

NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOL. V.

MONTROSE PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1848.

NO. 3.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

BY JESSE K. COW.

The brazen trumpet calls to arms;
The flag of battle waves;
Young Valor flies from Beauty's charms,
And every danger braves;
Thro' dreary wastes and pathless woods
The volunteer goes forth,
And shouts amid the solitudes,
The war-cry of the North.

Above the dead of other days
The glimmering files advance;
In passes wild, their cannons blaze
On many a gleaming lance;
On lofty towers and dizzy heights,
On ramparts high with death,
The Eagle of the North alights,
And braves the battles' breath.

They go, the generous and young,
Their fathers' pride and stay;
They hushed the patriot's oath and sung
The hymn of glory's day;
The words of Seventy-six they bear,
The old drums lead them on,
The starry flag—Oh! it is there
As when its fame was won.

They fight—they bleed—they win—they die—
They sleep on every hill—
The Aztec maid, with streaming eye,
Above them watches still;
The rivers, whispering o'er their sands,
Their names to mountains tell,
And Fame reports to other lands
How Freedom's soldiers fell.

They fight—they bleed—they win—they live—
They tread the royal halls—
Their open hands rich blessings give
To poverty's sad thralls;
Their starry flag floats wide and free
O'er Superstition's cells,
The valleys thunder liberty,
And high the anthem swells.

Who strews with thorns the soldier's way?
Who calls him back to shame?
Who scorns the brave in glory's day,
And brands his honest name?
Who bids the conqueror's banner trail?
The lion-hearted turn?
Oh! name them not!—but draw a veil
Around their living urn.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1847.

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE UGLY EFFIE: Or the neglected one and the pet-beauty.

BY MRS. LEE HENTS.

Mr. Horton, a rich and childless widower, made his first visit to his also widowed sister, Mrs. Dushane. A beautiful little girl, of about ten, was introduced to him as the darling Clara, his little pet niece, who was prepared to love her uncle better than anybody else in the world, always excepting her mamma. The child was remarkably beautiful, and all the decorations of dress were made to enhance her juvenile loveliness. The heart of the lonely man melted within him when he felt his neck wreathed by those white velvet arms, and his cheek kissed over and over by those sweet ruby lips.

"God bless her!" cried he, hugging her to his breast again and again. What a precious child it is!

I love you, dear, uncle, muttered Clara, in the softest voice. I have loved you a long time.

Mr. Horton gave the lovely child another warm embrace—then releasing her, turned to his sister, with moistened eyes.

If Heaven had granted me such a child as that, sister, to cheer my widowed heart, I should still be one of the happiest of men.

You must look upon her as if indeed she were your own, my dear brother, said Mrs. Dushane, drawing Clara fondly towards her: I am not so selfish as to wish to engross her exclusively, though I acknowledge I have a mother's pride as well as affection.

But you have another daughter, your eldest born—where is she? My heart yearns to embrace them all. I came here to see if itsaching-void could not be filled.

Oh! Effie! said Mrs. Dushane, carelessly—I do not know where she is. She is very shy and reserved—likes to be by herself—very different from Clara—remarkably ordinary in her person, continued she in a lower voice; and is a great affliction to me; but one cannot expect to be blessed in all their children.

Still I want to see the child, said the benevolent Mr. Horton—I loved her father like my own brother, and he used to say his little girl was the image of himself;—I cannot help loving his daughter.

I fear you will not find much to love in poor Effie, replied the mother, with a deep sigh; but you shall see her: then ringing the bell, she ordered a servant to bring Miss Effie to her.

Soon after, a dark, thin, neglected-looking child was ushered into the room, who hung back on the hand of the servant, and whose looks and gestures expressed sullenness and reluctance.

Her long, thick dark hair hung in tangled masses over her neck and forehead, and it was difficult to distinguish her features, for she endeavored to cover them with her hair, as with a veil. With slow steps and averted face, she approached the centre of the room, when her mother called in a tone of authority—

Put down your hand from your face, Effie, and come, and speak to your uncle—come—quicker!

Effie looked at her uncle through her long tresses—then, letting her hand fall, she drew nearer with a more willing step.

Al! that was her father's glance, exclaimed Mr. Horton, opening his arms as he spoke.

Effie hesitated a moment—then darted like lightning to his bosom, and clung round his neck with her arms, as if she would never let him go.

