

The Democrat.

BY HAWLEY & CRUSER.

MONTROSE, PA., OCTOBER 4, 1876.

VOL. 33—NO. 41

DEAD.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away; Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
Over the eyes which gazed too much, They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brown and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace.
And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose!
And over her bosom they crossed her hands— "Come away," they said, "God understands!"
And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantine,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary, And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breath as they felt the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
He who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead;
He lit his lamp and took his key And turned it. Alone again—he and she.
He and she; yet she would not speak, Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.
He and she; but she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.
He and she; still she did not move To any passionate whisper of love.
Then he said, "cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice? no language of death?
"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to heart and soul distinct, intense!"
"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?"
"Was it the infinite wonder of all That you ever could let life's flower fall?"
"Or was it the greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"
"Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?"
"Did life roll back its record, dear? And show as they say it does, past things clear?"
"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"
"O, perfect dead!—O, dead most dear! I hold the breath of my soul to hear!
"I listen as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell;
"There must be pleasure in dying sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet.
"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed.
"I would say, though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,
"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of the death's was the chiefest surprise;
"The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all surprises dying must bring."
Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead! Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe what he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?
"The utmost wonder, is this: I hear, And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
"And am your angel, who was your bride, And know that though dead I have never died."

KNOWN AT LAST.

A JUNE night, such a June night! A warm, blue, and breathless and moon-light.
I am sitting all alone, in the dear old London garden, and the canal which runs by the end of it silvery by moon-light and occasionally darkened by the shadow of a passing barge, looks quite soft and Italian.
Papa has had a few gentlemen to dinner, and till they are satisfied with wine and politics, I prefer the garden to the drawing-room—the garden full of moon-light and the searching scent of the thorn. I am not long, however, to enjoy my solitude, for here is a step close by me, and the glimmer of a cigar.
"Ah! Miss Paisely," says a low musical voice with which I am very familiar.
"Did you take me for that ghost?" I say laughing.
"Hardly. I never yet heard of a ghost wearing flowers. I left the dining-room before the others because I wished to have a few minutes' serious talk with you."
"Oh, don't be serious," I cry, pitiously, and making a wry face.
"Oh, put by jesting," he rejoins, in rather a weary tone of voice; "after this I shall make no further exactions upon your time or mood."

My vanity is wounded, and I say sharply; "I can be as grave as most people when the occasion requires it; but there are persons who mistake moroseness for gravity and good spirits for heartlessness."
"Very likely," he goes on, hardly heeding my sally; "but I have not come to defend my own conduct, but rather to plead for another. I am going—I am going to speak about my young friend Hamilton. Look here, Rhoda Paisely, you may flirt with ninety-nine men, and though it may hurt your vanity to hear it, do them no lasting harm; but with the hundredth it may be different; you may at last drive him to madness or perdition. Hamilton is one of the finest young fellows that ever lived."
"An excellent young man, doubtless," I put in, with something of a sneer.
Not noticing the interruption: "He is, I know, not generally attractive to women. From a boy he has been physically very delicate; his nature high strung and nervous. Now you know he loves you."
"Indeed, you flatter me," I say, looking down to hide a blush, which I fancy (though I know really it is not visible in the darkness) cannot escape his gray, penetrating eyes.
But he says, quietly: "You cannot evade me; you know he does. Now what I will have from you is this: How will you answer when he puts to you the supreme question of his life? Silent! But I demand an answer."
"And I command you to desist from your present impertinence, and to leave me," I cry, springing up in a passion, and flinging far from me the rose with which I had been toying; "and if you are a delegate from your friend, he has indeed been unfortunate."
"No, upon my honor I am not that," he rejoins, earnestly. Then he stands aside and bows gravely as I swept past.
I hastened to the drawing-room, and soon the gentlemen come in. William Hamilton comes over to where I am sitting. He is certainly handsome, though not in a way attractive to us women; tall and slight, with an aristocratic mobile, though somewhat feminine face, lit up by large, soft, melancholy eyes; his hands, beautifully fashioned, are thin almost to transparency. He leans with his arm on the back of my chair and begins talking about some book he has given me. To all his questions I reply with warmth and animation.
Colonel Gordon is observing us; his face always brightens when he hears me talking less trivially than is his wont. I cannot help contrasting the two friends; the younger—and so much the younger too—so fair and fragile; the elder, certainly not at all handsome, but strong of limb and broad of chest, with the dark resolute face worn and beaten by the storm wind of the world. I think I make myself very agreeable to poor Mr. Hamilton. We sit by ourselves all the evening apart in a corner of the room, apparently lost in one another, till something he says puts me out of tune, and I leave in a huff, poor fellow. Only, when he is going away, I am so sorry for him that I cannot resist saying: "I hope you don't think me too quarrelsome?" Then I look up piteously in his face, and cast another look of proud defiance at his friend. Soon our little gathering breaks up, and I am glad that the evening is at an end.
Another superb day, just as hot and cloudless as yesterday; but in spite of the beautiful weather and all the roses in the garden, I get up feeling cross and out of spirits. Am I merely a flirt? something always too light and frivolous? A woman, I think, should be something better. After all, Colonel Gordon was right, and when I see Mr. Hamilton again I will show him firmly but kindly that he has nothing to hope. I am something comforted by this resolution but I have no will to read books or to pay visits. I have no mother and I am an only child, so my life is rather solitary. Somehow the day wears itself away, and at six o'clock, punctual as the time itself, comes the quick familiar ring and I hastened to meet my dear old father after his official duties. I overcame him by kisses and complaints.
"Oh! I am so glad you have come back," I say; "I have been 'horribly' dull; and hasn't it been hot?—no cool corner in the house and no shade in the garden." He returns my kisses very affectionately, but he looks so grave that I say, anxiously: "Is anything the matter, dear?"
"Yes, I have very sudden and bad news," he answers, taking me into the dining-room and stroking my hair with his dear kind hands. "Yong Hamilton is dead; was found dead this morning in his bed. It appears he was always subject to heart complaint. I met Gordon in the street who gave me the sad news. Poor fellow! he seemed quite broken by it."
I am terrible stricken. Dead! I say the word over and over again, yet cannot realize the full meaning of it. But when I go to bed I turn my face to the wall, on which one long ray of moon-light is playing, and sob as if my heart would break; and yet I know I did not

