, with his handkerchief over his face.

Then I set to work. I carried his canoe up, and launched it, and fastened it by the painter to a willow some two hundred yards above the falls.

Then I placed my friend in it, and tied him in a sitting position, taking care to place the ropes so that they should come loose when the canoe went to pieces, but not before.

I then sat down and waited. After about half an hour the effects of the narcotic began to wear off.

Charles opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.

"Where am I?" he said; "I have been asleep, I think."

"Charles," I cried; "it is now your turn to sleep for a long time! You understand. You shall never marry Harriet."

"Percy, you cannot mean—"

"I do. You are now above the High Force. Listen! You can hear the dash of the waters. See how the spray rises. The current, as you see, runs very swiftly. If you wish to say a prayer, I will give you time for that, but no more."

He looked dazed for a moment; then the danger of his position seemed to burst upon him, and he uttered a cry of rage and struggled violently; but the ropes were too strong for him.

He struggled in vain.

I took out my clasped knife and opened it.

"For the love you once bore me, Percy."

"Yes," I interposed; "you must die!"

He uttered a series of piercing shrieks, and again strove to burst his fetters.

I stepped back appalled, and half repentant of my purpose.

The shrieks ceased, and there came a half-articulate murmur—"Harriet!"

Then the demon within me awayed my hand.

I cut the rope.

The boat was swept by the current into the middle of the stream. It caught in an eddy, and made two or three revolutions, and then drifted down swiftly towards the falls.

The noise of the rushing waters increased. I ran along the bank. I saw Charles's face pallid and fixed, sternly rigid and terror-stricken at the wilderness of foam to which he was now rushing with frightful rapidity.

He gave one despairing cry that I could hear above the thunder of the cataract; and then—and then my revenge was complete.

The canoe was dashed to pieces, and the ropes had been so skillfully placed that they did not betray me.

Harriet sent for me, but I dare not see her. I could not see those dreamy, gray, reproachful eyes, but they seemed ever before me.

I went abroad for some months.

When I returned, there was a stone in a village churchyard, hard by the cathedral city, that told me I had sold myself to the demon in vain.

Harriet had not long survived her lover.

Now you will say that I am mad, but I am not. I am dying—dying without one hope of forgiveness—dying with the brand of Cain upon my brows! But I am not mad! Would I were!

A Truly Grateful Widower.

Sir Walter Scott used to be fond of telling the following story of his cousin "Watty." Watty aforesaid was a Midshipman in the British navy. On a certain occasion he and his messmates had gone on shore at Portsmouth, and had overstayed their leave, besides spending all their money and running up a bill at a tavern at the Point. Their ships made signal for sailing, prematurely calling all hands on board, but when they would have started the landlady said:

"No, gentlemen, you cannot escape without paying your reckoning." And to confirm her words, she called a bailiff and his posse to take charge of them.

The Midshipmen felt they were in a bad scrape and begged to be released.

"No, no," said the resolute matron, "I must be satisfied in some way. You must be aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined and disgraced if you do not go on board in time."

They groaned bitterly, for they knew she spoke the truth.

"Well," she continued, "I will give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot well carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you shall consent to marry me! I don't care a snap which it is; but one of you I will have for a husband, or else you all go to jail, and your ship sails without you."

The wixen was not to be coaxed or entreated. Tears and prayers were of no avail. After a time the poor middies agreed to draw lots. Watty drew the matrimonial slip of doom. No time was to be lost. A marriage license was speedily procured, and they went to the nearest church, where the knot was tied.—The bride on their return to her tavern gave them a good dinner, and then sent them off in her wherry. Of her own accord she had proposed to her husband that, as the marriage certificate was her chief prize, he was at liberty to live apart from her forever if he so chose.

The ship sailed, and the young gentleman religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had made previous to drawing lots. A year after, at Jamaica, a file of English papers reached the Midshipmen's berth, and Watty, carelessly looking them over, was attracted by the account of a robbery and murder, and the execution of the culprits at Portsmouth. Suddenly leaping to his feet, and waving the paper above his head, forgetful of his oath in the excitement of ecstasy, he cried out: "Thank Heaven! My wife is hanged!"

Jas. Blaine in Another Scrape.

The proprietor of a Grattot avenue saloon won't vote for James G. Blaine, and that is a settled fact. Some men were yesterday seeking to ascertain the cause of his animosity toward Maine's "favorite son," and he explained:

"You see, when I was keeping saloon in Buffalo dot Mr. Blaine come around and dook some drinks and nefer bad me."

"Oh, that can't be this Blaine," replied one of the men; "this Blaine is a temperance man."

"Zo vhas this Plaine," was the calm reply, "I can shust remember as blain as day how he boured dot whiskey down his throat and groaned over some increase of indempance."

"But this Blaine is James G. Blaine," they protested.

"I can't help dot, I owdn't name him. Don Plaine who owes me is named Shames. When I ask for my pay he set: 'Shargz does drinks to Shum Plaine,' and walkt out."

"You must be mistaken. This Blaine is a member of Congress."

"Zo vhos dot Plaine. He couldn't speak some pieces in Congress like lightning."

"There is a mistake somewhere. You have got two Blaines mixed up. Here is a picture of James G. Blaine. See if he is the man who played dead beat on you."

The saloonist glanced at it, and handed it back.

No use shentlemen, I shall boll my vote for de oder man."