Effie, said her mother, reproachingly, you are too rude—I did not tell you to tear your uncle to pieces.

Let her be—let her be, said Mr. Horton, pushing back her hair, and looking earnestly in her face. Why, her eyes are full of tears, and her heart beats as if she had been running a race.—Don't be afraid of me—I'm your own uncle, who has no little girl of his own to love; I want you to look upon me as your father.

That will do, Effie, said Mrs. Dushane; you make your uncle too warm: come and take a seat by me.

Effie withdrew her arms from her uncle's neck, and, sliding from his knee, took the seat indicated by her mother's glance. Mr. Horton's eyes were still riveted upon her face.

Is that child sick? he asked abruptly.

No, replied Mrs. Dushane; she always had that meagre, half-finished look. She is a great deal stronger than Clara.

Mr. Horton did not reply, but looked earnestly at both children, while his sister watched his countenance with silent interest. Mrs. Dushane had anticipated the arrival of the brother with great anxiety. She knew the immense wealth he had acquired; that he had no children of his own to inherit it; that she was his only surviving sister, and she was sure that the moment he beheld her darling Clara, he would adopt her as the heiress of his fortune.

My dear, said she to her, the morning of her brother's arrival, you remember how much I have told you of your uncle Horton—your rich uncle. Now, though we have a very deceitful living, that is all; I shall be able to leave you nothing, but your uncle is said to be worth a million, and I have no doubt will make you heiress to the whole, if you only try to please him, and be a dear, sweet, beautiful child the whole time he is here.

Oh! I will be sure to please him, cried Clara, dancing before the looking-glass. I'll please him without trying.

How are you sure of that, darling? asked the mother.

Oh, because I am so pretty, replied the spoiled child, shaking back the ringlets from her bright blue eyes, and looking archly in her mother's face. You know every body says I am pretty, mamma; and that sister is ugly.

Yes, but you must not repeat what everybody says before your uncle, for he would not be pleased if he thought you vain; and you must be very polite and affectionate to him—get in his arms, and let him kiss your neck, and caress him a great deal. You must never get in a passion before him, for it would spoil your looks; you know, my dear, you are too apt to do it. You must be very attentive to him when he is speaking, and be sure never to contradict him. I recollect it always displeased him to be interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will not stay long, if I've got to listen to him all the time, said Clara, for I know he must be a dry old thing.

You will not think a million of dollars dry, one of these days, said Mrs. Dushane; but never mind, perhaps I will leave it to Effie.

To Effie! exclaimed Clara, with a laugh of derision: to Effie, the ugly thing! Oh, no! I'm not afraid of her. You see if I don't please uncle, without trying very hard either.

A servant, whose chief employment was to wait upon Clara, was two hours curling her hair and arranging her dress, before the arrival of Mr. Horton; and when the business of the toilet was over she led her in triumph to her mother, asking her if Miss Clara did not look like a perfect angel.

A rapturous kiss on her roseate cheek was an expressive answer to the affirmative.

O, mamma! you tumble my frock, cried the little belle, in a pettish tone. I don't love to be squeezed.

Shall I change Miss Effie's dress? asked the servant, as she was leaving the room.

Yes, let me go, cried Effie again struggling. I don't want to stay here.

One question first, said Mr. Horton, tell me truly why you wished yourself dead.

Because every body hates me.

What makes you think every body hates you?

Because I am ugly, cried the child, in a low, bitter tone, looking darkly and sullenly at her mother.

I will love you, Effie, if you are good, as well as if you were my own child. But you must not give way to such violent passions. Be gentle, if you wish to be beautiful.

He put her down from his knee, where he had seated her, and motioned that she might depart. She stood a moment as if irresolute, then threw her arms around his neck, kissed his cheeks, his hands, and even the sleeves of his garment, in a most passionate manner, and ran out of the room.

Oh! Clara! cried he, greatly moved, what a heart you are throwing away from you!

To me she has always been sullen and cold, said Mrs. Dushane; she has never shown me any affection, but on the contrary the greatest dislike.

Because the fountain of her young affections has been frozen, and her young blood turned to gall, replied her brother. She has been brought up with the withering conviction that she is an object of hatred and disgust to those around her, placed in glaring comparison with her beautiful sister, treated like a menial, her dress neglected, her manners uncultivated, and her sensibilities crushed and trodden under foot. Talk about her affections! You might as well take those very geranium leaves, and grind them with your heel, till you have bruised out all their fragrance, and then murmur that they gave you back no sweetness. But that child has affections, warm, glowing affections, though you have never noticed them—and a mind too, though you have never cultivated it; but if God grant me the opportunity, I will take possession of the unweeded wilderness of her heart and mind, and turn it into a blooming domestic garden yet.