stake, and then tell me if you can say from the bottom of your heart—I love you."
My heart does not falter as I echo his last words and I know that he will never ask me that question again—at least for the want of confirmation. He folds me in his arms, and, bending down kiss my lips long and passionately.
"I came in here," he says, "one of the weariest men on God's earth, and now I am surely the most blessed!" We go back to London, both happy; and as we drive home through the shrieking London streets, I shudder to think how nearly I had missed the great peace and happiness of my heart.
He had kept his secret manfully; but thank God! it had been known at last, and not too late.—*Bazar.*

Quelling A Mad Man.

One summer mid-day after eating my dinner, I was resting in my inclined arm-chair from the din and anxiety of the teacher's work, and picking my teeth with a good humored air, when suddenly a little confident came and whispered in my ears.
"Teacher! while Nancy Brown was combing little Maggie Andrews' hair she saw a lice crawlin' right down her neck."
I was teaching school in a district where the children were not particularly neat and clean and careful about their appearance, and seeing an inclination toward improvement, I tried to encourage a few of the larger girls in preparing the smaller pupils for recitation, by appropriating a pittance for a comb for common use. Little did I dream then the result of this act.
The children were out washing one day as usual, when the above revelation was made by one of my little girls. I did not take much notice of my informant's message, or at least I did not appear to, but after her little form had glided out of the door, I thought about the common use of the comb, and about the dissemination of evil seed, and concluded as it was an affair relating to the whole school, the best and most expeditious method of disposing of it, would be to make an announcement in the evening, in as mild a manner as possible.
The afternoon hours waned slowly by, and preparatory to dismissing my darlings I said in a bland way:
"Though you have a good practice, that of combing your hair after eating your dinner, I am obliged to ask you to discontinue it for awhile, or to bring combs from home for your own use."
The accused, Andrews' family was largely represented at school, and like too many others in our land, in indigent circumstances, the children were driven up, and their social and moral natures were neglected.
Vice was prevalent in the neighborhood, and the ancestors of the representatives of the Andrews' had the disgrace of being the leaders of it in this locality. The veracity of these children was very much doubted, and I found to my sorrow that these doubts were properly grounded.
The next evening after dismissing my school, I was busily engaged at my table in writing when a giant form intruded his presence in my room without any formality.
He had all the appearance of a madman. He was about six feet, four inches in height, and proportionally stoutly built. His eyes were swollen and distended, his cheeks were red and bloated, his lips quivered with rage and excitement, and his teeth were gnashing, as if being ground for some intended victim. I saw at a glance that his mission was to quarrel, perchance to fight; for his fists were clenched and his whole contour rigid as if deriving dignity instead of disgrace by his demeanor.
As I am quite diminutive in stature I thought "discretion the better part of valor," and determined to pacify my opponent with words. He struggled for a while with his almost uncontrollable temper. I could liken him were it not for a degrading simile to a certain bellowing beast of the field, and at last broke forth in jumbled, but sonorous roaring—
"My oldest gal said that you said that my little gal got lice, and I've come for to let you know she ain't got any more lice than you have, fur my wife combed her good. I daren't come near ye, or I couldn't keep my hands off of ye, I comb ye, ye cursed!"
And then followed a train of the most blasphemous oaths. I was so thunder-struck with his sudden ingress and his fierce and demoniac manner and menace that I felt no inconsiderable alarm about my personal safety. I thought of a heavy ruler in my desk.
My remarks the evening previous were for the benefit of the Andrews' family, and not for this, but afterwards learned that the Kilpatricks and Andrews were distant relations. I was so innocent of his accusations that I was astounded. I saw that the passionate fiend was scarcely ready or willing to reason, and deemed it prudent to keep silent until his war

of words should somewhat satisfy and exhaust his overflowing wrath. There was a lull of the wind while he caught his breath, after he almost choked with his blasphemy, and then a new and better thought occurred.
"If yer had come to my youngsters and told 'em, and 'not had told it before the whole school, I would 'not blamed ye."
I was in a dilemma. What was I to do? Every moment new and unjust accusations were accumulated, so that I became indignant and anxious to know whether he would believe anything that I had to say. I dared not tell him that his children were untruthful with a short word that came uppermost in my mind. I could only be patient and preserve my presence of mind. Having vented all his spleen he seemed like some old tars, duellists, and drunkards, to have a certain code of honor, that a man must be allowed to chose his own weapons, say a few words in his own vindication, and having a little chance for his life. His gestures had been most emphatic and striking, and for a time he seemed to be battling amid air giants, and in his conception of it, knocking them all down with black eyes. Indeed, I think during his steaming and screaming that he had an imaginary combat with some air ghost of evil, and completely quelled his antagonist, for a broad grin of satisfaction softened his features as he took time to observe the effects of his denunciations, and to coldly stare at me—the victim of his lunging epithets.
Not wishing to let him discover any trepidation on my part, that he might glory in playing the brute and drive me from my post, and not wishing to let him see that I was incensed at his conduct or censured, as unlike properties attack I commenced in a fearless and firm tone to tell him of my convictions about the case in hand.
Finding him a passive and apparently a willing listener, I grew earnest in my remarks, not omitting to flatter him or his children a little, and to assuage the receding tides of rage by opening all the outlets that I knew were common to the human soul.
He was conquered; a soft answer had turned away his wrath. He went away saying that perhaps he was wrong, but his children should never come to school to me again. They were there the next day. There was a calm.

He Was Mistaken.

This morning, says the Cincinnati Times, a gentleman entered a shop on Fifth street, and asked the clerk:
"What is the price of knit undershirts with breast pockets?" he asked.
"I travel a great deal and carry large amounts of money, and think that idea of pockets an excellent one, and I am surprised that some one has not thought of it before."
"Really, sir," replied the clerk, "I think myself it would be a good plan, but I am sorry to say we have none, and I did not know there were any made."
"You did not?" said the customer.—
"Well, that's singular. They are exhibited in your own window, and caught my eye as I was passing."
"You must be mistaken, I know every article in the store."
"But I am not," persisted the gentleman. "Step around and see them for yourself."
The wondering shop-keeper did as requested. He stepped briskly to the front window, looked in, and then looked at the gentleman, then coughed, and acted as though he had felt a sudden pain in the stomach, and then rammed a handkerchief into his mouth, and stepped behind the counter.
"Well," exclaimed the customer triumphantly, "ain't they there?"
"Ye-yes," said the clerk, appearing as though he had a fish bone in his throat. "They are there, sure enough. But, sir, those undershirts are not for men, and those are"—and at this point he dived under the counter and disappeared, while a young lady clerk standing near smothered a convulsive giggle in a cambric handkerchief, and starting off with a very red face on important business to the rear part of the store.
A young lady in this town talks in her sleep, and will answer unconsciously questions put to her. She is courted by a timid young man who has never had the courage to ask her to marry him. He called one night last week, and entered the front door, as was his habit, without ringing the bell, saw her asleep on the parlor sofa.
He heard his own name softly expressed from between coral lips. Immediately the pent-up burden of his heart broke out in words:
"Dearest, do you love me?"
"Yes," she was the response of the sleeper.
"Will you marry me?" "Yes."
"Shall it be in a year?" "Any time."
"Will you let it be in six months?"
There was a moment's silence and suspense, when the lips moved again, and the young man heard distinctly the word "July." He stepped cautiously back. July was too soon.