Mrs. Dushane was thunderstruck. She saw in prospective her darling Clara disfigured, and she knew not in what way to avert the impending calamity.

There was a moment's silence, and then a sudden and vehement exclamation from Effie again aroused the attention of Mr. Horton.

Oh! Clara, see what you have done! The most beautiful branch is broken, and you did it on purpose too.

Clara laughed mockingly, and then a moment Mrs. Dushane was heard to enter the apartment.

Effie, Effie! exclaimed she, angrily, what have you been doing? How dare you break that geranium, when I've forbidden you to touch a single leaf of it?

I didn't break it, mother, answered Effie; I wouldn't have broken it for anything in the world.

How dare you deny it, you good-for-nothing little thing? cried the mother, with increasing anger. I suppose you want to make me think that Clara broke it, don't you?

Clara did break it, sobbed Effie—she knows she did; and I tried to keep her from it.

Oh, mamma, I didn't do any such thing, cried Clara, with the boldness of innocence itself.—You know I wouldn't.

I should forgive you for breaking the flower, exclaimed Mrs. Dushane, in the husky tones of suppressed passion; but tell such another lie on Clara, and you had better never have been born.

Mr. Horton started from his seat in uncontrollable agitation, dropped his book, and rushed to the open door of the apartment just as Effie, smitten by a violent blow, had fallen prostrate to the floor, her hand still grasping the geranium, whose leaves were scattered around her.

Clara! cried Mr. Horton, sternly, unjust, unnatural woman! what have you done?

She is a liar, brother, and I struck her. She deserved it, answered Mrs. Dushane, pale with anger.

She is not a liar, and I know it, answered he, in a raised voice. There stands the liar, pointing to the now terrified and guilty-looking Clara. She broke the flower wantonly and purposely, against her sister's prayer she broke it, and then basely denies it. Rise, my poor child, continued he, trying to lift Effie from the floor; you shall have no need to protect you, if your own mother casts you from her.

Effie was still stunned by the fall, and when she found herself in the hands of Mr. Horton, she struggled to be released.

Oh! let me go, cried she, frantically—she will hate me worse than ever. Oh, how I wish I was dead—how I wish I were free!

There was something terrible in the expression of the child's large, dilated black eyes, if in a wild paroxysm of passion, as she repeated this fearful ejaculation. Mr. Horton shuddered, but he only held her the more closely.

Clara! said he, solemnly, you live that to answer for which will weigh like iron upon your soul. What has this poor neglected child done, that you treat her worse than a hilding, and lavish all your affection upon that selfish and unprincipled girl?

Clara, said her mother, leave the room instantly. This is no place for you. Why do you not obey me?

Clara began to weep bitterly; but her mother took her by the hand, and leading her to the door, gave her in charge to a servant, with a whispered injunction not intended for her brother's ears.

Now let that child go, said she. If I am to be arraigned for my conduct, I don't want any listeners. Effie, follow your sister, and mind that there is no more quarrelling.

She shall not go, cried Mr. Horton. I fear that there is no safety for her out of my arms. Clara! I cannot believe the cruel, unjust and unnatural mother I see before me, is the sister whom I remember in the spring-time of the heart's feelings, and in the gentleness of early womanhood.

Brother, if you wish me to speak, let that child go. I will not be humbled before her, or any human being.

Yes, let me go, cried Effie again struggling. I don't want to stay here.

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Brother, cried she, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, you are strangely altered. You used to love me once, but now the stranger within my gates would treat me with more kindness. You don't know what provocations I have, or you would not accuse me of so much cruelty and injustice.

You forget, Clara, that I have been a witness myself of your injustice. I do not make accusations, but appeal to self-evident truth; and did you not suffer Clara to depart without once rebuking her falsehood and guilt?

Brother, I believe you hate Clara.

I have no love for her faults; and to speak the honest truth, I never liked favorites. From the time of ancient Joseph's coat of many colors, which excited the envy and hatred of his brethren, to our days of modern refinement, favorites have been the fruitful source of sin and sorrow, and oftentimes of blood and death. Do not accuse me of unkindness, Clara, because I speak strongly of the evils you have caused. I would rouse you to a sense of your danger, and place before you, in all their length and breadth, the sacred duties you have so long neglected.