love him. Oh, soft melancholy eyes! perhaps not melancholy now, but glad and radiant and full of a new triumphant light! Oh, poor troubled heart! that has, I hope, at last found rest. But I think of the little kind things I might have said and done, and of all the things said or done so much better left undone.
Well, the tedious summer days go by. We never see Colonel Gordon now; he seems to have given us up; even papa ceases to wonder at his silence. One hot August day we leave noisy, dusty London behind and take wing for the continent. We have got over the first shock of poor Mr. Hamilton's death, but I am not quite what I was, and I think if Colonel Gordon could see me now he would think me less frivolous. I have a half hope that we may meet him in our wanderings. I look anxiously at all the hotels into the books of visitors, where his name is not registered, and after two months of mountain and sea air we come back to the old London, the old house and the old life.
We have been home a week; to day papa has got to his office occupations again, and to-day I feel terribly sad and cheerless—a sadness which all things round me tend to deepen; the rustle of dead leaves on the garden paths, the moanings of the wind in the leafless branches, the cold gray aspect of the sky. Is there nothing I should like to do? I think, as I wander aimlessly between the garden and the house. Ah! yes, there is one thing I have always intended to do and why not to-day? I gather a nosegay of late autumn flowers out of our own garden, knowing that, if living, that would have pleased him most, and I set out on my sad pilgrimage. They have laid my lover to rest at Norwood, in the dim vaults away under the church. As I walk up between the long rows of tombs a chill rain begins falling, beating in my face; but I do not feel frightened or lonely in this capital of the dead, nor shrink as, lit by a faintly glimmering taper, I follow down the winding staircase into the sad populous region below though I hover at the dank air, in which death seems to become almost palpable. My guide, looking carefully at the names, tapers in hand, stops before one. I signify to him that I would be alone for a few minutes, and he retires. I bend down and read the perscription: "William Hamilton, born May 17, 1851; died June 9, 1876. "He giveth his beloved sleep." Is it indeed sleep for him, and unmurdered by any dreams? I think of how he loved me—that love which I held so lightly—and the piteous tears come. But here is a step. The custodian of the place coming back, I suppose. I raise my face hurriedly, and meet the dark, well known eyes of Colonel Gordon; but they have in them a milder, sweeter look than I have ever seen there before. He takes my hands in his and holds them, looking long and lovingly at the inscription on the coffin. We do not speak a word, but we leave the place together and come out into the gray windy light of the fading day. He draws my arm in his, still holding my hand, and we walk a little way in silence. At length he says, very kindly: "Thank you for this, Rhoda; I did not know you loved him so much."
"Stop," I say; "I am very sorry for him, and feel so grateful that he should have cared for me; but in the way you mean I never loved him. All you said to me that night was right and true, and I have been the better for it."
"No harm has been done," he rejoins, "and if he died thinking you loved him he died happier. But you are not looking well. Is anything troubling you?"
"No, I am not happy; and now, as he has gone, I have no one who I think really loves me."
"You are mistaken there," he replies quietly. "Don't you know that I love you?"—and then, more to himself than to me— "as my life, as my soul, I loved you, Rhoda, from the first day I saw you; but then he loved you too, and he was so unable to buffer the waves of this world, if you could have loved him and made his life happy—well, dear, you understand. I have said more than I meant to say; consider some of it unsaid; only remember, if ever you should want a friend, you will know where to come; and," he adds, with rather a sad smile, "I will not even in jest, ask you to become my wife."
"Because you consider me so worthless?"
"Because I will not give you the pain of saying no."
"Because you will not give me the joy of saying yes."
"That could not be," he replied, with almost childish incoherence in his voice. "Why, I am fifteen years older than you."
"And if it were twice that, it would be nothing," I replied, warmly. "But you beat all the pride out of me."
"He talks round!" how and then he lays his hands upon my shoulders, while I gaze into his eyes so frank and fearless. "Remember," he says, in a solemn voice, "the place from which we have just come, remember all that is at