I may have been wrong, cried Mrs. Dushane, apparently softening; indeed, I know I have; but I never could govern Effie in any other way than by severity. She is the most singular child you ever saw; and you are the only person who ever seemed to love her. You know brother, when I was a young girl, I was very much admired for my beauty, and perhaps was led to attach an undue value to it. My greatest ambition was to have a beautiful infant; and when Effie was said to be so remarkably ugly, I could not help it, but my heart seemed steeled against her, and she was a very cross infant too, and cried day and night. I could hear the nurse calling her a cross, ugly thing, till I was ashamed to have her in my sight. Then Clara was so uncommonly beautiful, and such a sweet, smiling, bewitching little infant. I could not help indulging her. Every body called her an angel, and indeed you must acknowledge she has the beauty of one. Then she is so affectionate and loving. You don't know how she twines around one's heart. To be sure she was very young just now—but pray forgive her this one fault. You saw how bitterly she wept. It was only for the dread of your displeasure. You have no idea how tenderly she loves you. Forgive Clara for my sake, and I will be kind to Effie for yours.

For your own sake, my beloved sister, said Mr. Horton, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand affectionately in his, the consciousness of a fault is one step to reformation. Only cultivate a mother's feelings for Effie, and believe me, you will be repaid for all your sorrow.

Late that evening, as Mr. Horton was walking pensively in the garden, whose walks and arbors were partially illuminated by the light of a setting moon, he was attracted by a dark object under one of the trees. Supposing it some animal which had gained unlawful admittance, he approached to drive it from the enclosure, when he was startled by the appearance of two large black eyes turned upwards to the heavens, flashing out from a cloud of gypsy-looking hair.

Effie, cried he, what are you doing here so late, and alone?

Nothing, replied she; springing on her feet: I was only looking at the moon and stars.

You had better go and look at them through your bed-curtains, said he, passing his hand over her dew-damp hair; it is time for little girls to be in bed and asleep.

I cannot sleep so soon, said the child; I think too much, and wish too much.

Oh, I wish to be up among the stars, out of the way of everybody here; and then they look as if they loved me, with their sweet, bright eyes.

Mr. Horton took her hand, and led her slowly and gently along.

You seem to want to be loved, Effie.

Oh yes, answered she, with energy; I would die to be loved only half as well as Clara.

Well, listen to me, Effie, and I will tell you how you may be loved even better than Clara.

You must not think that it is only beautiful persons who are loved.

But they hate me because I am ugly, interrupted Effie.

You are not ugly, my child; and as you grow older, you grow handsomer. But you must forget your looks, and think of cultivating your mind and heart. You must try to be loved for something better than beauty; and beauty, perhaps, will come without thinking of it.

Effie looked up to him with a smile which had really a beautifying influence on her face; seen by that soft moonlight.

If I could only be with you all the time, said she, I should be happy.

Would you, indeed, like to leave your home, and come and live with me?

Would I? cried she, suddenly stopping—I would walk barefoot to the end of the universe; I would walk on bread and water all my life, if I could only live near you.

Perhaps we will live together one of these fine days, said he, smiling at her enthusiasm; but I will promise to give you better fare than bread and water. And now good night—and God bless you, my own darling Effie.

Effie retired to bed; but long after she had laid her head upon her pillow, she whispered to herself the endearing epithet, which had melted into her inmost heart. It was the first time she had ever been so fondly addressed, and even in her dreams she thought a gentle voice was murmuring in her ear: "my own darling Effie."

Oh, how sweet to the neglected, lone-hearted child, was the language of sympathy and love! It was like the gurgling fountain in the arid desert—the nightingale in the dungeon's solitude—the gentle gale that first awakened the wild music of her soul! It seemed to that moment there had been a chill weight of lead in her bosom, cold and deadening, but that it was now fused in the glowing warmth of love, and flowing in one stream of affection, reverence, gratitude, and almost worship, to the feet of her benefactor and friend.

When Mr. Horton proposed to his sister to take Effie home with him, she could not disguise her mortification and displeasure.

Effie, the heiress of her uncle's fortune, to the exclusion of Clara, was a circumstance too intolerable to be endured. The ugly Effie, chosen in preference to the beautiful Clara! She would gladly have refused the request